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IN

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&c. &c.

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THE

UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

N° LXVIII.—Vol. XII.] *For* JULY, 1809. [New Series.

"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—Dr. Johnson.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

The Adventures *and* Travels, *in various Parts of the Globe, of* Henry Vogel. *Translated from the German.*

Sir,

I LATELY picked up a work, in German, containing an account of the travels and adventures of a person of the name of Henry Vogel, into almost every quarter of the globe. I read it with much pleasure; and, as no translation of it has been given, in England, I have thought that it would not be an uninteresting subject for the pages of the Universal Magazine. Not only amusement but instruction will be derived. I send you, herewith, a portion of the translation, and, if it is inserted, I will supply a similar quantity each month till the whole is completed.

I remain, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
W.

Kensington, July 4, 1809.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

Parentage and Education.

Before I make the reader acquainted with the history of my life, with the events of my thirty years absence from my native country, and with the cause of that absence, I think it will be necessary to communicate to him some information of my parents, my youth, and my education; that so he may be better enabled to understand many parts of the following history.

Pockelsloh was the place where, in 1740, I first saw the light. My parents rented there some excellent land, and by strict economy they had gradually established themselves in comfortable circumstances. As they were, at the same time, upright and honest, so they had the happiness of being beloved and prized by the inhabitants of the place. Their marriage was regarded, by all, as a pattern of connubial happiness; and if ever there was a blissful union, in which each party finds the highest comfort in mutually administering to each other's joy, that union was enjoyed by my parents.

My mother indeed (as well as I can recollect) was not handsome in person or countenance, but she was the more agreeable in her discourse. She possessed penetration and taste, but without appearing learned or witty; her mind was gentle, her deportment refined, and her heart full of goodness. With all these advantages, she sought only to keep the affections of my father, to encrease them, and more especially to fulfil every duty of her life according to her capacity. If my father was compelled to ride out upon business, or if he was invited to the company of a friend, she took the opportunity of visiting some of her friends or relations with us children; but this she never did when he was at home, that she might not lose any of his conversation.

In the minds of her children she inculcated the most implicit obedience and the most profound reverence towards their father, and in no case did she ever seek to be preferred to him. Her household she regulated upon the simple principles of order, substantial economy, and the discharge of becoming duties. Gossips and newsmongers she could never endure: bad servants she either admonished or discharged: good ones she prized and rewarded. If

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noticed any improper conduct in any one about the house, she took notice of it very pointedly; and if she had convincing proofs of it, she made it known to my father. In this manner her household was managed with comfort, and her conduct was instructive and useful.

My father, on the contrary, possessed a fine understanding, which had been improved by a rational education.—His principles were correct, and his resolutions fixed; at the same time, however, he had an irritability of feeling which arose from a warmth of character that was indissolubly united to him. He was sincere and unfeignedly noble-minded: he might be easily provoked by offence, and forgave easily when his passion had subsided.

His partiality for my mother was very strong; his love was sincere; his house establishment good; and his generosity and gratitude were without bounds. The various duties of life occasioned him much trouble and many cares; but the impressions which they left were obliterated by the tenderness and assiduity of my mother: and thus, as the soft and the strong, with each other mingled, produce the finest harmony of tone, so also the energy of my father's mind and the goodness of his heart, united with the tender gentleness of my mother, caused that mutual excellence whence arose that mutual happiness which was the admiration of all who knew them.

Of such parents, I, as well as two sisters and a brother, had the happiness to be born, and by such parents to be educated. Our education, indeed, was not conducted upon those new principles which have arisen since my absence from Germany. However, as both my parents were possessed of a good understanding and good morals, so they were also considered, in those times, as *rational*; and they united their endeavours so vigorously in this task, that they saw, with pleasure, the gradual success of their labours.

Accurately to comprehend our minds was one of their chief cares; and they strove, according to our different characters, to qualify us for corresponding pursuits in life, and this too without any unnecessary delay. They also accustomed us, from our infancy upwards, to intrepidity, for they considered timidity and fear as magnifying dangers; and even where there were none, they so unfixed the faculties that often a very prudent man acted like a fool under their influence. From our tenderest infancy they strove to make us healthy both in body and mind; and, in order that we might not, like the generality of children, be perpetually plagued with colds, coughs, and catarrhs, we were always, as much as possible, in the open air, or else in what was pure and temperate. We were washed every day, whatever might be the state of the weather. In warm weather, this was done in a brook that flowed by our house; in cold weather, we were dipped into a large tub filled of water. Beer, wine, and brandy were never given to us. Our beverage was pure spring water, and we were not allowed to drink either between or after meals. In the heat of summer we were allowed butter-milk, or the yelk of an egg beat up in water, and, in order that our simple fare might be duly concocted, we never were allowed to be at our studies more than three hours a day till after our eighth year. To this early education I am doubtless indebted for the vigorious constitution that I possess, and without which I could never have undergone half what I have endured, and therefore it is that I have thought it necessary to advert to it.

As my parents were constantly sedulous to unfold the qualities of our minds and bodies, and as they always took care that this unfolding should not be injurious, but applied to such purposes as might be beneficial in future, so they resolved, as we advanced in years, to procure a domestic tutor, who might complete what they had begun, and by which means they might have us under their eye. Such a one, they thought, might become our second father, our instructor in virtue, and their own friend, who would seek to form our hearts to all that was good.

They imagined that the safest way to proceed, in order to obtain such a man, would be to apply to a professor

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of any university; and as there was a very near relation of ours, who was a professor at *Griefswalde*, my father wrote to him, told him what he wanted, and what were his intended terms, and also explained his domestic arrangements, and his present mode of educating us. We soon received an answer, in which he felicitated himself that he was so lucky as to find a young man who would completely answer my father's views.

After a few weeks, Mr. REIMANN (for so he was called) arrived. As he promised a great deal at first, nothing of which he accomplished, so he was received, by my parents, as the best friend of their children, and treated as our greatest benefactor. He had a pleasing exterior, and a very prepossessing manner. Perhaps both these had deceived the professor, and induced him to recommend this man whom he probably knew nothing else of but his outside, for he was in no manner fit to pursue that rational and appropriate education which our parents had begun.

To him order, cleanliness, and morality were wholly unknown. He went through his seven hours of teaching mechanically, every day, without any concern whether his instructions were intelligible, whether they were what we needed, or whether they were useful. That curiosity which is so natural to every young contemplator of the world, of knowing the *why* and *wherefore* of things, never incited him to conduct our uninformed minds along a path where we might elicit truths by our own efforts, which would have thrown light upon our knowledge.

The greatest part of the day was spent in Latin; I may say laboriously spent, for the whole instruction consisted in learning words and such like. Had his mode of teaching been appropriate, I should not have mentioned this; for I am firmly convinced that the Greek and Latin languages are what no really learned man can do without, and of which the philosopher and the theologian have as much need as the physician and the lawyer. The Latin language is, and will long remain, the only door through which we must arrive at every species of knowledge. A boy must also learn Latin if it is meant that he should devote himself to any of the learned professions. But a teacher should not, as our's did, occupy the greater part of the day in that single pursuit.

In natural history, which has so many attractions for children, in geography, letter writing, in history, and in a correct pronunciation of our native tongue, nothing was done; in short, his repulsive manner of instruction rather frightened us from study than incited us to it. The smallest mistake was punished with the stick or with a sound box on the ear, and in this manner a whole half year passed ere our good parents even began to suspect that their intentions respecting us were not likely to be fulfilled; and who knows how long they might have reposed confidence in this hireling, had they not been put on their guard, partly by his own irregular mode of living, and partly by the warning of our new parson.

Soon after the arrival of REIMANN, our parson, whose name was DIEDRICH, a young man, agreeable and entertaining, and a true father of his flock, was put into fear, one Saturday evening, by three thieves, who had stolen into his house and concealed themselves there for some time. He was about thirty-four years old, and unmarried. As he was man of some property, and had a predilection for husbandry, he had purchased the farm on which he lived, and kept no servant but an old housekeeper who was rather deaf. As there was no person therefore on whom he could rely in this affair, and as he already heard the thieves in the adjoining room where the communion plate was kept, he resolved to fasten himself into his own chamber: but when at last they attacked him, and strove to break the door open, he began to cry for help out of the window. Had he cried out *thieves*, and not *fire*, there would have been plenty of those who ran to the alarm ready to seize the depredators; but they escaped, for every one was looking for the fire and nobody for thieves.

This unfortunate accident was followed by sad consequences to the worthy DIEDRICH, and the common people lost in him a man whom they had cause to value in every respect.

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The poor and the needy mourned for him especially, for he had taught the religion of love as much in his actions as in his words. The following instance will prove this.

He once visited, as he often used to do, a sick parishioner, and found him on a hard mattrass: he asked him, kindly, where the bed was which he had found him lying upon the last time he saw him? Ah! sighed forth the unfortunate, I was compelled to sell it, to bury my wife with the money: he then asked, whence arose that unpleasant smell in his room? The distressed invalid shewed him, that the corpse of his wife, for want of money to bury her, had been kept in the house too long, and occasioned the smell. DIEDRICH, touched with pity, not only bought him his bed again, but made arrangements for the interment of the deceased, and sent him food and cordials till he was restored to health.

[*To be continued.*]

On the IMPROPRIETY *of not using the Letter* "K" *to certain Words.*

"Non sunt contemnendâ quasi parva, sine quibus contare magna non possunt."

SIR,

IN submitting the following observations to your attention, and to that of your numerous readers, I am aware that I endeavour to eradicate a custom now grown so inveterate as probably to defy the force of any arguments, however strong, which may be urged in favour of its discontinuance. Of established usage as it has, in general, reason for its foundation, I would not be understood as wishing to diminish the authority: but to custom, when it is found to be arbitrary, capricious, and unsupported by reason, I cannot hesitate to refuse my allegiance, especially in writing or speaking a language. The practice to which I allude is the rejection of the final *k* from the words "publick, musick," &c. Dr. Johnson, from whose decisions, whether in morals or in literature, there seldom lies an appeal, says that "*c*, according to English orthography, never ends a word;" and he has accordingly retained the *k* final throughout his dictionary and writings. To this great authority, I will add that of Dr. Barrow, who, in his book on education, strongly recommends the use of the *k* in terminations. Our excellent grammarian, Murray, says, "Many writers of latter years omit the *k* in words of two or more syllables;" and observes, very judiciously, that "this practice is productive of irregularities, such as writing 'mimic and mimickry,'* traffic and trafficking.'" Yet to this custom, "*productive*" as he acknowledges it to be, "of irregularities," which our best grammarians have concurred in their endeavours to diminish, he has, by his practice, added the weight of his authority. But these irregularities have an operation much more extensive than that which Mr. Murray has pointed out. To this, and at the same time to the inconsistency of these writers, I wish to direct your particular attention. They do not reject the *k* from *all* "words of two or more syllables," nor from *any* word of one syllable: thus the advocates for "music, physic, comic, poetic," who nevertheless do not hesitate to write "back, crack, trick, stick, clock, rock," &c. would think it absurd to write "arrac, attac, barrac, ransac, bulloc, billoc, hammoc, mattoc, haddoc, paddoc:" yet surely the absurdity is not greater or more obvious in one word than in another. I will here give you a very curious specimen of orthography, evidently arising from the innovation of which I now complain. Reading, in a respectable morning paper, a long article, in which the words "traffick and trafficking" frequently occurred, I observed that the *k* was not only struck off from the former, but from the latter. I at first naturally supposed it to be an error of the press; but seeing both

* The irregularity here would be better illustrated by substituting the word "mimicking;" for, admitting "mimic" to be the correct orthography, analogy (unless indeed its authority be at once formally, as it has long been virtually, denied) requires that the *k* in "mimickry" be omitted, especially as, in this instance, it is not necessary to the proper sound of the word.

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the words still recur in the same form, I concluded that the author, noticing the irregularity of the usual orthography, rather than restore the *k* to the verb, determined on rejecting it from the participle, an absurdity so palpable that it is surprising it could escape even the most careless writer. Even proper names are not secure from this innovation. We already see Frederic, Dominic, Roderic,—then why not Patric? It is, therefore, not improbable but we may soon see "Garric, Derric, Merric, Berwic, Warwic, Limeric, Woodstoc, Tavistoc."

As analogy and etymology are our only guides in orthography, let us not, by forsaking them and following the dictates of caprice, render ineffectual the labours of our "great lexicographer," and of our most eminent grammarians.

If, in your opinion, these remarks are not unworthy of the pages of the Universal Magazine, the insertion of them will greatly oblige

Your admirer and
Frequent reader,

June 23, 1809. PHILO.

LOVE *and* LIBERTY?

Sir,

IN every stage of life, man is the subject of influence. In many of his movements he is governed, like the brute creation, by mere corporeal or sensual impulse. In others, some ruling passion of the mind regulates his conduct and directs his actions.

Two of these grand moving causes are the love of liberty and the love of woman. The former of these I shall define, a perfect freedom from restraint both of body and mind; but such a freedom as is consistent with the laws of a mild and equitable government, which is absolutely necessary to the very being of true liberty. —The latter principle is too well known to need any explanation.—Every bosom has one time or other felt the pleasing pain: the most savage heart has been subdued by the soft emotion. Let us then consider the influence of each, and endeavour to discover which has the greatest share in determining the actions of mankind.

The love of liberty is a most noble passion, and has frequently stimulated its possessor to the most heroic deeds. In defence of it the sword has been frequently unsheathed, and not a few have preferred a premature death to the highest offices of state under the controul of an arbitrary tyrant. But our business is not to seek for extremes, but to confine ourselves to the general tenor of human life. It is hence we are to draw our conclusions; for here only can we form any just idea of man, and of the principles by which he is actuated.

The love of liberty seems to be a very prevailing passion. In this our highly favoured isle it pervades all ranks: the rich and the poor, the peer and the peasant, seem equally sensible of its value, and combine to defend it from every encroachment. The liberty of his country, of his family, of his friends, is a sacred pledge which heaven has committed to the care of every true born Briton, for which he would cheerfully submit to every privation, would readily make the most costly sacrifices, yea, would willingly spend the last drop of his blood in its defence. This is the only country where liberty is fully enjoyed, and the only place where we can see its genuine effects. In other countries the love of civil liberty is, in a great measure, subdued; a long series of oppression and habits of servility have either annihilated the spirit or made it inactive. The inhabitants have never known its blessings, therefore do not seek the enjoyment of them; or, on the other hand, it has degenerated into a spirit of turbulent democracy, equally subversive of the rights of man.

But the love of personal liberty is common to every man, to whatever nation he may belong, under whatever climate he may be born. A condition of slavery or confinement is repugnant to every faculty of the soul; and that mind must be broken indeed, and lost to every sense of manly feeling, who would not sacrifice a hundred lives, if he possessed them, to obtain his freedom. Man cannot bear restraint in any situation, and the very appearance of it renders

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irksome many an employment in which he might otherwise take delight. Look at the active youth just entered on the term of his apprenticeship: how eagerly does he long for the period to arrive when he shall have completed that term and become his own master. To this period he looks forward with anxious expectation, and blesses every revolving sun which brings him nearer the wished-for point.

To what cause can we assign the innumerable classes of mendicants that infest our streets, but to this innate principle of independence and love of liberty. The laws of this country make an ample provision for the wants of every individual; and those who make vagrancy a trade, do it in open violation of them, and are, consequently, liable to punishment. But this is the most trifling, or rather no obstacle in their way. Rather than submit to confinement and restraint within the walls of a workhouse, where they might be warmly clothed and comfortably fed, they prefer a wandering life, exposed to every inclemency of the season, with nothing but hunger and rags, to such a provision with such a restraint.—What an instance do we meet with of the love of liberty in the gypsey tribe. These elude the vigilance of every law, and trample on all the rights of man. Confined to no settled place of abode, they range the country through, and pitch their camps wherever convenience or inclination lead them. They lay every rank of society under a kind of contribution, and what they cannot gain by entreaty, they procure by artifice and fraud.

It is for liberty the labouring kind will toil from morning till night, and sustain the heats of summer and the colds of winter, the chill damps of morning and the scorching blaze of the midday sun, without repining. When he has finished the labour of the day, and the shades of evening approach, he can retire to his humble, peaceful dwelling, with a heart unfettered by any chain, and enjoy that freedom there which the nobleman possesses in his mansion or the king in his palace. Freedom, both of body and mind, is one of the rights of man, and every energy of the soul ought to be called into action to support it.

But the love of liberty, however strong the passion, must yield her share in the government of the human heart to the love of woman. This passion knows no bounds, acknowledges no laws. With a mighty force it breaks through every obstacle that might intervene between the subject of it and the beloved object, and, like a rushing torrent, bears down every thing that would impede its progress. For the love of woman, man would forego his dearest rights, even liberty itself, and voluntarily submit to the most galling yoke. The love of liberty is sometimes subdued; instances of which may be frequently seen among that unfortunate class of mankind, the slaves. Long accustomed to habits of servitude, and to obey the nod of their imperious masters, they forget their natural rights as men, and fully acquiesce in their miserable condition. There may be a few noble spirits among them, whose lofty minds no oppression can tame, nor the severest tortures can subdue: yet instances have not been wanting of those, who, after having been emancipated from slavery, have voluntarily entered it again for a small quantity of spirituous liquors or tobacco. But even in these breasts the love of woman is not subdued. She still holds her empire there, and is frequently the sole directress of his actions.

If we take a view of the married state, we shall find another striking proof of the superior influence of female attractions. When a man enters this important stage of his life, he must renounce a great portion of his liberty, and become the slave of woman. In this condition he must renounce that freedom of mind, that freedom of will, that freedom of affection, that freedom of action, which he before possessed, and must, in a measure, submit them all to the direction of his fair tyrant. With her he must consult in all his undertakings; he must enter into no engagement without her approbation. Not but that, where love abounds, these sacrifices, these concessions will be mutual; but still they must be made in order to secure the happiness of the

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married state. Far be it from me to insinuate here, that matrimony is an object to be dreaded on these accounts; neither would I by any means deter man from entering upon it; but, on the contrary, would recommend the union of two kindred souls, ever anxious to promote each other's happiness, as the highest pitch of human felicity. Love will make *such a slavery* delightful, will deem no sacrifice too great to augment the pleasures of the beloved object.

Hence, then, we consider the love of woman to be the more powerful passion, and consequently possesses greater influence over the actions of men. And that however deep the love of liberty may be rooted in the human heart, and whatever sacrifices a man may make for the enjoyment of it, he will make much greater, and even immolate liberty herself, at the shrine of the beloved object.

London, June 20, 1809. C. S.

EDMUND DE WATTEVILLE. A NORMAN TALE. *Translated from the* GERMAN.

For the Universal Magazine.

THE evening began to close, and the lowering clouds threatened an approaching storm, while the keen north wind, which whistled through the leafless branches of the forest, presented an aspect of desolation to the weary traveller. To a mind less hardy than that of EDMUND'S, this would have been sufficient to deter from braving its united horrors by entering, that night, the immense wood which now stretched before him. But he was impelled by a motive superior to any consideration of personal danger; all subordinate apprehensions were absorbed in the greater one of being too late to stop a dreadful sacrifice to resentment.

Thus incited, he spurred his willing steed, and entered at once the gloomy track which lay before him. Unconscious, or fearless of danger, he omitted the precaution of loading the fire-arms which he had about him; he was anxious only to reach the *Chateau de Roubigne*, yet twenty leagues distant, ere sun rise the next morning; for he knew the horrid deed which would be perpetrated should he be later. Let us then leave him for a while pursuing his journey, and take a retrospect of the events which had occurred previously to the present juncture.

Edmund de Watteville was the only son of an opulent Norman lord, and he was, consequently, the peculiar object of paternal solicitude and affection. He was educated according to the received modes of his age; and, in conformity to the popular opinion, was taught to consider military prowess as the highest attainable excellence of man. The softer arts of life, and the polish which fits an individual for the more gentle intercourse of society, were entirely neglected; feats of arms, tournaments, battles, sieges, distressed damsels, and infuriate tyrants, glowed in his youthful bosom, and gave a romantic ardour to his thoughts, which held forth a promise of future excellence, beyond what even a fond parent could wish for. He was early distinguished by a spirit of resistance, and a sanguinary severity of resentment, which, in that age, bore the false appellations of *magnanimity* and *honour*. While yet a youth he had signalized himself at the head of a few chosen men, by repelling the attack of a desperate banditti on the estate of a neighbouring lord. But as he advanced in years, his courage became gradually hardened into desperate ferocity, and warlike force obtained for him what might be denied to justice or entreaty.

His father, though he beheld with admiration the martial qualities of his son, yet often reflected with anxiety upon the impetuosity of his temper, which, united with such qualities, might, he feared, lead to the most fatal consequences. Sometimes, indeed, he would endeavour to awaken in the mind of Edmund a sense of the necessity of curbing his passions; but his admonitions were ineffectual, and often drew from the youth some bitter taunt or sarcastic reflection.—"You must be sensible," he would often observe, "how little can be gained by coercion. Force will be repelled by force, and insult by insult; and though superior numbers or courage may for a time enable

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you to remain triumphant, yet the injury which is unprovoked can never be forgotten; and those whom you despoil to-day, may in their turn to-morrow despoil you. Remember, that warfare is not the *peculiar* right of *one* man; it is the privilege of all; and he, who, by petty depredations and wanton insults, makes every man his enemy, must expect one day to become the victim of every man's revenge. I would teach you, that forbearance alone can command respect, happiness, or safety; and that a promptitude to support justice, to redress grievances, and to protect virtue, should be united with a heart formed for social happiness, and an understanding willing to discriminate between rectitude and obliquity."

These cautions, however, had but little effect upon the conduct of Edmund. He still gloried in recounting how many had fallen by his arm, and what new attempts he purposed making upon the property of others. His anxious sire beheld with affliction how obnoxious he every day became to the surrounding nobles, and foresaw that a few months would inevitably involve *him* in that ruin which his profligate son was hourly accumulating over his head. Reduced to the last extremity, he resolved to use coercive measures, and however painful to his feelings, yet the general safety of himself and family demanded that he should restrain his licentious conduct. He therefore compelled him to keep within the bounds of his own domain, and by dismissing all his retainers, he reduced him to the necessity of abandoning, at least for a time, his predatory conduct. The fiery youth raged, in vain, at this decree; imperious circumstances demanded it, and the father yielded to no entreaties.

During this restriction many fruitless attempts were made to soften the ferocity of his nature, and to lead him back to reason and humanity. He resisted them all by a sullen silence, which he never broke except when alone. Then, sometimes, he expiated upon the scenes of blood which he would one day triumph in; and often in the height of his savage exultation at imaginary sacrifices, he would dare to intermingle the ideal groans of a murdered father. Giving the rein, one day, to his sanguinary passion, he exclaimed, "Oh Nature! why didst thou not give me power equal to my will? Why was I not rather the aspiring offspring of a regal sire, than of him whom the world now calls my father? I would have been familiar with slaughter, ere the dawn of manhood bloomed upon my cheek. Groans of death should have been the most pleasing music to my ears, and I would have glutted my sight with the writhings of condemned victims, when drops of agony stood upon their brow, and their whole frame shook with the tremblings of convulsed nature.—These *should* have been *my* delight: these *must* be it.—I cannot calm the phrenzy of mind which pants for pleasures congenial to its feelings!"

Such depravity could be restrained by no common means. But he had hypocrisy equal to his other passions, and he at length assumed an apparent tranquillity of mind and deportment, which easily deceived the willing father, who was anxious to believe what he had long wished. Several days elapsed in this manner, during which frequent conversations took place between them. Nothing now appeared which could excite the smallest suspicion as to the truth of the change, and he was finally restored to that perfect liberty which his licentiousness had forfeited.

It was now that he began to reflect how he should resume his former conduct, and yet not expose himself to similar consequences. His retainers were dismissed, his expenses were retrenched, and his actions watched with unceasing attention. Thus circumstanced, he felt it necessary to lull every fear asleep by a continuance of his peaceable deportment. He appeared, therefore, to enjoy with all possible zest the conversation and amusements of his family. He would often join in the chace of the wild boar with his father and the other neighbouring noblemen, and partake with them its various amusements. His evenings he spent in domestic enjoyments, and in the placid occupations of the female part of his family. His mother, ever anxious for the welfare of

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her children, beheld with unfeigned rapture this apparent change in her son, while her daughter *Julia de Watteville*, an interesting girl, now in her eighteenth year, yet hoped she might find a future protection in him when her parents were no more.

Such was the close deception young Edmund was enabled to carry on by his consummate art. But the day was not far distant when all these bright prospects were to be destroyed, and all the fondest hopes of his parents for ever buried.

Among the various noblemen who possessed estates in the spacious forest of *Ardennes*, was the Baron de Lancy, a man of immense possessions and splendid fortune. His magnificence kept pace with his opulence, and he frequently held justs and tournaments in his castle, to which he invited all those whom rank, fortune, or military glory had raised to distinction. On these occasions it was customary for all the most celebrated ladies to be present, and to bestow, after the combat, the meed of victory on the hero who remained triumphant. Such an assemblage of beauty usually inspired the combatants with more than common ardour; and many a knight would rather die upon the field, than suffer his opponent to receive the guerdon. Female ideas were not, in that rough period, of so delicate a cast as now; they could then behold with few emotions of terror, or even pity, the furious clash of arms and streaming gashes of the warlike combatants; anxious only for the safety of him whom they had honoured, from motives of affection, with marks of their esteem. The revolting sentiments which, in this enlightened age, would possess the mind of every British fair, at the sanguinary scenes of slaughter which were then prevalent, would be painful beyond sufferance; and it is, perhaps, not asserting too much to say, that they now feel more sympathy and generous anxiety at the fictitious representations of the theatre, than the ancient warlike dames did at the sanguinary conflicts of romantic ardour.

To return, however, to the subject of my narrative. It happened, about this period, that the Baron had given public intimation of an intended tournament to be held in the castle on the marriage of his youngest daughter, *Emily de Lancy*, to the young *Count Marino*. Every preparation was made to unite splendour with hospitality. Among the illustrious visitors on the occasion were the Baron de Watteville and his family. A greater display of military prowess was expected on this occasion than, perhaps, had ever before dignified the nuptials of any nobleman. Every knight was anxious to retrieve former losses, or to increase former glories. Those who had reaped the highest renown in the field of battle were yet willing to increase it on the present occasion; those who had scarcely ever wielded hostile arms, felt an ambition to become illustrious among the illustrious. Such general ardour was, perhaps, never before excited on a similar occurrence; but the Baron's known liberality, munificence, and hospitality, were such as inspired the coldest bosoms with a desire to distinguish themselves.

Amid this general anticipation of future glory, young Edmund was not inactive. Other motives than the mere impulse of renown actuated his bosom: he had, himself, formerly advanced his pretensions to the hand of Emily. The offer was rejected with some degree of contempt on her part, and with coolness on that of the Baron's. But Edmund, unused to brook contradiction, or to be repulsed in the pursuit of any object he had once assimilated to his mind as necessary to his happiness, persisted in his importunities till they became disgusting to the one and insolent to the other. Finding it impossible to advance his suit with any prospect of success, he, as usual, determined to employ force and art to effect his designs. He justly suspected a rival to be the cause of his rejection, and the very idea was sufficient to awaken in his bosom the most hateful passions. Resolved to ascertain the truth of his suspicions, he began to devise means by which to arrive at that certainty. Bribery, he knew, was one effectual method, and sometimes the shortest. This he tried, and played off his golden artillery upon the feeble resistance of a d

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mestic in the Baron de Lancy's service. This man, whose name was Gasparo, he allured over to his interests, and made him instrumental in his designs, not only of ascertaining the fact, but of revenging it when ascertained.

Having, by the intervention of this faithless servant, gained admission secretly into the garden, he concealed himself behind some trees, so that he might be unobserved, and yet watch all the motions of those whom he suspected. He had learned that it was their principal amusement, in an evening, to walk and discourse on themes of love and future bliss. Edmund, like another Satan, resolved, though he could not himself enjoy, yet to blast the enjoyments of others, and he wished to learn *who* this successful rival was, that he might sacrifice him, *not* to his jealousy, but to his sanguinary passions. His actions did not proceed from the feelings of an injured man, wounded in that peace of heart which a beloved mistress alone could give; they were the result of a more than fiend-like ferocity, which murdered the happiness it could not reach.

He waited impatiently for their approach; and his impatience heightened his resentment. At length he heard the distant murmur of voices; they drew nearer, and he perceived, indistinctly, forms approaching. The tumult of his soul arose; and as they approached, irresolute and weak, he knew not how to act; whether to rush like a lion on his unguarded victim, or to dog him to a place of more convenient sacrifice. While he was thus debating within himself, they approached nearly opposite the spot where he lay concealed: their conversation was now distinct, and, before he could justly discriminate who they were, the following words caught his eager attention:—"I tell you, Edmund never shall possess her; my dagger should sooner drink his heart's blood, than he disgrace my family by an alliance." As these words were uttered, they turned into another path, and were out of sight in a moment.

[*To be continued.*]

VOYAGE *from* PORT JACKSON *to* PRINCE OF WALES'S ISLAND.—*Extracted from the Letters of a Lady.*

WE sailed from Port Jackson on Thursday evening, the 21st of April, 1803, with a division of the New South Wales corps, their wives and children, a number of prisoners with their families, and a quantity of stores, for Norfolk island. The number of our officers was the same as when we left England, with the addition of a second lieutenant. The greatest regularity is observed, and every one appears comfortable, cheerful, and happy.

Our passage to Norfolk island was boisterous and tedious. Anne was as sea-sick as ever, and confined to her bed almost the whole way. We arrived off the island on Sunday morning, May the 8th. The cutter and jolly-boat were immediately hoisted out, and the passengers landed at Carcade with great expedition, notwithstanding there was no vestige remaining of a wharf that had been constructed there, and the surf made landing on the rocks very unsafe.—Although I received, by the return of the boats, a terrific account of the dangers attending the passage over a long, narrow plank, placed over a chasm in the rocks, a fall from which would be inevitable destruction, my desire to go on shore predominated over every fear, and a few hours afterwards I obtained a reluctant permission to land. Equipping myself therefore in a habit, whilst Nanny put up a few things in a trunk, I reconciled my darling boy to my absence, by promises of the fine things I should bring from the shore, and at four o'clock left the ship with my brother in a boat, of which the master took charge.

I have before informed you of there being no harbour or good anchorage for shipping at Norfolk island. We had to row for some distance in a very rough sea. When we reached the landing place, a rope, made fast to a ring at the stern of the boat, was held by the other end by the people on shore, who, at the favourable juncture for landing, hawled out, as the surf receded,

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"now, now, now." Eagerly, in my turn, obeying this signal, I somehow drew the rope with such force after me, that, catching the master under the chin, it jerked his head over the side of the boat, and threw his feet up into the air: luckily the people in the boat caught hold of his legs, or he would have been overboard. The fright I had then accidentally given the old sailor, with the ludicrous circumstances attending it, made me laugh, and, together with the impetuosity with which it was necessary to land, drove all thoughts of the danger of crossing the plank out of my head till I was fairly over it, escorted by my companions. We set off for Sydney, and by the time we had got half way the moon rose, and made the remainder of the walk truly delightful. The scenery around was romantic, the road running between pine-trees, which rise to a majestic height. One of these was cut down whilst I was at Norfolk island, and measured three hundred and eighty feet in length. As we approached Sydney we were met by Colonel Foveaux, who has been governor here for some time; who very politely welcomed us on shore.

The next morning, Monday, several gentlemen accompanied me to see the new government-house, building under the direction of the lieutenant governor. It will be a large and substantial house, pleasantly situated on a gentle eminence, commanding a view of the town of Sydney, Turtle bay, and Nepean and Phillip islands. On these islands there are a variety of choice shells, but difficult to be got at, on account of their adhering to sharp rocks that prevent the use of the dredge.

Returning from our walk, the signal was made for another ship being in sight. In the afternoon a boat from the strange sail brought intelligence of her being the Alexander, whaler, Capt. Rhodes, from New Zealand, returning to Port Jackson.

This morning I walked as far as Queenbury, a few huts scattered in a vale, which do not deserve the name of a village; but their situation is beautiful and romantic; the steep hills on each side of the valley affording rich pasture, or yielding luxuriant crops of Indian corn. A charming shady walk between banana-trees winds for some distance round the bottom of the hills, and leads to a hut belonging to government, and a garden that produces as fine oranges as those at Rio de Janeiro.

The governor having been at the trouble of getting his single horse chaise (the only carriage in the island, and which had been for some time out of repair) put to rights to accommodate me, I set out immediately after breakfast the next morning on a ride to Carcade, accompanied by a lady in the chaise, and three gentlemen on horseback. I have already given a description of this road as it appeared when I walked it by moonlight, but one of its chief beauties I could not at that time discern. The vines of a lively green, bearing a delicate lilac flower, in shape resembling the convolvulus, creeping round the trunks of the lofty pines, joined together in many parts, and hanging down between them in festoons, have an elegant effect. There is likewise growing in great abundance a dark green shrub, with a large glossy leaf, containing a poisonous juice. From the summit of the hill, on the Carcade side, there is a pretty view of the village of Phillipburg in a valley with the hills bordering on the sea, of which there is an extensive prospect between seven sugar-loaf eminences.

The chief purport of my visiting Carcade was to call on Mrs. F. and to introduce the lady that accompanied me to her, with the hope that her society might be soothing to her wounded mind, and help to soften this seclusion from her native country and a number of respectable friends. Mr. F. I have been informed, was most unjustly sent from Ireland, during the disturbances four years ago, on a groundless suspicion of sedition, and was, without any trial, banished to New South Wales for life. Government have lately taken his case into consideration, and have appointed him to the clerical duty of Norfolk island, with a salary of 150*l.* per annum. Mrs. F. is sister to an eminent divine of Dublin: she resisted the united entreaties of her friends to remain, and with

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child of two years old followed her husband into banishment. A settled dejection appears on both their countenances, and his health is at times so much affected, that I think there is little probability of his continuing long in this world. Mrs. F. had been brought to bed only a week before of a lovely boy, which, with a little girl, constituted her family, having lost the son she had in Ireland and one she had at Port Jackson by the dysentery. I hope you will pardon my dwelling so long upon these circumstances, when you reflect how much my feelings were interested in their unfortunate destiny.

By the time we returned to Sydney our ship was lying off the town, at the distance of two miles, the landing being better on that side than at Carcade, but as there was a considerable surf I had not any idea of embarking; therefore, after dining with an agreeable party, we were just setting out to take an afternoon's walk, when the cutter came on shore, with the master, and brought a letter with information that they only waited my return on board to sail, and a request that, if the surf did not run high, I would come off in the cutter. The governor thought I might go off very safely in his whale-boat with his men, but objected to the cutter and the hands in her, who were unaccustomed to the place. After a few moments consideration I determined to go off, and accepted the governor's offer of his whale-boat, though it was with some difficulty that I resisted the solicitations of my friends on shore to stay all night. I walked down to the beach; but just as we reached it, a violent surf came rolling over the very rocks on which the Sirius was wrecked, which recurring at the moment to my recollection, intimidated me a little, though not so much as it did the female friends who were with me, and who entreated me to return and relinquish all thoughts of going for that night; but my mind being made up, I received and returned many kind adieus, and stepped into the boat with my brother, who had been instructed to place my back to the surf till we got beyond the reef of rocks. The coxswain, who was reckoned the most skilful mariner upon the island, gave the word of command, the eight oars made a long stretch, and instantly the boat was almost up an end, then descended, and in this manner surmounted the foaming surge, without any further inconvenience than the unpleasant sensation it excited, and our getting a little wet from the surf. When the boat had quite cleared the reef, the crew lay on their oars and gave three cheers, which was answered from the shore by all the officers, &c. who remained standing on the beach till they saw us out of danger. We had now three miles to row in the open sea, but the evening being very favourable we reached the ship at sunset in perfect safety. I only detained the boat to reward the men for their trouble, and to write a few lines, and then arranged every thing for our departure the moment the cutter with the master and purser returned, for which we were very impatient, and wished to put an end to the anxiety which must always prevail from the perilous situation all ships are in at that place. A signal gun was fired to hasten their return; but there was no appearance of the boat till nine o'clock the next morning, when she came off, and informed us that the surf had risen so high in the evening, before the boat that brought me off returned, that the coxswain was washed overboard three times, my letter lost, and the boat very nearly wrecked; so that the cutter could not venture off till morning. No shore-boat being off, we were prevented from having any further intercourse at this time with the inhabitants of Norfolk island, and the wind being favourable for our departure, we lost sight of land in a few hours.

W.

[*To be continued.*]

On the CONDUCT *of Lady* M. W. MONTAGUE *towards* H. FIELDING.

Sir,

THE sensibility of Lady Montague is generally supposed to have been equal to her wit. A higher encomium could scarcely be passed, for in wit she certainly was not inferior to any of her sex. It is with reluctance that I point to Lady

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Mary's conduct, in regard to Henry Fielding, as a proof that she could be disdainful and unfeeling; but a just appreciation of characters, which are held forth for public applause, is so necessary to the welfare of the moral world, that my presumption in this particular must need little apology.

Henry Fielding was second cousin to Lady Montague, both being descended in the same degree from George Fielding, Earl of Desmond. In addition to his claim on the score of affinity, Fielding's pretensions, as a gentleman and a wit, were assuredly sufficient to entitle him to the same consideration bestowed on Pope; but these two writers appear to have been received by her ladyship in very different methods. Pope was admitted to an extreme of familiarity, and his letters are written in a correspondent strain of confidence. Fielding waited at her door, as the poet attends his patron, and concludes a letter, which appears expressive of his usual manner to Lady Mary, in these words:—"I shall do myself the honour of calling at your ladyship's door to-morrow, at eleven, which, if it be an improper hour, I beg to know from your servant what other time will be more convenient." The man thus liable to rejection, and thus distant in mode of address, was *her cousin*, and of high rank in letters; but he was necessitous. Pope, whose epistles denote the acknowledged consequence of the writer, and who could readily appoint the proper hours for the lady to *call on him*, was rich. There lay the most important difference; for ladies of wit and sensibility, like the common world, are fond, it seems, of a gilded toy.

Throughout every letter in which Lady Mary mentions Fielding, she is entirely silent on the relationship that existed between them; and her ladyship admired his talents; but then she knew his poverty. "Since I was born," she observes in a letter to her daughter, "no original has appeared, excepting Congreve and Fielding, who would, I believe, have approached nearer to his excellencies if not forced by necessity to publish without correction, and throw many productions into the world, he would have thrown into the fire, if meat could have been got without money, or money without scribbling. The greatest virtue, justice, and the most distinguished prerogative of mankind, writing, when duly executed, do honour to human nature; but when degenerated into trades, are the most contemptible way of getting bread."

Her ladyship regrets the death of Fielding, but merely as a writer, and as a being that relished existence.—Lady Mary Wortley Montague appears at one period to have been afraid, and at another ashamed, to own for a cousin the author of Tom Jones! "I am sorry," writes Lady Mary, "for H. Fielding's death, not only as I shall read no more of his writings, but I believe he lost more than others, as no man enjoyed life more than he did, though few had less reason to do so; the highest of his preferment being raking in the lowest sinks of vice and misery. His happy constitution (even when he had with great pains half demolished it) made him forget every thing when he was before a venison pasty, or over a flask of champaigne: and I am persuaded he has known more happy moments than any prince upon earth. His natural spirits gave him rapture with his cook-maid, and cheerfulness when he was starving in a garret."

It may be averred that the dissipated habits of Fielding rendered him an improper intimate for a lady, but still he was entitled to the consideration due to a relation and a man of genius. The frequent low pleasures in which Fielding was accustomed to indulge may, perhaps, in some part be attributed to the scantiness of his finances. Lady Montague was connected with many persons of consequence and power. Through the medium of these she might have recommended her cousin to the notice of the court, and have given him an opportunity of proving that he was as well calculated to be an honour to his family in point of general demeanor, as from poignancy of wit and fertility of imagination.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

J. N. B.

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A LETTER, *addressed to Dr.* LETTSOM, *upon the* FORMATION *of an* APIARIAN SOCIETY.

Sir,

BEING personally unknown to you, I have chosen this respectable Magazine as the medium to address you on a subject, the utility and importance of which, I believe, few words will be necessary to substantiate, and one in which I know that you are in a degree interested. I allude to the more general encouragement and diffusion of the culture of the bee. It cannot have escaped your notice, that the attention which is paid to that invaluable insect is in no proportion to its intrinsic worth, and that, as a branch of rural economy, it suffers an undeserved neglect. The farmer who neglects to provide himself with a proper proportion of hives is blind to his own interest, and suffers a source of wealth to flow past him unregarded and unenjoyed.

The English peasant should profit by the example of the Scotch; for taking Scotland and England together, the proportion of hives in the former to the latter is as ten to four. In the former, the utility and profit of the apiary is acknowledged and attended to; in the latter, amusement and curiosity appear to be the aim.

The chief purport, however, of the present letter is, by a few hints, to draw your attention to the formation of an apiarian society, for the purpose of investigating the natural economy of the bee, and of promoting the culture of it, especially amongst the cottagers. The indifference which is shewn by that numerous class of people to the cultivation of the bee proceeds partly from their ignorance of the profit, which would accrue to them from a very limited apiary, and from their inability to spare even the little sum which is requisite for the purchase of the first hive. To obviate the latter difficulty would be one of the objects of the society; and in regard to the former, I know your knowledge of human nature to be sufficiently great to know that you have only to point out to a man a source of wealth, and he will fly to it with the avidity of the thirsty wanderer to the limpid spring.

An apiarian society offers to the patriot and the philanthropist the most cheering prospects, without derogating from your title to the former character; as the latter, you stand most conspicuous. To the patriot it would be a pleasing reflection, that by his endeavours he was opening the resources of his own country, that he was turning the stream of its wealth into its proper channels, and preventing near 30,000*l.* a year being sent to another country for a commodity which could be reared with as great facility in his own, and of a quality by far superior.

To the philanthropist it would be a subject of exultation, when he reflected, that by his exertions he was promoting the health and welfare of his fellow creatures, by procuring for all classes and denominations a wholesome food and a delicious beverage, and which would prove an excellent substitute for the vile and adulterated composition which is called beer. It were needless to enumerate to you, being a professional person, the medicinal and wholesome qualities of honey, and the exhilirating and healthful qualities of mead; the longevity of the Scotch, the health and robustness of their children, whose stomachs are not poisoned with rancid butter, will sufficiently testify both, and render the culture of the bee an object worthy of the consideration of every friend of the human race.

At the same time that the members of an apiarian society were promoting the cultivation of the bee to themselves, it would be a source of uncommon delight to unite their respective abilities to the further improvement of the management of the apiary, to the discovery of the natural economy of the bee, and, by a diffusion of their scientific knowledge, render an apiary the source of delight and profit to others. It would be in itself no common reward for their labours, if, by a promulgation of an approved method of taking the honey from the bees, they could annihilate the barbarous custom of smoking them, and thereby save the lives of so many valuable servants.

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You cannot be ignorant that we are yet far removed from a complete knowledge of the internal economy of the bees; and I must allow, that certain parts of it are so wrapt in almost impenetrable darkness, as to baffle the exertions and acuteness of the most indefatigable apiarian, yet that very difficulty were with me rather an incentive than an obstacle to the formation of an apiarian society; for, by the united efforts of its members, many secrets in the economy of the bees might be discovered, which require only to be known to be admired, and the elucidation of which would be of great advantage in the culture of them.

For a number of years bees have been with me a favourite study; but I confess that, after all the experiments I have tried, to the total destruction of many valuable hives, I am still, in certain points, as ignorant as at the commencement of my studies: for after all the fanciful theories of many apiarians, who have favoured the world with their lucubrations, and which are like so many will-o-wisps, which lead you into error, the gender even of the bees and their method of propagation are mysteries which I cannot solve.

Pliny says in lib. 10, cap. 9, that Aristomachus Solensis passed sixty-two years of his life in the study of bees, and D. Moses Pflacher in postill, fol. 480, says that Aristodemus, a highly celebrated philosopher, passed twenty years in the same study. It might be supposed by many, that at the expiration of sixty-two years, an apiarian would have attained to a full knowledge of his subject; but the examination into the natural economy of the bee is attended with such discouraging obstacles, that it requires a person to be an enthusiast in the study to make even the most limited progress, and indeed without a large portion of enthusiasm no person can make a skilful apiarian.

It has often been a matter of surprise with me, that in England, where rural economy is more studied than in any other country in the world, so little attention should be paid to a branch, which is certainly not the last, either in a national point of view, or in individual advantage; for if the position be just, that the value of a thing is to be estimated by the space of time which is required to attain it, an apiary would then stand the first in the scale of comparative profit. In Germany, where science in rural economy moves with the pace of a stage waggon up a hill, the improvement in the management of bees has nevertheless proceeded with hasty strides; and this improvement is to be attributed to the formation of apiarian societies, and the consequent diffusion of practical knowledge.—The present Duke of Brunswick is the president of the first apiarian society which was formed, and the efforts of the members of the society to extend the cultivation of the bee have been crowned with success.—In Scotland are many patriotic characters, who would glad join in the formation of an apiarian society; and I believe it would not be difficult to draw the attention of the patrons of the agricultural societies to the subject, and to receive not only their sanction but their assistance.

The limits to which I must necessarily confine myself prevent me now from entering into a more explicit detail of the plan which I have suggested for the society; but should you from these cursory remarks think the subject worthy of a serious consideration, or in its nature feasible, the utmost assistance to the formation of the society will be given by

Sir, your humble servant,

R. H.

On the Summation *of* Infinite Series.

Mr. Editor,

As no subject, among mathematicians, has engaged greater attention than the summation of what are termed infinite series, or demands, in its successful prosecution, a greater share of abstraction and ability; so few branches have been entered upon by the student with more trembling anxiety than this. That the accurate summation of an infinite number of terms in an arithmetical or geometrical progression, the last term of which the nature of the series for ever pre-

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cludes the possibility of arriving at, should *primâ facie* appear absurd and impossible, can excite no surprise. Accustomed, in arithmetical computations, to the summation of a certain and determinate number of terms, each of which are either separately and distinctly known, as in ordinary addition, or to the summation of a limited number of terms in various kinds of progressions, where we receive among the data the first and last term of the series, and the ratio, the mind cannot easily free itself from those shackles which such limitations naturally impose upon it; we enter upon such calculations, as persons emerging from the narrow confines of arithmetic, to embark on the sea of geometry or algebra, there used to measure every dimension by running the rule or rod along it; while here the immensity of the altitudes and distances to be estimated rendering such means of obtaining them impracticable, no wonder the mind at first, from the inadequacy of its usual resources, contemplates with dismay its novel situation. However, as some ideas on the interesting subject of the present paper, (viz. the summation of infinite series) may be acquired by any person moderately skilled in fractional arithmetic, I shall endeavour in this, and a succeeding paper, to explain the means employed for the addition of series in as clear a manner as I can: but, before entering upon this subject, it will be necessary to explain the term Infinite, as used in a mathematical sense; what kind of series are immeasurable; and what are those whose sums may be discovered.

The indifferent use of many words in common life, and their technical employment in the sciences, as, in their general acceptation, they are often loosely understood, while the accuracy of scientific definition requires they should be restricted and defined, a source of inconvenience arises which much embarrasses the mind unaccustomed to that accurate definition the sciences demand. Thus the words a point or line, though every person imagines he understands them, and so far as it relates to their ordinary acceptation, they may be correct; yet a mathematical point or a line, having no prototype in nature, being purely ideal and abstract, is not so generally conceived of. Is not the ordinary ideas affixed to multiplication, by persons ignorant of fractions, that of the increase of one number by means of another, and yet, that nothing can be more partial or incorrect, the multiplication of pure fractions clearly demonstrate; so the ideas of an arithmetician upon the operations of addition and subtraction (as he is accustomed to them) fetter and embarrass his mind when he has occasion to consider them in their more enlarged and philosophical acceptation, in the practice of Algebra. Nor is the lax employment of certain philosophical terms in common life, the only ambiguity: the same word is frequently employed in different sciences under different acceptations; for example,—the term infinite occurs both in metaphysics and the mathematics; but the metaphysical definition by no means accord with its signification in the latter science. The schoolmen have been accustomed, when treating on other modes of existence or being, than God's, to define the one *infinitum a parte post*, and the other *infinitum a parte ante*; the former relating to that which has a commencement but no termination, that is, infinite in duration; and the latter, to that which, on the contrary, has no beginning, but has an end. Now this latter is utterly repugnant to all those ideas on what is termed an infinite series, not only wanting any property of it, but directly opposed to it; and the former, though it may agree in one property, in its other, contradicts all our reasoning on the subject of mathematical series; for it is plain the imagination can reach to no limits in a decreasing series, nor can it for the summation of such a series assign the number of its terms, as will be seen presently by adducing an example; and yet, though the terms of such a series are actually infinite, its sum is equal to a determinate and finite number, because such a sum may be assigned to it, that no limited number of its terms, however far extended, can ever reach to, and yet so far approach this assigned value as to want less than any assignable difference.

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Now, though the operation for finding the value of the series, from the impossibility of numerically assigning and adding all its parts, differs materially from ordinary addition, yet the result will be the same, as it would be were it possible to make this addition in the ordinary way.—In an infinite series, increasing by an equal ratio or difference, a little consideration will suffice to convince us of the impossibility of even approximating to a sum which can have no existence, since we can constantly carry on the progression till the last term of any finite number, if its terms shall exceed any given sum, how great soever it may be. These kinds of progressions, then, are not the subjects of summation, but less, as convert $\frac{1}{3}$ into a decimal, and we obtain 3 3 3, &c. &c. *ad infinitum*, or $\frac{1}{10}+\frac{3}{100}+\frac{3}{1000}$, &c. &c.; and the theorem known to every arithmetician for the amount of any finite number of its terms will be equal to the product of the first term into the ratio, less the last term divided by the ratio less one, or summarily expressed $\frac{AR-Z}{R-1}=S$, where A=first term, R=ratio, Z=last term, and S=sum: but it has been observed, Z=last term of a decreasing series, by continuing the series, may be made less than any given number, which is, in reality, reducing it to 0; rejecting, therefore, this term, we reduce the theorem to this $\frac{AR}{R-1}$ which is in words saying the sum of this infinite series is equal to the product of the first term and ratio, divided by the ratio less one; and further, to remove the impression of any error arising from the dividend being too great, by rejecting the last unassignable term Z, it may be proved that no finite number of the terms of the series can ever equal that quotient, yet no number less than the quotient can ever equal the sum of the series; for, as it has been observed, by continuing the series, Z may become less than any assignable number, so the difference between the two theorems $\frac{AR}{R-1}$ and $\frac{AR-Z}{R-1}$ will also be less than any assignable difference; therefore assuming the quotient of the former theorem as exceeding the true sum, yet its excess must be less than any assignable difference; consequently, as this is a difference, which is in reality equal to 0, no sum less than the former quotient can be equal to the required sum.

Applying this theorem, then, to the series under discussion, we shall have $R=\frac{1}{10}$; $A=\frac{3}{100}$; $R-1=\frac{9}{10}$ and $R\times A=\frac{1}{10}\times\frac{3}{10}=\frac{3}{100}=\frac{1}{30}$ dividing by $R-1$; $\frac{1}{30}\times\frac{1}{9}=\frac{1}{270}=\frac{1}{3}$. Now this example will satisfy the most scrupulous as to the accuracy of the result, since we see here a finite quantity converted into an infinite series, and which series summed up according to the given theorem again, giving the finite number from whence it is derived; so that the preceding reasoning is fully sustained by the practice of the rule derived therefrom, and the propriety of regarding the last term, or Z, as of no value clearly demonstrated.

That persons who profess to write on the subject of arithmetic, and especially oppugn some of its established canons, should understand the nature of these operations is clear from some observations which have lately appeared in a work of arithmetic, and which I have had occasion to notice elsewhere. In regard to the ordinary practice of circulating decimals, this author affirms the ordinary rule for adding compound repetends to be erroneous, from his having observed that in one example the result came out a series of nines, instead of unity as he expected: but had he known the former expression to have been synonimous with the latter, the world might have remained ignorant of his discovery; but his reputation would not have suffered by its concealment.

But, to return; if the mind is still embarrassed with the rejection of a certain imaginary number as too gratuitous for the rigorous demonstrations which the mathematics require; we can, however, arrive by more direct means to a similar result. Let the series $1+\frac{1}{2}+\frac{1}{4}+\frac{1}{8}+\frac{1}{16}$, &c. *ad infi.* be assumed, which may be rendered into a relative question thus:—A. receives of B. the sum of 2*l.* on condition he binds himself and heirs, for ever, to the repayment of the sar-

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in the following manner,—1*l.* to be paid the first day, 10*s.* the second day, 5*s.* the third day, 2*s.* 6*d.* the fourth day; thus continuing for ever paying each succeeding day one-half of what was paid the day preceding. Quere, who had the advantage, the borrower or the lender? Answer, the borrower: since, if we imagine the daily payments thus continued for ever, the lender or his heirs could only receive the sum borrowed, without interest, and if we assign any limit to these payments, or take any finite number of the terms of the series, the lender would receive less than the sum due: here, by the first theorem, $R=\frac{1}{2}$; $R-1=+$; and $A=1$; and the product of the first term into the ratio, divided by the ratio less one, will give 2, the sum borrowed. But let us assign an imaginary value to this series, and call the same S, and it will stand thus: $1+\frac{1}{2}+\frac{1}{4}+\frac{1}{8}+\frac{1}{16}$, &c. *ad infi.* $=S$; then $\frac{1}{2}+\frac{1}{4}+\frac{1}{8}+\frac{1}{16}$, &c. *ad infi.* $=S-1$; for whatever the sum of the former series may be, the latter wanting the first term of the series, will want the same in its sum, that is, its sum will be one less than that of the former series, or $S-1$. By subtracting each term of the latter series from the correspondent terms of the former, we obtain $\frac{1}{2}+\frac{1}{4}+\frac{1}{8}+\frac{1}{16}$, &c. *ad infi.* for $1-\frac{1}{2}=\frac{1}{2}$; $\frac{1}{2}-\frac{1}{4}=\frac{1}{4}$; $\frac{1}{4}-\frac{1}{8}=\frac{1}{8}$, &c.; now it is plain that $\frac{1}{2}+\frac{1}{4}+\frac{1}{8}$, &c. which is the difference between the two series, must be equal to the difference between their respective values, which is 1; but the difference thus obtained by the subtraction of the two series, is similar in the order of its terms to the progression, whose value we are endeavouring to search out, and only wanting the first term to be equal to it; adding, therefore, the term which is wanted, we have Q, the sum of the required series. To render this operation still plainer to persons unacquainted with algebra, shall be the subject of my succeeding paper, should you deem this deserving a place in your respectable publication.

I remain, Sir, &c.

J. HARRIS.

Prospect-Row, Walworth,
June 21, 1809.

On the WORD "THAT," *and the* ETYMOLOGY *of the* WORD "WICK-ELM."

SIR,

GIVE me leave, through the channel of your useful and entertaining Magazine, to refer your correspondents Wm. Jase and C. L. (see p. 399), for a more full explanation of the word *that*, to the very learned and ingenious work, entitled, Ἐπεα πτεροεντα, *or Diversions of Purley, by John Horne Tooke*; in the first volume of which work a separate chapter is appointed to the consideration of the meaning and etymology of the word *that*: the same word is also treated of in the second volume, at the end of which there is a verbal index.

I shall be obliged to any of your correspondents, who can give me the etymology of the word *wick-elm*, a name given to a particular kind of *elm tree* well known; this word, in Bacon's *Sylva Sylvarum*, is spelled *weeck-elm*.

I remain, Sir, your's, &c.

A. E.

London, June 28, 1809.

MR. BURDON *on* GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

SIR,

A FEW years since, the remains of Gothic architecture in Britain were neither regarded nor understood; they are now studied with an avidity proportionate to their merits, and every thing which can throw light on the origin and progress of the art seems to be received by amateurs with thankfulness and attention.

The invention of the pointed arch has for some time been attributed to English artists, and the claim has remained undisputed, till within these few weeks a book has been published as the posthumous remains of a Mr. Whittington; who, from his knowledge and admiration of the French stile of architecture, has been led to deny that merit to the English which to me they seem to deserve. The preface of the noble editor, Lord Aberdeen, must first be considered, before I offer any arguments to combat the opinion of the book itself;

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and, in this preface, his Lordship takes occasion to remark, that though the author lived not to finish the third division of his book, he is enabled to add his opinion, transcribed from another place; which he does in the space of one page, and then attempts to support it by conjectures of his own. "In the twelfth century," the author tells us, "a new character of building suddenly arose, and spread itself over the greater part of christendom." Now I deny that this new style of building sprung up suddenly, in England at least; for its first dawning is to be found in the reign of Henry First, and it did not entirely banish the stile which preceded it till the latter end of Henry Second, nor find its completion till the commencement of the reign of Henry Third.—"I am of opinion, says Mr. W., that this stile is of eastern extraction, and was imported by the Crusaders into the western part of the world." His opinion is not supported by a single argument, and is contradicted by the positive evidence of facts; for, both Bentham and Grose have proved by the most intelligent travellers into the east, Norden, Pocock, Shaw, and Le Brun, and Swinburne into Spain, that most of the Persian, Saracenic, and Moorish buildings, whose dates can be ascertained, were built at a period much later than the adoption of the pointed arch in England; and we have a right to infer from the dates of those that are known, that the rest were not much older, at least it is not fair to affirm that they are.

The assertion above mentioned, I need not take much more trouble to refute; for it is refuted by the author himself. Mr. W. in p. 87, conjectures "that the pointed arch arose from the casual intersections of a semicircular arcade." I have attempted to put this into plain English, as Mr. W.'s mode of expressing it is nearly unintelligible. To support his conjecture he refers to his remarks on the church of St. Denys, where he repeats the same idea suggested by a similar species of arcade, and also to Gostling's Walk round Canterbury. The idea has no great merit, because it has before suggested itself to many others, and among them to myself, as will be seen by a reference to our Magazine for November, 1808.

In pages 109, 110, he attempts to invalidate the claim of our English artists to the introduction of the pointed arch, and asserts that in the reign of Henry the Second, the mixed style of round and pointed arches was first introduced as practised in the Abbott Suger's works in France before that period; that is to say, from the year 1137, the time at which he began the cathedral of St. Denys. Now, though it is not a matter of any great moment whether the English borrowed it from the French, or the French from the English, or whether they both stumbled upon it nearly at the same period, by observing the casual intersection of a semicircular arcade, it is certainly but doing justice to our countrymen, or rather to the Normans who were the chief architects at that time, to prove that the pointed arch was most certainly used in England, though mixed with the semicircular, before the year 1137, that is to say, very early in the twelfth century.

To any man, not prepossessed to the contrary, the church of St. Cross affords sufficient evidence of the complete pointed arch being used in the original building. The south transept and the north door contain three arches supported by the Norman pillars when they began to be clustered. St. Cross was founded in 1132. The whole of what Dr. Milner has asserted with regard to this church seems to me incontrovertible, except that it does not afford the first specimen of the pointed arch, for there are many others undoubtedly earlier, and some, of which the dates are doubtful. The ruins of Castle Acre Priory in Norfolk contain four pointed arches and part of another, in the west front; but on these I should not much insist as evidence, because that in these the great west door has certainly been formed subsequent to the original building, and the great window above the door, from the remnants which it shews of tracery and mullions, is certainly of a later date, though the two arches at the top on the south side of the great window can hardly be supposed to have been afterwards inserted. The building itself was begun by Earl

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Warren, in 1085, and probably finished before 1100. The ruins of Furness Abbey, in Lancashire, contain many pointed arches, and that noble edifice was founded by Stephen Earl of Boulogne, afterwards king, and in the 26th year of Henry First, or 1126.—Here, then we have the pointed arch complete before the work of Suger at St. Denys.

Lapercost Priory, in Cumberland, affords another proof of pointed arches before they were to be found in France. It was founded in 1116, as may be seen by an inscription in the church of the monastery. Fountains Abbey, in Yorkshire, was founded in 1132, by the monks of St. Mary's, in York, and the nave of the church is wholly in the stile of pointed arches on the cylindrical pillar; and, wherever this is seen, it is with me an incontestible proof of a foundation in the reign of Henry First. In the same style is the nave of Malmsbury, founded about the same time, by Moyer, Bishop of Salisbury. The round church at Northampton, and a church at Thundersly, in Essex, have also the pointed arch on the cylindrical pillar. Lantony Abbey, in Monmouthshire, was founded about 1103; the lower tier of arches in the nave are all pointed, the upper all round: there can be no doubt which were first built, and therefore they form a proof positive.

A further search into our ecclesiastical antiquities might produce further evidence of the early origin of the pointed arch in England; to make this requisite we must have some stronger arguments against it; and, as these are not likely to be produced, I trust the controversy will henceforth cease, at least till facts can supplant all other evidence. The English antiquaries have not claimed the name of English for any other style than that which is found in England.

I remain, &c.

W. BURDON.

Hartford, near Morpeth, July 5, 1809.

To the Editor of the Universal Mag.

SIR,

THE following letter from Mr. WILLIAM SAMPSON, the celebrated Irish expatriated barrister, not having been published in England, I send to you, as a treat for yourself and readers. It is printed at the close of a work, read with great avidity throughout America, entitled "Memoirs of William Sampson, including particulars of his adventures in various parts of Europe: his confinement in the dungeons of the inquisition in Lisbon, &c. &c. Several original letters; being his correspondence with the ministers of state in Great Britain and Portugal: a short sketch of the history of Ireland, particularly as it respects the spirit of British domination in that country; and a few observations on the state of manners, &c. in America.

"New York: printed for the author, by George Forman, 64, Water-street. 1807."

I send you the whole title, that your readers, who may have it in their power, may procure the most interesting work extant.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

CLIO RICKMAN.

A LETTER *from* NEW YORK *to the Right Hon. Lord* S——R, *his Britannic Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the Home Department.*

MY LORD,

ACCORDING to your orders, I was landed in this city, on the 4th of July, 1806, by Captain Sutton of the Windsor Castle. I was sorry his Majesty's ministers had judged it unsafe that I should be at Halifax, as I had need to recruit my health, and to reinforce my principles. I feared to distress your lordship's humanity with the account of my sufferings, or I should have written sooner.

My first sickness was the yellow jaundice, of which I nearly died: I was afterwards seized with the rheumatism, and nearly lost my limbs. I am now, thank God, in good health and spirits, and shall take every

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means of shewing myself grateful for past favours.

The day I arrived they were commemorating their independence—carousing, singing republican songs, drinking revolutionary toasts, bonfires blazing, cannons firing, and huzzaing for liberty! I was in expectation that the lord mayor would have brought the military, and fired on them; but the mayor is not a lord, and I was informed he was seen drinking with some of his soldiers. They were also making an outcry about a Yankee sailor, called Pierce, that was killed off by Captain Whitby. It is a pity we hadn't them in Ireland; we might have ten thousand of them shot in a day, and not a word said about them. I would have gone to the barracks myself to inform against them, but there were no barracks. The soldiers live in their own houses, and sleep with their own wives. Nay, more—they have counting-houses, clerks, warehouses, ships, coaches, country-seats—the like was never seen among common soldiers.

I asked if there was no clergyman that was a justice of peace, to head the military! They shewed me a bishop, a mild, venerable looking old gentleman, that would not know which end of a gun to put foremost, fitter to give a blessing than to lead a corporal's guard—no vigour, no energy! And they say the clergy don't act as justices in their country. Indeed, the clergy here are not like certain clergy, as your lordship shall judge.

There is not a clergyman of any description in New York, nor, as far as I can learn, in all America, that can lead a concert, or play upon the fiddle, or that dances, or manages an assembly, or gets drunk, or rides in at the death of a fox, or that wears buckskin breeches or a ruffled shirt, or sings a baudy song, or keeps a mistress. All they do is to marry the young people, christen their children, visit the sick, comfort the afflicted, go to church, preach twice or thrice on a Sunday, teach the living how to live, and the dying how to die: they are pure in their lives, uncorruptible in their morals, and preach universal love and toleration; and what is more unaccountable, they have NO TYTHES, and they live in the very midst of their congregations. If I might be bold to suggest any thing, and it would not be counted over zealous, I could wish there was a good book written against this abuse of tythes; and I think, my lord, that Anacreon Moore would be a very proper person. It would be a good means of preventing emigration.

As to the government: at the head of it is an old country philosopher. I wish your lordship could get a sight of one of his shoes, with quarters up to his ancles, and tied with leather thongs. He has neither chamberlain nor vice-chamberlain, groom of the stole nor of the bed-chamber, master of the ceremonies, nor gentleman-usher of the privy-chamber, nor black rod, nor groom nor page of the privy-chamber, nor page of the back stairs, nor messenger to his robes: he has no robes—nothing but red breeches, which are now a jest, and a thread-bare one. No laundress for his body-linen, nor starcher, nor necessary woman.

He will talk with any body, like the good vicar of Wakefield. If the stranger talks better than him, he is willing to learn; if he talks better, he is willing the stranger should profit.

He is a simple gentleman every way, and keeps his own conscience and his own accounts; pays his own debts and the nation's debts; and has hoarded up eight millions and a half of dollars in the treasury. Your lordship will smile at such an oddity. We do all we can to shake him, we do all we can to vex him, we do all we can to remove him. He is like a wise old Dervise. He will not be shaken; he will not be vexed; he will not be moved. If he gets up, we say he is too tall; if he sits down, we say he is too short; if we think he will go to war, we say he is bloody; if we think he is for peace, we say he is a coward; if he makes a purchase, we say he ought to take it by force; if he will not persecute, we say he has no energy; if he executes the law, we say he is a tyrant. I think, my Lord, with great deference, that a good London quarto might be written, and thrown at his head. He has no guards nor battle-axes, and dodges all alone, upon his old horse,

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from the President's house to the capitol. There might be an engraving to shew him hitching his bridle to a peg. The stranger in America might write the book; but he need not call himself the *stranger*; it appears clear enough from his works. If it could be possible to confine those works against emigration to home circulation, it would be better. They appear rather ridiculous in this country; for they know here, as well as your Lordship, that people are the riches of a nation. I would humbly recommend a prohibition of their exportation. If Mr. Parkinson writes any more, would your Lordship have the goodness to let him know, there has been no yellow fever since I came to America; but that, in return, the catadids have created great disturbances? A good work against the catadids might prevent emigration. Tell him, if your Lordship pleases, that the butter is no better than it was when he was here; and the pigs remain unreconciled to the peaches. The Timothy-grass grows straight up, and so does the duck-grass—apropos—the ducks here go on water like those of England; but they swim hardest against the stream. Twelve barrels of plaister in Massachusetts go as far as a dozen in any other state; and there is but one head upon a stock of wheat, and the grass grows rankest in the wet ground. A work of this nature may serve to prevent the lovers of good butter and pork from coming to America, and prevent emigration. They boil their cabbage in fresh water, and throw the water out.

All the other departments are as ridiculous as the executive; and one of his Majesty's cream coloured Hanoverian horses has more servants than their secretary of state. They have no Lords nor beggars. We must try to have beggars. A little work upon that might put things in a strong light.

Their judges are without wigs, and their lawyers without gowns. This might be called *bald justice* and *stinted* eloquence.

There is no energy in the execution of the law. One constable, with a staff, will march twenty prisoners. Your lordship knows a country where every man has a soldier to watch him with a musket.

The government here makes no sensation. It is round about like the air, and you cannot even feel it: a good work might be written on that, to prevent emigration, by shewing that the arts of government are not known.

There are very few showmen, or mountebanks; a proof of a dull plodding people, all being about their own affairs. This might be stated to prevent idlers from coming. But as there is little temptation for that class, it is not worth a book.

They have no decayed nor potwolloping boroughs, which renders their parliament a stiff machine. Their candidates are not chaired, and throw no sixpences among the mob. This might be used to prevent the emigration of the mob.

I don't like their little one gun ships of the line. If they are so wicked when they are *little*, what will they be when they *grow big?* I believe Decatur to be a dangerous man. I had it from the Ex-Bashaw of Tripoli. And Preble, I fear, is as bad; though the Bashaw did not tell me so.

However, if we don't come near them, they can do us no harm. I hope your Lordship will not count me over zealous in my remarks, and that they may not be considered altogether unworthy of your Lordship's wisdom. Your Lordship having been first Lord of the Admiralty is the best judge of gun-boats.

The inventions of this people are becoming every day more alarming. They sold their card-making machine to the English, for twenty thousand pounds sterling! and now they say they can make one for fifty guineas. Might not some addresses be advisable from the Manchester fustian weavers?

They have made a steam-boat to go against wind and tide seven miles in an hour; an alarming circumstance to the coach-making trade. A work might be written against the emigration of coach-makers, and entitled *No Steam Boats.*

The burning of Patterson Mills was very fortunate; but the eastern and southern manufacturers would require to be burned. It is time the

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country was taken out of their hands. *They are committing daily waste upon the woods, and disfiguring the face of nature with villages, turnpikes, and canals.*

They are about stopping up two miles and a half of sea, which they call the *Narrows*, though I endeavour to persuade them of the advantage of a *free passage* for his Majesty's ships of war up to this city, and put before their eyes the example of Copenhagen!

That Chesapeake business has burst the bubble, and shews that many of those we counted upon here are Americans in their hearts, and will not do any serious mischief to their own country. Their wranglings, I fear, are like those of our own Whig and Tory, and will profit us nothing.

But there is yet a mean left. And if your Lordship will send me a hundred thousand pounds by the Windsor Castle, I shall lose not an instant to set about it. It will, I hope, be no objection to the project, that it is a new one; the more so, as the old ones have not succeeded very well.

I should glory, my Lord, to be the author of a species of civil war and discord, yet unattempted, and thereby recommend myself to the honourable consideration of his Majesty's ministers.

There exists, my Lord, in this nation, a latent spark, which requires only to be fanned. If this be done with address, we shall have a civil war lighted up in this country, which will not be easily extinguished; for the contest will be between the two sexes. If we once can get them into separate camps, and keep the war afoot for sixty years, there is an end of the American people.

The matter is briefly this. The men smoke tobacco. The ladies will not be smoked. They say they do not marry, nor come into the world, to be smoked with tobacco. The men say they did not marry, nor come into the world, to be scolded, and that they will be masters in their own houses. They are both in the right; they are both in the wrong. Neither is right, nor neither is wrong, according as the balance of power can be managed by a cunning hand. And under the cover of this smoke much excellent mischief may be done for the service of his Majesty, and the war will be memorable in future history, and may be called the *segar war*. We have, at once, in our hands, three principal ingredients of civil war—fire, smoke, and hard words. We might coalesce with our magnanimous allies, the Squaws, on the western frontier, and a diversion on the Chesapeake would complete the whole: and I should not despair of marching a column of ladies by the next summer into Virginia, and laying the tobacco plantations waste with fire and tow.

One great advantage of my project, your Lordship will please to observe, is this: that whether it succeed or fail, take it at the very worst, supposing it to end, as it began, in smoke, it would have a result *to the full* as favourable as other projects, which have cost old England fifty times the sum I ask for.

The very smoking of these ladies would be a great point gained; for they have arrived at an *insolent* pitch of beauty, and it will be in vain that we should deter the connoiseurs and *virtuosi* of our dominions from coming over here, by holding out that there are no statues nor pictures, if we suffer them to preserve such exquisite models of flesh and blood, from which goddesses, nymphs, and graces may be imitated. A few refined souls will prefer cheeks of brass and eyeballs of stone, to the dimple of nature and sparkling glances of the laughter loving eye. But the mass of mankind will be ever vulgar; for them canvass will be too flat, and marble too hard, and flesh and blood will carry off the prize.

It is true, my Lord, that the same arts are not yet so advanced in this country as in those farther gone in corruption and luxury. Yet it is mortifying to see the progress the young and fair ones are daily making in those delicate acquirements which give lustre to virtue, and embellish good sense. Those arts which have now the charm of novelty and the grace of infancy cannot fail to improve in a soil where living beauty triumphs; where the great scenes of majestic nature invite, and where history points the eye of the poet,

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the painter, and the sculptor, to the virtues of Washington, and the plains of Saratoga and York Town.

But one, who passes for having good sense, avowed to me, some time ago, that he would rather see a well-clad and active population, than the finest antique groupes of naked fawns and satyrs with a Lazeroni populace. And a thing that has raised great wonder in me is this, that some of these fair-haired Dryads of the woods have manners more polished than the shining beauties of your splendid court. Where they got it, or how they came by it, I know not; but on the chaste stem of native purity, they seem to have engrafted the richest fruits of foreign cultivation. And as the ladies in all civilized nations will, covertly or openly, have the sway, I think these dangerous persons ought to be well watched; and I am not indisposed, my Lord, to keep an eye upon them, provided I may be encouraged by your Lordship's approbation. I shall not then regret the situation in which it has pleased the wisdom of his Majesty's councils to have placed me, and I shall labour, to the end of my life, to make a suitable return.

In this view I think it right to mention, that the youngest ladies have imbibed French principles:—some of them can express any sentiment, grave or gay, by a motion of the head; speak any language with their eyes, and tell an affecting story with their toes. Those cottillions, my Lord, are dangerous innovations. It is for the reasons I have mentioned, extremely important, that Mr. Weld and the Anacreontic poet should write down the American ladies.—The kind and frank hospitality they received from these unsuspecting fair ones has afforded them an opportunity of taking a noble revenge, worthy of their masters. And if pert genius, like the fairest beauty, is to be selected for prostitution, Moore is the man.

But if this system of detraction be followed up, you will do well, my Lord, to keep your Englishmen at home. They will be very liable, coming over with such notions, to be surprised, perhaps put in voluntary chains. It has already happened to more than one of my acquaintance, and may befal many more. There need come no more with toys from Birmingham. There is one Langstaff here, that has done them mischief. He gives himself out for gouty, and sits writing in an elbow chair. When the fit leaves him, he announces it in the newspapers, and appoints an hour for his visits: all doors are thrown open, and scouts sent out to watch for him. He runs about in a yellow coattee; and in the course of the morning will have kissed the hand of every pretty lady in the town. It provokes me to see a little fellow lie in a lady's work-basket, and make laughing sport of grave men. And it makes me feel more mortified, at my own growing corpulence, lest my bulk should be no recommendation in the eyes of the fair, whose favour is the chief object of my wishes; I shall therefore, before the evil grows worse, go immediately to press, be squeezed into the genteelest form I can, and then pay my respects to the ladies, and to your Lordship. Meantime,

I have the honour to be,
With all due gratitude for *past* favors,
My Lord,
Your Lordship's much obliged
And very devoted servant,
WILLIAM SAMPSON.

FURTHER OBSERVATIONS *on the* WORD "THAT."

MR. EDITOR,

WHATEVER may be objected to any farther alteration of the English grammar, I consider it to be the proper tendency of an increasing acquaintance with any human system that it enables us to ascertain and correct its defects. This is indeed confirmed by the improvements which have so recently been made in this art. During a period of two hundred years, an opinion appears to have prevailed that the simplicity of the English language precluded the necessity of studying its principles*; and we find, accordingly, the grammar of it

* Dr. Lowth.

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suffered little or no change: but the inaccuracies of our finest writers have shewn that this opinion was fallacious; and, in the short time that has elapsed since the study has become general, innumerable improvements have been introduced, and irregularities, into which even authors have been betrayed, are avoided in common conversation.

Grammar, as a standard of language, has already rescued it from the corruption which crept in when the art was neglected, and it will continue to preserve it in its native purity and vigour as long as it maintains its character: what, then, can sanction a fruitless persistence in an exploded error, which must weaken the credit of grammar, and prevent these excellent effects?

Before I proceed to examine the objections of your correspondent C. L. I shall remark, that there have been two opinions as to the word *that* in such applications as "Give me *that* book;" some grammarians have termed it a *demonstrative* or definitive pronoun, while others have contended that it is an article. It remained for C. L. to decide the question.

——— "Nestor componere lites
Inter Peleiden festinat, et inter Atreiden."
Horace.

"The word," he says, "is *the pronominal adjective of the pronoun relative that, without changing its termination!!!*"

Having thus briefly contrasted the ideas of your correspondent with those of grammarians, I shall pass on to consider his remarks in order.

He begins by admitting the truth of my premises, and he then proposes "to inquire *into* how far my conclusions agree or disagree with my principles." Let the reader judge between me and him how far he performs his promise.

"I do not mean," he says, "to assert that the word *that* is a pronoun like *I*, &c. but it is, I should imagine, a pronominal adjective." This is making a distinction without a difference. Pronominal adjectives really form a subdivision of the class of pronouns, and therefore a pronominal adjective must, of necessity, be a pronoun; with what propriety, then, does C. L. allow it to be the former, when he hesitates to assert it is the latter. Surely this argues a great ignorance of grammar.

Your correspondent thus continues: "As I consider *my* the pronominal adjective of the pronoun substantive *I*, so I consider *that* the pronominal adjective of the pronoun relative *that*, without changing its termination."—This opinion, Mr. Editor, is peculiar to C. L. and has an unquestionable claim to originality, inasmuch as it is not to be found in any reputable treatise on grammar. He is yet to learn that relative pronouns cannot have pronominal adjectives to answer to them.

"As *my* or *thy*," he says, "merely shews the person that occupies the book, so does *that* distinguish the place."—This is indeed a logical deduction. Who can help admiring the precision with which *so* answers to *as*, and the remarkable affinity there is between *the possessor of a book*, and *the circumstance of place?* I must, Sir, be allowed to say that to oppose argument to this would be inconsistent.

He says, "it does not therefore seem evident to me, that the words *that* and *the* are at all synonimous terms; for, in the line

'That, more than heaven pursue,'

"I do not conceive it can be taken otherwise than (when) it is used in the sentence 'Give me that book.'"

Instead of adopting the example which I had given, your correspondent chuses another for his purpose, pretending he "cannot conceive it can be taken otherwise than mine," and from it he has drawn his own conclusions. Now, had he really thought the applications similar, it is absurd to suppose he would have chosen another, because the result must then have been the same; but they are not similar; and the specious adduction of this example cannot justly draw from me the compliment of candour.

One objection I could not well examine in the *order* in which it is placed: "If we consider it an article, it will not only create a new one, but

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render the word of four different parts of speech." * Erroneous as this position, I content myself with introducing it to the reader's attention: but let me ask C. L. if he mean to call this argument? While so narrow a prejudice operated on his mind, it is not surprising that instead of inquiring what the truth is, he has explained only what he thinks it ought to be.

In concluding my remarks, I am willing to meet C. L. on his own ground. He has allowed that "there cannot exist a doubt on the beginning of my observations;" but he denies the propriety of my conclusion. He admits the principle, that "if the word *that* be not used instead of a noun, as its substitute or representative, it cannot be a pronoun;" but he objects to my inference, that the word *that* is therefore not a pronoun in the sentence "Give me *that* book." Since the determination of this must turn upon the circumstance of its standing or not standing instead of a noun, there can be but two opinions: it is for C. L. to prove the fallacy of mine, by pointing out the substantive which the word represents. When I say "Charles is happy because *he* is good;" *he* is evidently a pronoun, because it represents the proper name Charles: and when we say "Give me *that* book," I believe the conclusion is inevitable.

The letter of your correspondent, though *professedly* written to inquire *into* "how far my conclusions agreed or disagreed with my principles," is, as the reader must have observed, neither such an inquiry, nor indeed a defence of the common acceptation of the word; but a new opinion, brought forward without proofs, clothed in misapplied terms, and unwarranted by any principles of grammar. I wish I could have been more methodical in examining his remarks, but the "lucidus ordo" had forsaken him, and his paper would not admit a regular criticism.

Your correspondent should perhaps have observed, that the conclusions I drew from the Greek article are collateral and confirmatory. My *argumenta majora* have not yet been attacked: the passages alluded to are, however, such as these:—

1st Chap. John, verse 20. — Καὶ ὡμολόγησε, καὶ οὐκ ἠρνήσατο καὶ ὡμολόγησεν Ὅτι ἐκ εἰμὶ ἐγω ὁ Χριστός. 21. Καὶ ἠρώτησαν αὐτόν. Τί οὖ; Ἠλιας εἶσύ; Καὶ λέγει. Οὐκ εἰμι; Ὁ προφητης εἶ σὺ; Καὶ απεκρίθη· Οὔ.

20. ——— "I am not *the* Christ."
21. ——— "Art thou *that* prophet?

I remain, Sir, &c.

WM. JASE.

12, *Devonshire-street, Bishopsgate.*

* It will then be but three, pronoun, conjunction, and article.

SCHILLER *on the* TRAGIC ART.

THE state of emotion possesses in itself a degree of delight, independent of all relation of its object, either to our improvement or degradation; we strive to place ourselves in a state of emotion, although it may be attended with heavy sacrifices.—Our most common enjoyments are founded on this impulse; and it is scarcely to be taken into consideration if the emotion be directed to affection or to hatred, or if it be according to its nature, agreeable or painful. Experience rather teaches us, that the disagreeable emotion possesses the greater charms for us; and it is a general phenomenon in our nature, that the melancholy, the terrible, and the horrible, attract us with irresistible charms, and that we feel ourselves with equal powers repulsed from, and again attracted to, scenes of woe and of terror. Every one presses, with the intense look of expectation, round the relator of a tale of murder; and the most horrible story of apparitions possesses charms for us in proportion to its horror.

But this emotion displays itself with greater force on objects of actual observation. A storm at sea, in which a whole fleet is wrecked, viewed from the shore, would delight our fancy with the same force as it excites the feelings of our heart. It must be difficult to believe, with Lucretius, that this unnatural pleasure springs

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from a comparison of our own safety with the danger which is viewed.—How numerous is the crowd which accompanies the criminal to the place of execution: neither the pleasure arising from a love to see justice satisfied, nor the ignoble delight of an appeased revenge, can explain this phenomenon. The criminal, in the hearts of the beholders, may perhaps stand acquitted, and their ardent wishes may rise for his preservation; yet a curious desire impels the beholder with greater or lesser force to direct both eye and ear to the expression of his sufferings. If the man of education and refined feelings may, on this point, be quoted as an exception, it does not therefore necessarily follow that the same impulse does not exist in him; but that he yields to the painful impressions of compassion, or that he is held in subjection by the laws of propriety. The rude son of nature, whom no feelings of tender humanity restrains, yields himself up without reserve to this mighty impulse. It must therefore be founded in the original dispositions of the human mind, and is to be explained by a general physiological law.

If we, however, find that these rude feelings of nature are inconsistent with the dignity of human nature, and therefore raise an objection to establish a law for the whole race, yet there are sufficient examples, which place beyond all doubt the reality and universality of pleasure from painful emotions. The painful contest of opposite inclinations and duties, which to him who suffers it, is a source of misery, delights us in the reflection of it, we follow with always increasing pleasure the progress of a passion to the fatal abyss to which it entices its unfortunate victim. The same tender feeling which repels us from the view of a physical suffering, or from the physical expression of a moral one, suffers us to feel in the sympathy with the pure moral pain a greater degree of pleasure.—The interest is general with which we tarry at the representations of such objects.

This can, however, be only naturally asserted of the *participated* emotion; for the near relation in which the *original* emotion stands to our desire of happiness, occupies and possesses us in common with a force too great to allow the space for that pleasure which free of every disinterested relation it requires for itself. Thus the feeling of pain is paramount with him who is actually under the subjection of a painful passion, notwithstanding the representation of the state of his mind can delight the auditor or beholder. On the other hand, the original painful emotion is not wholly devoid of pleasure to him who is subject to it; but the degree of this pleasure varies according to the constitution of the minds of men. If fear, doubt, and inquietude did not possess an enjoyment, games of hazard would be deprived of their principal charms; no one of undaunted courage would rush into danger; and even sympathy with the sufferings of others would not be attended with the greatest delight in the very moment of the highest illusion, and in the strongest degree of transition. It is not thereby intended to affirm that the disagreeable emotions, in and of themselves, confer pleasure; no one would undertake to maintain it; it is sufficient if these situations of the mind present those conditions under which certain kinds of pleasure are possible. Those minds, therefore, which are particularly susceptible of those kinds of pleasure, will, with greater ease, be reconciled to these disagreeable conditions, and not lose their freedom in the most violent storms of passion.

From the relation of its object to our sensual or moral pleasure, the displeasure proceeds which we feel in unpleasant emotions; in the same manner the pleasure in the agreeable emotions springs from those sources, namely the agreeable emotions. In the proportion, therefore, in which the moral nature of a man stands to his sensual, the degree of freedom is founded which can be maintained in emotions; and, as it is acknowledged that in the moral no choice exists for us, and, on the other hand, the sensual impulse is subject to the legislation of reason, and therefore is or at least should be in our power, it is therefore evident that it is possible to

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maintain a perfect freedom in all those emotions which are related to the interested impulse, and to have a command over that degree which it is intended to attain. This will be weaker in the degree in which the moral sense maintains the superiority over the impulse for happiness or pleasure; and his interested attachment to his individual person will be diminished by his obedience to the general laws of reason. Such a man will, in the state of emotion, feel with much less force the relation of his object to his impulse for pleasure, and consequently experience, with lesser force, the displeasure which arises from that relation; on the other hand, his attention will be stronger drawn to the relation in which this very object stands to his morality, and therefore be more susceptible of the pleasure which the relation to the moral not seldom mingles in the most painful sufferings of sensuality. A mind thus constituted is the most capable of enjoying the pleasure of compassion, and even to maintain the original emotion within the limits of the compassionate emotion. Hence the value of a philosophy of life, which, by a continual direction to general laws, enervates the feeling for our individuality, teaches us in the connexion of the whole to lose our little self, and thereby places us in the situation to converse with ourselves as with strangers. This noble disposition of the mind is the lot of strong and philosophic souls, which by incessant labour have learned to subdue in themselves the interested impulse. Even the most painful loss leads them but to a placid melancholy, in which an evident degree of pleasure is mingled. They, who alone are capable of abstracting themselves from their individuality, enjoy the privilege of feeling their own suffering in the mild reflection of sympathy.

R. H.

[*To be continued.*]

EXTRACT *from the* NOTES *of Dr.* KESTELOST, *of the Royal University of Leyden, on the* REPORTS *made by the Institute of France to his Majesty the Emperor and King, on the* PROGRESS *of the* SCIENCES, *of* LITERATURE, *and the* ARTS, *from the Year* 1789 *to the present.* —*Page* 238, *&c.*

IN the sitting of the 4th of January, 1808, the Institute adjudged the annual prize of galvanism to Mr. Davy, a member of the Royal Society of London. A very particular report on the works of the English philosopher is to be found in the *Moniteur* of the 18th of February, 1808, and in the *Annales de Chemie* number for December, 1807. It was after the publication of Mr. Davy's views that the French chemists, particularly those attached to the Polytechnic school, repeated the same experiments. German chemists also soon undertook to verify them. Vide *Annalen der Physick, Jahrg*, 1808, No. 1; *Le Journal de Physique*, numbers for February, March, April, and June; *The Schouwburg*, numbers for January and February; *Korrster Letterbode*, first part of the same year; recently the *Annales de Chemie*, May 1808; and the *Mercure de France* of the 10th of September, in which Mr. Biot has published a notice, which we think it our duty to present to the reader, as the best account of the different opinions expressed on the subject of Mr. Davy's experiment.

"For the first principle of the new discoveries respecting the decomposition of the alkalies we are indebted to Mr. Davy, a young English chemist of extraordinary abilities, who has already, within a few years, made many other important additions to our chemical knowledge. Mr. Davy was trying the decomposition of various substances by the action of the electric column of volta, which has been improperly called the galvanic apparatus. It is, indeed, known that this admirable instrument decomposes the most intimate combinations, by means of the two contrary electricities, which it possesses at its two poles, the opposite forces of which being applied to the molecles of bodies, tend with the greatest energy to disunite their elements. Mr. Davy submitted to this action small fragments of potash and soda, two of the

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alkaline bodies which chemists have hitherto not been able to decompose by any process. Immediately the most surprising phenomenon was produced. The soda and the potash were heated to a high degree; flowed like liquid, or rather were transformed into drops of a new substance, susceptible of being inflamed by the simple contact of the air, burning with rapidity when thrown into water; but which, when collected and preserved in oil of naphta, presented a brilliant metallic aspect; in short, had altogether the appearance of a real metal. The substance yielded by the potash was solid, at a low temperature; it assumed the appearance of mercury, at 16 degrees of the centigrade thermometer, was completely liquid at 38. The soda lost its cohesion at 50 degrees, and became quite liquid at 77. The specific gravity of the former, that of water being taken at 10 was about 6, and that of the latter 9.

"These phenomena were invariably produced at the negative pole of the pile, that which possesses the property of repelling oxygen. Mr. Davy infers from it, that the metals of the potash and soda were only the potash and soda themselves deprived of oxygen, and that the alkalies in their ordinary state are real metallic oxyds, the elements of which are disunited by the electric column. This theory explained how the new metals thrown into water disengaged hydrogen from it. This effect was ascribed to the attraction of the metals for oxygen: they absorbed it from the water, reformed alkali, and left free the hydrogen, the second principle of which water is composed.

"This beautiful experiment was no sooner known in France, than it strongly excited the interest and curiosity of the French chemists. M. M. Gay-Lussac and Thenard hastened to repeat it, and found it accurate.—But, in pursuing the idea of Mr. Davy, they undertook to obtain the new substances by the assistance of chemistry, by raising the two alkalies to a high temperature, and presenting to them in that state a body which, having great affinity with oxygen, might deprive them of this principle. Iron appeared to them very proper for this purpose; for thus it is that it acts in the famous experiment of the decomposition of water, when, being itself made red-hot, some aqueous vapour is made to pass on its surface. It disunites the two principles of which the vapour is formed, absorbs the oxygen, and leaves the hydrogen free. M. M. Gay-Lussac and Thenard attempted a perfectly analogous experiment. They caused alkali in a state of vapour to pass over red-hot filings of iron, contained in the barrel of a gun. The effect answered their expectations: they saw the new metal flowing in abundance out of the lower extremity of the barrel."

This result was so much the more precious, as it afforded the means of obtaining the new metals in sufficient quantities to be accurately studied and their properties clearly determined.

"This beautiful experiment was, as we have just seen, a natural consequence of Mr. Davy's theory. The result could be previously foreseen, and it perfectly confirmed the theory. Who would not have thought, after so perfect a coincidence, but that the theory was accurate? But, to be assured of the truth in the sciences, it is not sufficient to satisfy a certain number of phenomena, and to represent them in a general manner; it is necessary to shew that the cause to which they are ascribed is the only one capable of producing them; and if it be impossible to obtain so complete a proof, the phenomena and the applications of the theory should be so multiplied, that the probability of the latter may be rendered infinitely great."

The first species of demonstration was impracticable in these experiments. It would have been necessary to combine a given weight of the new metal with a given weight of oxygen, and to obtain for a result a weight of alkali, equal to one of the two substances employed. Thus was conducted the process relative to the composition of water, and thus was obtained the incontestible proof of it. But in the present case, the high temperature to which the alkalis must be raised, and the nature of the apparatus, rendered the thing impossible.

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It was therefore necessary to have recourse to the second method, to examine attentively the properties of the new metals, to observe their action on other substances, to multiply, in short, the phenomena, and to see if they agreed with the first idea that had been formed. This M. M. Gay-Lussack and Thenard have done, and they have been led to an endless variety of curious experiments and new results, such as may be expected from a reagent entirely new, possessing very energetic properties, and managed by such able chemists as those whom we have named. In the course of these experiments they examined the action of their metals upon ammoniacal gas, which, according to the beautiful discovery of Mr. Berthollet, is formed of hydrogen gas and azot gas. The metal and the ammonia combined together and formed a solid product of a peculiar aspect, and there remained at the same time, under the bell, in which the experiment was made, a quantity of hydrogen nearly equal to two-fifths of the volume of the gas employed. Whence could this hydrogen proceed? It was evident, according to the supposed theory, that it must have been produced by the ammonia; and its azot combined with the metal should have yielded the substance newly obtained; but, on verifying this consequence, it was found to be false.—The new combination being exposed to heat was decomposed. It yielded, it is true, besides the metal, an acriform product; but this product was not azot, it was pure ammonia without any mixture of foreign gas. The ammonia had not therefore been decomposed in the first experiment, as it was supposed to be in the beginning. What confirmed this result was, that in resuming the ammonia disengaged by the heat of its combination with the metal, and by introducing a new quantity of metal to it, hydrogen was still obtained from it, as the first time, and the new solid combination reproduced still yielded ammonia. Thus by successive essays it was found possible to evolve, by means of a given quantity of ammonia, an indefinite quantity of hydrogen. This hydrogen, therefore, did not proceed from the ammonia, as it was at first supposed, but from the metal; consequently, this metal was not alkali *minus* oxygen, but alkali *plus* hydrogen.

"Hence is also to be explained, in a different way, the evolution of hydrogen, which takes place when the alkaline metals are thrown into water, or into any fluid substance containing water. The water is not decomposed in this experiment; it is the combination of the alkali with the hydrogen, which is decomposed or dissolved. The alkali being deprived of water by heat, becomes very greedy of it: wherever it meets with any, it seizes it, and abandons the hydrogen with which it was combined."

Hence it follows that the alkalies are not yet decomposed. But Messieurs Davy, Thenard, and Gay-Lussac have nevertheless made a most important discovery, by finding a combination possessing properties so new, so energetic, and which offers to chemistry a reagent so powerful and so sure for ascertaining the presence of water. This faculty is already become, in the hands of M. M. Thenard and Gay-Lussac, a source of many other discoveries. In short, it is a very curious result to see a body, composed of alkali and gas, assume an aspect perfectly metallic, with all the external characters of metals, their gravity excepted, which is less than that of the common metals.—May not some of those, which we have hitherto considered as simple bodies and as real metals, be likewise compound? And if the metallic appearance alone be no longer sufficient to characterize metals, what then is the cause which gives it to them, and by what other property can they be in future distinguished from other bodies? These are questions which belong to the most profound chemistry, but capable of exciting reflections in those who wish to penetrate to the principles of things, and who, accustomed to observe nature, know the gratification which it affords to meditate on her laws.

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Mr. Burdon *on the* Destruction *of* ancient Cathedrals, *&c.*

Sir,

THE imagination of man is never excited to so high a pitch as in the contemplation of a great first cause; hence it arises that the most sublime works of art are those which are consecrated to the worship of the Deity. The temples of Egypt, of Greece, and of modern Europe under popery, are justly considered as the most stupendous monuments of human ingenuity. Among the latter, our Gothic cathedrals, as they are vulgarly called, excite in all minds of sensibility and taste the strongest ideas of grandeur and magnificence; and, independent of any religious feeling, it is impossible to contemplate even their remains without admiration and delight. The elegant simplicity of some, the exuberant ornaments of others, and the immensity of them all, seem to have engrossed all the taste and labour of the ages in which they were built; and had the priests who now possess them, either zeal or knowledge equal to those who first raised them, they might endure almost to eternity: but the generality of our deans and chapters are deficient not only in religious zeal, which in this enlightened age may be pardoned, but they are deficient also in a taste for grandeur and beauty, which in men possessing the finest remains of antiquity cannot be pardoned. They either neglect the noble cathedrals which belong to them, or they attempt to adorn them with incongruous ornaments; and they suffer them to be defaced with clumsy, trumpery monuments which poorly imitate the remains of Grecian art, and spoil those of the Gothic; nay some of them have gone so far as to pull down buildings of surpassing beauty, and erect others in their places of most surpassing ugliness, because they could not, like their hardy predecessors, endure the cold air of a chapter house, but chose rather to sit by a warm fire-side in a modern dining room.

The fact I allude to is, that the Dean and Chapter of Durham having sacrilegiously pulled down the beautiful chapter house built by Bishop Walter Skirlaw, in the purest style of English architecture, and celebrated for its elegant proportions and ornaments. The motive which led to this unparalleled act of barbarism and contempt for their statutes, must have been no other than a paltry, old-woman-like love of snugness and comfort; and even this they might have indulged in, without pulling down what they could never rebuild; they might have built themselves a snug dining-room any where else, to have settled the affairs of the chapter in, had they but suffered this venerable monument of former times to stand. The estates they now possess were most of them given for the repairs of the church and the buildings attached to it, and their statutes strictly enjoin that their revenues should be employed for that purpose, after paying a fixed stipend to the prebendaries and other ministers of the cathedral. I much question, therefore, whether they are not liable to be called to account by the legislature for this violation of the laws by which they are governed; by the bishop they certainly are, for the statutes have given him a power of triennial visitation. The luxury, sloth, and indolence of the monks of former times have often been held up to ridicule and contempt, yet we must allow that they employed their revenues in works of piety and magnificence, and have left monuments of their genius, taste, and liberality, which will never be equalled. In what do modern prebendaries employ their time and their money, but in eating, drinking, and dissipation; they will leave few memorials of their splendour and munificence; and could we be sure their cathedrals would be preserved, they might all be dismissed without much detriment to the present age or to posterity.

I remain, &c

W. Burdon.

Hartford, near Morpeth,
July 13, 1809.

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CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

NUBILIA *in* SEARCH *of a* HUSBAND; *including Sketches of Modern Society, and interspersed with Moral and Literary Disquisitions.* 1 vol. 8vo. 9s. pp. 460. Sherwood & Co. 1809.

WHEN Don Quixote appeared in Spain, the field of literature immediately after swarmed with Dons of all descriptions, who, like the knight of La Mancha, sallied forth in quest of adventures; and when the first tale of chivalry (Der Ritter von Felsheim) appeared in Germany, all the knights of high and low renown, rich and poor, brave and cowardly, were called from their tombs to tell, "in all the pomp of verse," their mad exploits. Thus it appears, that when a star of a particular magnitude appears in the zenith of literature, it is quickly followed by others, which attempt to vie with it in splendour, and, if possible, to eclipse it.

This remark will hold good in regard to the work now under our consideration, which trod so close on the heels of its prototype, that they may almost be called beings of the same day. Cœlebs had run but a very limited part of his course, when in the same hemisphere Nubilia burst upon our gaze, her splendour not so dazzling, but not less pleasing. Cœlebs flamed through his career for a time with uninterrupted lustre, till, by the piercing eye of wisdom, it was discovered that he was attended and governed by the baneful satellites of puritanism, methodism, and fanaticism. Nubilia moves with a milder radiance, and we will now attempt to discover the satellites with which she is attended.

The task of comparison is, however, an invidious one; nor is it just to try the merits of one work by the standard of another. Both may have their respective merits, but in departments not in the least analogous. It were wrong to affix the same standard to Shakspeare and Milton, though in themselves both are eminent: the same rule of conduct will hold good in regard to Cœlebs and Nubilia; it were unjust to try Nubilia by the standard of Cœlebs, and *vice versa*. Cœlebs, notwithstanding the stiff-necked, methodistical cant which pervades the work, possesses eminent beauties, to which Nubilia must yield the palm; on the other hand, Nubilia on certain points as far exceeds Cœlebs. The foundation of both may be equally good, though varying in the superstructure; one may shine in the gloomy grandeur of the gothic age, where amongst the echoing aisles superstition and bigotry reared their altars; the other may stand in the airy lightness of modern times, where midst hallowed shades genuine piety and religion walk hand in hand.

As Cœlebs and Nubilia may now be considered as the gemini in the zodiac of literature, in the consideration of one, the attention is naturally drawn to the other; and although in regard to the former, we can say with Horace, "Quodcunque ostendo mihi sic incredulus odi," yet in giving our just applause to the latter, we must not be supposed to detract from that merit to which the former is entitled.

Cœlebs sets forth on a Quixote expedition to find a female possessed of certain qualities, which never did, never can, nor ever will exist in one person. But at the very outset he took the wrong road; for, instead of travelling from Westmoreland to Hampshire, he should have driven straight to the tabernacles and conventicles of the metropolis; and there in point of sanctified *appearance*, the chances are a hundred to one in his favour that he would have found the object of his wishes. Nubilia, however, enters upon her search (if it can be called a search) with very different views; and we are not detained with a most prolix and ridiculous enumeration of trifling qualities, which the fortunate man must possess, as the *sine qua non* of the possession of her hand: on the contrary, she introduces herself to our notice illustrating the system which her father adopted in her education, the basis of which was consistency of character. To the system in general we give our de-

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cided approbation: and it were to be wished, that the principles on which the father of Nubilia acted were more attended to, and the same endeavours used by the preceptors of youth, to give consistency to a character, rather than to form a vague, unsettled, and wavering character.

On the first view, the father of Nubilia appears a rigid moralist, rivetted to a set of principles founded on his own individual opinion, and strictly adhering to them, without consulting the natural dispositions of the subject on which they are to be engrafted; but on a closer inspection of his character, he appears to have fundamentally studied the principles on which he acts, to have observed in others the fatal consequences of a neglect of them, and moreover to be guided to the practice of them by the purest motives of religion and virtue. We would particularly recommend to the perusal of every parent the excellent line of conduct pursued by the father of Nubilia in the correction of her errors. The future happiness or misery of the child often hangs on the mode of early correction. It is not sufficient to be alone the parent of the child, but in the parent the friend should be combined: they are two distinct and separate relations, and the world can too plainly evince how seldom they are united. The friend uses the mild, persuasive tone, exhorts, admonishes, reproves: the parent speaks with the voice of authority, commands, insists, and will be obeyed. The one penetrates to the heart, calls all the finer feelings into play, and the repentant sinks on the breast of the gentle chastiser. The other terrifies the trembling culprit; abashed with downcast looks it dare not raise its head to meet the terrors of a parent's frown. The noble, generous, and amiable dispositions of the heart are checked; and the germs of filial love nipped in the bud at the moment when they are going to expand.

The objections of Nubilia's father to admit dancing as a part of her education deserve to be transcribed; and although many of our female readers, aye and male ones too, may inveigh bitterly against them, they are nevertheless founded on truth; and daily experience teaches us, that a ball-room is the hotbed of the most degenerate vices.

"Dancing," said he, "affords, beyond any other kind of amusement, the strongest facilities and, I may add, the strongest temptations to vice. I despise the futile declamation which would persuade us that it is an innocent relaxation or pleasure. It never can be innocent, if it be social. Corruption is sucked in at every reeking pore of the body as it glides along. The eyes are panders to the soul, and every sense is depraved. In a ball-room the common decencies of life are absolved and forgotten. Actions, from which the modest female would shrink alarmed in any other place, are here tolerated, are here necessary.—The timid eye of chastity is closed, and all the meek reserve of virgin purity is lost. Intemperate wishes fill the bosom, and thoughts, far remote from virtue, take possession of the mind.

"Think not, my child, that I exaggerate the danger. Experience has taught me the existence of evils, from which I hope to shield you by counsel. The Lacedemonians guarded their children from the bestial vice of drunkenness by exposing their slaves to them in that state. Let me secure *you* from vice by admonition.

"I would exhort that parent, who thinks dancing a harmless pleasure, to divest himself, for a moment, of prejudice and the power of custom, and examine what are its concomitants. Let him note the orgies of a ball room. Let him consider what are its established rules. Let him view his daughter successively the property of every man in the room. Let him view her with arms mutually entwined, bosom to bosom, heart to heart; let him remember the facilities thus presented for personal contamination: let him not repose confidence in the virtue of his child when every external circumstance combines to undermine that virtue: the blaze of light that enchants, confounds, bewilders the senses; the exhilirating sounds of music; the dazzling novelty, perhaps, of a numerous and elegant assembly; the general joy that thrills through the frame; the heated blood that flows in burning course through

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the veins; the pride of excellence in the display of graceful attitudes, in the rapidity of motion, in the accuracy of step; the natural vanity of emulation:—what are all these? And what is the barrier that she can oppose against them? But this is not all. With the heart and mind thus prepared, what ravages may not other passions commit? The exultation of humbling a rival mistress: the applause of contending adorers, the smooth, guileful tongue of seduction, may prevail at such a moment. Or, if virtue still make a stand, yet, how may its power be insulted or weakened, by the open attacks of the profligate; by him who seizes the opportunity of closest contact, to communicate infection that may spread with dreadful rapidity. She will not seek redress by complaint, for she fears to be thought conscious of a meaning that half alarms her; but she *is* conscious: and if she smile, her adversary hails the signal with impure, unmanly rapture.

"Are not these the dangers of a ball-room? But thousands will call them visionary, and thousands will disbelieve them: some will acknowledge their possibility, and others will despise them: I, however, am satisfied of their existence; and, believing that, hold myself bound in duty to shield you, my child, from their influence. The benefits which the human frame can derive from dancing, may be obtained at less hazard. It may be invigorated by other exercises, and it may be rendered erect and firm by attention. That grace which it is in the power of a dancing master to bestow, is but vulgar mimickry of a vulgar model. True grace is the offspring of the mind."

In the second chapter we find Nubilia conversing with her cousin, Sophia Wilmot, who had been educated in the vortex of fashion and dissipation, on the pleasures and advantages of a country life; and, as might be foreseen, the arguments of Nubilia have their due weight on the mind of her cousin: but to the latter part of the following passage we cannot subscribe our assent:—

"I cannot look down upon the smiling villagers as they pass me, and swell with self importance: their healthful look, their cheerful mien, their hardy, invigorated frame, their carols, their coarse but feeling mirth, all tell me that the sanctuary of human bliss, the heart, is unviolated."

The times of arcadian innocence are, alas! no more. From the city to the town, from the town to the village, from the village to the hamlet, the same spirit of fashionable frivolity prevails. Formerly the peasant girl, clad in her russet gown, hailed the return of the Sabbath as a day sacred to rest and prayer; now it is welcomed as an opportunity in which, at church, she can display her clumsy attempt at fashionable dress. Formerly she went to pray, now she goes with the hope of attracting attention; and whilst the "holy man" is preaching contempt of the vanities of life, her eyes are bent on her superiors, to notice the fashionable folly of the day. Formerly the youthful peasant at the close of his labour retired to his home to enjoy the society of his family; but now, the young squire of the parish is just returned from London, a proficient in the elegant and accomplished art of boxing: the village soon resounds with the names of the pugilists of the day; the youths lay down their flails, and ape the scientific attitudes of the squire; every breast burns to be the champion of the country; feuds and discord rage where formerly peace and happiness reigned; the limited society of the village availeth nothing; the contagion of the city is introduced, and spreads like a baneful pestilence, poisoning every stream of morality and virtue. It is now in vain to look for the purity and innocence which once characterised the villagers. Society since those days has undergone important changes; the barriers of distinction are in a degree broken down; luxury has crept into the hovel of the peasant, and old men shake their heads when virture is talked of. As the embellishment of a picture, Nubilia's sketch may pass with praise, but when surveyed with the microscopic eye of truth, its blemishes are discerned, and the falseness of its colouring is made conspicuous by the glaring contrast.

The father of Nubilia descants with

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great justice and well grounded severity on that ridiculous custom so universally practised by parents, of shewing their children forth as paragons of every thing that is perfect and good, although every moment some vicious action or imbecility of mind intrudes itself to point out to them the infatuation under which they labour. The following excerpt cannot fail of being acceptable to our readers:—

"And here I cannot but remark, how rare it is to meet with a *rational* parent. We have often discoursed together upon the disgusting conduct of those, who, blind even to fatuity, hold up their poor children to the world, as paragons and models. With the exception of yourself, I never yet saw that father or mother, who did not, in this particular, offend against common sense. How many blockheads have I heard praised for sagacity; how many infantile frivolities have I seen admired as delightful; how many tales have I heard repeated of lovely boys and charming girls, at which politeness itself could not smile, nor adulation pour forth one applauding word; how many rude, pert, and disgusting children have I known so bepraised and so admired, for their sweet manners and pretty innocent openness, that I have felt ashamed to see such broad marks of folly written upon the brow of man; how often have I seen the sickly, puny offspring of a cold, diseased embrace, led forth to public notice, and pompously exhibited with the poor hope of hearing them flattered; and when that hope has been frustrated by the strong dictates of unbending truth, their parents have not blushed to extort assent to their own lavish commendations. Sad, yet wise condition of human nature! that our very duties can be performed only by the operation of self-delusion. Nature's kindly law has so ordained it, that a parent's eye shall know no deformity; or were it not so, where would poor and helpless infancy turn for mercy and protection? Yet, why obtrude this feeling upon the world? Cherish it, and let its operation be as effective as the interests of nature and humanity demand; but as it contains, in its very essence, an infatuation which must offend every sober eye, let it be veiled from public sight. Parents themselves seem not aware of the feelings it excites; indeed they cannot, for such is the morality of civilised life, that we hold it as a part of our duty to throw a gloss over our real thoughts, and to present them only under certain lights and shades. He would be considered as brutal who should not reflect the smile of a father's delight, when he presents his hopeful offspring to the eyes of admiring guests. While this complacency continues to be the creed of polished life, the evil admits of no remedy; we must patiently endure the follies that insult our understanding; and believe, upon the credit of fathers and mothers, that every child is beautiful as opening day. Draw *your* inductions from *their* data, and the hardiest champion of truth would not dare to maintain that there exists an ugly darling on the face of the earth."

As we proceed we find the opinions of Nubilia's father inclining strongly to Godwinism; but considering consistency of character, and consequently of opinion, to be the aim to which all his endeavours tend, we were not a little surprised to meet with the following inconsistency in his own opinions. Speaking of the early education of children, p. 90, he says "Even so in my opinion we receive in our mother's womb the germ of some master passion, that lends a colour to every action of our life." In illustration of this position, he says, "Cæsar would have been the first man in a country village, if a fortuitous concurrence of causes had not made him the tyrant of Rome." With the same parity of reasoning it might be said, that the world would not have existed, but for a fortuitous concourse of atoms. This is the very essence of the Godwinian philosophy, and shuts out all idea of a predisposing cause. The tyrant is an instrument in the hands of the Almighty, a scourge, wherewith to work the hidden purposes of his will. He is like a storm, which, though it may effect partial evil, is still sent for the general good; but that storm is not the effect of a fortuitous combination of elements, it is the act of a divine being, and that alone establishes the absence of all chance.

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In the further illustration of the existence of a master passion, he says, p. 91;—"To say that a child is born with a good or bad disposition is to talk absurdly." He has already given it as his opinion, that in our mother's womb we receive the germ of some master passion: we will use the *argumentum ad hominem*, and admit the existence of the master passion, although some very cogent arguments might be brought forward to prove its non existence; but the position cannot be contended that, if the master passion do exist, it must either be a good or a bad one. If the ruling passion be bad, the disposition of the child must be also bad, and *vice versa*. What is passion but a predominant inclination to virtue or to vice? And can the ruling passion in the breast of a child be bad, and its disposition good? And if the passion be bad which is received in utero, must not the child be born with bad dispositions? Can heat proceed from ice? or coldness from the sun? The effect always partakes of the nature of the cause; and it were absurd to say, that a child, who had received the passion of anger in the womb of its mother, were not born with an angry disposition. As a further illustration of this point, he proceeds, "The rich man who risks ten thousands in some adventure and succeeds, is called prudent and praised for his foresight.—The poor man, who tries his ten pounds in some speculation equally specious and fails, is branded as an ideot or a spendthrift, who throws away his hard earned gains in the foolish expectation of acquiring wealth by some lucky stroke. *Here too the passion is the same, avarice is the motive, but the results differ, and the motive accordingly assumes a different name.*" It will not be difficult to detect the fallacy of this position. The premises are false, and are built on a very subtle distinction. Avarice is not the motive, but the passion; the gain of wealth is the motive, and the rich and the poor man are impelled by the same passion, viz. avarice, to the same motive, which is gain of wealth. The success of the one, nor the failure of the other, alter, abstractedly speaking, either the passion or the motive. The passion is always the same, nor can a difference in the results of it alter the nature of it. If two men run a race, in both ambition is the passion, and gain the motive; but the result changes neither the one nor the other, the passion and the motive are the same both in the winner and the loser.

R. H.

[*To be continued.*]

JOHN DE LANCASTER. *A Novel. By* RICHARD CUMBERLAND, *Esq.* 3 *vols.* 1809.

AN ancient philosopher was once asked—What was the easiest thing to be done? his reply was—'to give advice.' Mr. Cumberland will, perhaps, think with the philosopher and act with the world, when we advise him to retire gracefully from the ranks of literature before censure, and what is worse, neglect, compel him to do it. He has written enough for fame, and too much for prudence. Of his works, a part, and a very small part, deserve preservation. The remainder might help to supply Belinda's funereal pyre without any loss to the world.

Mr. Cumberland has the art of praising himself. They who have read his *Memoirs*, know how he has announced the present novel to the world. They who have read the present novel, know that his annunciation is unjustified by the event.

John De Lancaster deserves to be distinguished from the common herd of novels, for it has more *learning* than a common novelist can display: but it has infinitely less genius than any of our popular works of fiction. Mr. Cumberland seems to have relied upon his erudition and his name, for the success of his work.

The plot is very simple and not very interesting. Events are too easily anticipated. There is no art, no dexterity, in the completion of the catastrophe, or in the texture of the incidents. And this deficiency is not compensated by any elegance of diction, elevation of sentiment, or accuracy of character. *None* of the characters are consistently drawn, through several are well sketched. Philip De Lancaster is perhaps the best. Robert De Lancaster is learn-

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ed, vapid, and digressive in the first volume; in the second and third volumes he loses some of these qualities, and becomes more natural and more interesting.

It were to be wished that Mr. Cumberland had given less licence to his pen, and not so often trenched upon the bounds of decency. There is something peculiarly disgusting in the indelicacy of an old man. The exhausted pruriency of imagination which it betrays is highly offensive. They who wish to see Mr. Cumberland's offences of this kind, may refer to pp. 11, 28, and 227 of vol. I, p. 236 of vol. II, and pp. 48, 105 of vol. III. to which may be added the entire episode of Mrs. De Lancaster's *accouchement*, which is narrated with a studied coarseness of delineation.

We shall not stop to notice many inconsistencies in the narration; for, holding John De Lancaster only as one of the numerous family of the NOVELS, we do not think it necessary to exalt it beyond its sphere. We will, however, extract two or three passages as specimens of Mr. Cumberland's *best* manner.

The following, which exhibits a contest of minstrels, is not wholly without merit:—

"When the repast was over, and the glass had cheerfully, yet temperately, circulated, the doors of the great hall were thrown open: a scaffolding containing seats for the company, and a stage for the performers had been prepared, and the audience was full. Old De Lancaster, encircled by his guests, made the central figure of the assembly, and his entrance was hailed by a chorus of harps, joining in the popular air—*Of a noble race was Shenkin.*

"When this was past, the names of six selected minstrels were announced. Each of these was of high celebrity in his art, and the respectability of the audience called on them for their best exertions. When four of this number had now acquitted themselves with great credit, and the plaudits of the hearers seemed to have been pretty equally bestowed amongst them, there remained only Robin Ap-Rees, the famous harper of Penruth Abbey, and David Williams, of Kray Castle as yet unheard. In these celebrated performers there existed a high spirit of emulation, and the opinions of the country were divided between them: Though rivals in art, they were brothers in misfortune, for both were bereft of sight—*Blind Thamyris and blind Mœonides.*

"After a pause of some minutes, Ap-Rees presented himself to the spectators, led, like Tiresias, by his young and blooming daughter, and followed by his son, carrying his harp. The interesting group so touched all hearts, and set all hands in motion, that the hall rung with their plaudits. He was a tall thin man with stooping shoulders, bald head, pale visage, of a pensive cast, and habited in a long black mantle of thin stuff bound about with a rose-coloured sash of silk, richly fringed with silver, and on his breast, appending to a ribbon of pale blue, hung a splendid medal of honour.

"Before he took the seat, that was provided for him, he stopped and made a profound obeisance to the company: his daughter in the mean time, modest, timid, and unprepared for such a scene, not venturing to encounter the eyes of the spectators, when she had placed her father in his seat, no longer able to struggle with her sensibility, sunk into his arms, trembling and on the point to faint: her brother stood aghast and helpless: the ladies manifested their alarm by screams, and the men were rising from their seats, when our hero, whose only monitor was his heart, leapt on the stage and sprung to her relief: she revived, and he gallantly conducted her to a seat, where she was no longer exposed to the observation of the company who cheered him with a loud applause.

"Silence being restored, Ap-Rees began to tune his harp. He paused, as if waiting for the inspiration of his muse; his bosom yet laboured with the recent agitation of his spirits, when at length he threw his hand over the strings and began the symphony. His song was the tale of ancient days: he took for his theme the religious legend of the famous knight Sir Owen, one of the ancestors of his present patron. The legend is detailed at length by Matthew Paris in his history, page 86, edited by Doctor Watts in the year 1640, and few can be found better calculated to call forth all the powers of

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poetry and music: The date is that of the reign of King Stephen, and in the wars of that period Sir Owen had very valorously distinguished himself. When Ap-Rees described his hero entering the tremendous cave amidst the wailings of the tormented, and beset by the infernal spirits, who assailed his constancy by every horrible device their malice could suggest, so striking were the effects, so contrasted the transitions of his harmony, that he seemed almost to realise those fearful yellings, groanings and thunderings recorded in the story. When he advanced to that period, where the fortitude of the knight baffles all the efforts of the dæmons, the movement, which had before been turbulent, irregular, and excursive, became solemn, flowing, and majestic; but when in conclusion, Sir Owen, triumphant over his assailants, puts them to general rout, and the gloomy cave in an instant is converted into a bright and blooming paradise, the minstrel with such art adapted his melody to the scene described, and so tranquillizing was the sweetness of his strain, that at the close he left his hearers still impressed with those delightful sensations which Milton describes Adam to have felt, whilst the voice of the communicative angel was yet dwelling on his ear.

"At length De Lancaster rose up, and addressing himself to the minstrel, testified his high admiration of the excellent performance he had witnessed, observing that it had been particularly gratifying to him to listen to a poem, founded on the magnanimous behaviour of a truly Christian knight, who was enrolled amongst the many heroes which the ancient and illustrious house of his friend and countryman Sir Owen ap Owen might justly boast of.

"This speech was followed by a thundering applause, the exulting minstrel made his valedictory obeisance, and withdrew.

"Sir Owen in the meantime whispered his friend De Lancaster, that he had never read the story, but he was told it was put down in a book, and of course he conceived it must be all true.

"David Williams now remained to ascend the stage and close the entertainment. He was ushered in, habited in a loose vest or mantle of white cloth with open sleeves, which he had tucked up, leaving his arms bare: it was bound about his waist with a broad belt of orange-tawney silk, and upon his breast he wore a medal, on which the device of the winged harp was conspicuously displayed: a fillet of the same colour with his belt confined his white locks, and when he had arranged himself in his seat and begun to touch his harp, all was silence and attentive expectation.

"At length, rolling his sightless eyeballs in a kind of poetic phrensy, he began his song from Noah: he sung the destructive visitation of the general deluge: he chanted the praises of King Samothes, and the splendor of his court; he then took a martial strain, and, smiting his harp with all the fire of an enthusiast, sung the triumphs of the giant son of Neptune, who entailed the trident of his father on his new-named Albion to all posterity. The animating subject seized the passions of the hearers, and the applause was loud and clamourous.

"When this subsided, the minstrel chose a melancholy theme; his head drooped upon his harp, and his fingers moved languidly over the strings, whilst in a slow and mourufal strain he chanted the sad fate of Bladud—

> "Fallen from his towring flight,
> "And weltring in his blood.—"

"During the movement all were silent, when at once the harp was heard to break forth into a melody of the most gay and joyous character, inviting all present to festivity and good fellowship, and invoking blessings on the hospitable and time-honoured house of De Lancaster."

As a contrast to the above, let the following be read, in which much may be forgiven on the score of the author's age: yet it shews Mr. Cumberland's want of prudence to attempt where he was certain of failure.—Rousseau, indeed, used to say, that he could write a finer description of liberty in the dungeons of the Bastile, than he could out of them; but it does not appear that Mr. C. can describe a love scene from the pure workings of the *imagination*.

"Upon his arrival at Mrs. Jennings's house, the reception which John now

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met was very unlike what he had before experienced. The cases containing the miniature picture and the gold chain were delivered to him: Mrs. Jennings quitted the room, and upon his finding himself alone with Amelia, he began as follows—

"I confess to you, Miss Jones, I feel myself very highly gratified by the handsome manner in which you have declined taking this pledge of my poor mother's affection and regard for you, till I could have an opportunity of delivering it into your hands agreeably to her particular instruction and desire. I am sensible it is a refinement, that very many people would not feel, but happily for me you did, and the melancholy event that has since occurred, naturally makes me the more desirous of adhering strictly to what she gave me in command: this I now do, when I have the honour of presenting to you, as a token of her very sincere esteem, this miniature of your father; what the other case contains is simply a chain, which I hope you will accept from me, though it has neither the same intrinsic value as a relick, nor the same ideal value as a memorial of the donor.

"Pardon me, exclaimed Amelia, eagerly interposing, what the other case contains is a gift not only very beautiful in itself, but infinitely valuable to me for the giver's sake.

"Oh! that I might believe you, cried the enraptured youth.

"Indeed you may, she naturally replied. I prize it as your gift above all computation.

"Nay, now, enchantress, he exclaimed, if your beauty and your kindness overcome my reason, you must either pardon my transports, or escape out of my company. To be told that you will prize this trifle, because it is my gift, is such a favour as can only be repaid by tendering to you my heart—my life—myself—my every thing—and, saying this, he pressed the unreluctant damsel to his bosom, accompanying each fond endearing phrase with tender but respectful delicate caresses.

"As soon as he had released her from his arms he led her to a chair, kept her hand in his, and seated himself by her: she was not in the least abashed, did not betray any extraordinary agitation, nor studied to avoid his eyes; for real purity is not suspicious—Amelia, he cried, I know the sacred nature of the responsibility I have incurred by giving way to the raptures which your charms inspired. Your father's picture hangs before me; I well remember the apostrophe I made to it; you do not want the presence of Mrs. Jennings to guarantee my good behaviour; your very best duenna is my honour. That mother, who is scarcely cold in her shrowd, with her dying breath bequeathed you to my honour, my protection, and my constant care through life. These are my duties; they are such as a brother, as a guardian, or a father might engage in: I don't commence my execution of them after the way of either of these, but, availing myself of the first favourable opportunity, and snatching at the first kind expression, which your politeness prompts you to address to me, I instantly throw my unprivileged arms about your chaste and beauteous person with all the ardour of a lover—All this is true: I felt that ardour, and I feel that love—Let me now ask you, Does the declaration of that love offend you?

"Oh, no, no, no.

"And may I hope in time to merit a return of love?

"You merit it already, and you have it—But hold! restrain yourself. Don't make it such a wonder that I speak the truth; but, as I have answered fairly, hear me now in my turn, calmly, patiently, I pray you; for I verily believe, that upon the candour with which you shall treat the sincere confession and appeal I am now about to make to you, the happiness of my life in future will depend.

"Speak freely; I am all attention. I will not deceive you.

"What I have said is true: I have full cause to love you: such as you are in every early excellence of mind and person, it would be out of nature if I did not. I can well believe it to be against rule for a young girl like me to make this frank confession: It seems so; and perhaps it was not quite in rule for me to suffer you to embrace me, whilst you uttered those emphatic, tender words; I could not help it: you embraced me once before; I could not help it then. The arms of no man

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since my father died ever embraced me, yours alone excepted. The delight, which those endearments gave me in both cases, I am not ashamed to own; for it was pure: but I should be sorry to indulge in that delight, however pure, which cannot be permanent; and would not wish to hear those fond rapturous words repeated, to which if I affixed a serious meaning, I must be the vainest and the weakest of all human beings. In one word, my dear sir, you, who are destined to so high a lot, must show some pity for a lowly creature that looks up to you with love and admiration, and must absolutely promise me to fill up your time at Glen Morgan, whilst I in obedience to Mr. De Lancaster's commands pay a short visit of respect at Kray Castle."

We will not profane the enjoyment of our readers by any attempt to illustrate the natural beauties of this colloquy. If the reader wishes for more, of similar excellence, we refer him, *ad libitum*, to the discourses between John and Amelia, and especially to p. 218 of vol. III. Mr. Cumberland, indeed, is not wholly unconscious of his incapacity for the task he has chosen: he frequently appeals to the good nature and forbearance of his readers, and not without just cause.

We will give one more extract, a letter from the phlegmatic Philip, which is sufficiently characteristical.

"Dear Sister,

"When I arrived at Milford Haven I found a vessel bound to Liverpool, of which I availed myself for a passage, as travelling in rough roads is extremely troublesome. The master of the vessel was a very affable and entertaining gentleman, and, having been three times on a slaving voyage to the coast of Africa, had acquired a perfect knowledge both of men and manners.

"When we dropped anchor at Liverpool, the crowd and hurry on the quay appeared to me to be such, that I held it best to keep quiet in the cabin of the brig that brought me thither. Being in no capacity for making enquiries in my own person about a passage to the south of France, I did not like to manifest to my friendly captain a desire to quit his company, which had become so agreeable to me; I thereupon came to a determination of taking my chance with him: and when I understood his destination to be for the fourth time to the coast of Africa, I considered that one warm climate was like another, and warmth being what I was in search of for Mrs. De Lancaster, he assured me that I should find it there in perfection; this being ascertained I engaged for the voyage, avoiding thereby all further trouble, either to myself or him, about a matter of such absolute indifference.

"It cost some time to ship the cargo he was taking out with him, and gave me some annoyance whilst his crew were stowing it, as they are in the habit of accompanying their work with certain noises, far from melodious, and intelligible only to themselves. I had, however, a faculty of sleeping pretty generally through it all, which made time, heavy at the best, pass off very tolerably, till we set sail and took leave of land and all its troublesome concerns. I understood from the people that went on shore, that the town of Liverpool would have been highly worth my seeing, and I have every reason to believe their information was correct.

"We commenced our voyage in pleasant weather; the captain's conversation was on many points entirely new and very edifying on that account. He kept a liberal table, particularly in the article of salt-fish, of which he had a considerable cargo on board; but when he had no longer a supply of eggs to recommend his salt-fish, I must confess I was sometimes puzzled how to make a dinner, especially as his soup had a taste to which I had not as yet familiarized my palate.

"During our passage through the Bay of Biscay I perceived the vessel to have considerable motion, but there is a lulling property in the vacillation of a hammock, that promotes repose.

"One day, when I was told we were off the coast of Portugal, and I began to inhale odours from the shore, that were infinitely preferable to those of the salt-fish in the ship, I had a curiosity for the first time to visit the accommodations below, when I was tempted to ask my friend the captain

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for what purpose he had parted off a portion of his hold with iron gratings like those of a prison, and also why he had provided such a collection of handcuffs, fetters, and other instruments, that seemed calculated both for torture and confinement.

"He was a very communicative man, and did not hesitate to inform me, that being a trader in negro slaves, it was necessary for him to be well stored with all those conveniences for security's sake; For how else, said he, could I be sure that those savages, who have no understanding of the happiness in store for them, would not rise upon us and cut all our throats? —Though I immediately saw all the force of his reasoning, I was a little staggered by the nature of his intelligence; and this I think it probable that he perceived, for he was pleased to say, that, being bound in the first instance for the Tagus, he would set me down with his cargo of salt-fish at Lisbon, if I had the least objection to proceeding any further. I thanked him for his civility, and candidly confessed that although I could have no objection to the removal of his salt-fish, I should think it ill exchanged for his cargo of slaves. I accordingly accepted his alternative of leaving me at Lisbon; where, though I should much regret the loss of his society, I might avail myself of the opportunity of visiting the famous aqueduct of Alcantara, of which I had heard so wonderful an account, and was anxious to enjoy the sight.

"The captain acknowledged that he had heard there was such a thing to be seen in the neighbourhood of Lisbon, but as he had no particular taste for sights of that sort, he had not troubled himself to go out of his way for it: he was pleased however in the politest manner to repeat his offer of setting me down at Lisbon; observing to me with great satisfaction, that as we were now happily arrived within the mouth of the river we had nothing further to apprehend; for he could assure me we were fairly out of all possibility of mischance, being in the track of the safest navigation in the world.

"In the very moment whilst this experienced navigator was cheering me and himself with these pleasant assurances, a sudden shock of the vessel threw him from his balance, and catching hold of me as he was falling, we came together upon the deck with a considerable degree of violence. As he fell upon me he had the advantage of being first upon his legs, which he employed with all speed in rushing forwards to the forecastle, whilst I was endeavouring to save myself from further bruises; for now a cry ran through the ship, that we were stranded on a rock, and sinking bodily. Of this information I had soon no reason to doubt, as the water rushed in with great impetuosity. The crew were eagerly employed in getting out the boat; but as I was persuaded that they, who were at the trouble of launching, would naturally be the first to make use of it, I persisted to keep my post, being resolved not to disgrace the character of a true De Lancaster by betraying the least symptom of impatience or alarm.

"When I had stayed till the treading over-head had ceased, and the captain along-side was calling upon me by name to come on board the boat and save myself, or stay where I was and be drowned, I thought it behoved me to avail myself of an alternative, so fairly stated, though my compliance with his offer of rescuing me from the sinking ship was attended with no small degree of trouble and inconvenience, for I now perceived myself to be sorely bruised.

"I exerted myself to the utmost in getting into the boat, yet my efforts being not sufficiently adroit to satisfy the gentlemen, who were eager to push off, I heard myself saluted with a general volley of oaths and ludicrous buffooneries allusive to my awkwardness, which I can truly aver were the only uncivil words, that I received from either captain or crew, whilst I had the pleasure of sailing with them.

"The boat, in which I was, belonged to one of our Lisbon pacquets, that had the humanity to stop her course and assist us in our distress. On board this charitable ship I was at length conveyed, and was agreeably surprised to find myself thus unexpectedly amongst my friends and neighbours; young Sir David Owen and his amiable mother being passengers and bound to Lisbon. To the humanity of these

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friends I am indebted for the comforts I am now enjoying in an excellent hotel on an eminence called Buenos Ayres, from whence, if my contusions allowed me to get out of bed, I might enjoy a beautiful view of the town and river, and in which, were it not for the annoyance of flies and more domestic vermin, I might assuage my pains with the luxury of sleep; but this, when more familiarized to the customs of these insects, I hope still to enjoy.

"There has been another slight shock of an earthquake yesterday, but as I was in my bed, it did not disturb me near so much as that of the ship, when she ran upon the rock.

"As soon as I regain the use of my limbs, I shall look out for a suitable abode for Mrs. De Lancaster in this delicious place, where I promise myself a high entertainment in surveying the dilapidations and disorders occasioned by the great earthquake, which has made the town a heap of interesting ruins.

"I have written you a long letter, so, with my duty to my father and regards to all at home, I conclude myself, dear sister,

"Your very faithful servant
and loving brother,
"PHILIP DE LANCASTER."

We cannot close our account of these volumes without adverting to the very negligent, ungrammatical and unauthorised language in which they are occasionally written. In doing this he will not perhaps reckon us among his benefactors: but, as "he has never been useful to *us*, in the sale of *our* publications," he will not, probably, so *naturally* expect that *we* should "assist the circulation of De Lancaster." (See vol. I. p. 122).

We do not pledge ourselves to assemble *all* these rarities: but *ex pede*, &c.

"A character like hers, though *located*," &c. vol. i. p. 4.—*Not English.*

"Push round the tankard to a *tawdry* toast." p. 5.—*Mr. C. does not understand the meaning of the word.*

"Landed property, upon which there were no other *incumbrances*, save only the barren rocks, *over which it stretched*." ib.—*We recommend this to Miss Edgeworth in the next edition of her "Irish Bulls."*

"Risqued a *truism*." p. 21.—*Vulgar and not English.*

"We may literally say that it was made upon the *spur* of the occasion, and this we hope will be an apology for our introducing the baronet *in boots*." p. 50.—*Ingenious!*

"He had not so many *bites* from beside the banks, as he had been favoured with from between the blankets." 123.—*The same.*

"Mrs. De Lancaster, the mother, who never *opened*," &c. p. 183.—*Elegant!*

"David Williams, playing on his harp at *sun-down*." vol. II. p. 32.—*A new combination.*

"A *sensitive young* damsel." 228.

"Give me air, or I shall *sink outright*." 265.—*The hero exclaims thus!*

We hope these *cum multis aliis* will be removed, if John De Lancaster pass through another edition.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

KLOPSTOCK'S PSALM *on the* LORD'S PRAYER.

MOONS revolve round worlds,
And worlds revolve round suns,
All the host of suns
Revolve round one great sun,
Our Father, who art in Heaven,

On all these worlds, lighten'd, and giving light,
Live spirits in powers, and forms dissimilar;
But all think of God, and rejoice in God,
Hallowed be his name:

He, the Almighty,
Who can alone conceive himself,
And alone over himself rejoice,
He the vast design conceiv'd
To give his creatures joy.
May his kingdom come:

Well for them, that He, not they
Their present and their future regulated;
Well for them, and also well for us,
His will be done on Earth
As it is done in Heaven.

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He raises with the stalk the ear on high;
He ripens the golden apple, the blushing grape;
He feeds the lamb on the hill, the roe in the wood;
But his thunder rolls along,
And his bolts destroy it,
On the stalk, on the branch, on the hill, in the wood:
Give us this day our daily bread.

High above the thunder's path
Do sinful mortals also live?
Does there the friend become the foe?
And are the friends by death disjoin'd?
Do mortals there their crimes conceal,
Yet punish others for a trivial fault?
Forgive our trespasses,
As we forgive those who trespass against us.

Different paths lead to the great goal,
To bliss eternal, and to lasting joys;
Some thro' gloomy deserts wind,
But in these some joys spring forth
To cheer the wanderer on his dreary way:
Lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil.

Adoration to Thee, who the great sun
With suns, and earths, and moons encompass'd;
Who spirits created to enjoy thy works;
Who raises the ear, and feeds the lamb;
And thro' the desert paths the wanderer cheers;
Adoration to Thee!
For thine is the kingdom, and the power,
And the glory, for ever, and ever. Amen.

R. H.

THE HIGHWAYMAN; *or*, THE TRAGICAL ADVENTURES OF A GARRETEER. *A Parody, in Imitation of Parnel.* *By* FERDINAND FARQUHAR, *Esq.*

IN tow'ring attics, at a mod'rate rent,
Scroggen three slow revolving years had spent;
Like Virtue's garb, his dress was mean and bare,
And oft, Camelion like, he fed on air;
But when long fasts had thinn'd his guts with pain,
A song or pamphlet fill'd them up again!

A life so pleasing (like the varied year!)
Might well the wish of envious souls appear;
But learn, kind sirs, before the change you try,
Old Satan's finger plays in ev'ry pie *:
One night, ere hungry Scrog had roar'd his pray'rs,
The coal black hero softly crept up stairs,
Whisper'd that worth like his was ill repaid,
And o'er his faults the tints of virtue spread:
Scrog heard, believ'd, and dreamt of premiums rare.
But morning banish'd all his hopes in air!
Loud discontent inflames his angry breast,
And envious passions steal its wonted rest.
So when our Billingtons, like him of old †,
Their demi-semi-quav'ring skill unfold,
Thousands in wonder pay the silent vote,
And not a breath disturbs the trembling note;
But if a wretch, whom no sweet sounds inspire,
Cries, with Stentorian lungs, "fire, fire, boys, fire!"
The whole becomes one loud discordant roar,
As scrambling demi-gods regain the door!

To calm his mind, his empty purse to fill,
To see if what he dreamt was fancied ill,
(For well suspicious doubts might be conceiv'd,
Since dreams have oft the wisest heads deceiv'd)
He leaves his garret, bids his friends adieu,
And grasps his oaken cudgel firm and true;
Then at the dusk, in rusty sables clad,
Wander'd along with bosom light and glad.

Heav'n seem'd propitious to our hero's flight,
And round-fac'd Luna cheer'd the gloom of night:
With hasty strides the plain he measures o'er, [plore)
(His anxious eye intent new scenes t'ex-
Nor thinks to stop, till sounds of noisy joy
Bespeak an hospitable mansion nigh:
The tones were tempting, 'twas a syren's song
To one who lov'd good cheer, but miss'd it long;
So ent'ring strait, he join'd the jovial crew,
As gaily round the frothing tankard flew:
Close to his side it chanc'd a youth was plac'd,
Whose modest looks a threadbare garment grac'd;
With mild address, "good Sir, your health," he cried,
And, "thank ye, friend," th' enchanted Scrog replied;
Then, quaffing copious draughts of nut-brown ale,
He gave the song or told the jocund tale;
Pleas'd with each other, friendship firm they swore,
And both resolv'd to part that night no more.
Thus high the gallows lifts the luckless wight,
Thus luckless wights embrace the gallows tight.

---

* Le Diable se mêle de tout.

† Orpheus.

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Now from the neighb'ring village spires around
The midnight hour commenc'd with hollow sound;
The canine watch no more their vigils keep,
And Nature's self seem'd lull'd awhile asleep;
Lost in discourse, the friends pursue their way,
Nor heed the signal of expiring day.
A dreary forest soon the path divides,
Whose thick'ning shades the lunar radiance hides;
Scrog sought in vain to find a dwelling near,
For secret horrors fill'd his soul with fear:
In vain he long'd for Grub-street's attics high,
And much he wish'd, but fear forbade to fly.
As thus he plann'd, by sad forebodings mov'd,
With gen'rous warmth the friend his fears reprov'd;
Forth from his vest the polish'd dirk he drew,
And held two leaden pistols up to view,
Then swore by Jove a host of fiends he scorn'd,
Long as the steel his nervous arm adorn'd!
This said, he darted in the thickest shade,
And trembling Scrog respondent efforts made:
There on a bed, more healthy far than down,
He sought the day's fatigue in rest to crown;
But sleep on Scrog her balm refus'd to pour,
Tho' wily cunning bade him feign to snore.

Whilst thus beneath the thicket's gloom they lay
A distant foot came slowly o'er the way;
Upstarts the friend, by cautious haste impell'd, [held:
Whilst cautious fear the other's haste with-
Then darting swift, o'er briar and brake he flies,
And seeks the wand'rer's view with anxious eyes;
His anxious eye the wand'rer quickly meets,
And smiling gay in friendly accents greets:
With secret joy the friend his man survey'd,
Whose looks and dress substantial ease display'd;
Saw, with delight, a girdle clasp his waist,
And guess'd that good King George the girdle grac'd.
Sudden he halts, and with inflaming eye
Bids him "deliver, or prepare to die!"
Dismay'd the wand'rer views th' uplifted steel,
As faintly o'er the ground his footsteps reel,
Then from his waist the well-fill'd girdle tore,
Glad t' exchange for life the glittering ore:
The friend receives it, bids Heav'n speed his way,
And gains the brake where wond'ring Scroggen lay.

As some poor spendthrift, whom nor friend nor bail
Frees from the terrors of a gloomy jail,
Despairing views the long-shunn'd bailiff near,
Then runs or stops, as urg'd by hope or fear;
So seem'd poor Scroggen, when o'er morning dews
Close at his heels the friend his path pursues;
Trembling he fear'd to hear the thund'ring curse,
Then bless'd his stars he own'd an empty purse!

Now shone the sun with radiant blaze on high,
And scarce a breath disturbs the azure sky;
The forest now its shade no longer yields,
And parching heat dries up the verdant fields;
Tho' us'd to fasting, Scroggen longs for food,
And vows a draught of ale will do him good:
With answering thirst the friend a hut espied,
The nearest shelter on the landscape wide;
Thither the trav'llers bend their weary feet,
And quick arriv'd, a ready welcome meet.
Built on a hillock o'er the sloping sands,
The lonely cot a wide expanse commands:
Here lofty vessels plough the wat'ry main,
There verdant meadows grace the fertile plain;
While distant spires adorn the length'ning scene,
As yellow paths mean'ring run between:
Yet spite of all the landscape's charms around,
A view more precious hungry Scroggen found:— [doubt,
Wand'ring he sees, tho' scarce without a
Beef and plumb-pudding, join'd to good brown stout;
Then quick his scruples hush'd, and press'd to eat,
He lick'd his lips and prais'd the sav'ry treat!

The dinner past, as gay the glass went round, [crown'd,
And jocund toasts each sparkling bumper
A train of grave reflections (often call'd
To lend their aid when hunger's gnaw appall'd)
Cross'd unrequested thro' our hero's brain,
And led him back to Grub-street scenes again.
Thankful he prais'd the landlord's bounteous heart,
And wish'd his scribbling brethren shar'd a part;
But scarce his grateful wonder limits knew,
When forth the friend his well-fill'd girdle drew,
And off'ring gay, the gen'rous smuggler swore—
Their bill was paid and cancell'd all their score.

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And now the growling tempest rends the sky,
And ragged lightnings o'er the landscape fly;
Now rolls the thunder o'er the troubled deep,
And bellowing storms the delug'd mountains sweep;
Drench'd to the skin by gusts of hail and rain,
Scrog and his friend speed back their steps again;
With open arms the host his guests receives,
And mirth once more the tedious hour relieves.

As thus they sat and drank the smuggler's ale
Grave thoughts afresh poor Scroggen's mind assail:
Mistrustful glances from his eye-lids dart,
That prove the turbid motions of his heart;
Secret he views the unknown friend with dread,
And fancies gibbets tow'ring o'er his head;
Then slily weighs his purse with wistful eyes,
And thinks himself entitled to the prize!

At length to storms serener skies succeed,
Again the trav'llers on their road proceed,
Again their footsteps thro' a forest lead.
Fir'd by the fumes of ale and generous cheer,
Scroggen no longer felt oppress'd by fear;
No more he lagg'd with cautious pace behind,
And attic scribblers scarcely cross'd his mind;
In jocund strains the vagrant tribe he sung,
For whom the spreading oak its foliage hung;
Gaily preferr'd the brook like chrystal clear,
To muddy water, vulgarly call'd beer;
Shew'd that plum-pudding now and then was good,
But prov'd that roots and herbs were healthier food:
Then quickly snatching from his partner's side
High to his lips the well-fill'd flask applied;
Sipp'd, talk'd, and sipp'd, and shew'd with logic deep
That ale and brandy lull a man to sleep!

Scarce had the friends their nasal concert join'd,
And list'ning zephyrs answer'd in the wind;
Scarce had nocturnal shades involv'd the sky,
And Luna lit her blazing fires on high,
With various noise the echoing woods resound,
And distant hoofs reverb'rate o'er the ground.
Sudden the friend his trusty pistols grasps,
And round his waist the well-fill'd girdle clasps;
Then rousing Scroggen, as in sleep he lay,
Drags him resistless o'er the thorny way.
A chariot soon attracts the wand'rer's view,
Which rattling loud across the forest flew;
Gay Jack the post-boy thoughtless drives along,
And hums or whistles o'er his am'rous song,
Whilst good *your Honour* at his ease reclin'd,
Snores in loud concert with the rustling wind.
Jack soon beholds the friends in ambush lie,
And spurs his nags with anxious speed to fly;
But full as soon, by *arguments profound*,
The luckless wight falls vanquish'd to the ground!
Our valiant friend next hails the drowsy 'squire,
Whose purse rewards his pistols' thund'ring fire;
Then seeks the bush which modest Scrog conceal'd,
Whom purging fits had forc'd to quit the field!
For scarce old Nick, with horns, and hoof, and tail,
And spitting flames, his guts could more assail!

In silent haste the friends again proceed,
For distant rustlings bade them fly with speed:
Ev'n fainting Scrog, tho' pain'd by gripings sore,
With true French courage scamper'd on before;
But soon, by dint of fresh fatigues and pain,
His courage fled and fears return'd again!
The friendly flask he summon'd to his aid,
And sat and sipp'd, and sage reflections made;
Then rising, slaps his breech, and grins around,
As tho' his eye some long-sought praise had found.
It chanc'd their journey thro' a hollow lay,
Where thick'ning brambles lin'd the treach'rous way:
For murd'rous feats the place had long been known,
And few that pass'd it dar'd to pass alone.
High skill'd in Newgate lore and wonders wild,
Our cautious friend the lonely path beguil'd:
Scrog feign'd to listen, whilst his watchful eye
Explor'd each bush, each stone, and brambly nigh;
But sudden starting, ere the friend look'd round,
Tripp'd up his heels and threw him on the ground;
Then seizing tight his throat, with horrid curse
Bade him in turn deliver up his purse!
Oh! for a Hogarth's skill, a Gillray's fire!
To paint the horrors which his looks inspire!
Struggling he pants for liberty and breath,
Whilst Scroggen aims the instrument of death;
Then "murder, murder!" cries with furious sound,
And "murder, murder," echoes all around!

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Whilst thus the fiends their murd'rous acts rehearse,
And Scrog already holds the farmer's purse,
Six well-arm'd horsemen scouring o'er the way [lay,
Approach the hollow where the champions
And seizing both, in spite of proffer'd bail,
Lodg'd them securely in the neighb'ring jail;
Where, in due time, to warn both old and young, [hung!
The wand'ring pair were sentenc'd to be

And now the glorious morn at length drew nigh [on high;
When modest Scrog was doom'd to mount
With schemes of flight he long had rack'd his brain, [prov'd vain!
But all his schemes, his hopes, and plans
In sullen sadness brooding o'er his doom,
He madly dar'd Old Nick himself to come;
Call'd him the author of his wretched fate,
And bade him fetch him ere it prov'd too late! [nounc'd,
Scarce had his lips the impious curse pro-
When 'fore his view a well-known figure bounc'd:
Array'd he sees still dress'd in modest guise
His captive friend; then starts and wildly cries— [the rest,
"Foul wretch, begone!" but horror check'd
For lo! the stranger stood an imp confess'd!
His modest phiz assumes a satyr's grin,
A hairy vestment clothes his tawny skin;
Between his ears two horns are seen to grow,
And from his nostrils streams of sulphur flow: [bends,
With limping pace the cloven foot he
Whilst from his back a length'ning tail depends;
Then borne on dragon wings around the cell,
He fills the prison with a horrid yell!

Mute as a statue wretched Scroggen stood,
And palsied terrors curdled up his blood;
No modern swoon bestow'd its gentle aid,
Nor ev'n Death a welcome visit paid!
The grinning imp again long silence broke,
And Hell itself seem'd roaring as he spoke!

"Thy temp'rate life in Grub-street's attics high. [eye;
For three long years I view'd with jealous
In vain new stratagems I sought to find
To lead astray thy ever wary mind;
Till, mad with rage, I left Hell's regions fair— [be there!
Nay don't look sad—thou'lt soon thyself

"First learn the base on which my rights depend,
Then own my sceptre triumphs in the end!
"Long since, when Adam sign'd the well-known fall,
By matchless art I gain'd this checquer'd ball;
Since then I reign with undivided sway,
And tribes and nations all my nod obey;
But, if a rebel proudly dares to rise,
My certain vengeance round the victim flies,
Toils, treason, stratagems their force unite,
Till humbled low he owns my hidden might.
With various proofs our short-liv'd journey teem'd—
(To thee and all a highwayman I seem'd!)
Yet urg'd by these my hidden pow'r regard,
And learn how *merit* finds its sure reward!

"The blust'ring grazier, who, where'er he cou'd,
Prov'd the vain foolery of doing good;
Who daily fed the beggar at his door,
And spent his substance on the filthy poor;
Long since deserv'd my sov'reign wrath to feel,
And thus at last I check'd his stupid zeal!

"Our gen'rous landlord, at whose lonely seat [meet,
Footpads and highwaymen and smugglers
Where prowling murd'rers lurk in dark disguise, [prize;
Full well deserv'd the grazier's glittering
But soon or late his worth shall be repaid,
And ropes already dangle o'er his head.
Then whilst your virtuous fools half-starv'd and bare
Wallow in dirt or feed on nought but air,
My friends taste beef and ale whene'er they please,
And lofty honours crown a life of ease!

"Oft has old Worthy felt my wrath of late, [wait;
And fresh reproof the harden'd wretch a-
No longer virtuous rogues can rot in jail,
He spies their merit and procures them bail:
The glittering purse I lately bore away
Was doom'd a canting beggar's debts to pay;
But now beneath a dungeon's dismal gloom
In blank despair the knave awaits his doom.

"Yet ah! in vain success my schemes had blest,
Had rigid virtue still inspir'd thy breast;
To gain thy soul I ply'd each crafty wile,
And view'd thee wav'ring with malicious smile; [breath,
But when beneath thy grasp I roar'd for
A grin triumphant seal'd thy certain death.

"Attendant sprites shall waft thy soul to Hell, [farewell!"
The gallows waits—Dear Scrog, once more
Bounce thro' the key-hole here the fiend withdrew,
And Scrog stood gaping as on high he flew:
Thus star'd poor Saul, when, at his proud command, [wand,
The wrinkled Sorc'ress mov'd her potent
And rising from the shades, majestic, slow,
The prophet spoke and told the tale of woe!

In loud despair the wretched scribbler burst,
Curs'd his vile sentence and its author curst;
Arraign'd ev'n Heav'n's decrees with impious tongue;
Mounted the cart, thrice sigh'd, and then was hung!

Manchester, July, 1809.

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THE NEW PATENTS.

Mr. G. FINCK's, *the younger, of St. Anne's, Soho, for manufacturing various kinds of Metal Laces, so as to imitate Gold and Silver Laces, and also for manufacturing Gold and Silver Laces.*

FOR manufacturing yellow copper lace, the wire is to be drawn down to about the size of fourteen-penny silver, or finer, to be flatted and spun in the engine upon fine thread, yarn, incle, or cotton, of a yellow, orange, or lemon colour, of various shades or tints, as the work may require; and to be woven upon fine thread, cotton, yarn, or incle, the size of spun silk of the same colour, &c. the warp to be weighted as a spun silk warp, and to be woven in a loom. For manufacturing yellow copper wire lace, the wire is to be drawn down to about the size of fine twenty-penny coppers, to be shot upon a fine warp of cotton, weighted as a spun silk warp, and to be woven in a loom. For yellow copper French braid lace, the wire is to be drawn down about fourteen-penny silver, or finer, flatted and spun in the engine upon fine thread, &c. as before, likewise to be platted with loaded bobbins upon a cushion in the same manner as the gold French braid is manufactured, and to be calendered in the same manner as French braid. For manufacturing yellow copper Prussian braids, the wire is to be drawn down to about the size of fourteen-penny silver, or finer, to be flatted and spun in the engine upon fine thread, yarn, incle, &c. of a yellow, orange, or lemon colour; the warp for the orris and edges to be manufactured of the preceding articles, to be backed with a warp of thread, yarn, incle, or cotton, of the same colour, shades, or tints, as the preceding, as the colour of the work may require, and to be woven in a loom. For manufacturing yellow copper satin braids and other braids, the wire must also be drawn down to about the size of fourteen-penny silver, or finer, and be flatted and spun in the engine upon fine thread, yarn, incle, &c. of the same colour, shades, tints, &c. to be shot also as before directed, and woven in a loom. For manufacturing yellow copper open lace, the wire is to be drawn down as before directed, to produce fine warp for the ground, and to be figured with the copper twist, check, or orris, according as designed in the same manner as the British thread lace, and when off the pillow to be calendered as gold and silver vellums. For manufacturing white plated copper lace, the copper is to be silvered as directed by act of parliament. In fact, the process appears to be much the same for the whole; but for manufacturing gold, superb, open lace, the ground is to be made with engine warp, and as fine as possible; to be figured with fine twist, check, or orris, and afterwards calendered like gold vellum. The same process is to be observed for manufacturing silver, superb, open lace, which is also to be calendered as the silver vellum.

Mr. T. and J. CLATSWORTHY, *of Winsford, for Shears on an improved Construction for shearing Sheep, &c.*

THE principle of this invention is the bow of the shears, which is made double. The bow, before it is turned, is about nine or ten inches long, which is turned double in the middle: it is then brought straight, leaving a snout about an inch long in the middle of the bow. When the bow is turned into shape, the hinder part of the bow must be held in a vice, and the snout twisted; and if the bow should be weak or injured in turning, a small rivet may be put in the front.

Mr. NOON's, *of Burton-upon-Trent, for Improvements upon Guns, Pistols, and other Fire Arms, which are also applicable to Cannon and other large Guns.*

THIS patent is partly described by plates. The first figure exhibits a view of the inside of the gun-lock. The pan, the hammer, and the plate are the only parts of the lock that vary from the usual construction.—The second figure shows a transverse section of the hammer, the pan, and gun-barrel, or breech. The parts chambered out of the hammer and

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pan, next the barrel or breech at the touch-hole, are made to receive a swell or bulge left on the barrel or breech, opposite to the chamber; and the barrel or breech is hollowed out round the swell or bulge. At the bottom of the chamber is a hole through the plate under the pan. When the lock and barrel are put together, it is evident that any water which may insinuate itself between them, will run down the projection to a hollow in the breech, and from thence escape through a hole, without even touching the powder in the pan, provided the chamber and the projection are made to fit close.

Mr. NICHOLAS FAIRLESS, *of South Shields, for a Windlass, Windlass Bitts, and Metallic Hawse Hole Chamber, by which manual Labour and Time are saved in heaving to, and getting on Board, Ships' Anchors.*

THE bitt heads are hollow, containing the wheels wrought by the cranks or handles, which give motion to the windlass body. The surge-boxes are of cast iron, having such an angle, that when a rope is applied round the ends of a windlass to raise a weight, the rope slips down, or is forced by the adjoining part of the said rope into its original situation, and is thereby prevented from what the seamen call riding, that is, the one part crossing the other, which always produces much delay and inconvenience. The windlass body turns on an iron axis, the ends of which are turned to fit the pall-wheels, and the windlass ends are secured by keys inserted into each. By Mr. F.'s method, the force extended to the cranks or handles is thrown on the windlass body, without any twist being laid on the iron axis. The ends of the windlass are inserted into the surge-boxes; their centres are secured to the ends of the axis by keys. There is a cast iron pall-box, with a hole of an octagonal or other form, to answer the size and shape of the shaft of the windlass, and which being driven to the centre of the shaft, becomes a hoop to the same. The exterior of the pall-box is divided into any number of parts as occasion may require, and is indented to admit palls or stops, which are fixed by hinges to the pall bitt, to fall into the said indents, and thereby prevent the windlass having a reverse motion. The pall-wheels at the end of the windlass may have any number of teeth, so as the palls act with those at the centre; consequently the handles can be forced back but a few inches by any extraordinary resistance on the windlass body.

The patentee, who has illustrated his specification with drawings, urges that his invention consists not only in making the improved windlass, but also of attaching or applying any of its parts to the common windlass now in use.

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED & ECONOMICAL SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

AN ingenious paper, by the Rev. Mr. Lax, professor of astronomy at Cambridge, has been lately read, on the means of graduating and correcting mathematical instruments.—This gentleman uses Cary's semicircle of a foot diameter, corrects it by microscopes and observations, and adjusts it so as to counteract the expansion and contraction by change of temperature.

A mathematical paper, by Mr. Ivory, has also been laid before the society.

Dr. Wollaston read a paper, proving the identity of columbium and tantalium, the former discovered by Mr. Hatchett, the latter by the Swedish chemist, Ekeberg. Dr. W. procured some grains of the original specimens from the British Museum, and from Mr. Hatchett; and notwithstanding the smallness of the quantity, he succeeded in proving them to be radically the same metal.

Another paper, read by the Doctor, discovered a method for measuring the angles of crystals by a gonyometer, by means of reflection with microscopes, which enable the observer to ascertain exactly the angles of crystals,

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whether rough or smooth. The Doctor also exhibited a drawing of this useful instrument.

The Society for improving animal chemistry furnished a paper by Mr. Brandé, detailing the results of a series of experiments on animal mucus and albumen, exposed to galvanic electricity.

A paper was also read from Dr. Pearson, on expectoral matter; by which it appeared, from his experiments, that expectorations differ rather in the proportion than in kind. They all consist of albuminous matter, water, and the two principal ingredients are muriate of soda, and pot-ash, neutralized by animal oxide, if not by a destructible acid, besides a small proportion of phosphate of lime, ammonia, carbonate of lime, and probably phosphate of magnesia, and siliceous earth. Pot-ash neutralized by animal matter, the Doctor announced, was contained in the blood, and in most or all of the secreted and excreted fluids, namely, in dropsical water, pus, both that secreted without breach of surface, as well as that of abscesses, and in the urine, &c. He did not find soda, as represented by former chemists, impregnating the animal fluids: he urges that almost every kind of vegetable food contains the pot-ash united to some matter destructible by fire, which is not the case of soda, and that it is as little likely that pot-ash should be altered by digestion, as the muriate of the soda itself constantly taken with our food. Pot-ash, it was remarked, was always found in larger proportion in expectorated matter, than in the serum of the blood; as the former, when exsiccated, commonly shews signs of deliquescence on exposure to the air.

A letter from T. A. Knight, Esq. was read on the relative influence of the male and female, on the size and character of the offspring. Contrary to the opinion of Linnæus, Mr. K. considers the female as influencing the size and character, but opposes Mr. Cline's opinion that large females should be used for breeding; because though their legs will be longer in proportion to the size of the fœtus, yet their bodies will want the due proportion of depth and thickness, and the animal will be less vigorous and powerful. Thus for instance, foals of large mares and small horses, have the chest thin and narrow, whereas the contrary is the case with those of small mares and large horses. Males from large mares the author found unserviceable from their want of proportion, and consequently want of strength.

Some additional interesting observations by Messrs. Pepys and Allen were read, on the azote disengaged by respiration. In these memoirs it was again affirmed that a considerable quantity of oxygen was lost in the process of respiration, that azote was formed, that an animal can breathe oxygen and hydrogen an hour without any inconvenience, but that hydrogen alone, occasions sleepiness. The term azote, they observe, is an indefinite name, for all gas that is incombustible, irrespirable, and inabsorbable by water; but from Professors Davy and Berzelius's experiments, they conjecture that it is really of a *metallic* origin.

A paper by Mr. Home, on animal secretions, contained some plausible conjectures on the probable effects of electricity in assisting the secretion of blood, serum, albumen, and the other animal fluids. An examination of the electric eel had led him to adopt this opinion, and the immense quantity of nerves which appear necessary to produce the electric power.

On the Structure of Calculi, or Stones in the Urinary Passages.

Mr. Brandé has laid before the Society, an account of the differences in the structure of calculi, which arise from their being formed in different parts of the urinary passages; and on the effects that are produced upon them by the internal use of solvent medicines. The experiments made by this gentleman were very numerous, and on an uncommonly large collection of calculi, to most of which histories of the case are annexed. The subject is divided into different sections: the 1st relates to calculi formed in the kidnies, and voided without having undergone any changes in the urinary passages. These are entirely soluble in a solution of pure pot-ash: and when exposed to the action of the blow-pipe, they blacken and emit a strong odour, which arises from the

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animal matter which they contain, and which occasions the loss in the analysis of these calculi. Its relative quantity is liable to much variation. In one instance a calculus from the kidney, weighing 7 grains, was ascertained to consist of

	Grains.
Uric acid	4.5
Animal matter	2.5
	7.0

In some cases the calculi from the kidnies consist almost wholly of uric acid; sometimes phosphate of lime was combined with the acid.

II. In treating of the calculi which have been retained in the kidnies, and which frequently increase in that situation to a considerable size, he observes that this augmentation is of two kinds.

1. Where there is a great disposition to the formation of uric acid, the calculus consists wholly of that substance and animal matter, so as frequently to form a complete cast of the pelvis of the kidney.

2. Where there is less disposition to form uric acid, the external laminæ are composed of the ammoniaco-magnesian phosphate, and phosphate of lime.

In one instance, a small uric calculus was so deposited on the kidney, that its upper surface was exposed to a continual stream of urine, upon which beautiful crystals of the triple phosphate had been deposited. Mr. Brandé therefore infers, that, under common circumstances, a stream of urine passing over a calculus of uric acid, has a tendency to deposit the phosphate upon it.

III. The calculi of the urinary bladder are of four kinds:

1. Those formed upon nuclei of uric acid, from the kidney.

2. Those formed upon nuclei of oxalate of lime from the kidney.

3. Those formed upon sand or animal mucus deposited in the bladder.

4. Those formed upon extraneous bodies introduced into the bladder. These are arranged under the following divisions:—First, Calculi, which from their external appearance consist chiefly of uric acid, and which are chiefly or entirely soluble in a solution of pure pot-ash. Secondly, Calculi composed chiefly of the ammoniaco-magnesian phosphate, or of phosphate of lime, or of mixtures of the two. These are characterised by their whiteness; by exhibiting small prismatic crystals upon their surface, and by their solubility in dilute muriatic acid. Thirdly, Calculi, containing oxalate of lime commonly called mulberry calculi. These are distinguished by the difficulty with which they are dissolved in acids, by their hardness, and by leaving pure lime, when exposed to the action of the blowpipe.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

WE understand that at a late meeting of the directors of this Institution, it was resolved to devote the gallery, during the summer recess, entirely to the service of the artists. Several of our nobility and gentry, who are in possession of the finest paintings by the old masters, have announced their intention of sending to the gallery, during the summer recess, a few specimens of approved excellence for the study and example of our native artists. Such a measure would at all times have been of the first importance to the exertions of native genius, but more particularly at the present moment; as, owing to the convulsed state of the continent, it is nearly impossible for the English artist to benefit by those immortal examples of the Italian and Flemish schools.

But it is said that the British Institution gallery of pictures has closed this year, after a season less profitable to the exhibitors than any former one. Those in landscape were most successful. The unwarrantable prices set by some of the younger candidates is said to have occasioned this neglect. It is hoped the mortification attached to this circumstance may prevent it in future. The superior works, brought forward this season by the young candidates, prove the utility of the establishment; but to be permanent, it must be continued on a liberal system: for, if the senior artists are neglected, the avowed intention of the Institution will be frustrated. If it appears that patronage is to cease when an artist has matured his talent,

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his exertions will be paralyzed. "The British Institution for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts" is a lofty title, which a partial patronage, so inferior to its power, turns in some degree to irony. If the senior artists are neglected by the professed patrons, it has been justly asked, 'To whom are they to look for professional reward?'

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Mr. Waistell has obtained the gold medal for his paper on the "method of ascertaining the value of growing timber trees at different and distant periods of time." The author was led to the investigation of this subject from being called to value timber in all its stages; to point out the most proper and profitable time for felling it. Having spared no pains in collecting all the facts connected with the subject, he found the increase generally from about one to two inches annually, and from twelve to eighteen inches the annual increase in height; some falling a little short, and some exceeding those measures. Mr. Waistell has published two tables: the first shews every fourth rate, from 12 to 100; the rates per cent. per ann. at which all trees increase, whether they grow fast or slow, provided their rate of growth does not vary. This table may be of service in saving young thriving woods from being cut down, and by shewing the loss sustained in felling timber prematurely. —The second table shews the rate per cent. to be the same as in the first table, though the annual increase is more, both in height and circumference. It must be observed, that the whole height of the trees is taken to the top of the leading shoot, and the girt in the middle; but no account is taken of the lateral branches.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

MR. James Norris Brewer, whose several communications to this Magazine must have been read with much pleasure by many of our subscribers, has just commenced an interesting work of "Descriptions, historical and architectural, of splendid Palaces and Public Buildings, English and Foreign, with biographical Notices of their Founders or Builders, and other eminent Persons." The work is handsomely printed in quarto, and the first number contains excellent engravings, by Parker and Storer, of Somerset house and Linlithgow palace. It is intended that six numbers shall form a volume, and complete the work, unless the public encouragement should be sufficient to induce a continuation, comprehending every public building and palace worth notice, and consonant to the plan of the work. And as the plates for the first volume are actually finished and proofs at the publishers, the disappointment frequently experienced by subscribers to periodical works, from an unexpected cessation, or from an inferiority of the execution of the following numbers, cannot occur in this instance.

The Greek Inscription to *Jupiter Urius* is now safely lodged in that noble repository, the British Museum. It had been preserved in the family of Dr. Mead by his own particular desire, and has lately been presented to the public by Miss Mead, his grand daughter and only surviving descendant. It decides the long contested object of conjectural criticism. Spon and Wheler transcribed it from the stone at Chalcedon, but both incorrectly. Chishul also published it with some faults. Bentley corrected it by conjecture; and when the stone came over to England, Bentley was right, and all the rest were wrong.

The Rev. Joseph Wilson, of Cheam school, is preparing for the press an Introduction to Bishop Butler's Analogy, in a series of letters to a student at the university.

The Rev. E. Nares, of Biddenden, is preparing some Remarks on the Unitarian Version of the New Testament.

A translation of a late Voyage of

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Discovery to the South Seas, performed by order of the Emperor Napoleon, will shortly make its appearance in English.

A Voyage to Pekin, by M. de Guegnes, French resident in China, has been translated into English, and will soon be ready for publication.

M. de Gardanne's Travels in Turkey and Persia, a translation from the French, will soon appear in an English dress.

An Essay on Theatres, and on the propriety of vaulting them with brick and stone, is in the press. This work is illustrated with a plan and section for a new theatre; and its object is to revive the mode of constructing the vaults of the ancient cathedral. A theatre constructed upon this model would be less expensive and much more secure against the dreadful hazards to which they are exposed by the present mode of building.

An Irish gentleman of rank in London, during the last three years, is preparing a Series of Letters to his Father in Ireland, containing the secret history of the British court and the metropolis, with a sketch of modern manners and society.

A translation of Laborde's View of Spain, composing a descriptive itinerary, or topographical delineation of each province, and a general statistical account of the country, will soon be ready for publication.

The Rev. Melville Horne, of Christ Church, Macclesfield, is about to publish an Investigation of the Definition of justifying Faith, the damnatory Clause under which it is administered, and the Doctrine of a direct Witness of the Spirit, held by Dr. Coke and other Methodist Preachers.

Mr. A. Murray, Fellow of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh, and Secretary for Foreign Correspondence, will shortly publish, in quarto, Researches into the Origin and Affinity of the Greek and Teutonic Languages.

Mr. Ward, Lecturer on Experimental Chemistry, has in the press a Dictionary of Chemistry and Mineralogy, in one volume, illustrated with plates.

The Rev. Dr. Washbourne, of Wellingborough, is revising and correcting Bishop Reynolds on Ecclesiastes, &c. which will appear in the course of the summer.

A petrified land tortoise has lately been found by some workmen digging in Swanage rocks, in the island of Purbeck, seventy feet deep from the surface, in the highest state of perfection. It was first shewn to the Rev. Samuel Woolmer, who offered them five guineas for it. This the men refused; and after shewing it about, they sold it to a gentleman of Upway for eight guineas. Three hundred have been offered since for it, and refused. Its mate was supposed to have been near it; after digging some time another was dug up, but entirely broken in pieces and spoiled.

The following is Mr. Hume's new plan for detecting arsenic.—"Let one grain of white oxide of arsenic and the same quantity of carbonate of soda be dissolved, by boiling in ten or twelve ounces of distilled water, which ought to be done in a glass vessel; to this let a small quantity of the nitrate of silver be added, and a bright *yellow* precipitate will instantly appear. This is a more decisive test than sulphate of copper; but though this process answers very well with pot-ash, or even lime water, the common carbonate of soda ought to be preferred."

A new Recipe for the Ague.—Laurel leaves dried and powdered; for a grown person as much as will lie on a crown-piece. Divide this medicine into three equal portions; to be taken at three different times, in an interval of the ague fit, in a glass of wine, ale, or cyder, and lie on the bed to encourage perspiration.

A Substitute for Indian Ink.—Take a candle, and smoke a tile with the flame; work this together with saliva or gum water, and when put on paper it will make as good a black paint as Indian ink.

A humorous correspondent recommends the following method of getting rid of black beetles or cock roaches:—Pour occasionally a kettle or two of boiling water into the place of their retreat, which is frequently a hole in kitchen floors, &c. Should this be impracticable, place a soup plate of

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table-beer near their rendezvous; for these gentlemen, like many of our own species, have a great partiality to drowning themselves in malt liquor.

Mr. Matthew's Recipe for making Family Wine.—Take black currants, red ditto, white ditto, ripe cherries, (black hearts are the best) raspberries, each an equal quantity: if the black currants be the most abundant, so much the better. To four pounds of the mixed fruit, well bruised, put one gallon of clear soft water; steep three days and three nights, in open vessels, frequently stirring up the mass; then strain through a hair sieve; the remaining pulp press to dryness. Put both liquids together; and to each gallon of the whole put three pounds of good rich moist sugar, of a bright yellowish appearance. Let the whole stand again three days and nights, frequently stirring up as before, after skimming off the top. Then tun it into casks, and let it remain, full and purging at the bung-hole, about two weeks. Lastly, to every nine gallons put one quart of good brandy. If it does not soon drop fine, a steeping of isinglass may be introduced, and stirred into the liquid in the proportion of about half an ounce to nine gallons.

The restrictions upon foreign commerce in Holland has given rise to a very extensive and successful culture of tobacco at Amersfort and its vicinity, in the department of Utrecht: when manufactured, it is of a superior quality, and holds the first place in trade after that of Virginia. The leaf is large, soft, unctuous, and of a good colour. It has the rare advantage of communicating its flavour to tobaccos of an inferior quality, of which latter sort a considerable quantity is grown in Guelderland. The tobacco, both in leaf and manufactured, is exported in considerable quantities from Holland to Germany, and the north of Europe.

Mr. Lyung, a Swedish naturalist, has discovered a new species of mouse, which he has named *Sorex Caniculatus*. It is the smallest animal known of the mammiferous class.

The late Mr. Porson's large paper copy of the splendid Grenville Homer was knocked down to Messrs. Payne and Mackinlay, of the Strand, who disposed of it immediately for a hundred pounds.

Canvas, of an excellent quality, is now made in such large quantities at Calcutta, from the common sunplant, as to have nearly superseded English canvas throughout India.—Should the raw material ever become scarce in this country, the freight of canvas from India to Europe would be trifling, when compared to the freight of the raw article.

Dr. Anderson, of the botanical garden at St. Vincent's, has transmitted to this country specimens of the barks of five different kinds of trees, which he conceives may become substitutes for oak-bark in tanning. They are all common on that island, and, if found to possess the astringent or tanning quality, may be procured at a very low price. The maljughra, used by the Spaniards of South America for that purpose, is among the specimens. The Doctor has also transmitted some leaves of a wild plant, called the *agave*, which he considers an excellent substitute for hemp, and the fibres of which may be separated from the fleshy substance of the leaves without steeping or any other previous process.

Africa.

The following are the latest particulars that have been received relative to the state of the colony of Sierra Leone.

A number of plants received from the African institution, among which are the vine and white and red mulberries, are in a flourishing condition. The principal danger seems to be of their being exhausted by too rapid a growth. A piece of ground is in clearing, on the highest part of the neighbouring mountains, for the sake of trying a more temperate climate. The employment of oxen in draught has been attended in this colony with great success. The draught oxen have been fed on cassada, and have been found to improve under their labour, and to produce better beef than any other cattle. The bark of the mangrove, of which a specimen was lately ordered by the African institution, has been tried in this colony, in consequence of the sugges-

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tion of the institution; and, as far as can be collected from the small scale on which the experiment has been made, it appears to answer the same purposes as oak bark in tanning. A road is in considerable forwardness towards a favourable situation on the banks of the largest stream of water known to exist within the colony, where the soil appears superior to any in the neighbourhood of the present establishment, and likely to be favourable to the growth of hemp. Carriage roads have also been made within the town of Georgetown, and measures have been taken for improving the watering-place.

France.

According to a report made in the National Institute, M. Doufourgerais, optician to the Emperor Napoleon, has produced a ponderous flint glass, intended for the manufacture of achromatic glasses, in which he has attained the highest degree of perfection ever attained by those of English manufacture. The glass made by him is heavier than flint glass; its specific gravity being 3,588, while the heaviest flint glass is only 3,329.

M. Vauquelin has examined the root of a species of polypody, known by the appellation of calaguala. Of the substances which compose it, only those soluble in alcohol and water are capable of producing any effect on the animal economy. These are saccharine matter, mucilage, muriate of potash and rosin, which last he conjectures would be found to destroy the tape-worm. He has likewise made similar experiments on the roots of the common polypody and male fern, and obtained from them precisely similar principles, and nearly in the same proportions as from the calaguala. The former roots, however, contain a small quantity of tannin. Thus the analogy of organization, which led Jussieu and Richard to conclude that the medicinal virtues of the calaguala root must be similar to those of other ferns, is fully confirmed by chemical analysis.

The following method of making artificial stone in the vicinity of Dunkirk has been published by M. Bertrand:—The materials employed for this purpose are the ruins of the citadel, consisting of lime, bricks, and sand. These are broken to pieces by means of a mill, formed of two stone wheels following each other and drawn by a horse. Water is added, and the matter when well ground is reddish. This is put into a trough, and kept soft by means of water.—When the trough is full, some lime is burned and slaked by leaving it exposed to the air, and this is mixed in the proportion of one-eighth with the above cement. A wooden mould is laid on the stone, and, after a thin layer of sand has been thrown on the latter to prevent the adhesion of the cement, a layer of cement is poured in, and on this a layer of bricks broken into acute-angled fragments. Thus two other strata are put in before the last, which is of pure cement. The mould being removed, the stones thus formed are laid in heaps to dry. The lime being very greedy of water, and quickly becoming solid, these stones are not long in forming a hard body fit for building.

M. Braconnot has analysed some fossil horns of an extraordinary size, found in an excavation at St. Martin, near Commercy. He supposes them to have been the horns of the great wild ox, the urus of the ancients, and aurochs of the Germans.

Germany.

Dr. Jahn, of Berlin, has lately described and analysed an oriental turquoise from Visiapour, near Khorasan, which he found to contain:—

Alumine	73.
Oxide of copper	4.5
—— iron	4.
Water	18.
	99.5

This result verifies that obtained by Lowitz, and proves the existence of two distinct species of the turquoise.

Dr. Jahn likewise conceives that he has found a new volatile and acidifiable metal in the grey ore of manganese from Saxony. He obtained it by distilling the ore with sulphuric acid. The volatile metallic acid combines with a weak solution of pot-ash put into the receiver, and tinges it crimson. From this liquor, gallic acid, or infusion of galls

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throws down a chesnut brown precipitate. Prussiates immediately change the red colour to a fine lemon yellow, but without any precipitation. The carbonates do not precipitate the red solution; but if it be heated with a little alcohol, the red colour changes to a green; a smell of ether is given out, and then the carbonates throw down a brown oxide, which is soluble in muriatic acid.

MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

Mr. Thomas Bradford.

THIS veteran, son of the Rev. John Bradford, late vicar of Holne, Devon, at an early age entered the navy as midshipman, and having served five years in that capacity was discharged, the war being terminated: he then enlisted into the army, where he has been actively employed until the return of our forces, under Sir David Baird, from Spain; when, on account of long and trying services, he obtained,—what? *his discharge!*—In the military service he has passed 32 years of his life, during 30 of which he was constantly out of England, and in this period has been actually engaged with the enemies of his country in 104 battles, that is, in 5 actions at sea, and 99 on land!!—In the course of which he suffered exceedingly from unwholesome climates, and inclement seasons, from shipwrecks, sickness and fatigue, and from extreme hunger and thirst and starvation; added to which he now labours under the infirmity of deafness, from firing off a cannon, which, after 170 rounds began to melt, but not before the numerous and rapid explosions had caused blood to pour from both his ears. This gun was twice manned, and out of 16 persons employed, all were killed or wounded, except himself and two others.

At Bervil Camp, Guadaloupe, under Brigadier-General Graham, 300 British and 250 Loyalists, out of 2500, the rest being sick from fatigue and the unwholesomeness of the climate, were stormed by 7000 of the enemy, who were completely repulsed that day. But having to engage this very superior force for 9 days successively, the General being wounded, and Major Forbes killed, Captain Stoving was obliged to surrender for want of provisions and ammunition; when 318 were taken prisoners, among whom was Bradford, by Victor Hughes, who kept them on board prison ships for two years, on a scarcity of water and unwholesome food; from which barbarous and inhuman treatment only 80 survived. At Bervil Camp, Bradford had four narrow escapes:—a bullet passed through the sling of his firelock; a cannon-shot carried off part of his musket; the blowing-up of a magazine shattered to pieces the hut in which he was at only a few yards distance; and five out of eight (sitting together) were killed or wounded by a cannon-ball.

He was at the taking of Fort Bombard, St. Domingo, to which place they marched from sun-rise till 12 o'clock at night, when a number of them dropped dead, from excessive heat, fatigue, and want of water. And, finally, in Spain, "where" he says, "we had to retreat 200 miles before the French army, consisting of a force enormously superior. From the excessive fatigue, inclemency of the season, roads almost impassable, forced marchings, and other various hardships incident to a retreating army, numbers died on the road, men, women, and children: and at the battle of Corunna, I was stationed at the colours, where 4 officers and 3 serjeants were killed and wounded, and I had 5 balls pass through my clothes, notwithstanding which, I providentially escaped unhurt. But the greatest, indeed the only hardship of which I complain, is that of not being permitted to accept of promotion when offered me by a Colonel in the Horse, when I had been 17 years in his Majesty's service; although the officer who refused me, frequently expressed himself my sincere friend, and said he would do any thing to serve me."

Thus, at the decline of a long life of almost unexampled perils and sufferings, a veteran soldier, instead of obtaining that rank, and those advantages in the army, which would

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enable him to enjoy with his numerous family a decent competence, finds himself compelled to seek a maintenance by trade. Mr. Bradford has announced his intention of employing himself as a coal-dealer, and it is to be hoped he will meet with that protection from the public which he has in vain sought in the army.

Mr. Bradford, it seems, had not risen beyond the rank of a Serjeant when he obtained his discharge! If this be really the case, and which has not been disputed, we may add that such a *Serjeant* as Mr. Bradford, is not to be found in the whole empire of France, nor yet probably among the eight hundred thousand men in arms under the command of the Emperor Napoleon!!!

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

LITTLE THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

FRIDAY, June 30.—*Killing no Murder.*—This evening after the *Honey Moon*, which *shone* with its wonted lustre, by the respectable manner it was performed, the suspended (not *stifled*) operatical farce of Mr. Hook, so looked for, was brought out at this house.—This composer, who is as capable of enlivening a private society as a public theatre, has fully succeeded in this attempt; for though some few phrases in it partake of what the French signify by *grossieretes*, yet on the whole it pleased, and will continue to please.

The author owes much to the acting and zeal of Matthews and Liston; the former of whom, from his *Proteus*-like talent, personated the list of servants, from the *boot-catcher* to *Monsieur le Friseur*, holding the bill of fare in one hand, and the powder-puff in the other, in order to enhance the credit of his host in the opinion of the *Nabob*, his guest, who is nothing, if not well attended.

While Matthews was acting in this double capacity, the house was full of powder and plaudits. But his song of *Bartholomew Fair*, which was eagerly *encored*, exhibited a stronger proof than any of his admirable quality in this style of acting, nothing having equalled it since Edwin's *Four-and-twenty-Fiddlers*.

The overture was no trifling presage of what might be expected in the music, a great part of which was as pretty as novel. The duet between the two actors above-mentioned, which burlesqued the rival powers of operatical singing and dancing, drew thunders of applause from the audience.

The name *Killing no Murder*, is derived from the circumstance of *Apollo Belvi* (Liston), being advised to represent himself as dead, that he might not be obliged to marry a woman with what he calls a *ready made family*, and this part, by the bye, is the most *outre* of any in the farce. Mrs. Mathews deserved commendation for the part she sustained, as did Mrs. Davenport, and in short every one of the performers.

The following is the scene which was suppressed by order of the Lord Chamberlain, beginning at the words, "so I cut the law," &c. after *Buskin's* speech, "I thought you were a lawyer." Act II. Scene I.

Busk. What!

Ap. Yes—I ordained myself and preached in a field, but I couldn't get a living by it—

Busk. You a preacher!

Ap. Yes, and a teacher—now—I'll tell you how it was. Over against my master's office—right opposite—lived an old dissenting gentleman, by trade a tailor, and by calling a minister.—Dear man, he used to discourse delightfully to be sure—and he—he, Mr. Buskin—had a daughter—so to get favour in her eyes, I turned to and fell a preaching like any thing myself.

Busk. What a queer gig you must have looked in a pulpit—

Ap. A tub—as I hope to be saved, it was no better; but I minded not of little obstacles or persecutions: and the first day I mounted, I had need of patience, for some mischievous devil of a fellow tied a cracker to the tail of my coat, and if you had but seen how I jumped at every bounce of the gunpowder, you would have split your sinful sides with laughing. But I did it all for my dear Miss Hephzibah Buckram; I was called thereto by the spirit—

Busk. Rather by the flesh—eh? Well, pray give me your polemical progress—

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Ap. So I preached and I preached—how I did preach! till at last I preached myself plump into the heart of my young saint. She was mild, amiable, and rich: her back was a little out of the right line; and, moreover, did she squint most damnably—but it was not the good things of outward vanity that I thirsted after.—Her—mind—her mind, Mr. Buskin—that was the thing; for, 'bating a fondness for the bottle, blow me if I don't think her as delicate as a duchess—so one day—it was of a Sunday—after a sweet discourse from Mr. Buckram's 'prentice-boy—I came to the point.'

Busk. What—made her an offer?

Ap. I ventured to insinuate as much—I went into the parlour where she sat—la, I remember it as if it were but yesterday—she was sitting out by the window—so—I just—hummed and ha'd—looked a few unutterable things—she smiled—and so—we staid there—about half an hour, and at last I—came to the one soft question—do you love me—do you love me, dear Hephzibah said I?—I wish you had seen her two eyes—

Busk. Contented of course.

Ap. Like the most fashionablest miss among 'em—when I had axed her, you know—she didn't stir—nor say a word—but out comed a couple of tears—out of her sparklers—for all the world like two pins' heads—then, after that, she was all over red, and I waited a little longer, and she squeezed my hand; and, turning up her eye—(for when one looked up t'other looked down)—says she to me, says she—Apollo, my dear—Apollo, my dear, says she, you are not what the world would call handsome; but there is a certain something about you, that is inexpressibly delightful.

Busk. Oh I see the end—you married her.

Ap. No such thing—Courtships are not like farces, they don't end always with a wedding—her papa consented and the day was fixed.

Busk. It "was a consummation devoutly to be wished."

Ap. Yes—but the more you wish the more you may; it never comed at all—it was of a Tuesday afternoon, after I had been engaged in a discourse upon good works—that Mr. Buckram fixed the period of my happiness, and the Saturday was appointed.

Busk. Well, and what hindered?

Ap. Why, on the Friday night, if you'll believe it—my intended bride was brought to bed of as fine a boy as ever you clapped your two eyes a top of———

Busk. What, the Methodist Minister's virgin innocent?

Ap. Its as true as you stands there.

Busk. And who was the father?

Ap. Why that we never knew—and hang me if I think Miss Hephzibah could tell herself.

The fate of this piece, in narrowly escaping a prohibition in the first instance, very much resembles that of Moliere's *Tartuffe or the Hypocrite.* The Archbishop of Paris, supposed to have been a principal character in this play, had interest enough with the king to prohibit the performance, though at that very time the Italian comedians were every day uttering the most gross blasphemies. So at this present time, though the *Quaker* is frequently brought forward at the theatre, we are not to enjoy the full drawn character of a *Methodist*, because the Lord Chamberlain, or the reader of the plays under him may think the Calvinistic methodists as precious as the person of the Archbishop of Paris. The Prince of Conte being asked why Moliere's play should be forbidden, when it contained nothing offensive to genuine religion and morality, and only exposed *hypocrisy*, the Prince answered, with great spirit and judgement, "I am not at all surprised at this, for Harlequin (in the Italian comedies) only ridicules religion in general, whereas *Tartuffe has ventured to expose its first minister.*"

Monday, July 10.—A new play, entitled *The Foundling of the Forest*, was produced here this evening.

The piece is from the pen of Mr. Dimond, to whom the public are already so much indebted.—Its interest arises out of the perfidy of *Baron Longueville*, to whom the *Count de Valmont*, on his departure for the wars, had confided his castle, his countess, and his infant son. On his return, he finds his castle in flames, and can discover no trace of his wife and child. In despair, he retires to a neighbouring forest, where, after many scenes of forceful interest, and many dangers and difficulties, he discovers his *Countess* in the person of an interesting maniac, whose life was preserved by a humane *Cottager*, and whom this *eclaircissement* restores to reason. He also recognizes his son in the person of a youth, to whom, in his seclusion, he had formed a strong attachment; and the perfidy of *Baron*

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Longueville is detected, and receives its just punishment.

The character of *Count de Valmont* is finely drawn; and the heart-rendings of a husband and father were given with great energy and force by Mr. Young. *Florian*, the son of the *Count de Valmont*, is a lively animated youth, full of love, glory, and fine feeling. He was personated with great truth and effect by Mr. Jones. Mrs. Glover was most interesting and pathetic in the *Countess de Valmont*, and displayed first-rate tragic powers. Mrs. Gibbs looked well, and was very pleasing in *Geraldine*. Mrs. Davenport, always excellent, never appeared to more advantage than in the interesting *Cottager*. A piece possessing more interest and striking situations we have not seen. The sentiments are pure, and the language is elegant and classical. The overture and music are by Mr. Kelly.—The latter consisted of three songs and two duets, by Mr. and Mrs. Liston. The first song, by Mrs. Liston, was rapturously *encored*. The piece was crowned with uniform applause, and announced for second representation amidst the loudest acclamations. The house was crowded in every part.

LYCEUM, STRAND.

This theatre was re-opened on Monday, June 26, with the opera of *Up all Night*, by a licence from the Lord Chamberlain, for the performance of English operas. It commenced with a piece in three acts, called *Up all Night, or the Smugglers' Cave*, from the pen of Mr. Arnold, the manager. The story relates the vagaries of a young gentleman who is destined to be the husband of a lady he never saw, but not chusing to take so mere a chance, introduces himself to her family in the disguise of a naval officer, and by his heyday vivacity obtains the good graces of the Admiral her father: a busy rival, however, intrigues against him, and persuades the old gentleman that his visitor intends to run away with the lady; a night frolic in the garden gives a colour to the story, and the admiral hires a set of smugglers to kidnap the supposed midshipman, who is accordingly carried off to their cave: his mistress follows him in the same disguise, and the restless anxiety of the family, when she is missed at night, gives the piece its first title. The lovers escape from their prison, and the lady returns to her father to keep up the jest a little longer by assuming the Irish brogue; she is taken for the unknown ravisher, and locked up in a room, when her lover himself appears, and upon his disclaiming all intentions of the kind, the stranger is called out into the room as the undoubted criminal, when instead of the Irish officer, the lady appears in her own clothes, every thing is made manifest, and the lovers are made happy.

The music, by Mr. M. P. King, is well suited to the words, not only in its expression, but in its good old age. It is not deficient in taste, and indifferent music will always be more tolerable than indifferent writing, because it appeals to the senses more than to the sense; but we have no hesitation in saying, that neither in the words nor the music of the new opera is there a single idea or turn of composition, that has any claim to originality. The great novelty of the performance was the appearance of two new singers, Messrs. Horn and Philipps, the latter from Dublin. Mr. Horn's voice and style are delicate and tasteful, though of small power; Mr. Philipps's, to both these qualities, joins greater power and more various expression; his execution of *Sigh not for love*, was terse and playful, and received considerable applause. Both the singers may consider themselves lucky in having made their appearance at a small theatre, though they both excel all the other London singers in gentility of acting: Mr. Horn seemed to want confidence, but Mr. Philipps dashed through his speeches to the ladies with a grace that seemed to astonish the hearers of Braham and Incledon: perhaps it would be better for both if they were to borrow somewhat from each other, Mr. Horn a little boldness, and Mr. Philipps a little subduement. The opera was altogether well sung, though neither Mrs. Mountain nor Mrs. Bishop seemed in their full powers.

Upon the whole, Mr. Arnold is a degree above Cherry, and Mr. King some degrees above Reeve; but much

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better writers and composers are necessary to reform the public taste. The engagement of Mrs. Bishop, however, leads us to hope, that her husband will be employed to exercise his scientific pen on the occasion; and though the overthrow of the Italian opera is not to be achieved but by a change of the system of education in high life, yet much good may and ought to be done to the public taste, by the encouragement of rival theatres.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

Cecidit spes ultima Romæ.

A BUSY month has passed over our heads. Expectation has been on foot for great events, and, as far as the agitation of action can satisfy, it has been completely gratified. But the issue of all this turbulence has confounded the petty politics, by which too many judge of the events of this great world. The experience they have had of the skill and talents, the activity and energy, the power and resources of the great Emperor of the French, was of little avail in estimating his success; and a check to his arms was, in their opinion, the signal of complete defeat. In this the majority of the public papers concurred: they argued according to their wishes, and, as usual, endeavoured to the utmost of their power to lead astray the public mind. It is difficult to contemplate late events in the true point of view, much more so to represent them properly. As Englishmen, we deplore the inordinate power which France has acquired: as spectators of the wonderful scenes around us, we view the fall of monarchies and imperial and royal families as the necessary consequences of the system by which they were regulated. The stability of power, in the hands of any one family, is not to be desired, unless its history proves that its government tended to the improvement of the people committed to its charge.—How far this can be said of the house of Hapsbourg, the historian must determine. The path of the planets is full of intricacies to the spectator on the earth: to him who views them from the sun, they pursue a direct course pointed out by the almighty framer of the universe. Happy is he who can thus view human affairs; whilst they, who are blinded by passion, or are involved in the vortex of corruption, are filled with horror and dismay at the crash of thrones and the annihilation of empires.

A solemn pause intervened after the battles of the Danube on the 21st and 22d of May. An account of them was drawn up under the auspices of the Archduke, and circulated in every corner of Europe*. It announced the defeat of Napoleon, and asserted the charm of his invincibility to be dissolved. He was no longer the spoiled child of fortune: posterity would characterise him as the sport of the fickle goddess. A conflict of two days was decisive of the glory of the Austrian arms, for the preservation of the monarchy, and for the correction of public opinion. The presence of the hitherto unconquered emperor was no longer capable of snatching from the heroes of Austria their justly-acquired laurels. Such was the language inspired by the check given to the arms of France by the battles of Aspern. All Europe was filled with expectation of the results of these days, and a speedy conquest of the French was presaged. How was Napoleon to recruit his armies?—How was he to repass the ground shortly to be filled with the insurgents from the Tyrol and the north of Germany?—From every quarter forces would pour down upon him, and France would be reduced to its original limits.

This was the language, these the hopes, maintained in Bohemia and England. But cooler politicians remarked, that the famed battles of Aspern, if calculated to raise the spirits of the Austrians, were far from affording ground for such exalted triumph.

* See 'Historical Chronicle,' under which head this document is given.

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It was certainly a great thing for the Austrians to say, that they had for once successfully resisted Napoleon; that he was baffled in his enterprise, and compelled to retrace his steps.—But the Austrians made no prisoners. They could not cut off the retreat of the French, who repassed the Danube; and, if their force was diminished, still their antagonists had by their own confession suffered a prodigious loss both in killed and wounded. Bonaparte retired to the other side of the Danube, and the Austrians did not follow him. Day after day passed, and we heard nothing of the Archduke's enterprises. He seems to have been engaged solely in recruiting his army, and fortifying the positions near Aspern, on which the grand battles were fought. They were, according to his account, bloodier than any recorded in history: the same spot was destined to drink still deeper of human gore, and two more days of battle restored the laurels to the brows of the French.

Napoleon, compelled to quit the northern bank of the Danube, imputed his disaster to the rising of that river, which prevented the proper aid of his troops in the great battles. The fact seems to have been, that the Archduke had destroyed them in great measure by fire-vessels, and to have taken the advantage of attacking the French, when a part only of their troops could be brought into action. Their Emperor on the southern bank meditated revenge. The repulse he had suffered set him more on his guard, and his preparations were on a grander scale. He did not suffer his passions to carry him away, as was the current report through Europe, but laid his plans with the utmost caution and circumspection. The Archduke did not follow up his success: he remained in his position on the northern bank, fortifying his camp, and calling in troops from all quarters. Not neglectful, however, of the advantage he had gained, he sent an army into Saxony, which took possession of the capital, and advanced as far as Leipsick.—The King of Saxony made a precipitate retreat to Frankfort, and his dominions were for a short time completely at the mercy of the enemy.

Now was assuredly the time for the insurgents of Germany to renew their efforts: but the ill success of Schill seems to have dispirited them, and the victory of the Danube had not the effect it was expected to inspire.—The Duke of Brunswick's manifesto brought few to his standard: for, in fact, what German of the lower or middle classes could have any desire or ambition to fight under the banners of that family, or any wish for the restoration of power to a set of petty princes. The king of Westphalia made his appearance upon the stage. He collected the troops in his own dominions, and those of the French in the north of Germany, with which he marched into Saxony, retook the capital, and compelled the Austrians to evacuate the territory of his fugitive ally. We are not to ascribe much to this exploit, though it is a feather in the cap of the Westphalian: and the house of Saxony must feel no small degree of mortification that it owes its restoration to the upstart prince, and that a long train of ancestry could not secure, in the hour of danger, the proper exercise of the powers of sovereignty.

The King of Saxony, it is to be recollected, was one of the first to raise the war-whoop against France on account of the revolution in its government. It was at his palace at Pillnitz, that, on the 27th of August, 1791, the then Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia signed their famous treaty, in which they declared the situation of the King of France at that time to be important to all the sovereigns of Europe; and their resolution to use the most efficacious means to place him in such a state, as to establish completely his monarchical government, a government equally adapted to the rights of sovereigns and the happiness of the French nation. The state of the kingdom of Prussia is greatly changed since that fatal declaration, and the empire of Germany is annihilated: but the Elector of Saxony exchanged his title for that of King, and obtained a great accession of territory in Poland. A whining declaration has proceeded from his pen at Frankfort, addressed to his subjects: but he has not as yet returned to his capital. It may be necessary

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for him to remain at Frankfort, till the Westphalian has restored order and tranquillity to his dominions, and has provided proper measures for their security against a future irruption of the Austrians. It may be also, that he is at present marching forwards into Bohemia, and the unfortunate Archduke will be placed between two fires. In the mean time, the king of Saxony must make up his mind to receive his dominions again, on whatever terms the French emperor chooses to lay down; and the Westphalian will receive, as no doubt he is entitled to, a due compensation for his trouble.

The retreat of the Austrians from Saxony was not so much owing, probably, to the terror inspired by the arms of Westphalia, as the necessity there was for their co-operation with the Archduke on the borders of the Danube. But to whatever cause it was owing, the hopes of insurrection in the north of Germany, were completely defeated, nor should they be expected to revive, unless success should crown the arms of the Archduke. All depended upon that conflict; and the French were sufficiently strong to keep in order the petty insurgents like Schill and the Duke of Brunswick, which, in times of such confusion, would naturally infest various districts.

But, if the north of Germany was quieted, the south was far from being so tranquil. The Alps, which separates Bavaria from Italy, are inhabited by a sturdy race of mountaineers, and revolt among them was organized on a very extensive scale. Though the Austrians had left them, they kept up a considerable predatory war, and their troops spread terror to the walls of Munich and the shores of the Lake of Constance. Their success against the French may be estimated by the indignation expressed against the general by the emperor, who threatened him with military execution, as a murderer and not a general, if ever the fortune of war placed him in the hands of the French. The grounds for this threat were the charge of having murdered, in cold blood, a vast number of French prisoners. The Emperor of Austria threatened to retaliate, and thus a new scene was opening to the distraction of Europe, the display of murder by two great sovereigns, and the carrying on of war in the most sanguinary manner. The threats of either party have not been yet put into execution; and if the general, who was the first pretext for them, should unfortunately be taken and suffer, so many prisoners of high distinction are in the hands of the French, that it is little likely the example should be followed by the Austrians.

The unsettled state of the Tyrolese in the rear of the French army, would have been of great consequence if any disaster befell the latter; but there was not sufficient strength in that quarter to affect the positions on the Danube. The Austrians had been obliged to quit that country about the time the great battles were fought on the Danube, and the Italian army of Bonaparte was pursuing them at the moment that he was taking up his position on the southern side of the river. He could not contain his joy on the arrival of this army; it was announced in a bulletin, and this reinforcement more than counterbalanced the losses he had sustained at Aspern. The Austrians fled towards Raab, and were closely pursued by the French. A considerable battle took place at Raab, where the former were defeated, and in a few days Raab surrendered. What escaped of the Austrians passed over the Danube at Presburgh, and joined the Archduke at Aspern.

In this situation then, for a long time, were the hostile armies separated from each other by the mighty Danube. On the northern bank was the Archduke Charles encamping himself, in the strongest manner, between Aspern and Essling, and calling in all his scattered troops from Saxony, from Moravia, from Hungary, and whatever could come to him under the name of the Landwehr, or armed militia, from these quarters, and the countries to the east of Austria. Here he seemed to be expecting rather the motions of Bonaparte, than resolving upon any active efforts. He presumed, probably, on the impossibility of Bonaparte retaining, in quiet, his position near Vienna, and therefore determined to avail himself of any change the emperor might make in

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the disposition of his force. The prudence of this measure may justly be doubted, if the advantages gained at the battle of Aspern had been so great as at first represented by the Archduke; for it is evident, that the least time given to recover the blow, was in favour of the French, whose system of persevering attack could be counterbalanced only by a similar degree of perseverance.

Of the French emperor, during this long interval, we heard only that he was disciplining and reviewing his troops, fortifying the island of Lobau, and making the formidable preparations for a new attack. The south of the Danube, from the Inn to Raab, was completely under his controul; and besides the Italian army reinforcements were marching to him from all quarters. That he could not remain long in inactivity was certain. The only doubt was, where he would cross the Danube, whether at a distance above or below Vienna, and thus render futile all the entrenchments of the rival commander. It is now evident, that had he taken either scheme, surmised by many politicians, he must have given an advantage to the Archduke; for the moment the emperor had quitted the capital either way to cross the Danube at a distance from it, the Archduke would have immediately crossed the river, retaken the capital, and left the French to a fruitless march in Bohemia. All the preparations, therefore, of the emperor indicated an attack on the Austrian camp, but the mode of this attack was left to conjecture, and the Archduke was deceived.

On the 1st of July the French Emperor took up his head-quarters at the island of Lobau, and inspected himself such operations as are scarcely to be paralleled in the history of ancient or modern warfare. The great point was to land the army on the other side without the inconveniences to which he had been exposed on the former attack. A watchful enemy on the other side might, it would be said, baffle every enterprize of this nature; and the ease, with which the whole was ultimately conducted, though it raises greatly the fame of the French emperor, does certainly cast a shade on the vigilance of the Archduke. Near to the island of Lobau is a small island, on which the emperor caused a vast battery to be erected, to play upon Essling, as if the brunt of the attack would be on that quarter. Against this battery, therefore, the attention of the Archduke was directed: and on the 4th, in the evening, a full fire played upon Essling, and upon the town of Enzersdorf, to the east of the Archduke's camp, by which the latter was completely burned down; and during these operations, in a violent storm with rain and thick darkness, the whole of the French army was landed, by extraordinary bridges and boats, on the plain of Enzersdorf, at a considerable distance from the Austrian camp. Here, in the morning at sun rise, the whole of the emperor's plans were developed. He had an ample field for the manœuvring of his troops, and the Austrians had no other alternative than to remain in the camp, which was not sufficiently defended on the land side, or manœuvre with him in the plain. The latter part they took, but were compelled to retreat, and at night the French were in complete possession of the Austrian entrenchments.

On the next day the great and important battle was given. The Austrians placed the great strength of their artillery on their right near the Danube, with the view to cut off the retreat of the French, and weakened their centre to give more force to the two wings. On the contrary, the French emperor made the great brunt of his battle bend towards the centre; and having, early in the morning, gained some advantages over the Austrian right wing, about ten he poured down with immense force, both of men and artillery, upon the centre, and drove it, it is said, immediately a league before them. The consequence was, that the right wing, which had been successful, was compelled to retreat, and long before night the French had passed the ground occupied in the morning by the Austrians. The battle was extremely bloody. To what extent cannot be known till the Austrian accounts are received. The Archduke retreated into Bohemia. The Emperor of Austria, who was a witness to

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the disasters of his troops from a tower in the neighbourhood, fled with precipitation into Moravia.

Thus has Bonaparte answered the proud language of the Austrians; and whatever our fears or our aversion may suggest, we cannot deny to him the praises of a most consummate General. All the resources of the Archduke are now cut off, except what he can obtain from Bohemia; and in this little kingdom he must expect to meet with the Westphalians pouring in from Saxony on the north, the French troops from Nuremberg on the west, and a close pursuit of the great French army under Napoleon himself on the south-east. That he can maintain his ground long seems to be impossible; and it is not improbable, that, before what we are now writing meets the public eye, the news will have arrived of the complete surrender of his army. To what place the Austrian emperor will wander time will discover. The way to Hungary is open to him; but no insurrection can he there raise time enough to assist his brother. He must again solicit the clemency of the conqueror, and if he continues to wear a crown, it must depend on the bounty of the French.

The affairs of Spain must take their colour finally from those in Austria. At present their aspect is unfavourable to the French. The English army, under Sir Arthur Wellesley, has marched into this country, and he is expected to be joined by a formidable force of the Spaniards. They are marching, it is said, towards Madrid, and it is not unlikely that they may take possession of the capital, and compel the French to retreat to their former position, to the north of the Ebro. But our accounts from Spain are little to be depended upon. The Gallo-Spanish king has not as yet evinced a desire to retreat, but, on the contrary, has issued an artful proclamation, which may tend to increase his interest in the country. The money borrowed in the old government went under the name of the Royal Vales, and this debt might be considered almost as lost by the proprietors of the stock. A vast quantity of church and king's lands has fallen into the hands of the French by the conquest, and a portion of them are to be sold; and the Vales to be taken in part of payment. Thus every purchaser will gain possession of land for nothing, it may be said, and thus become attached to the new order of things. The Gallo-Spanish king will have in his possession a quantity of the Vales, and will have the credit of paying a debt which the old government never would have discharged; and if he should be compelled to retire, a considerable degree of animosity will be excited between the old and the new proprietors. It was thus in France, that the alienation of property became subservient to the purposes of the revolution. The body of landholders, interested in its success, is now immense; and the quantity of church lands in Spain being so much greater, will give a greater power to the French interest. It is not impossible also, that this measure will compel the Junta to hold out the same *bonus* to the holders of the Vales, and thus on both sides, the property of the church will be the scape-goat.

In Italy our troops have been on the alert. They have quitted, in part, Sicily, and taken an island in the bay of Naples. Nothing important has, however, been effected, and the Neapolitan king holds our efforts in very great contempt. To him is confided a new care. The dominions of the Pope are under his superintendance; for the time has, at last, arrived, when the temporal dominion of this spiritual impostor ceases to exist. The successor of Charlemagne has taken away what his predecessor so unwisely bestowed; and the power, which was at once so formidable in Europe, is reduced now almost to an empty name. The decree of Bonaparte, reducing the papacy within due bounds, and making this pretended spiritual entirely dependant on temporal authority, is full of wisdom and good sense. Yet still the Pope has more than sufficient for any ecclesiastic. His income is equal to eighty thousand pounds a year. This may be very well for the old man, now on that throne of iniquity; but it is probable, and it is to be hoped, that the income will be diminished if ever a successor should be appointed. Perhaps this may be the last man who bears the

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odious name of Pope; and the nations of Europe will be too wise to let a foreigner have any influence in their ecclesiastical concerns. Christianity has nothing to do with such a title, or such an office; and posterity will be thankful to Napoleon for the benefit he has conferred on mankind, by reducing the power of this prelate. This was an event to which our protestant forefathers looked forward with the most sanguine exultation: but their degenerate sons, half papists in their hearts, are such enemies to innovation, that they view with sorrow any amelioration in the affairs of mankind. To us the destruction of tyranny and superstition will always be pleasing: and in spite of protestant alarms, we rejoice in these eventful times, that the dynasty of Napoleon has effectually curbed the usurpations of popery, and procured the downfall of the inquisition. This is a presage of great future improvements, though the protestants will probably be the last to lay aside their intolerance.

The revolution in Sweden seems to be completely settled; and the new king is seated on the throne with universal satisfaction. We regret exceedingly, that a good account of the proceedings of the diet and of the new constitution has not reached England. In some respects the Swedish diet is superior to our parliament: for the interests of the lower classes are secured by a house of their own; and, it is said, that the debates in that house would not suffer on a comparison with those in our House of Commons. Assuredly it is not easy for men to legislate, when their own wishes and interests are to be consulted; and our game laws would undergo a considerable change, if they were to be examined in a house representing the farmers of this kingdom. As to the king, he seems to be very humanely taken care of, and to enjoy as much happiness as the peculiarities of his situation will admit. A deposed king must always be an object of some suspicion: but there is so little attractive in the character of this unfortunate sovereign, that he is not likely to have any partisans. The active employment that Russia is likely to have in another quarter may permit Sweden to recover from the injuries inflicted on it, more by its late king than by its enemies.

The troops of Russia have marched against Austria, but did not arrive in time to assist in the grand conflict. The success of Bonaparte will accelerate their march, and the troops of Austria that may be in Poland must give way. As the opportunity is open for Russia to attack the Turks with vigour, and Constantine is said to be in motion, the time may be come for him to take his destined empire: and happily will it be for us, if the councils of Bonaparte should bend the same way, and his next effort should be the destruction of the Ottoman empire.

India has afforded room for much comment; and the setting aside of a commander-in-chief in that quarter has been very properly effected by the civil power. This has given rise to the promulgation of some strange doctrines at home on the nature of military discipline; but we know of no discipline that can be an excuse for the violation of a civil right. The military officer must take his alternative, either to obey his superior and disobey the civil power, or disobey his superior and obey the civil power, when the two powers clash; but in such a case we hold the civil power to be paramount, and the excuse of obedience to a superior officer can be of no avail in the eyes of the civil magistrate.

Many things at home have excited attention, such as the cause in which Mr. Wardle has been concerned; and which is made by the corrupt party a kind of set-off against the proceedings in the House of Commons, which raised that gentleman so very deservedly to a high degree of public esteem. His efforts in that cause cannot be obliterated in our minds by private concerns. To the public man we look, and to the public cause; but we are not surprised that his enemies and the enemies of the public should gladly lad hold of any opportunity to endeavour to bring him to the same level with themselves —The proceedings in the East India Company, respecting the young men, whose places were fraudulently obtained, would give ample scope for animadversion. We can admire the humane steps taken

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by many members of the court of proprietors on this occasion: and if the court of directors think it necessary to take the rigorous course, they are pledging themselves to a rule of action, which it will be incumbent in them to pursue in a manner that will be very beneficial to the public. But patronage is a great trial: and the history of all ages shews with what difficulty the private views of an individual are to be sacrificed to those objects for which he is invested with power.—The name of the Princess of Wales has been brought forward on an occasion which has given room for the exercise of great forbearance and generosity on the part of her husband, who has interfered to satisfy her creditors for an immense debt that she appears to have incurred. We trust that such conduct will produce its due effect and that economy, which is as necessary in the highest as in the lowest stations. We might indeed say more necessary, as it becomes those of high birth and high rank to set an example to their inferiors; and to live beyond one's income, whatever that income is, is in all stations very reprehensible.

But all these topics have merged in the consideration of the grand expedition. The preparations in our seaports have been immense. An army of nearly fifty thousand men, with all appointments for sieges or a campaign, is upon the seas. To what quarter it is directed, rumour only suggests, and this fixes the Scheldt for the first place of operations. At the mouth of it is the considerable island of Walcheren, of which it is said we are to take possession, and then to destroy or seize the ships of the line that have been built at Antwerp and other places on the river. This scheme is certainly feasible; but the length of time that has elapsed in collecting and embarking the troops, may have enabled the enemy to give us a warm reception. However successful it may be, we cannot but observe, that it has no tendency to assist the Austrians, or to prevent the French emperor from being the great arbiter of Europe. Great as our armament is, it is too small to advance far on the continent: and whilst we are taking an island, Bonaparte is settling the destinies of an empire.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To "J. G." we would observe, that in a lengthened composition there should be much of the *Limæ Labor* employed. His *Ode* is not without some good stanzas, but, as a whole, it requires more polish. Before we insert it, this polish must be given, and we could also wish to have it complete in MS.

The communication of a "Constant Reader" has been received.

The letter on the presumptive plagiarism of *Cœlebs* does not seem to require insertion.

To "Tim Brief," who complains that no notice has been taken, in our first volume, of a certain Review, we observe, that the Review alluded to was not then in being: but if our friend *Tim* will look at p. 129 of the Univ Mag for August 1808, he will find what he wants. We thank him for his enclosures.

The "Review of Secrets made public" we decline, upon the principle of never admitting any criticisms upon books without a knowledge of the writer.

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HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

SUPPLEMENT *to the* LONDON GAZETTE, *Tuesday, July* 11.

An Account of the Battles fought near Aspern, on the Marchfield, on the 21st and 22d of May, 1809, *between the Archduke* CHARLES *of Austria, Generalissimo of the Imperial Austrian Armies, and the Emperor* NAPOLEON, *Commander in Chief of the French and allied Armies.*

THE Emperor Napoleon having, after some sanguinary engagements near Abensberg, Hausen, and Dinzlingen, in which the fortune of war favoured the Austrians, so as to force the French garrison at Ratisbon to surrender, succeeded in cutting off the left wing of the Austrian army, and driving it back to Landshut, and afterwards in advancing by Eckmuhl with a superior corps of cavalry, taking the road of Eglofsheim, and forcing to retreat those Austrian corps that were posted on the heights of Leikepoint and Talmessing, the Archduke on the 23d of April crossed the Danube, near Ratisbon, and joined the corps of Bellegarde, who had opened the campaign by several successful affairs in the Upper Palatinate, had reached Amberg, Neumarkt, and Hemau, and had by this time approached Stadt-am-Hof, in order to execute his immediate junction with the Archduke.

The Emperor Napoleon ordered the bombardment of Ratisbon, occupied by a few battalions who were to cover the passage of the Danube. On the 23d, in the evening, he became master of it, and immediately hastened along the right bank of the Danube to enter the Austrian States, in order, as he openly declared, to dictate peace at Vienna.

The Austrian army had taken a position near Cham, behind the river Regen, which was watched by some of the enemy's divisions, while the Emperor Napoleon called all the disposeable troops, in forced marches, from the north of Germany to the Danube, and considerably reinforced his army with the troops of Wurtemberg, Hessia, Baden, and some time after with those of Saxony.

Near Kirn and Nittenau some affairs had happened between the outposts, which, however, had no influence upon the armies.

However easy it would have been for the Archduke to continue his offensive operations on the left bank of the Danube without any material reliance, and however gratifying it might have been to relieve provinces which were groaning beneath the pressure of foreign dominion, the preservation of his native land did permit him to suffer the enemy to riot with impunity in the entrails of the monarchy, to grasp up the rich sources of its independence, and expose the welfare of it subject to the devastations of foreign conquerors.

These motives induced the Archduke to conduct his army into Bohemia, by way of Klentsch and Neumarkt, to occupy the Bohemian forest with light troops and part of the militia, and to direct his march towards Budweis, where he arrived on the 3d of May, hoping to join, near Lintz, his left wing, which had been separated from him, and which was under the command of Lieut.-General Baron Hiller.

But the latter had been so closely pressed by the united force of the French armies, that, after several contrited engagements, and even after a brilliant affair, in which he had the advantage, near Neumarkt, and in which the troops achieved all that was possible against the disproportionate superiority of the enemy, he indeed was able to reach Lintz, but was not capable of crossing the Danube, and was obliged to content himself with destroying the communication with the left bank, and taking up a position behind the Traun, near Ebersberg. This was the occasion of an extremely murderous engagement, during which the enemy, in storming the bridge, lost near 4000 men: Ebersberg was set on fire; and Lieut.-General Hiller continued his retreat, till he got so much the start as to pass the Danube near Stain, without being disturbed by the enemy, and to wait the approach of the Archduke, who, after having in vain attempted the junction of the army near Lintz, had marched from Budweis to Zwettel; still hoping, by a quick passage of the Dan-

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to arrest the enemy's progress towards the metropolis.

Meanwhile a corps of Wurtembergers had advanced from Passau along both the shores of the Danube, had occupied Lintz, and the bank opposite to it; had restored the bridge, and signalised itself by destroying the defenceless villages and castles, which could not be protected by the small advanced guard proceeding by the side of the main army.

The enemy, by marching through the valley of the Danube in the straightest line, had got so much ahead, that all hopes of coming up with him in front of Vienna vanished: still, however, if that city had been able to hold out for five days, it might have been relieved; and the Archduke resolved on venturing the utmost to rescue that good city, which, by the excellent disposition of its citizens, the faithful attachment to its sovereign, and its noble devotion, has raised to itself an eternal monument in the annals of Austria. All his plans were now directed towards gaining the bridges across the Danube, near Vienna, and endeavouring to save the imperial residence, by a combat under its very walls.

Vienna, formerly an important fortress, was in vain besieged by the Turks, and would even now, from the solidity of its ramparts, the strong profiles of its works, and the extensive system of its mines, be capable of making a protracted resistance, had not, for upwards of a century back, the luxury of a large metropolis, the wants of ease, the conflux of all the magnates in the empire, and the pomp of a splendid court, totally effaced every consideration of military defence. Palaces adorn the ramparts, the casements and ditches were converted into workshops of tradesmen, plantations mark the counter-scarps of the fortress, and avenues of trees traverse the glacis, uniting the most beautiful suburbs in the world to the Corps de la Place.

Although, under such circumstances, no obstinate resistance of the capital was to be expected, yet, from the unexampled loyalty of the inhabitants, it was confidently hoped that Vienna might, for a few days, serve as a tete-de-pont, to cover the passage of the river; whence all preparations amounted to no more than to secure the place against a coup-de-main; and, for this reason, the Archduke had some time before directed Field-Marshal Hiller to send part of his corps along the right bank towards the capital, in the event of his (the Archduke's) passage to the left shore.

Field-Marshal Hiller now received orders to turn the bridge near Stain in his rear, to leave a small corps of observation near Krems, to hasten by forced marches with the bulk of his army to the environs of Vienna, and, as circumstances would permit, by occupying these small islands, to keep up the communication of the city and the debouché across the bridges.

The army of the Archduke now advanced, without interruption, by Neupolla, Horn, and Weikendorf, upon Stockerau; and, in order to overawe such enterprises as the enemy might project from the environs of Lintz, part of the corps of the General of artillery, Count Kollowrath, which, till then, had remained near Pilsen, with a view to secure the north and west frontier of Bohemia, was ordered to march to Budweis.

Napoleon had used so much expedition on his march to Vienna, that, on the 9th of May, his advanced troops appeared on the glacis of the fortress, whence they were driven by some cannon shot. From three to four thousand regular troops, as many armed citizens, and some battalions of country militia, defended the city; ordnance of various calibre were placed upon the ramparts; the suburbs were abandoned, on account of their great extent; and the numerous islands and low bushy ground behind the town were occupied by some light troops of the corps of Hiller, as well as by the militia.

The corps itself was posted on what is termed "the Point," on the left shore of the river, waiting the arrival of the army, which was advancing in haste.

The occupation of Vienna formed too essential a part in the extensive plans of the French Emperor; its conquest had been announced by him with too much confidence, and was of too great importance towards confirming the prejudice of his irresistible

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power, for him not to employ every method of taking it before the assistance, which was so near, could arrive.

For the space of twenty-four hours the howitzers played upon the town; and though several houses were set on fire, the courage of the inhabitants remained unshaken. But a general devastation threatened their valuable property; and, when, at length, the enemy, availing himself of the numerous craft which he found there, crossed the smaller branches of the Danube, dislodged the troops from the nearest islands, and menaced their communication with the left bank, the city was justified in capitulating, while the troops retreated by the great bridge of Tabor, which they afterwards set on fire.

The Archduke received this intelligence in his head quarters, between Heirn and Meissau; and though it was scarcely to be expected that the city, surrounded as it was, should continue its resistance, the Archduke proceeded on his march without interruption, flattering himself that he might be able to execute his favourite project by a bold attempt to pass the Danube near Vienna.

This city capitulated on the 13th of May, so that there was no further occasion to expose the army to hazard by crossing the Danube, for which no sufficient preparation had been made, and which must have been effected in the face of the enemy, and under local circumstances of the greatest disadvantage. By the surrender of Vienna the army had also lost a point of support on which to rest its military operations.

In this situation of affairs the Archduke resolved to collect his army at the foot of the hill Bisamberg, and allow it a few days of rest, which, after so many forced marches, it urgently wanted. The cavalry, for the convenience of water, was posted along the Russ, a rivulet, which is concealed by ground covered with bushes, and the advanced guard pushed forward to the Danube, in order to observe the movements of the enemy, and prevent his passing the river, which he had already attempted to do from Nussdorf, to what is called the Black Lacke, but with so little success, that a battalion of his advanced guard was taken. The chain of the outposts extended on the left side as far as the March, and on the right to Krems: this place and Presburg were occupied by some battalions; and the head quarters of the Archduke were, on the 16th of May, at Ebersdorf, near the high road leading to Brunn.

On the 19th the outposts reported, that the enemy had taken possession of the great island of Lobau, within about six English miles of Vienna; that his numbers encreased there every hour, and that he seemed to be employed in throwing a bridge across the great arm of the Danube behind the island. From the top of the Bisamberg, the whole of the opposite country appeared to be enveloped in a cloud of dust, and the glitter of arms evinced a general movement of troops beyond Summering, towards Kaiser-Ebersdorf, whither, according to later accounts, the Emperor Napoleon had removed his head quarters, and was by his presence hastening and promoting the preparations for passing the river.

On the following morning, at day break, the Archduke resolved to reconnoitre the island, and employed for this purpose part of the advanced guard, under the command of Field-Marshal Lieutenant Count Klenau, supported by some regiments of cavalry.

The isle of Lobau forms a convenient place of arms, which is about six English miles long, and four and a half broad, and being separated by the large arm of the Danube from the right bank, nothing prevents the building of a bridge, which is concealed by ground covered with bushes; and the great extent of the island affords the advantage of sending troops and ordnance from so many points of it, that the passage across the smaller arm to the large plain of Marchfield may be made good by force of arms.

It was soon perceived by the strength of the enemy's columns which advanced upon the island, and placed their cannon so as to support the second passage, that he meditated a serious attack. The advanced guard sustained a tolerably warm engagement, and the cavalry routed the first division of the enemy, which debouched from the low grounds on the

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edge of the river, late in the evening; upon which the Archduke, whose intention was not to prevent the passage of the enemy, but to attack him the following day, retreated with his cavalry to Anderklaa, and ordered the advanced troops to fall back to Maass, according as the enemy should extend himself.

On the 21st at day-break the Archduke ordered his army under arms, and formed it in two lines on the rising ground behind Gerasdorf, and between the Bisam-hill and the rivulet Russ. The corps of Lieut.-General Hiller formed the right wing near Stammersdorf; on its left was the corps of the General of cavalry Count Bellegarde, and next to that the corps of Lieut-Gen. Prince Hohenzollern, in the alignement of Deutsch Wagram. The corps of Prince Rosenberg was posted by battalions in column on the Russbach on the rivulet Russ, kept Deutsch Wagram strongly occupied, having, for the security of the left wing, placed on the heights beyond that place a division *en reserve*. The whole cavalry, which the day before had advanced under the command of Prince Lichtenstein by Anderklaa, was called back into the line, filling, in two lines, the space intervening between the left wing of Prince Hohenzollern and the right of Prince Rosenberg.

The vast plain of the Marchfield spread like a carpet before the front of the line, and appeared, by the absence of every obstruction, to be destined to form the theatre of some great event. The grenadiers remained in reserve near Seiering, and the corps of the General of Artillery Prince of Reuss kept the Bisam-hill, and the low bushy ground along the Danube strongly occupied. Part of it was still left near Krems, the corps being almost broke up by having so many of its divisions detached to so considerable a distance.

At nine o'clock, the Archduke ordered the arms to be piled, and the troops to dine. The picquet of observation on the Bisam-hill reported that the bridge across the Danube behind the isle of Lobau, being now quite finished, was plainly perceivable, and that troops were without intermission seen filing off over it, as well as passing in boats, to the isle. The outposts, likewise, gave information, of the gradual augmentation of the enemy in the town of Enzersdorf and in the villages of Essling and Aspern, and of his advancing towards Hirschstetten.

The Archduke Charles now thought that the moment for giving battle had arrived, and hastened to Gerasdorf, where the chief of his Quarter-Master General's Staff, General Baron Wimpfen, sketched out the following plan:—

Plan of attack upon the hostile army on its march between Esling and Aspern, and towards Hirschstetten.

"The attack to be made in five columns. The first column, or the column of the right wing, is formed by the corps of Lieut.-General Hiller. It will advance from its present position in the direction between the 'Point' and Leopoldau along the nearest arms of the Danube, pass along the left bank towards Stodelau and Aspern, keep constantly near the Danube and the meadows bordering upon it, and is vigorously to repulse the enemy, who most likely will meet it on the same road, and to drive him from the left bank. This column must not suffer its progress to be impeded by the batteries which the enemy perhaps may have erected on the islands, but must endeavour to silence them by its cannon, and spiritedly continue to advance.

"The second column consists of the corps of the General of cavalry Count Bellegarde; leaving Gerasdorf to the left, it will march towards Leopoldau, endeavour to join the first column on the right, advance upon Kagran, and then, conjointly with the third column, upon the left, push forwards towards Hirschstetten.

"The third column is composed of the corps of Lieut.-General Prince Hohenzollern. It will march by Sussenbrunn to Breitenlee, and from thence towards Aspern, and will endeavour to join on its right the second column, and on its left the fourth.

"The fourth column, under the command of Lieut.-General Prince Rosenberg, is made up of that part of his corps which is posted on the right bank of the rivulet Russ: it is to ad-

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vance, by Anderklaa and Raschdorf, towards Essling.

"The fifth column is formed by that part of Prince Rosenberg's corps which stands between Deutsch Wagram and Beaumersdorf. It will cross the Russ near Beaumersdorf, leave Raschdorf and Bischdorf to the right, endeavour to pass to the left round the town of Enzersdorf, and secure its left flank by the Archduke Ferdinand's regiment of hussars.

"The cavalry reserve, under the command of General Prince Lichtenstein, to march by the way of Anderklaa, without coming in contact with the fourth column, between Raschdorf and Breitenlee, and straight to the New Inn, keeping continually at such a distance between the heads of the third and fourth columns as, in case of necessity, to be near at hand for the purpose of repelling the main body of the enemy's cavalry.

"The grenadier corps of reserve to march from Seiering into the position which the corps of Bellegarde has taken up behind Gerasdorf.

"All the columns and corps will march at twelve o'clock at noon. Their second lines to follow them at a suitable distance. Every column to form its own advanced guard. The order of march, and the distribution of the field pieces to be left to the judgment of the commanders of the respective corps. The whole will march by half divisions. Lieut.-Gen. Klenau to form the advanced guard of the fourth and fifth columns, and, before he advances, to suffer the heads of these columns to come quite up to him, in order that he may have at hand a sufficient support of infantry.

"Of the corps of cavalry, the brigade under the command of Veesey to be attached to the second column, and the regiment O'Reilly to the third; and both brigades are to repair immediately, the former to Gerasdorf and the latter to Sussenbrunn.

"The principal object in view is to drive back the enemy entirely over the first arms of the Danube, destroy the bridges he has thrown over them, and occupying the bank of the Lobau with a numerous artillery, especially howitzers.

"The infantry will form on the plain in battalions, with half divisions from the centre.

"His Imperial Highness the General in chief recommends order, closeness during the advance, and a proper use of every species of arms. His station will be with the second column.

"*Gerasdorf, May* 21, 1809."

The columns consisted of—

1st.	19 batt.	22 squad.
2d	20	16
3d	22	8
4th	13	8
5th	13	16
The corps of cavalry	—	78
The corps of grenadiers	16	—
Total	113 batt.	148 squad.

all which amounted to 75,000 men, effective troops.

Of artillery, there were 18 batteries of brigade, 13 of position, and 11 of horse artillery; in the aggregate two hundred and eighty-eight pieces of different calibres.

The enemy had availed himself extremely well of the advantages of the ground to cover his passage. The extensive villages of Essling and Aspern, mostly composed of brick houses, and encircled all round by heaps of earth, resembled two bastions between which a double line of natural trenches, intended to draw off the water, served as the curtain, and afforded every possible security to the columns passing from the isle of Lobau. Essling had a granary furnished with loopholes, and whose three stories afforded room for several hundred men, while Aspern was provided with a strong churchyard. The left side of the latter village borders on an arm of the Danube. Both villages had a safe communication with the bushy ground near the Danube, from which the enemy had it constantly in his power to dispatch, unseen, fresh reinforcements. The isle of Lobau served at once as a place of arms and as a tete-de-pont, a bridge-head for the bridge, in the rear across the main arm of the river.

The enemy with the divisons of Generals Molitor, Boudet, Nansouty,

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Legrand, Espagne, Lasalle, and Ferrand, under the Marshals Massena and Lasnes, as well as Marshal Bessieres, together with the guards of the Wurtemberg, Hesse-Darmstadt and Baaden auxiliaries, had already left this position, and was directing his march towards Hirschstetten, when the first Austrian advanced guards met him.

If it be at all permitted in war, to indulge favourable presentiments, it was certainly excusable so to do at that great moment, when, on the 21st of May, exactly at twelve o'clock, the columns began to put themselves in motion for the attack.—A general enthusiasm had taken possession of the troops—joyful war-songs, accompanied by Turkish music, resounded through the air, and were interrupted by shouts of "Long live our Emperor, long live the Archduke Charles!" whenever the Imperial General appeared, who had placed himself at the head of the second column. Every breast panted with anxious desire and high confidence after the decisive moment; and the finest weather favoured the awful scene.

(To be continued.)

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

DIED.] At Cambridge, aged 57, Mr. Samuel Barker, keeper of Hobson's Workhouse (commonly called the Spinning-house) in St. Andrew's street. He succeeded his father in that situation in the year 1783; since that time, by the strictest integrity of conduct, and humane attention to the unhappy who came under his care, he gained great credit to himself, and gave general satisfaction to the trust under which he acted.

CUMBERLAND.

At Harrowslack sheep-shearing the attendance was greater than on any former occasion; nearly 160 gentlemen and farmers dined with Mr. Curwen, in a tent erected for the occasion: a large assemblage of shepherds also partook of the hospitalities of the day. The show of cattle was numerous, and many admirable specimens of the long horn exhibited. Mr. Curwen's flock is greatly increased, and much improved. The sheep clipped well: the average of the whole was 3lb. 9oz. —Mr. Curwen strongly recommended attention to the improvement of the fleece. The first and second premiums given by the society were both adjudged to cloth manufactured entirely of Southdown wool.

DORSETSHIRE.

Dorchester Annual Wool Fair was well attended; nearly 300 growers and buyers sat down to an excellent collation in Mr. Davy's large barn, Earl Macclesfield in the chair. After the cloth was removed, the Earl addressed the company on the state of the wool markets, and on the prospect of the great advantages likely to accrue from this establishment. The company then adjourned to another barn of Mr. Davy's, when the sale commenced: —Leicester 38s. per tod and upwards. —Berkshire, from 35s. to 40s.—South-Downs, from 3 guineas to 3l. 10s.

ESSEX.

The Annual Meeting of the Essex Agricultural Society was held, as usual, at Chelmsford, and some very good stock was exhibited. Besides those which gained the premiums, there were many animals particularly entitled to notice; there were six cart stallions, some of which were very capital; likewise, a good three-year-old cart colt belonging to Mr. Robinson, not entered, and a very beautiful blood horse, by Whisky, the property of Mr. Parsons, of Stoke. The prize was adjudged to a cart stallion, the property of Mr. Mason. The cattle exhibited were principally of the Devon breed; there was, however, a three-year-old Holderness bull, the property of Mr. Pooly, to which the prize was given. The premium for the best cow was given to Mr. Waters, a very fine animal of the Devon breed, who had a premium for the long-woolled ram. Mr. Burgoyne's team of Devon oxen excited universal admiration; and Mr. Bygrave's fat heifers of the Holderness kind, particularly

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one of them, were remarkably fine.—The South-down ewe hoggets shewn were very good; and there were some half-bred Merino and Southdown, belonging to Mr. Kortwright, which were very pretty, and the superior weight and quality of their fleeces is an object worthy of the consideration of all breeders. Mr. Burgoyne had likewise some half-bred Merino and South-down, which appeared to carry very fine fleeces. There were some very good South-down rams of Lord Petre's and Mr. Dunkin's, besides one of Mr. Honeywood's, and another of Mr. Western's, not entered. Mr. Thurlow had the premiums for fine wool, ram and ewe hoggets. Mr. Lee for the best boar. Premiums were allowed to labourers, &c. as usual.

At dinner, Mr. Hanbury presided in the chair.

Harwich, July 23.—In our harbour there are now laying upwards of sixty sail of ships, thirty of which are transports full of troops, and four armed brigs; the rest are vessels detained by the embargo; the sight is truly animating, the number of brave fellows on board the transports, the music playing, the bustle of boats passing and repassing to the shore, the Generals and their Staff Officers parading the streets of Harwich, and the particular fineness of the weather, render it a sight very interesting.

Died.] In his 48th year, after imprudently drinking a quantity of cold water, whilst warm, in attending his haymakers, the Rev. Hen. Lewes, M.A. Vicar of Mucking and Broxted, both in this county.

HAMPSHIRE.

A shocking murder was lately committed on the road leading from the village of Pepper, New Forest, to Goring, by two fellows, on the body of a smuggler, who was conveying some property in a tilted cart, in company with a little girl, his daughter. The ruffians demanded the man's money, and having a quantity of guineas about him to convey to Portsmouth, he refused compliance to the robbers' request, when they beat him with their bludgeons until he was lifeless, and got at his property, leaving the little girl bound in the cart; and after taking out the horses, and turning them loose on the common, the villains decamped.

Died.] At Hook Cottage, Horndean, Miss Mary Mottley, aged 13, daughter of Mr. J. C. M. of Portsmouth. The deceased was of a most amiable and affectionate disposition, and her abilities of a superior cast. Prepossessing in her manners, her loss is most sensibly felt by her parents and a numerous acquaintance.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

During the violent thunderstorm on Tuesday, July the 4th, the house of Captain Smith, of East-hill, in this county, took fire, in consequence of the lightning communicating to the bell-wires of the first floor. The room was in a blaze before the accident was discovered, and the house was burnt to the ground; none of the furniture being saved, except that on the ground floor.

KENT.

Died.] At Town Malling, sincerely esteemed and lamented, William Perfect, M.D. who after having devoted a long life to the service of the most wretched of his fellow creatures, in the very skilful and humane exercise of his profession, may truly be said to have diminished the sum of human misery; while by the amiable and social qualities of his mind, and the generous and constant distribution of his property, he contributed in an equal degree to the stock of sublunary happiness. His social and moral virtues will long be remembered by the ancient and honourable society of Free and Accepted Masons, in this county; and the memory of their zealous and affectionate Grand Master will be long and ardently cherished; while the numerous dependants upon his bounty will do ample justice to the goodness of his heart, and acknowledge with regret that in him humanity has lost a friend.

LANCASHIRE.

It is intended to take down the spire and part of the steeple of St. George's Church, at Liverpool, a measure which, though greatly to be regretted on account of the architectural beauty of the structure, is yet become absolutely necessary to the security of the

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inhabitants, and all who attend the market.

A number of catholic gentlemen, students, &c. who left Liege some years since, when the French troops entered that city, have at length been enabled to form an establishment at Stonyhurst, in this county, where they are making a laudable attempt to introduce the sciences, in their improved state, into their common course of education. As a first step, a handsome room for a library, and another for a mathematical apparatus have been built; to which it is intended to add a chemical laboratory as soon as possible. It is not doubted that they will soon be enabled not only to finish the erection of their building, but to procure the books and instruments necessary for the completion of their undertaking; a very liberal subscription having been procured among the friends to their establishment.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Died.] At Stamford, Mr. Daniel Lambert, so long celebrated for his immense bulk. Mr. L. had arrived from Huntingdon, but a few days previous to his decease, intending to receive the visits of the curious who might attend the ensuing races. On Tuesday evening he sent a message to the office of the Stamford paper, requesting that, as the "mountain could not wait upon Mahomet, Mahomet would go to the mountain,"—or, in other words, that the printer would call upon him, and receive an order for executing some hand-bills announcing Mr. Lambert's arrival, and his desire to see company. The orders he gave upon that occasion were delivered without any presentiment that they were to be his last, and with his usual cheerfulness. He was in bed—one of large dimensions, ("Ossa upon Olympus, and Pelion upon Ossa")—fatigued with his journey, but anxious that the bills might be quickly printed, in order to his seeing company next morning. Before nine o'clock on that morning, however, he was a corpse! Nature had endured all the trespass she could admit: the poor man's corpulency had constantly increased, until at the time we have mentioned, the clogged machinery of life stood still, and this prodigy of mammon was numbered with the dead.

He was in his 40th year; and upon being weighed, within a few days, by the famous Caledonian balance, (in the possession of Mr. King of Ipswich) was found to be 52 stone 11lbs. in weight, (14lbs. to the stone) which is 10 stone 11lbs. more than the great Mr. Bright of Essex, ever weighed. He had apartments at Mr. Berridge's, the Waggon and Horses, in St. Martin's, on the ground floor, for he had long been incapable of walking up stairs. His coffin, in which his remains were with great difficulty placed, was 6 feet 4 inches long, 4 feet 4 inches wide, and 2 feet 4 inches deep: the immense substance of his legs made it necessarily almost a square case. The celebrated Sarcophagus of Alexander, viewed with so much admiration at the British Museum, would not nearly contain this immense sheer hulk.

The coffin, which consisted of 112 superficial feet of elm, was built upon two axle-trees and four clog wheels; and upon these the remains of the BIG man were rolled into his grave; which is in the new burial ground at the back of St. Martin's church. A regular descent was made, by cutting away the earth slopingly for some distance. The window and wall of the room in which he lay were taken down, to allow his exit. He was buried at eight o'clock on Friday morning. Having been extricated from the lodging in which he died, his remains were drawn by eight men with ropes to the burial ground: into the church it was not possible to take him. As might be expected of such a corpse, in a very few hours after death, almost all identity of feature was lost; and although he was buried in eight and forty hours, his remains had been kept quite as long as was prudent. A large concourse attended his funeral; and in the course of the day, many hundred persons from the neighbourhood visited his grave.

Mr. Lambert was an intelligent and pleasant companion; and notwithstanding his extreme corpulence, his limbs are said to have borne a very exact proportion to each other. In his youth he was an excellent swimmer; and he has for many years been

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celebrated in the sporting world as a great breeder and feeder of cocks. He was also famous for his dogs; some of which were sold at Tattersall's a short time ago, at prices which proved the estimation in which Lambert was held by sportsmen of the first eminence. Extraordinary as it may appear, it is true, that he had his greyhounds with him at Stamford when he died, and intended to have taken the diversion of coursing in the season!—that is, he meant to have been taken in his carriage to an open country, where he might have seen his dogs pursue the game. It is said that Stamford is the last place at which he meant to exhibit himself for a price. He has a sister living at Leicester, who attended his funeral.

At Scottlethorpe, Mr. Samuel Clay, an eminent astrologer. The remains of this extraordinary man happened to be buried upon a very tempestuous day; and that circumstance has much strengthened a notion which had been long prevalent in a district round his dwelling, that the deceased was in his life-time *a very potent* MAGICIAN!—Fools are the produce of every province, or perhaps a regard for the fame of our native county, might prevent our relating what a surprising influence the habits of this man had acquired over a number of people within some miles of him. He was verily believed of many to be a *Conjuror*, and he *practised* as such for the space of thirty years with considerable success!—If any thing could be an excuse for the credulity of those whom this "Sam Clay," as he was called, deceived, his superior cunning, and the very extraordinary and impressive figure of the man, might perhaps be pleaded. He was born at Scottlethorpe, and was for a short time apprenticed to a baker there; but having had a little education, he disdained the *unleavened* pursuit of his master, and led an idle half-studious life in his father's cottage, on the Grimsthorpe domain; to which cottage, on the death of his father, he succeeded. By that time the recluse life of the man had occasioned some conversation, and he was regarded with a degree of terror by the children of the neighbouring villages. He stood six feet in height, was remarkably erect and thin, with "eyes severe and coat of formal cut, full of wise saws he was and modern instances;" and his loins were usually girt with a belt, his waistcoat was of goat or dog-skin, and ever at the "witching time o'night" he prowled abroad! In a little while his fame became very general, and silly people from considerable distances resorted to his habitation, to have their difficulties dispelled, and take the benefit of his occult studies: almost innumerable are the instances adduced in which this cunning man hit upon expedients to relieve and satisfy his ignorant votaries. Being consulted by a man who had lost some traps for catching vermin in the purlieus of Grimsthorpe Park, the astrologer told him he would, by the *second sunrise*, discover the person who had stolen them! He employed the interval in making reasonable enquiries; and having suspicion of the offender, he went to a field in which the man was at work, and, accosting him with all the confidence and severity necessary for his purpose, "You stole——'s traps" said he. The appalled offender, smitten with his guilt, and with the *impossibility* of deceiving his accuser, confessed the fact, and told where he had secreted the stolen articles. "I charge you," concluded the conjuror, "move them not from the spot in which they lie, nor speak of the confession you have made to me, on pain of the most terrible torments my skill is able to inflict." The man who had sustained the loss, called again at the time appointed, and, by the direction of Sam Clay to a particular part of the offender's cottage, recovered his property. Of course the amazing skill of the conjuror was trumpeted in all quarters.

A few years ago, this Sam Clay, having, we suppose, misplaced one of his spells, was reduced to the dire necessity of declaring, by advertisement in a newspaper, that *he was no conjuror*! and of begging pardon of an innocent person whom he had charged with theft! This circumstance had but a slight and temporary effect upon his reputation, and he died in full feather as a magician, in the 50th year of his age.

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NORFOLK.

The anniversary of the Norfolk Agricultural Society was lately held at East Dereham, and attended by most of the surrounding gentlemen. T. W. Coke, Esq. president. Amongst other important business, it was agreed that, besides the two general meetings in July and February, there should be another at Norwich upon some Friday in April; and that for shew at the two meetings, in February at Lynn and in April at Norwich, premiums should be offered for the best and second best pens of one-year-old wethers of the Norfolk, southdown, Leicester, and best-improved cross from the merino breeds, and also for the best and the second best bullocks not more than four-years-old, which wethers and bullocks need not have been bred by the persons who produce them. Premiums were agreed to be offered for water meadows, crops of lucerne, hemp, Swedish turnips, and economy in feeding horses; and also to labourers, dairy maids, cottagers growing potatoes and vegetables, and to cottagers for keeping bees. Six claims were made by shepherds for producing the greatest number of lambs.—In the first class Mr. Wymer's shepherd, of Lammas, J. Clarke, gained the premium of 2*l.* for producing 326 lambs from 248 ewes, of which he lost five, against Mr. P. Bell's shepherd, who had 404 lambs from 328 ewes, of which he lost 6.—In the second class, Mr. Styleman's shepherd, J. Flood, received the premium of 3*l.* for 459 lambs from 400 ewes, of which he lost 24.—In the third class, Mr. Barber's shepherd, J. Boom, gained the premium of 4*l.* for 855 lambs from 606 ewes, of which he lost 16: against Mr. Styleman's shepherd, James Pairmain, who had 644 lambs from 605 ewes, of which he lost 43.—In the fifth class was one claimant, who had 930 lambs from 987 ewes, of which he lost 15; but this was deemed not deserving of a premium.—Of the premiums for stock, Mr. Moseley (without competition) received that for the best southdown ram. Two pens of southdown theaves were shewn by Mr. E. Beck and Mr. W. M. Hill; the first premium was adjudged to the former, and the second to the latter.—Mr. Moseley gained the premium for the boar, against Mr. E. Beck and Mr. Clarke, of Reymerstone.—One bull only was sent, but the judges deemed him undeserving of the premium.—It was recommended to the Society to consider the propriety of offering a premium for carrots, and also for the pure merino breed of sheep, as well as the cross, at a future period.

The corporation of Lynn are said to have it in contemplation to erect a new bridge leading to St. German's, Wisbech, &c. on the scite of that now called Long Bridge, crossing the river Nar, which has long been in a dangerous dilapidated state.

Thetford Wool Fair this season was most numerously and respectably attended, but very little business was done. Mr. Coke offered his southdown wool at four guineas per tod, which did not, however, sell at that price: 3*l.* 17*s.* was given for a flock.

A short time since, as a benevolent friend, in the western part of this county, was walking over his estate, he perceived a poor woman breaking down his fences for fire-wood, and, addressing her, said "he would endeavour to find means for preventing it in future." The poor woman returned home, under the expectation of receiving a visit from the officers of justice; but, to her agreeable surprise, in a few hours afterwards, a chaldron of coals was sent by the orders of her injured reprover, who, meeting with her the following day, thus accosted her,—"I think, friend, I have found a preventative to your breaking down my fences in future; and when the means I have adopted are exhausted, I will try and find others to prevent a repetition thereof." If this humane example were followed in every parish of the kingdom, there would be less cause for complaint against wood-stealers and fence-breakers.

Died.] At Norwich, Dr. Beckwith, the celebrated Organist.

Few men have commanded or deserved more universal admiration and respect than Dr. Beckwith, and to the lovers of music in this city in particular his loss may be pronounced irreparable. He displayed very early in life strong musical talents, and

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received his education under Dr. Philip Hayes, then Professor of Music at Oxford: he was there distinguished no less for his uncommon and close application to the study of music as a science, than for his extraordinary powers as an organist. Here indeed, for the bold and striking genius with which he conceived, the correct and brilliant manner in which he executed, and the uncommonly rich, classical, original, and truly scientific style in which he performed his inimitable Voluntaries, he may be pronounced to be without a rival. His style of organ playing might be said to be peculiarly and thoroughly his own, and the delight which his performances on that instrument gave will long be remembered by those who have heard them. His compositions were not numerous. The principal of them were a collection of Voluntaries and a set of Anthems, both written when he was young. His last work was a collection of Chants, in which he had been long engaged, and which appeared this year. The same strong and masterly hand appeared in his written compositions as in his Voluntaries. His style was formed upon the best models, and many of his writings would have done honour to Purcell or Croft.—It must ever be a subject of regret to the lovers of sacred music, that Dr. Beckwith did not enjoy more leisure from the duties of a laborious profession to devote to composition. We have just enough to know what his mind was capable of.—Great as were Dr. Beckwith's powers, as a musician, and much as his time was occupied in his profession, he never neglected or forgot his duties as a man, and a member of society; on the contrary, he discharged them with an unusual degree of correctness and diligence. Several of the most useful charities in this city were partly indebted to him for their origin, and they never ceased to receive from him the most steady and active assistance. We might go on to enumerate his many and great qualities, but we feel it to be needless. Few men were better known than Dr. Beckwith—few were more sincerely beloved and admired—few will be more deeply lamented.

In the prime of life, Mr. John Rivett, of East Dereham, formerly master of the academy at Wymondham. His abilities as a scholar entitled him to considerable respect amidst his numerous pupils; and the cheerfulness of his disposition, added to the integrity of his general conduct, will make his death lamented, and his memory revered by his relatives and friends.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Died.] At Duddington, John Smith, M. D. He was of an ancient family in North Britain, and after serving several years as a surgeon in the Navy, settled at Uppingham, in Rutlandshire, in the same house where two of his immediate predecessors and countrymen, Drs. Fordyce and Garthshore, had been so successful as to establish themselves afterwards with eminence in London, as physicians. He was for many years in extensive and respectable practice in the principal families in the town and neighbourhood; punctual and indefatigable in his profession, and, in addition to his medical services, ever charitable to the poor.

SHROPSHIRE

At Shrewsbury Fair, this season, pasture wool sold from 15*s.* to 24*s.* per stone; fine fleece ditto, from 30*s.* to 40*s.*: the first found ready purchasers, but of the latter the sale was not so brisk. Cheese sold from 63*s.* to 75*s.*

SUFFOLK.

Captain Barclay, who lately undertook, for a wager of 1000 guineas, to walk a thousand miles in a thousand sucessive hours, completed his most astonishing performance on Wednesday afternoon, the 12th of July. He began his last mile about half past three o'clock, in high spirits, and performed it in about eighteen minutes. A silk flag was carried in triumph before him, with the inscription, "*Long live the man of a thousand,*" followed by twelve persons decorated with cockades. The influx of company had so much increased on Sunday, that it was recommended that the ground should be roped in. To this, however, Captain Barclay objected, saying that he did not like such parade. The crowd, however,

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became so great on Monday, and he had experienced so much interruption, that he was prevailed upon to allow this precaution to be taken, and the last morning the workmen began to rope in the ground. For the last two days he appeared in higher spirits, and performed his mile with apparently more ease, and in shorter time than he had done for some days past. With the change of the weather, he had thrown off his lose great coat, which he wore during the rainy period, and on Wednesday performed in a flannel jacket. He also put on shoes remarkably thicker than any which he had used in any previous part of his performance. When asked how he meant to act after he had finished his feat? he said he should that night take a good sound sleep, but that he must have himself awakened twice or thrice in the night, to avoid the danger of a too sudden transition from almost constant exertion to a state of long repose. One hundred to one, and indeed any odds whatever, were offered on Wednesday morning; but so strong was the confidence in his success, that no bets could be obtained. The multitude of people who resorted to the scene of action, in the course of the concluding days, was unprecedented. Not a bed could be procured at Newmarket, Cambridge, or any of the towns and villages in the vicinity, and every horse and every species of vehicle was engaged. Among the nobility and gentry who witnessed, on Wednesday, the conclusion of this extraordinary feat, were—the Dukes of Argyll and St. Alban's; Earls Grosvenor, Besborough, and Jersey; Lords Foley and Somerville; Sir John Lade, Sir F. Standish, &c. &c. The Captain has won about 2000*l.* and the aggaegate of betting may be computed at 15,000*l.*

The benefactions of the Rev. Dr. Taylour, Mr. Myddleton, and Mrs. Ann Cam, to poor clergymen with good characters and large families, were this year distributed to 110 persons by the governors of the Sons of the Clergy, viz. to 97 of them 15*l.* each, and to 13 of them 10*l.* each.—Among whom thirty-four of these gentlemen had 320 children; and the highest income was one of 115*l.* (viz. the Rev. William Betham, of Kenton and Aspal, in this county, who has fourteen children) of the rest none exceeded 90*l.* and some as low as only 25*l.* making an average of but 5*l.* 13*s.* for the maintenance of each child!!!

Died.] At Framlingham, Miss Toms, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Isaac Toms, of Hadleigh, in the same county.

YORKSHIRE.

Died.] In his 80th year, Alexander Hunter, M.D. F.R.S. L. & E. and Physician to the York Lunatic Asylum. He practised nearly 50 years in this city, with the highest eminence and credit in his professional character; his knowledge of which was the result of science, skill, and well-founded experience. His goodness as a man,—his urbanity and gentlemanly manners,—his practice of every real and social virtue,—the manly and pleasing manner with which he gave his advice, whether as a physician, a friend, or a mentor,—his encouragement of the arts, or whatever appeared to be beneficial to mankind,—will ever embalm his memory in the hearts of his friends, and of all those who had an opportunity of knowing him; while his family and connections will long have to regret the loss of a tender husband, an affectionate parent, a kind relative, and an indulgent and liberal master. In the world of letters he was highly esteemed, being author and annotator of several works of great merit, among which were his editions of "Evelyn's Sylva," 2 vols. 4to.; "Georgical Essays," 6 vols. 8vo. &c. &c. In his leisure hours he used occasionally to amuse himself with composing miscellaneous pieces, such as "Essays on Cases of Insanity," on "Agriculture," &c. &c. and which were always well received by the public. His remains were interred in the church of St. Michael le Belfrey, attended by a numerous and very respectable body of his friends and fellow citizens.

WALES.

A woman of the name of Plosser, residing at Hay, Brecknockshire, who had been for some time in a very ill state of health, was lately supposed, by the persons in attendance on her, to have died, and the necessary prepa-

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rations for the funeral had commenced. The body was laid out by a female usually employed on such occasions; who, on returning to the house about six hours afterwards, and observing the hands had been removed from the situation they had been placed in, concluded some person had been in the room: but, on going to close the mouth, was greatly alarmed by the supposed corpse exclaiming, "Do not close my mouth, for I am not yet dead," which threw her into fits. The sick person has since so far recovered as to be able to sit up in her room, is still living, although in a very languid state; and she declares that she heard all the conversation which passed relative to her funeral, but, from extreme weakness, had not the power of speech or motion.

SCOTLAND.

The annual fair at Stobsmoor, in the vicinity of Dundee, was held on Tuesday, July 18. There was a greater show of cattle than usual, and they found a ready sale. Cattle in good condition were quickly bought up, at 15 to 20 per cent. above last year's prices.—In the evening an affray took place, which arose from the breaking of the head of a drum, belonging to a recruiting party of the 25th regiment of foot, in which the crowd and some soldiers of the artillery took one side, and the soldiers of the 25th took the other side. The soldiers used their swords and bayonets, and the populace stones and sticks. A young man was struck so violently on the head by a stone, that, though he had strength to go home, he expired the following morning. Two soldiers were carried to the barracks in a state of insensibility, and with many wounds. One Edmonstone, a porter, had his skull cleft with a sword, and numbers received dangerous blows; but they are all in the way of recovery.

Ayr, July 20.—We have waited for some time, in expectation of hearing of some tremendous concussion of the terraqueous globe: but the immediate scene of the disaster may have been so distant, as to cause the lapse of some weeks before intelligence can reach us. Tuesday, the 11th inst. was a fine day; the atmosphere betrayed no symptom of commotion; not a drop of rain fell; yet a noise, resembling that of thunder, was heard, at the same instant, on the western shore of Carrick, and in the interior of the island. By some it was compared to the firing of two or three pieces of cannon in rapid succession; to others it seemed the rattling of many chariots; and to others the falling of houses or other buildings, insomuch that the labourer, for a moment, suspended his toil, and looked towards the nearest edifice to ascertain whether it was still standing, or hastened to an eminence to behold the expected cavalcade of carriages: but no object met his view, either to realise his fear, or gratify his curiosity. There was no tremor of the ground perceptible by human sensation: but the brute creation perceived it; for horses and cows, while at feed, with the utmost composure, were seized with a sudden startling, not to be accounted for from the annoyance of insects or any similar cause, and ran with marks of the greatest consternation from one end of the field to another. In short, from every account which we have been able to obtain, respecting this singular phenomenon, we are led to conclude that it was occasioned by the extreme vibration, the dying away of an earthquake.

Died.] Lately, at Locknaw Castle, at an advanced age, Sir Stair Agnew, Baronet.

At Manse of Aberdour, the Rev. Andrew Youngson, minister of that parish, in the 83d year of his age, and forty-third of his ministry. He was long and severely distressed, but bore his afflictions with the greatest fortitude.

DEATHS ABROAD.

Marshal Lasnes, Duke of Montebello, mortally wounded on the 22d of May, at the village of Essling, like many other French Generals, had experienced great vicissitudes of fortune. Passing over, therefore, the parentage and birth of Lasnes, his plebeian condition occasioned him, when a revolutionary General of Division, to be suspected, by the aristocratic members of the Committee

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of Public Safety, of having taken, in concert with Houchard, a bribe to allow the Duke of York to escape from Dunkirk. Houchard was guillotined, and Lasnes was imprisoned in the Madonnalletes, at Paris, where the writer of this article had the fate to be immured also, in consequence of the decree of the 15th of Sept. 1793, against the subjects of all states at war with France. Lasnes, faithful however to the republic, then the idol of all Frenchmen, so far from resenting on the new government the personal injuries he was sustaining, employed his time in teaching all his young fellow-prisoners to march in close order along the Corridor of that spacious prison, (once a convent) intimating to them that they would sooner or later be called upon to defend their country. The report of his loyalty, thus manifested, obtained him his liberty, and he was sent to join Pichegru's victorious army, from which period he continued to gain rank and esteem; and it has been said that, next to Murat and Augereau, Bonaparte has rated his merits as a soldier. He was nearly 35 years of age, about five feet ten inches high, and of a very becoming martial appearance.

At Cassel, the celebrated Swiss historian, Johannes Von Muller. In his great history of his native country, he asserted, with spirit and talent, republican principles, which he however found compatible with obedience to arbitrary monarchs. He had entered successively into the service of the Elector of Mainz and the Emperor of Germany, as librarian; of the King of Prussia, as historiographer; and lastly, of King Jerome of Westphalia, first as Secretary of State, and afterwards as Minister of Public Instruction.

At Bushire, from whence he was proceeding with the Embassy to the Court of Persia, as Persian and Latin translator, Charles Lechmere Coore, Esq. of the Bombay Civil Establishment, in the 21st year of his age.

At Roseau, Dominica, in consequence of the fatigue he underwent at the capture of Martinique, Captain M'Dougall, of the 46th regiment.

At New York, America, June 8, the celebrated Thomas Paine, author of the Rights of Man, Age of Reason, &c. one of the founders of American Independence. He was buried with great funeral pomp at New Rochelle.

At Gumpendorf, near Vienna, aged 76, the celebrated musical composer, Joseph Haydn, Maestro di Capella to his Serene Highness Prince Esterhasy. Was born at Rhorau, in Lower Austria, in 1733. His father, a wheelwright by trade, played upon the harp without the least knowledge of music, which, however, excited the attention of his son, and first gave birth to his passion for music. In his early childhood he used to sing to his father's harp the simple tunes which he was able to play, and being sent to a small school in the neighbourhood, he there began to learn music regularly; after which he was placed under Reuter, Maestro di Capella of the cathedral at Vienna; and, having a voice of great compass, was received into the choir, where he was well taught, not only to sing, but to play on the harpsichord and violin. At the age of eighteen, on the breaking of his voice, he was dismissed from the cathedral. After this, he supported himself during eight years as well as he could by his talents, and began to study more seriously than ever. In 1759, he was received into the service of Count Marzin, as director of his music, whence, in 1761, he passed to the palace of Prince Esterhasy, to whose service he had been constantly attached ever since.

Besides his numerous pieces for instruments, he has composed many operas for the Esterhasy theatre, and church music that has established his reputation as a deep contrapuntist. His *Stabat Mater* has been performed and printed in England, and his oratorio of the *Creation*; his oratorio of *Il Ritorno di Tobia*, composed in 1773 for the benefit of the widows of musicians, has been annually performed at Vienna since, and is as high in favour there as Handel's *Messiah* in England. His instrumental *Passione*, in parts, is among his most exquisite productions. —It entirely consists of slow movements, on the subject of the last seven sentences of our Saviour, as recorded in the Evangelists. These strains are

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so truly impassioned and full of heart-felt grief and dignified sorrow, that, though the movements are all slow, the subjects, keys, and effects are so new and so different, that a real lover of music will feel no lassitude or wish for lighter strains to stimulate attention.

His innumerable symphonies, quartets, and other instrumental pieces, which are so original and so difficult, have the advantage of being rehearsed and performed at Esterhasy, under his own direction, by a band of his own forming, who have apartments in the palace, and practice from morning to night, in the same room, according to Fischer's account, like the students in the conservatorios of Naples. Ideas so new and so varied were not at first so universally admired in Germany as at present. The critics in the northern parts of the empire were up in arms, condemning him for his eccentricities, and want of adherence to established rules: but this is a censure which the admirable Haydn long since silenced; for he is as much respected by professors for his science as invention. Indeed, his compositions are in general so new to the player and hearer, that they are equally unable, at first, to keep pace with his inspiration.

Dr. Burney, in his History of Music, observes that, "from the productions of the admirable and matchless Haydn, he has received more pleasure late in his life, when tired of most other music, than he ever received in the most ignorant and rapturous part of his youth, when every thing was new, and the disposition to be pleased undiminished by criticism or satiety."

The Rev. Mr. Latrobe, in the preface to his Selection of Sacred Music, says, "Haydn is justly considered as the father of music in our day; for though, during his younger years, he diligently studied the works of every great master, ancient and modern, his transcendant genius, soaring above them all, soon called the attention of the whole musical world upon himself: all admiring him for the beauty, boldness, and originality of his works, and afterwards regarding him as the best pattern for study and imitation. Far from being actuated by the impulses of envy, so common among the sons of harmony, I never heard him speak of his numerous imitators, (whose airy productions, more suited to the indolence of some, and to the weak musical capacity of others, seemed even to supplant the original in the public esteem) without allowing them all the merit which they really possess. To enter into a description of his worth, both as the greatest master of the art and as a private character, would exceed my ability."

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

JUNE 22, to JULY 22, 1809, inclusive.

[*Extracted from the London Gazette.*]----*The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.*

ATKINS J. Norwood, dealer in cattle, (Collett and Co. Chancery-lane).

Bolton J. R. John-street, Adelphi, wine-merchant, (Hannam, Great Piazza, Covent-garden). Butterworth J. Abchurch-lane, (Druce, Billiter-square). Bickford J. Brixham, shopkeeper, (Ballachy, Capel-court). Brodie O. South Shields, cordwainer, (Bell and Co Bow-lane). Brockbank T. Ulverston, Wilson D. Gillespy J. and Taylor J. Maryport, cotton-manufacturers, (Bacon, Southampton-street).

Cook J. Bristol, looking-glass manufacturer, (Batsford, Jamaica-row). Collyer J. Bolton, cotton-manufacturer, (Foulkes and Co. Gray's-Inn). Coulson S. T. and Corder J. K. Lynn Regis, seedsmen, (James, White Lyon-street) M'Cullock A. Upper Grosvenor-street, navy agent, (Eves, Chapel-street). Cogan T. Houndsditch, stationer, (Wiltshire and Co. Old Broad-street). Cowley E. Threadneedle-street, merchant, (Dawes, Angel-court). Crush W. Chelmsford, upholsterer, (Adams, Old Jewry).

Dewhurst J. Halifax, grocer, (Hodgson, Surrey-street). Dodds J. Aldersgate-street, goldsmith, (Higden and Co. Curriers'-hall). Downs R. J. Maid-lane, baker, (Field and Co. Clifford's-Inn). Davis J. Holborn, trunk-maker, (Sydall, Aldersgate-street). Dunster T. Somerton, plumber and glazier, (Pearson, Pump-court). Dunage S. St. Paul's Church yard, trunk-maker, (Hall, Coleman-street).

Fuller J. J. Yoxford, shopkeeper, (Hanrott and Co. Lincoln's Inn, New-square). Forrest J. King-street, baker. (Richardson, Bury-street). Fennel I. Bath, marble-mason, (Gabell, Lincoln's-Inn). Farmer J. Hougham, dealer and chapman, (Blakelock and Co. Elm-court, Temple).

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Geddes A. Finsbury-place, merchant, (Swain and Co. Old Jewry). Gray J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant, (Grey, Gray's Inn-square). Gibson G. Liverpool, pipe-maker, (Aviorn, Liverpool).

Hockly, A. M. Wickwar, cheese-factor, (James, Gray's-Inn-square). Harris, E. Gulston-square, stationer, (Harman, Wine-office-court). Heywood W. and R. S. Manchester, linen-merchants, (Duckworth and Co. Manchester). Heywood J. Manchester, baker, (Ellis, Chancery-lane). Hawke T. Great Yarmouth, mill-wright, (Windus and Co. Chancery-lane). Humphreys T. Cheltenham-place, St George's Field's, horse-dealer, (Martin, Vintner's Hall, Upper Thames-street). Holland P. Leftwich, tanner, (Leigh and Co. New Bridge-street). Horton R. Newport, Salop, timber-merchant, (Baxter and Co. Furnival's-Inn). Hamill W. Chepstow money-scrivener, (Price and Co. Lincoln's-Inn).

Israel I. jun. Gloucester-street, linen-draper, (Osbaldeston, Little Tower-street). Ireland D. Portsea, tallow-chandler, (Nayloy, Great Newport-street). Isaacson J. S. New Road, Wellclose-square, money-scrivener, (Roche, Covent-garden, Churchyard).

Johnson W. Hertford, coal-merchant, (Jones and Co. Covent-garden Churchyard).

Knight E Horsleydown-lane, lighterman, (Druce, Billiter-square).

Lake R. Plymouth, baker, (Twynam and Co. Inner Temple). Lines J. Upper Queen-street, Rotherhithe, smith, (Robinson, Prospect-row). Lay W. Duval's-lane, victualler, (Robinson, Charterhouse-square).

Martin W. Homerton, broker, (Dowse, Gray's Inn-square). Morris J. Chepstow, shopkeeper, (Platt, Tanfield-court, Temple). Matthews W Brown's-lane, carpenter, (Williams, junior, Lord Mayor's Court-office). Manning R. Stock Exchange, stock-broker, (Nethersole and Co. Essex-street). Moody C. Pidpit, Wilts, maltster, (Millett, Terrace, Gray's-Inn-lane). Milliken T. Finsbury-place, merchant, (Swain and Co. Old Jewry).

Neale T. St. Martin's-lane, dealer in spirituous liquors, (Robinson, Charterhouse-square) Norris P. Liverpool, iron-merchant, (Cooper and Co. Southampton-buildings).

Oddy S. A. and H. Oxford-street, booksellers, (Wiltshire and Co. Old Broad-street).

Pick R. Wakefield, grocer, (Sykes and Co. New-Inn). Porter T. jun. Corsham, clothier, (Frowd and Co. Temple). Parsons J. and Daniel W. St. Martin's-lane, hair-merchants, (Cunningham, New North-street).

Russell W. Liverpool, merchant, (Cooper and Co. Southampton-buildings). Rock J. Westmorland-buildings, tailor, (Lee, Three Crown-court).

Stephens J. Yeovil, gardener, (Blandford, King's-Bench-Walks). Stubbs G. Sheffield, edge-tool-maker, (Blagrave and Co. Symond's-Inn). Steedman W. Bramwell's-buildings, cabinet-maker, (Willoughby, Clifford's-Inn). Seaborne G. Hoxton, sacking-manufacturer, (Harding, Primrose-street). Silvester R. Reading, timber-merchant, (Holmes, Great James-street). Stamforth T. Sheffield, cutler, (Wilson, Greville-street). Swaine T. Birmingham, common-carrier, (Kinderley, and Co. Holborn-court). Squire W. Leeds, hosier, (Lambert, Hatton-garden). Swaine R. Leeds, woolstapler, (Sykes and Co. New-Inn). Stanley W. Manchester, innkeeper, (Lyon, Gray's Inn). Scott J. D. South Cadbury, Somersetshire, jobber, (Harvey, Lamb's-Conduit-place).

Thomas G. Pembroke, shopkeeper, (James, Gray's Inn-square). Tanner B. Dartmouth, shipbuilder, (Hurd, Temple). Taylor P. Sheffield, screw-manufacturer, Wilson, Greville-street).

Walsh F. C. Strand, chemist, (J. and W. Richardson, New-Inn).

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, WATER-WORKS, BREWERY SHARES, &c. &c.

July 21, 1809.

London Dock Stock, 120*l.* per cent.
West-India ditto, 175*l.* ditto.
East-India ditto, 130*l.* ditto.
Commercial ditto, 175*l.* ditto.
Grand Junction Canal Shares, 190*l.* per share.
Grand Surrey ditto, 80*l.* ditto.
Grand Union ditto. 20*s.* per share prem.
Kennett and Avon ditto, 27*l.* per share
Globe Fire and Life Assurance Shares, 118*l.* ditto.
Albion ditto, 58*l.* ditto.
Imperial Fire Assurance, 60*l.* per share
Kent ditto, 48*l.* per share.
Rock Life Assurance, 4*s.* to 5*s.* per share prem.
Commercial Road Stock, 123*l.* per cent.
London Institution, 84*l.* per share
Surrey ditto, par
South London WaterWorks, 135*l* pr. share
East London ditto, 165*l.* ditto.
West Middlesex ditto, 111*l.* ditto.
Kent Water-Works, 17*l.* ditto.

L. WOLFE and Co. *Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.*

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AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE late rain and seasonable change of weather has produced a very favourable effect. The wheat crops, generally speaking, promise to average well. The pea and bean crops, though in some situations tolerably fair, have been found rather deficient in stem and pod in the more light and gravelly soils. Potatoes have answered the promise of turning out well in a remarkable manner.

Of the grass in the hay districts, it cannot be said the crops have been by any means so full as was expected, having been found rather light and shrinking in the making. The southern counties are rather an exception to this kind of failure. The fruit districts never wore a worse appearance than at present: of apples, comparatively speaking, there are scarcely any. Pears have succeeded the most favourably.

There has been very little alteration in the prices of grain; and the late embargo has been principally instrumental in causing a depression in the sale. Fine flour has been named at 80s. per sack.

Price of meat in Smithfield Market:—Beef, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 0d.;—Mutton, 5s. 0d. to 6s. 0d.;—Lamb, 0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.;—Veal, 4s. 8d. to 6s.;—Pork, 5s. 8d. to 6s.

Middlesex, June 21.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended July 15, 1809.

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Middsx.	90	2	50	9	40	9	34	8
Surrey	92	0	46	0	42	0	38	8
Hertford	82	10	49	0	40	0	33	4
Bedford	86	1			44	9	37	9
Huntin.	83	6			42	0	32	4
Northa.	85	4	54	0	43	8	32	0
Rutland	90	0	64	0	50	6	36	6
Leicest	86	8	49	0	46	8	31	10
Notting.	90	2	63	0	44	6	33	10
Derby	94	10					36	2
Stafford	91	5			49	10	34	0
Salop	87	4	65	8	50	6	34	6
Herefor.	80	3	48	0	41	0	34	11
Wor'st.	87	11			47	8	41	7
Warwic	96	2			51	10	40	11
Wilts	84	4			40	6	37	0
Berks	92	0			46	6	38	9
Oxford	87	9			42	8	34	1
Bucks	90	5			46	6	39	0
Brecon	96	0			48	0	25	8
Montgo.	92	0					30	1
Radnor.	87	0			42	7	32	6

MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Essex	83	4	40	0	41	6	34	10
Kent	80	0	58	0	38	3	34	6
Sussex	77	4					35	0
Suffolk	76	9			39	11	30	9
Cambridge	83	6			32	0	22	5
Norfolk	80	11	48	0	34	0		
Lincoln	87	8			46	0	25	0
York	80	5					25	10
Durham	101	4					37	1
Northumberland	88	8	66	10	48	9	34	2
Cumberland	94	8	67	4	47	4	31	8
Westmorland	104	0	76	0	51	2	34	1
Lancaster	93	10			43	10	28	7
Chester	83	7						
Flint	91	8			51	7		
Denbigh	95	6			46	10	28	9
Anglesea					36	0	19	0
Carnarvon	93	5			42	6	28	0
Merioneth	92	1			45	0	26	4
Cardigan	86	8					20	6
Pembroke	64	7			41	8	16	0
Carmarthen	90	0			52	0		
Glamorgan	94	0			52	0	28	7
Gloucester	91	8			45	8		
Somerset	87	0			36	8	23	6
Monmouth	89	7						
Devon	86	9			39	3	32	0
Cornwall	90	0			41	2	26	2
Dorset	82	8			42	0		
Hants	81	11			39	0	32	5

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 87s. 11d.; Rye 56s. 4d.; Barley 46s. 9d.; Oats 31s. 8d.; Beans 58s. 11d.; Pease 55s. 9d.; Oatmeal 53s. 10d.

BILL of MORTALITY, from JUNE 21, to JULY 25, 1809.

CHRISTENED.			BURIED.			Between			
Males	928	1819	Males	669	1333		2 and 5 - 165		60 and 70 - 87
Females	885		Females	664			5 and 10 - 70		70 and 80 - 85
Whereof have died under two years old		388					10 and 20 - 47		80 and 90 - 27
							20 and 30 - 90		90 and 100 - 7
							30 and 40 - 130		
							40 and 50 - 133		
							50 and 60 - 104		

Peck Loaf, 4s. 5d. 4s. 5d. 4s. 5d. 4s. 6d. 4s. 5d.

Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb.

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PRICE OF STOCKS, from JUNE 26, 1809, to JULY 25, 1809, both inclusive.

Days 1808	Bank Stock.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3 p Cent. Reduc.	4 p. Ct. Cons.	Navy 5 p. Cent.	N. 5 p. Ct.	Long Anns.	Omnium.	Imperial 3 p. Cent	Imperial Anns.	Irish 5 p. C	Irish Ann.	S. Sea Stock.	S Sea Anns.	India Sto.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	Lotter Tickets	Cons. for Acct.
Jun.																			
26		Shut	68¼	83⅝	Shut			⅜ pm.								17s.pm	10s.pm	31 11	69¼ ⅜
27		Do.	68¼	83⅝	Do.		18 11-16ths	⅜ pm.								17s pm	11s.pm	21 11	69¼ ⅜
28		Do.	68¼	83¾	Do.		18 11-16ths	⅜ pm.	66¾							17s.pm	11s.pm	21 11	69⅜
29	holiday																		
30	260	Do.	68¼	83¾	Do.			⅜ pm.								17s pm	11s.pm	21 11	69 ⅜
July																			
1	260	Do.	68¼	83¾	Do.			⅜ pm.								18s.pm	12s.pm	21 11	69⅜
3		Do.	68¼		Do.		18 11-16ths		66¾							20s.pm	13s.pm	21 11	
4	260½	Do.	68¼	83⅝	Do.		18 11-16ths	⅜ pm.	66¾							20s.pm	13s pm	21 11	69⅜
5		Do.	68⅜	83½	Do.		18 11-16ths	⅜ pm.								20s.pm	13s.pm	21 11	69⅜
6		67⅜ ⅛ ed	68½	83⅞	98¾ ed		18 11-16ths	1 pm.								19s.pm	13s.pm	21 11	69⅜
7		67⅝ ¼ ed	68½	84	98½		18¾	1 pm.	67							20s.pm	13s.pm	21 11	69⅜
8		67⅝ ⅛	68⅜	84	98⅜		18¾	1 pm.							191¼	21s pm	13s.pm	21 11	69⅜
10		67¾ ⅛	68½	84⅛	98¾		18¾	1 pm.							192½	24s.pm	14s.pm	21 11	69⅜
11	260½	67¾ ⅛	68½	84⅛	98¾		18¾	1 pm.	67⅛						191½	24s.pm	14s.pm	21 11	69⅜
12		67¾ ¼	68½	84⅛	98¾		18¾	1 pm.	67⅛						191½	24s.pm	14s.pm	21 11	69⅜
13	260¼	67¾ 68	68⅜	84¼	98¾			1 pm.			97¾				1 1½	24s.pm	14s.pm	21 11	69⅜
14		68⅛	68¼	84½	98¾		18¾	1¼ pm.							191¾	23s.pm	13s.pm	21 11	69⅜
15		68⅛ ¼	68⅜	84½	98⅞		18 13-16ths	1½ pm.		7⅛					190½	23s.pm	12s pm	21 11	69⅜
17		68⅛ ⅜	69	84⅝	99		18⅞	1½ pm.								19s.pm	13s.pm	21 11	69⅞
18	261¼	68¼ ⅜	69	84⅝	98⅞		18 13-16ths	1½ pm.			97¾				190¾	20s.pm	13s.pm	21 11	69⅞
19		68⅛ ⅜	68⅞	84½	98¾		18 13-16ths	1½ pm.								20s.pm	12s.pm	21 11	69⅜
20	261	68⅜ 68	68⅜	84¼	98⅜		18⅜	1¼ pm.								20s.pm	12s.pm	21 11	69⅜
21	261	68⅛	68¼	84⅜	98⅞		18¾	1 pm.								19s pm	12s.pm	21 11	68¾
22		67⅞ ¼	68⅜	84	98⅜		18 11-16ths	⅜ pm.								20s.pm	13s.pm	21 11	68¾
24		67⅞ ⅜	68½	84⅛	98⅞		18 11-16ths	⅜ pm.								20s.pm	13s.pm	21 11	68¾
25	holiday																		

N.B. In the 3 per Cent Consols the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks the *highest* only.

City Freehold Tickets, 8l. 10s.

FORTUNE and Co. STOCK-BROKERS and GENERAL AGENTS, No. 13, Cornhill.

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THE
UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

N° LIX.—Vol. XII.] *For* AUGUST, 1809. [New Series.

"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—Dr. Johnson.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Causes *of the* Overthrow *of the* Spanish Monarchy. *By the Rev.* Joseph Townsend, *M. A. Author of Travels in Spain.*

THE events which have recently occurred in Spain have excited universal astonishment. Every one is solicitous to trace their progress, and to ascertain the cause, which has produced them. A mighty empire overthrown in the space of a few days, and the reigning family carried captive by foreigners without resistance from the natives, are such events as are unparalleled in history.

What cause then can be assigned which is adequate to such effects? The cause is obvious:—bad government. This has ruined, in succession, all the mighty empires which have existed in the world, and will continue to do so till the end of time.

When a territory of contracted limits has been overrun by some powerful nation: this implies merely a physical inability to defend itself.—But when a widely extended country, well peopled, has been suddenly subdued, we have always been able to trace this ruin to its proper cause—bad government.

In Spain a former generation saw the country in the space of three years conquered by the Moors. It was at that time ill governed, disheartened, and disarmed: but, as the new comers governed well, it required more than seven hundred years of almost incessant war to drive them out. There can be no doubt, therefore, that to bad government we must ascribe this recent revolution.

The next question which occurs to be resolved is, how Spain came to be worse governed than the surrounding kingdoms.

This subject requires some retrospect, some short investigation.

When the intolerable abuses of the feudal system, oppressive at once to subjects and to sovereigns, required reformation, the sagacity of statesmen led them to different expedients for relief. In one point they all agreed: they humbled the proud vassals of the crown, but suffered the power of the people to increase. Such was the policy of Henry VII, of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Ximenes, and of Richelieu. Thus far all was well. But whilst in England our Parliaments maintained their power, such national assemblies were laid aside in France and Spain. Indeed France retained her provincial Parliaments, but these formed a feeble barrier against the encroachments of the crown. In Spain, from the days of Charles V, the Cortes were never suffered to assemble, excepting only once at the commencement of a reign, to proclaim the title of the successor to the throne.

One additional cause of bad government was found in Spain.

When the reigning family was changed, and Louis XIV. forced his grandson upon a reluctant people, the Bourbon family thought it expedient to assemble the Grandees round the throne, where, in fact, they were prisoners of state. Thus assembled, and divested of all power, they quickly degenerated and became perfectly useless to the state.

All these circumstances have been noticed in my Spanish travels.—Whilst Charles III. was living, the government, it must be confessed, was weak, but it was not oppressive His understanding was such as to guide him well in the choice of his

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ministers, and every one was satisfied of his benevolent intentions. His successor was not so highly favoured. Of his heart I can say nothing, but every thing demonstrates the deficiency of his intellectual powers. Whilst I resided at Madrid, I went every day to court, and, solicitous to form some judgment of the destined successor to the throne, I constantly attended in the circle; where he conversed with his friends and the foreign ministers after dinner. Here it was not possible to mistake his character in point of understanding. His education and his habits had no tendency to remedy this defect; for the greatest part of his time was spent in the diversions of the field, and none appeared to have been allotted to the improvements of the mind.

When he returned from hunting, and when the weather prevented his sport, his occupations were such only as were suited to infancy.

After his accession to the crown his principal amusement in the depth of winter, at Madrid, was a *Nacimiento*, or representation of the Nativity. For this purpose, in a saloon of three hundred and sixty feet long were seen a mountain, rocks, cascades, and verdant groves, Jerusalem and Babylon, a sea coast and ships, numerous images of angels, wise men, and shepherds, with the Virgin and the infant Jesus, all curiously wrought by the best artists of Italy and Spain. These were richly clad in modern style. The jewels of gold, silver, pearls, emeralds, and diamonds, with which he adorned these figures, were of inestimable value, and the camels attendant on the wise men were loaded with treasures.

The whole of this saloon was lighted by hundreds of lamps, concealed from the spectators.

During the twelve days of Christmas the king always spent his nights in this saloon. And here the Grandees, ambassadors, ministers of state, and persons of distinction, were admitted to pay their compliments, each vying with the other in expressions of admiration at the wonders of his *Nacimiento*.

The principal artist was obliged every year to exhibit the powers of his imagination by some new plan.

When I was at Madrid I had the honour of being introduced to Sabatini, a distinguished architect, whose merit had been little noticed by the court; but this man, in the succeeding reign, having had the good fortune to give satisfaction to the sovereign, by the construction of a saloon for his *Nacimiento*, as a reward for his ingenuity he was made an admiral.

It must not, however, be imagined that Sabatini was to have the command of fleets upon the ocean. No: he was to be one of the admirals who commanded the little fleet upon the Tagus, with which the king amused himself during his vernal residence at Aranjuez.

From good authority I am informed that more than 30,000*l.* was every year expended on this childish plaything of the king.

Whilst *he* thus amused himself the cares of government devolved wholly on the queen, who immediately on his accession to the throne took her seat in council by his side, attended whenever the ministers were admitted to an audience, and prior to their admission was informed of the business on which they came.

As long as Florida Blanca retained his power, his whole attention was directed to the well being of the state. His virtue was rigid, his fidelity inflexible. Intent on the improvement of the country, he allotted great sums to canals and roads; but not finding the public revenue adequate to the demand for these important works, he suggested to the king that, for the public good, other expedients should be resorted to; and when the dutchy of Alcudia escheated to the crown, he advised that the rents should be applied to expedite the finishing of the great canals.

His wise purposes were, however, frustrated, and this high dignity with its emoluments were given to a favourite of the court.

When I was in Spain this favourite was perfectly unknown. But soon after the death of the good old king, when a young Spaniard, a very intimate friend of mine, was about to visit England, and had taken leave of the royal family, his father, well acquainted with the secrets of the

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court, inquired of him if he had called on Manuel Godoy. No. Go then immediately, and ask for his protection. My friend obeyed the mandate of his father, and was most graciously received. This handsome young Garde du Corps was at dinner with some of the Grandees, who doubtless foresaw his future greatness.

The house was his own, magnificently furnished, and the room in which he dined was decorated with the most elegant and costly trinkets. For some years this favourite of fortune was concealed from public view; he had shone hitherto in the small circle of his friends. But now the time arrived when, by his sudden elevation, he was to attract the notice of the world. When Florida Blanca had requested that the revenues of the dutchy of Alcudia should be reserved for national improvements, he found himself thwarted in his purposes, and lamented to hear that this extensive territory was destined for a *Garde de Corps*, attendant on the queen, who was to be created a Grandee of Spain.

This he strenuously opposed in council, as illegal, and for a time prevailed. But finally, in spite of his remonstrances, the grant took place. To vindicate these grants the Count de la Canada was employed, who had no difficulty in proving to the satisfaction of the court, that the family of Godoy was most illustrious, and, as such, justly entitled to the Grandeeship in Spain. For this service he was created governor of the council of Castille, and thus the way was made plain for the triumph of the favourite. In the mean time the people openly expressed their dissatisfaction; and on the 26th Feb. 1792, at night, the mob marked their indignation by attacking the house of the Guarde de Corps, which they are said to have totally demolished.

The next day, at two o'clock in the morning, Count Florida Blanca received orders to depart immediately from Madrid, and to retire within the precincts of his own estate. He was, however, permitted, at his particular request, to take up his abode in a convent of monks at Ellin, a small village in Murcia, where he remained four months, at the end of which term he was conveyed as a state prisoner to the castle of Pampeluna.

Thus every obstacle having been removed, Manuel Godoy was created a Grandee of the first class, and Duke de la Alcudia, with a territory of about twenty thousand a year to support his dignity. It was not thought expedient to make him the immediate successor to so intelligent a minister as Florida Blanca. Count d'Aranda was therefore recalled from Paris, where he had been some years in honourable banishment as ambassador from the court of Spain.

On his elevation to this office of high dignity and power, his sagacity soon discovered that he was only *locum tenens* to another; and that other he endeavoured to remove.—He took occasion, therefore, to extol the superior talents of his rival, lamented the disadvantages he had laboured under in his youth, and recommended that he should travel for some years in Europe, after which he would return with such a stock of political wisdom as might qualify him for the highest employments in the state. The confidential friends of the young man were too much practised in the intrigues of courtiers to let him fall into this snare. Count d'Aranda was dismissed, and the Duke of Alcudia became prime minister. Splendid honours were heaped upon his head, and every power of the state was put into his hands. He became *Sargento Mayor*, that is inspector of the Body Guard, chamberlain and private secretary to the queen, commander in chief of all the forces, &c. From royal munificence he received coaches, horses, and jewels, of inestimable value; and whenever the king had a child born to him, the Duke of Alcudia received some fresh token of his regard.

On one occasion, when the accoucheur had delivered the queen, and was retiring, he saw displayed upon a table a quantity of gold, which filled him with astonishment, because he could scarcely conceive that such a recompence was designed for him. In fact it was not designed for him, but for the favourite, that he might participate in his sovereign's joy on this occasion. The sum was 60,000 ducats. At one of these seasons the

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Duke received the Cortijo, or royal farm, near Aranjuez, which I have particularly described in my travels, and which cost the old king more than 200.000*l.* At the same time to this was added the best encomienda of Santiago, which required a vow of perpetual celibacy and chastity. Such gifts as these excited indignation, and the enraged multitude expressed the general sentiment in the subsequent placard, which was found on the walls of the palace at Madrid:—

Si la Reyna tiene otro parto
Se queda sin corona Carlos quarto.

Should the queen have another son, Charles IV. will remain without a crown. This indignation and disgust was not confined within the narrow limits of Madrid.

Whilst the Duke of Alcudia displayed his omnipotence at court, every department in the state was occupied by some one of his creatures, whose chief recommendation was attachment to his person.

[*To be continued.*]

SCHILLER *on the* TRAGIC ART.

[*Continued from p.* 30.]

THE former observations are sufficient to draw our attention to the sources of the pleasure which emotion in itself, and especially the mournful, imparts to us. It is greater as we have observed, in moral minds, and acts with greater force in proportion as the mind is independent of the selfish impulse. It is further more lively and strong in mournful emotions, in which self-love is wounded, than in happy emotions, which presupposes a satisfaction of self-love. But we are acquainted with only two sources of pleasure, the satisfaction of the impulse for happiness and the fulfilment of moral laws. If it have been therefore proved, that an enjoyment did not spring from the first source, it must necessarily take its origin from the second. From our moral nature therefore the pleasure arises by which painful affections delight us in the participation, and in certain cases are attended with agreeable emotions, even if the feelings be individual and original.

Various attempts have been made to define the pleasure of pity, but the most trifling definitions might appear satisfactory, as the foundation of the phenomenon is rather sought for in the attendant circumstances than in the nature of the emotion. To many the pleasure of pity is nothing more than the soul's enjoyment of its sensibility; to others, the pleasure in powers strongly exerted; others induce its origin from the discovery of characteristical traits morally beautiful, which display themselves in the struggle with misfortune and passion. It still, however, remains undefined, why the pain itself, or the individual suffering, attracts us the most powerfully in objects of pity, as, according to those definitions, a weaker degree of suffering must be manifestly more favourable to the already mentioned causes of our pleasure in the emotion. The vivacity and strength of the ideas awakened in our soul the moral excellence of the suffering persons; the retrospect of the compassioning subject to itself can indeed elevate the pleasure of emotions, but they are not the cause from which it springs. The suffering of an enervated soul, the pain of a villain, do not indeed grant us that enjoyment; but it is not to be accounted for, because our compassion is not excited in the same degree as with the suffering hero, or the virtuous man struggling under difficulties. We therefore always return to the prior question,—Why the degree of the suffering just determines the degree of the sympathetic pleasure in an emotion? and it can be answered in no other manner, than the attack on our sensuality is the condition by which that power of the mind is roused, the agency of which produces that enjoyment in sympathetic sufferings.

This power now is no other than reason; and in proportion as the free efficiency of it, as an absolute self agent, deserves in preference the appellation of action, in proportion as the mind feels itself perfectly independent and free in its moral actions; so is certainly the satisfied impulse of action the origin of the pleasure arising from mournful emotions. But also it is not the number, nor the vivacity of the ideas, nor in general

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the efficiency of the power of desire; but it is a determined species of the first, and a determined efficiency of the latter, produced by reason, on which that pleasure is founded.

The sympathetic affection bestows on us therefore a degree of delight, because it satisfies our impulse to action; the mournful affection produces that effect in a higher degree, because it satisfies this impulse in a still higher degree. It is only in the state of its perfect freedom, only in the consciousness of its rational nature, that the mind displays its greatest activity, as it in that condition alone employs a power which is superior to all opposition. That state of the mind, therefore, which brings this power to its birth, which awakens this higher activity, is the most conducive to the arms of a rational being, and the most satisfactory to the impulse for action; it must therefore be connected with a particular degree of pleasure. The mournful emotion places us in that situation, and the pleasure of it must surpass the pleasure of joyous emotions in the same degree as the moral power is elevated in us above the sensual.

What is in the whole system of designs merely a subordinate member, art can separate it from this connection and view it as a chief design. For nature, pleasure may be only a mediate design; for art, it is in the highest. It therefore principally belongs to the design of the latter, not to neglect the great enjoyment which is contained in mournful emotions. That art, however, which makes the pleasure of pity its principal art, is called in the most general sense the tragic art.

The art fulfills its aim by imitation of nature, when it fulfills the conditions under which pleasure, in the reality, is possible, and unites the dispersed forms of nature to this aim, according to an intelligent plan, in order to attain to that as the final aim, which nature made only her secondary aim. The tragic art will therefore imitate nature in those actions which are most able to awaken the compassionate emotion.

In order to prescribe to the tragic art its conduct in general, it is, above all, necessary to know the conditions under which, according to common experience, the pleasure of emotion is accustomed to be excited in the strongest and most certain manner, but at the same time to be attentive to those circumstances which confine or even destroy it.

Experience presents to us two opposite causes which impede the pleasure arising from emotions, when compassion is either too weakly or so strongly excited, that the sympathetic affection resolves itself into the vivacity of an original one. On the other hand, it can rest on the weakness of the impression, which we receive of the original sufferings; in which case we say, that our heart remains cold, alive neither to pain nor pleasure, or it rests on stronger feelings, which oppose the impression received, and, by their superiority, weaken or wholly destroy the pleasure of compassion in the mind.

When the sorrow for a misfortune becomes too strong, our compassion for him who suffers it is weakened. Two wholly different feelings cannot exist at the same time in the mind in an high degree. The displeasure at the author of the evil becomes the reigning emotion, and every other feeling must yield to it. Thus our sympathy is always weakened, when the unfortunate person who attempts to excite our compassion, from his own unpardonable guilt, has plunged himself in ruin, or from weakness of understanding and cowardice knew not how to extricate himself from it, even when it was in his power. Our sympathy with the unfortunate Lear, so maltreated by his ungrateful daughters, is not a little diminished by the senseless manner in which he resigned his crown, and distributed his love so foolishly amongst his daughters. In the tragedy of Olint and Sophronea, even the most terrible sufferings to which we see these two martyrs of their faith exposed, can but weakly excite our compassion; nor their sublime heroism our wonder, as insanity alone can commit the act by which Olint draws himself and his whole people to the brink of destruction.

Our compassion will not be less weakened when the author of a misfortune, whose guilty victim we are to compassionate, fills our soul with

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horror. It will always injure the perfection of his work, when the tragic poet cannot bring about his end without a villain, and when he is obliged to draw the greatness of the sufferings from the greatness of the villainy.—Shakspeare's Iago and Lady Macbeth, Cleopatra in Roxalana, Francis Moor in the Robbers, are proofs of that truth. A poet, who understands his true interest, will not cause the misfortune to spring from a degenerate will, whose sole view is misfortune, and much, still less, from a deficiency of the understanding, but from the real force of circumstances. If these do not spring from immoral sources, but from exterior things which have no will, nor are subject to any will, the compassion is more pure, and is not weakened at least by any representation of moral inconsistency. But then the beholder cannot be relieved from the disagreeable feeling of an inconsistency in nature, which, in this case, can alone save the moral consistency. Compassion rises to a still higher degree, when he who suffers, as well as he who caused the sufferings, are the objects of it. But this can only happen when the latter excites neither our hatred nor contempt, but is brought to be the author of the misfortune against his inclination. Thus it is a principal beauty in the German Iphigenia, that the Taurian king, the only one who opposes the wishes of Orestes and his sister, never loses our esteem, and in the end claims our love.

This species of emotion is still surpassed by that, when the cause of the misfortune is not only favourable to morality, but is only possible by morality, and in which the mutual sufferings arise from the idea of having been the cause of sufferings. Of this kind is the situation of Chimenes, and Roderic in the Cid of Peter Corneille, which, without dispute, in regard to the *denouement*, is the master piece of the tragic art. Love of honour and filial duty arm the hand of Roderic against the father of his beloved, and bravery gives him the victory.—Love of honour and filial duty converts Chimenes, the daughter of the vanquished, into his most bitter accuser and prosecutor. Both act against the inclination of their hearts, both gain our highest esteem, as they fulfil a moral duty at the expense of their affection; both excite our compassion to the highest, as they suffer willingly and from a motive which makes them estimable in the highest degree. In this case our compassion is so little disturbed by disagreeable feelings, that it rather burns with a greater force. It is merely the impossibility of combining the idea of misfortune with the highest claim to happiness, which could dim our sympathetic pleasure by a cloud of sorrow.

R. H.

[*To be continued.*]

On the IMPROPRIETY *of not using the Letter "K" to certain Words.*

SIR,

HAVING observed in your last number some remarks on the above subject by "Philo," I beg leave to submit to you and to your readers some additional remarks on the same subject.

I admit with Philo the impropriety of not using a letter which cannot be discarded from our language without considerable inconvenience and irregularity: but I think it important to suggest a *new* improvement, which, if generally adopted, would set the controversy at rest for ever respecting the long disputed claims of *c* and *k*. The absurdity, in my opinion, has always been that of shewing an undue partiality to the letter *c*; so that at one time our writers have inserted it before *k* unnecessarily, as in the old form of *drincke, thincke, marckes, remarckes*, &c. &c.; at other times, as at present, and for some time past, they seem to have thought the circular form of *c* more elegant than that of the angular letter *k*, and therefore to have adopted it with all the haste and levity of fashion and caprice, to the exclusion of the much injured *k*. Now, as I am an advocate for brevity and economy in speaking, writing, and printing, and see no reason for using *two* or more consonants when *one* will answer the purpose, I would, with your leave, Mr. Editor, suggest the substitution of *k instead* of *c* in such words as *publik, traffik*, and even *Garrik, Merrik, Warwik, Limerik, Wood-*

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stok, Tavistok, &c. No inconvenience or irregularity, I presume, could arise from this practice in writing the derivatives after the same manner—as *traffiking*, &c. and we should have not only *ancient* authority in our own language, for this distinction between the soft consonant *c* and the hard *k*, but also the *present* authority of the *Swedish* language, in which a greater progress appears to have been made in the refinement and regulation of orthography, than in any other language of modern Europe.

I have suggested these remarks, Mr. Editor, chiefly, because there are too many persons who think, with your correspondent "*Philo*," that from Dr. Johnson's decisions there seldom lies an appeal!—If so, adieu to all improvement, and let us become voluntary slaves to the authority of ONE GREAT NAME!

Yours, &c.

PHILELEUTHEROS.

Chapter Coffee-House, Aug. 11, 1809.

THE LONG PACK. *A Tale. By the Ettrick Shepherd.*

IN the year 1723, Colonel Ridley returned from India, with what in those days was counted an immense fortune, and retired to a country seat on the banks of North Tyne, in Northumberland. The house was rebuilt, and furnished with every thing elegant and costly; and amongst others, a service of plate supposed to be worth 1000*l*. He went to London annually with his family, during a few of the winter months, and at these times there were but few left at his country house. At the time we treat of there were only three domestics remained there; a maid servant, whose name was Alice, kept the house, and two men, who threshed the corn and took care of some cattle, for the two ploughmen were boarded in houses of their own.

One afternoon as Alice was sitttng spinning some yarn for a pair of stockings, to herself, a pedlar entered the hall with a comical pack on his back. Alice had seen as long a pack, and as broad a pack; but a pack equally as long, broad, and thick, she declared she never saw. It was about the middle of winter, when the days were short, and the nights cold, long, and wearisome. The pedlar was a handsome well-dressed man, and very likely to be an agreeable companion for such a maid as Alice, on such a night as that; yet Alice declared, that from the very beginning she did not like him greatly, and though he introduced himself with a little ribaldry, and a great deal of flattery interlarded, yet when he came to ask a night's lodging, he met with a peremptory refusal; he jested on the subject, said he believed she was in the right, for that it would be impossible for him to keep his own bed, and such a sweet creature lying alone under the same roof—took her on his knee, and ravished a kiss.—: but all would not do. "No, she would not consent to his staying there." "But are you really going to put me away to-night?" Yes." "Indeed, my dear girl, you must not be so unreasonable; I am come straight from Newcastle, where I have been purchasing a fresh stock of goods, which are so heavy that I cannot travel far with them, and as the people around are all of the poorer sort, I will rather make you a present of the greatest shawl in my pack before I go further." At the mentioning of the shawl, the picture of deliberation was pourtrayed in lively colours in Alice's face for a little; but her prudence overcame. "No, she was but a servant, and had orders to harbour no person about the house but such as came on business, nor they either, unless well acquainted with them." "What the worse can either your master, or you, or any other person, be, of suffering me to tarry until the morning?" "I intreat you do not insist, for here you cannot be." "But, indeed, I am not able to carry my goods further to-night." "Then you must leave them, or get a horse to carry them away." "Of all the inflexible beings ever I saw, thou art the first! But I cannot blame you, your resolution is just and right. Well, well, since no better may be, I must leave them, and go search for lodgings myself somewhere else, for, fatigued as I am, it is as much as my life is worth to endeavour carrying them further."

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Alice was rather taken at her word: she wanted nothing to do with his goods: the man was displeased at her, and might accuse her of stealing some of them; but it was an alternative she had proposed, and against which she could start no plausible objection, so she rather reluctantly consented. "But the pack will be better out of your way,' said he, "and safer, if you will be so kind as lock it bye in some room or closet." She then led him into a low parlour, where he placed it carefully on two chairs, and went his way, wishing Alice a good night.

When Alice and the pack were left in the large house by themselves, she could not, for her life, quit thinking of the pack one moment. What was in it which made it so heavy that its owner could not carry it? She would go and see what was in it. It was a very curious pack. At least she would go and handle it, and see what she *thought* was in it. She went into the parlour—opened a wall-press: she wanted nothing in the press: she never so much as looked into it: her eyes were fixed on the pack. "It was a very queer pack—it was square the one way, but not square the other way—it was a monstrous queer pack." It was now wearing late. She returned from the room in a sort of trepidation—sat down to her wheel, but could not spin one thread. "It *is* a droll pack yon! What made the man so very earnest with me to tarry all night? Never was man so importunate. What in the world has he got in it? It's a confounded queer pack after all: it's so long and so thick. It's a *terrible* queer pack."

What surmises will fear not give rise to in the mind of a woman! She lighted a moulded candle, and went again into the parlour, closed the window shutters, and barred them; but before she came out, she set herself upright, held in her breath, and took another steady and scrutinizing look of the pack. God of mercy! She saw it moving as visibly as ever she saw any thing in her life. Every hair on her head stood upright. Every inch of flesh on her body crept like a nest of pigmires. She hasted into the kitchen as fast as she could, for her knees bent under the load of terror that had overwhelmed the heart of poor Alice. She puffed out the candle, lighted it again, and, not being able to find a candlestick, though a dozen stood on the shelf in the fore kitchen, she set it in a water-jug, and ran out to the barn for old Richard. "Oh, Richard! Oh, for mercy, Richard, make haste, and come into the house. Come away, Richard." "Why, what is the matter, Alice? What is wrong?" "Oh, Richard! a pedlar came into the hall, intreating for lodging. Well, I would not let him stay on any account, and behold he is gone off and left his pack." "And what is the great matter in that," said Richard. "I will wager a penny he will look after it before it shall look after him." "But, Oh, Richard, I tremble to tell you! We are all gone, for it is a living pack." "A living pack," said Richard, staring at Alice, and letting his chops fall down. Richard had just lifted the flail over his head to begin threshing a sheaf; but when he heard of a living pack, he dropped one end of the hand-staff to the floor, and, leaning on the other, took such a look at Alice. He knew long before that Alice was beautiful he knew that ten years before, but he never took such a look at her in his life. "A living pack!" said Richard. "Why the woman is mad without all doubts." "Oh, Richard! come away. Heaven knows what is in it! but I saw it moving as plainly as I see you at present. Make haste and come away, Richard." Richard did not stand to expostulate any longer, nor even to put on his coat, but followed Alice into the house, assuring her by the way; that it was nothing but a whim, and of a piece with many of her phantages. "But," added he, "of all the foolish ideas that ever possessed my brain, this is the most unfeasible, and unnatural, and impossible. How can a pack, made of napkins, and muslins, and corduroy breeches, perhaps, ever become alive? It is even worse than to suppose a horse's hair will turn an eel." So saying, he lifted the candle out of the jug, and, turning about, never stopped till he had his hand upon the pack. He felt the bales that surrounded its edges to prevent

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the goods being rumpled and spoiled, by carrying the cords that bound it; and the canvass in which it was wrapped. The pack was well enough. He found nought about it that other packs wanted. It was just like other packs made up of the same stuff. He saw nought that ailed it. And a good large pack it was. It would cost the honest man 200*l.* if not more. It would cost him more; but he would make it all up again by cheating fools, like Alice, with his gewgaws." Alice testified some little disappointment at seeing Richard unconvinced, even by ocular proof. She wished she had never seen either him or it howsomever, for she was convinced there was something mysterious about it; that they were stolen goods, or something that way; and she was terrified to stay in the house with it. But Richard assured her the pack was right enough.

During this conversation in comes Edward. He was a lad about 16 years of age, son to a coal-driver on the border—was possessed of a good deal of humour and ingenuity, but somewhat roguish, forward, and commonly very ragged in his apparel. He was about this time wholly intent on shooting the crows and birds, of various kinds, that alighted in whole flocks where he foddered the cattle. He had bought a huge old military gun, which he denominated Copenhagen, and was continually thundering away at them. He seldom killed any, if ever, but he once or twice knocked off a few feathers, and, after much narrow inspection, discovered some drops of blood on the snow. He was at this very moment come in a great haste for Copenhagen, having seen a glorious chance of sparrows, and a Robin-red-breast, among them, feeding on the site of a corn rick, but hearing them talk of something mysterious, and a living pack, he pricked up his ears, and became all attention. "Faith, Alice," said he, "if you will let me I'll shoot it." "Hold your peace, fool," said Richard. Edward took the candle from Richard, who still held it in his hand, and gliding down the passage, edged up the parlour door, and watched the pack attentively for about two minutes. He then came back with a spring, and with looks very different from those which regulated his features as he went down. As sure as he had death to meet with he saw it stirring. "Hold your peace, you fool," said Richard. Edward swore again that he saw it stirring; but whether he really thought so, or only said so, is hard to determine. "Faith, Alice," said he again, "if you will let me, I'll shoot it." "I tell you to hold your peace, you fool," said Richard. "No," said Edward, "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety; and I will maintain this to be our safest plan. Our master's house is confided to our care, and the wealth that it contains may tempt some people to use stratagems. Now, if we open up this man's pack, he may pursue us for damages to any amount, but if I shoot at it, what amends can he get of me? If there is any thing that should not be there, Lord how I will pepper it, and if it is lawful goods, he can only make me pay for the few that are damaged, which I will get at valuation; so, if none of you will acquiesce, I will take all the blame myself, and ware a shot on it." Richard said, whatever was the consequence he would be blameless. A half delirious smile rather distorted than beautified Alice's pretty face; but Edward took it for an assent to what he had been advancing, so snatching up Copenhagen in one hand, and the candle in the other, he hasted down the passage, and without hesitating a moment, fired at the pack. Gracious God! the blood gushed out upon the floor like a torrent, and a hideous roar, followed by the groans of death, issued from the pack. Edward dropped Copenhagen upon the ground, and ran into the kitchen like one distracted. The kitchen was darkish, for he had left the candle in the parlour; so taking to the door without being able to utter a word, he ran to the hills like a wild roe, looking over each shoulder as fast as he could turn his head from the one to the other. Alice followed as fast as she could, but lost half the way of Edward. She was all the way sighing and crying most pitifully. Old Richard stood for a short space rather in a state of petrefaction, but at length, after some

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hasty ejaculations, he went into the parlour. The whole floor flowed with blood. The pack had thrown itself on the ground; but the groans and cries were ceased, and only a kind of guttural noise was heard from it. Knowing that then something must be done, he ran after his companions, and called on them to come back. Though Edward had escaped a good way, and was still persevering on, yet, as he never took long time to consider of the utility of any thing, but acted from immediate impulse, he turned and came as fast back as he had gone away. Alice also came homeward, but more slowly, and crying even more bitterly than before. Edward overtook her, and was holding on his course; but, as he passed, she turned away her face, and called him a murderer. At the sound of this epithet, Edward made a dead pause, and looked at Alice with a face much longer than it used to be. He drew in his breath twice, as if going to speak; but he only swallowed his spittle, and held his peace.

They were soon all three in the parlour, and, in no little terror and agitation of mind, loosed the pack, the principal commodity of which was a stout young man, whom Edward had shot through the heart, and thus bereaved of existence in a few minutes. To paint the feelings, or even the appearance of young Edward, during this scene, is impossible: he acted little, spoke less, and appeared in a hopeless stupor: the most of his employment consisted in swallowing his spittle, and staring at his two companions.

It is most generally believed, that when Edward fired at the pack, he had not the most distant idea of shooting a man; but seeing Alice so jealous of it, he thought the Colonel would approve of his intrepidity, and protect him from being wronged by the pedlar; and, besides, he had never got a chance of a shot at such a large thing in his life, and was curious to see how many folds of the pedlar's fine haberdashery ware Copenhagen would drive the drops through, so that when the stream of blood burst from the pack, accompanied with the dying groans of a human being, Edward was certainly taken by surprize, and quite confounded; he indeed asserted, as long as he lived, that he saw something stirring in the pack, but his eagerness to shoot, and his terror on seeing what he had done, which was no more than what he might have expected, had he been certain he saw the pack moving, makes this asseveration rather doubtful. They made all possible expedition in extricating him, intending to call medical assistance, but it was too late, the vital spark was gone for ever. "Alas," said old Richard, heaving a deep sigh, "poor man, 'tis all over with him! I wish he had lived a little longer to have repented of this, for he has surely died in a bad cause. Poor man! he was *somebody*'s son, and, no doubt, dear to them, and nobody can tell how small a crime this hath, by a regular gradation, become the fruits of." Richard came twice across his eyes with the sleeve of his shirt, for he still wanted the coat: a thought of a tender nature shot through his heart. "Alas," said he, "if his parents are alive, how will their hearts bear this, poor things!" said Richard, weeping outright. "Poor things! God pity them."

The way that he was packed up was artful and curious. His knees were brought up parallel to his navel, and his feet and legs stuffed in a hat-box, another hat-box, a size larger, and wanting the bottom, made up the vacancy betwixt his face and knees, and there being only one fold of canvass around this, he breathed with the greatest freedom; but it had undoubtedly been the heaving of his breast which had caused the movement noticed by the servants. His right arm was within the box, and to his hand was tied a cutlass, with which he could rip himself from his confinement at once. There were also four loaded pistols secreted with him, and a silver wind-call. On coming to the pistols and cutlass, "Villain," said old Richard, "see what he has here. But I should not call him a villain," said he again, softening his tone, "for he is now gone to answer at that bar where no false witness, nor loquacious orator, can bias the justice of the sentence pronounced on

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him. He is now in the true world, and I am in the false one. *We* can judge only from appearances, but thanks to our kind maker and preserver that he was discovered, else it *is probable* that none of us would have seen the light of a new day." These moral reflections from the mouth of old Richard, by degrees raised the spirits of Edward: he was bewildered in uncertainty, and had undoubtedly given himself up for lost; but he now began to discover that he had done a meritorious and manful action, and, for the first time since he had fired the fatal shot, ventured to speak. "Faith, it was lucky that I shot," said Edward; but none of his companions answered either good or bad. Alice, though rather grown desperate, behaved and assisted better at this bloody affair than might have been expected. Edward surveyed the pistols all round, two of which were curious workmanship. "But what do you think he was going to do with all these?" said Edward. "I think you need not ask that," Richard answered. "Faith, it was a mercy that I shot, after all," said Edward, "for if we *had* loosed him out, we would have been all dead in a minute. I have given him a devil of a broadside, though. But look ye, Richard, providence has directed me to the right spot, for I might as readily have lodged the contents of Copenhagen in one of these empty boxes." "It has been a deep laid scheme," said Richard, "to murder us and rob our master's house: there must certainly be more concerned in it than these two."

Ideas beget ideas often quite different, and then others again in unspeakable gradation, which run through, and shift in the mind with as much ease and velocity as the streamers around the pole in a frosty night. On Richard's mentioning more concerned, Edward instantaneously thought of a gang of thieves by night. What devastation he would work amongst them with Copenhagen: how he would make some to lie with their guts in their arms, blow the nether jaws from one, and scatter the brains of another: how Alice would scream, and Richard would pray, and every thing would go on like the work of a wind mill. Oh, if he had nothing to do but to shoot! but the plaguy long time he always lost in loading, would subject him to a triple disadvantage in the battle. This immediately suggested the necessity of having assistance, two or three others to shoot and keep them at bay while he was loading. The impulse of the moment was Edward's monitor. Off he ran like fire, and warned a few of the colonel's retainers, whom he knew kept guns about them; these again warned others, and at eight o'clock they had 25 men in the house, and 16 loaded pieces, including Copenhagen, and the four pistols found on the deceased. These were distributed amongst the front windows in the upper stories, and the rest, armed with pitch-forks, old swords, and cudgels, kept watch below. Edward had taken care to place himself, with a comrade, at a window immediately facing the approach to the house, and now, backed as he was by such a strong party, grew quite impatient for another chance. All, however, remained quiet, until an hour past midnight, when it entered into his teeming brain to blow the thief's silver wind-call, so, without warning any of the rest, he set himself out at the window, and blew until all the hills and woods around yelled their echoes. This alarmed the guards, as not knowing the meaning of it; but how were they astonished at hearing it answered by another at no great distance.

The state of anxiety into which this sudden and unforeseen circumstance threw our armed peasants in, is more easily conceived than described. The fate of their master's great wealth, and even their own fates, was soon to be decided, and none but he who surveys and overrules futurity, could tell what was to be the issue. Every breast heaved quicker, every breath was cut and flustered by the palpitations of an adjoining heart, every gun was cocked, and pointed towards the court gate, every orb of vision was strained to discover the approaching foe, by the dim light of the starry canopy, and every ear expanded to catch the distant sounds as they floated on the slow frosty breeze.

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The suspense was not of long continuance. In less than five minutes the trampling of horses was heard, which increased, as they approached, to the noise of thunder, and, in due course, a body of men on horseback, according to their account exceeding their own number, came up at a brisk trot, and began to enter the court gate. Edward, unable to restrain himself any longer, fired Copenhagen in their faces; one of the foremost dropped, and his horse made a spring toward the hall door. This discharge was rather premature, as the wall still shielded a part of the gang from the bulk of the windows; it was, however, the watch-word to all the rest, and in the course of two seconds, the whole 16 guns were discharged at them. Before the smoke dispersed they were all fled like fire, no doubt greatly amazed at the reception which they got. Edward and his comrade ran down stairs to see how matters stood, for it was their opinion that they had shot them every one, and that their horses had taken fright at the noise, and gallopped off without them; but the club below warmly protested against opening any of the doors until day, so they were obliged to betake themselves again to their birth up stairs.

Though our peasants had gathered up a little courage and confidence in themselves, their situation was curious, and to them a dreadful one: they saw and heard a part of their fellow creatures moaning and expiring in agonies in the open air, which was intensely cold, yet durst not go to administer the least relief, for fear of a surprize. An hour or two after the great brush, Edward and his messmate descended again, and begged hard for leave to go and reconnoitre for a few minutes, which, after some disputes, was granted. They found only four men fallen, which appeared to them to be all quite dead. One of them was lying within the porch. "Faith," said Edward, "here's the gentleman I shot." The other three were without, at a considerable distance from each other. They durst not follow their track farther, as the road entered betwixt groves of trees, but retreated into their posts without touching any thing.

About an hour before day, some of them were alarmed at hearing the sound of horses feet a second time, which, however, was only indistinct, and heard at considerable intervals, and nothing of them ever appeared. Not long after this, Edward and his friend were almost frighted out of their wits, at seeing, as they thought, the dead man within side the gate, endeavouring to get up and escape. They had seen him dead, lying surrounded by a deluge of congealed blood, and nothing but the ideas of ghosts and hobgoblins entering their brains; they were so indiscreet as never to think of firing, but ran and told the tale of horror to some of their neighbours. The sky was by this time grown so dark, that nothing could be seen with precision, and they all remained in anxious incertitude, until the opening day discovered to them, by degrees, that the corpses were all removed, and nothing left but large sheets of frozen blood; and that the morning's alarms, by the ghost and the noise of horses, had been occasioned by some of the friends of the men that had fallen, conveying them away for fear of a discovery.

Next morning the news flew like fire, and the three servants were much incommoded by crouds of idle and officious people that gathered about the house, some enquiring after the smallest particulars, some begging to see the body that lay in the parlour, and others pleased themselves with poring over the sheets of crimson ice, and tracing the drops of blood on the road down the wood. The Colonel had no country factor, nor any particular friend in the neighbourhood, so the affair was not pursued with that speed which was requisite to the discovery of the accomplices, which, if it had, would have been productive of some very unpleasant circumstances, by involving sundry respectable families, as it afterwards appeared but too evident. Dr. Herbert, the physician, who attended the family occasionally, wrote to the Colonel, by post, concerning the affair, but though he lost no time, it was the fifth day before he arrived. Then indeed advertisements were issued, and posted up in all public

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places, offering rewards for a discovery of any person killed or wounded of late. All the dead and sick within twenty miles were inspected by medical men, and a most extensive search made, but all to no purpose. It was too late; all was secured. Some indeed were missing, but plausible pretences being made for their absence, nothing could be done; but certain it is, sundry of these were never more seen nor heard of in the country, though many of the neighbourhood declared they were such people as nobody could suspect.

The body of the unfortunate man who was shot in the pack lay open for inspection a fortnight, but none would ever acknowledge so much as having seen him. The Colonel then caused him to be buried at Billingham; but it was confidently reported that his grave was opened, and his corpse taken away. In short, not one concerned in this base and bold attempt was ever discovered. A constant watch was kept by night for some time. The Colonel rewarded the defenders of his house liberally. Old Richard remained in the family during the rest of his life, and had a good salary for only saying prayers amongst the servants every night. Alice was married to a tobacconist at Hexham: and Edward was made the Colonel's gamekeeper, and had a present of a fine gold mounted gun given him. He afterwards procured him a commission in a regiment of foot, where he suffered many misfortunes and disappointments. He was shot through the shoulder at the battle of Fontenay, but recovered; and retiring on half-pay, took a small farm on the Scottish side. His character was that of a brave, but rash officer: kind, generous, and open hearted in all situations. I have often stood at his knee, and listened with wonder and amazement to his stories of battles and sieges, but none of them ever pleased me better than that of the *long pack*.

Alas! alas! his fate is fast approaching to us all! He hath, now many years ago, submitted to the conqueror of all mankind. His brave heart is now a clod of the valley, and his grey hairs lie mixed with the cold gravel in the bowels of the earth.

VOYAGE *from* PORT JACKSON *to* PRINCE OF WALES'S ISLAND.—*Extracted from the Letters of a Lady.*

[*Continued from p.* 14.]

At Sea, 24th June, 1808.

ON Sunday, the 15th of May, we descried the extensive reef mentioned by Captain Cook, as lying off the south-east end of New Caledonia. During that and the following day we ran before a fresh breeze along the reef, which appeared to extend all along the western side of this large island. A very high mountain which we passed on the 16th received the name of Mount Buffalo. On Tuesday, the 17th, the master was sent to examine an opening in the reef. On his return he reported that it formed a safe entrance to a very extensive harbour. The following day it blew a strong gale, and we stood off and on at the entrance of the harbour. It continued blowing with great violence till the afternoon of the next day, when we bore up, and passed through the opening in the reef; and at six P.M. we anchored in the harbour in four fathoms water. The opening in the reef was afterwards ascertained to be one mile broad, and the channel into the harbour is four miles long, deep water and sandy bottom. The extent of the harbour, which could not be less than eighteen or twenty miles, struck us with astonishment, particularly after entering it through such a narrow passage.

A number of islands of various forms and sizes diversified this sheet of water. The whole was surrounded by chains of stupendous mountains, rising one behind the other as far as the eye could reach, and many of the tops of them were hid in the clouds. The vallies between them were covered with trees, and the verdure they exhibited, from their depth and distance, assumed a sombre shade, whilst the lighter tints and various shrubs that ornamented the bases of the islands were softened and improved by the setting sun. The whole was a solemn, silent, and majestic scene, and impressed the mind with the grandeur of sequestered na-

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ture, and with feelings of tranquil enjoyment.

We came into the harbour for the purpose of watering, (the number of passengers and stock on board having consumed a great quantity of water in our passage to Norfolk Island) but finding so eligible a one, a survey was taken of it, which detained us a fortnight beyond the intended time of our departure.

At day-light the next morning a canoe was seen paddling towards a small island that lay about a mile from the ship, when two natives got out of it, and seated themselves on a rock; after gazing at the ship for some time, one of them stood up and repeatedly called out *Cooe*, at which we were not a little surprised, it being the same word which the natives of Port Jackson make use of as a friendly invitation. Being answered from the ship they returned to their canoe, and were soon joined by two others. They were tall, stout, good looking men, with high foreheads and cheerful, open countenances, in colour nearly black. Some printed cottons and a few shewy articles being given to them from the cabin windows, they gave some fine mullet and some yams in return, but could not be prevailed upon to come on board, till a small piece of red serge was held up to view from one of the gangways, which they were so eager to possess, that three of them ventured up the side of the ship without further hesitation. One of them we supposed to be a chief, from the peculiarity of his head dress. This was a sort of cap, made of very fine bark, projecting very far behind from the head, bound tight round it with a fillet, and adorned on one side by a bunch of feathers, which appeared to be those of a heron. This man was of a lighter colour, and taller, than the others. I tied a broad pink sash across his shoulders, which pleased him so much that he sat by me all the time we were at breakfast, of which, however, he could not be persuaded to partake.

The pinnace and cutter, with the first lieutenant and the master, were sent to look for a watering place, but returned in the evening without having been successful. In attempting to land they had had a skirmish with the natives, in which one of the crew of the pinnace was wounded in the thigh by a spear. The marines fired some small shot amongst the natives, which dispersed them with such precipitation, that our people were not able to ascertain whether any of them had been touched by the small shot.

Early in the ensuing morning the boats were again sent in search of water. Whilst we were at breakfast a number of canoes, containing about fifty natives, came round the ship. The man, who had the day before thrown the spear at the seaman, was observed in one of their canoes, sitting in a very thoughtful and dejected attitude. When his canoe came under the gangway, he caught hold of the rope, and was up the side of the ship in an instant, when he gave us to understand that he wished to see the man he had wounded. It being only a flesh wound, the man was able to come on deck to see him. When the dressing was taken off for him to see the wound, he seemed much agitated, wept exceedingly, and offered the sailor yams, fishing nets, and a variety of other things, as peace offerings. It is almost needless to say, that with a British tar this first concession on the part of the offender obliterated every trace of resentment.

As hostilities had commenced at so early a period of our stay, we had feared very unpleasant consequences, and we were proportionably satisfied with what we then hoped was their speedy termination in so amicable a manner. The greatest confidence now appeared to take place, and a barter was entered upon much to our advantage. Two very fine large green turtles were given to two of our seamen for the sleeve of an old blue jacket cut in two. At noon the boats returned, without having met with any molestation, and having discovered a lagoon of fine soft water.

On Saturday, the 21st, several canoes, of a considerably larger size than any we had yet seen, came off to us. The natives who came in them appeared to be of a larger make than those who had visited us before. Their projecting brows and ferocious countenances gave an idea of canibalism; and they did not seem to be of

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the same race, or to inhabit the same part of the country with those that have already been described.

The pinnace returned from the watering place with the first lieutenant, by whom an account was received of a disturbance that had taken place on shore. A party of natives, who were standing on the beach when our men landed, had cut away a part of the boat's painter, and, when it was demanded back, had given it up with great reluctance, brandishing their spears and throwing themselves into menacing attitudes; and when the boat put off from the shore, several spears were thrown. A short time after the return of the pinnace a much larger canoe than those along side, having thirteen natives in it, came off to the ship, and the first lieutenant immediately pointed out two of the men in it who had been most active in the late attack. One of them held the very spear that had first been thrown, but which fell short of the boat. This circumstance was known by the spear being a white one, whilst all the others were black. One of the natives from this canoe having come on board, he was given to understand that the white spear must be given up. He communicated this to his countrymen without leaving the ship; but they refused to deliver it up, and upon their persisting one of the large guns on the quarter-deck was fired over their heads, in order to intimidate them, and to deter them from committing further hostilities. At this they appeared more enraged than frightened. Having paddled off to a little distance, one of them, who we supposed was a chief, harangued them for some time, distorting his features and making strange gestures. They appeared to pay great attention to what he said, and at the conclusion of his speech, they all set up a loud shout. This was considered as a war-whoop, and a shower of spears was expected to follow. A musquet was presented to the breast of the native who was on board, with threats of firing it, unless he caused the white spear to be given up. He was permitted to return to the canoe to effect this, which, after some further altercation, was accomplished. Soon after this they began to paddle off, all of them exclaiming in the same words, and pointing to the shore; but whether it was a threat of revenge or an offer of reconciliation which they uttered, we were then at a loss to determine,—The next morning, however, proved it to be the latter; for several of the same canoes, and some other large ones, containing ten or twelve natives in each, slowly advanced towards the ship. The men in them held their fingers to their ears, to intimate that they were afraid of, or annoyed by, the noise of the great gun which they had heard the preceding day. Their heads were decorated with green boughs, which we concluded was a symbol of peace. As soon as they reached the ship's side the white spear was returned to them, and they immediately begun, as formerly, to barter their spears and *bagos* for trifles. Several of them came on board, and two of them had their beards shaved off.

Bagos is the name they give to their clubs, which are of a large size, of various forms, and made of various materials. They shew great ingenuity in the manufacture of these weapons, considering they have no tools but sharp stones and shells.

In the afternoon of that day a little excursion was planned by the officers and passengers to a beautiful little island, about a mile from the ship; but a very heavy rain coming on, just as they had landed, spoiled their expected amusement. In the evening a double canoe, which was the first of the kind that had been seen, came alongside, with sundry articles to barter. Several of the men who had paid us a visit on the 19th were in her. A complete platform was laid across the two hulls, on which were their fires. The most curious thing about her consisted in two round holes in a plank, fixed at each end of the platform, through each of which a paddle was introduced, with which they sculled in a perpendicular direction.

During the ensuing week several canoes came alongside every day. The natives remained on board for many hours, and appeared pleased with every thing they saw. They bartered their spears and *bagos*, as

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likewise yams, sugarcanes, and fish, for small pieces of cloth and linen, mostly blue, though scarlet and crimson being their favourite colours, they were eager to obtain the least shred that bore those dyes. Unfortunately, and in result fatally for them, the signal flag, that was hoisted at one end of an island, which we had named Skull island, on account of several human skulls being found upon it, for the purpose of serving as a station to assist in the survey then taking of the harbour, had a great deal of scarlet in it, being the union-jack. About noon, on the 29th of May, four canoes that had been round the ship all the morning, put off from her all together, and made towards the point where the flag was flying. From the ship they were observed to land and to seize upon the colours. Upon this the first lieutenant, with one of the mates and four men, went after them in the jollyboat. The natives stopped on the point till our people arrived, when, appearing to comprehend the cause of their leaving the ship, they made signs that they only wanted to examine the flag. They stepped quietly into their canoes, and paddled away to the side of the island opposite to that abreast of which the ship lay. But the boat had no sooner returned on board than they resumed their purpose, pulled the colours down, and hurried in their canoes towards a large island, which lay about a mile off. The first lieutenant instantly pursued them, taking the boatswain and serjeant of marines, with two musquets and some ammunition. They were nearly in shore before the jollyboat got within musquet shot, when two musquets were fired over their heads, upon which they threw overboard a small piece of the flag, and renewed their efforts to reach the shore. Another musquet was then fired, after which they threw several spears. Upon this, at the command of the lieutenant, the boatswain and serjeant loaded with ball, and fired at the same instant. One of the natives was killed and fell across a canoe, the ball entering his breast on the left side. Another was wounded, yet not so much as to prevent his jumping out of the canoe and getting on shore, as all the others did, whence they threw a volley of stones. Notwithstanding their hurry and alarm they collected together, and carried off all the pieces of the flag. The canoe was brought away by our people. It was a source of much uneasiness on board when we were informed of the poor fellow's death. He was a fine, stout, cheerful young man, who had been jumping and dancing on the quarter-deck all the morning. He was unarmed, and not in the same canoe by which the flag, which was the object of contention, had been carried away; nor did he appear to have taken any active part in their proceedings. We had no opportunity of observing whether they fetched the body away, or whether they performed any funeral obsequies. The only circumstance which we took notice of during our stay, relative to their mode of disposing of their dead, was, that on one part of Skull island an entire human skeleton was found, under a slight frame of wood work, in which there was likewise found inclosed a calabash for holding water.

For several days after this melancholy occurrence no canoes came off; and the weather being perfectly calm, without a ripple on the water, or any thing to disturb the death-like stillness that reigned around us, the gloom that hung over us augmented the regret we felt for the recent event.

Various schemes were resorted to to entice the natives to renew their visits. Their canoe was taken back to the spot whence it had been brought, and left there with some green boughs in it. Three or four days more elapsed without our perceiving any signs of inhabitants. At length we observed one of their largest double canoes making towards the ship. Every thing that could be collected of their favourite colour was held up to entice them on board, which, as their canoe came alongside, several of them did, without shewing any symptoms of fear or distrust.—There were sixteen men, two girls, and a boy in the canoe. In return for our presents they offered some of their cloth, a few *bagos*, and some baskets. Six of them passed almost the whole of the day in the cabin,

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and behaved with great propriety and decorum. We left nothing undone that we thought could please and amuse them. Some of our seamen danced under the orlop-deck to the sound of a violin, but the natives much preferred the flute, on which, to their great delight, the captain and one of the officers performed several tunes. They listened attentively to the songs which a lady on board sang to that accompaniment, and joined chorus with her in the tune of "tink-a-tink." Their voices were reckoned soft and melodious. They partook of no sustenance all the day, excepting some ship's biscuit and water, yet towards evening their spirits were very much exhilirated. The canoe being made fast under the stern, those in the ship kept looking out, and pressing their friends to come on board. At length all of them, except two or three men and the two girls, who were not permitted to enter the ship, left the canoe. They got up the stern ladders, and in at the cabin-windows. The faces, forms, and gestures of the group now assembled in the cabin, who were destitute of all covering, intermixed with the Europeans, and the distinct view from the cabin-windows of the wild scenery of the country, by the light of a full moon, then rising from behind the lofty peaked mountains, would have given ample scope for the abilities of a painter; and much regret was expressed at the want of a good artist on board, who might have taken a characteristic sketch of the strange but interesting scene.

The boats being all employed in making a survey of the harbour, few opportunities occurred for excursions of pleasure or instruction. On the evening of the next day the seine was hauled on the fine sandy beach of an island at a little distance from the ship, but with very indifferent success. We sometimes caught very fine snappers with hooks and lines. The colours of these fish were beautiful beyond description: some of them were covered with circles of a bright, like colour, with a black spot in the centre of each circle, and their fins and tails of a deep yellow; others were of a fine pink colour, with purple undulatory lines, and purple and yellow fins; various other tints, most fancifully and beautifully contrasted, adorned other individuals of this species of fish. Water snakes were also seen in abundance, and very handsome, being of a delicate white, with jet black spots or rings.

At times the heat was very oppressive, and none of the passengers or crew were sorry when the anchor was weighed, on the morning of the 18th of June.

After leaving the harbour we continued our course as near the coast as we could with safety. Some parts of it seemed more mountainous than what has before been described, and the reef appeared a formidable barrier the whole way. It was not till the 22d that, not a little to our satisfaction, we passed the extreme point of it, as we had had several very unpleasant alarms, the man at the mast-head having called out three or four times that we were in the midst of the breakers. At one time rocks above water were thought to be discerned, but upon nearing the supposed danger, it was found to arise from the reflection of the clouds passing the sun. This reef, so fraught with danger, extends for three hundred miles along the south-west coast of New Caledonia. W.

[*To be continued.*]

On the MANAGEMENT *of the* AFFAIRS *of the* POOR.

A PLAN has lately been adopted by the guardians and overseers of the poor, of large districts and towns, to send a printed account of their yearly receipts and expenditures to each other, to shew how the money has been applied; but there is generally something omitted in each of them, to prevent a stranger from deriving the information he could wish from their statements. If the different articles of provision, clothing, medicine, wages, and gratuities for encouraging and rewarding industry, were given with their respective sums under separate heads, and the average number of the poor either occasionally or permanently relieved, both within and out of the house, were correctly mentioned, it might then be calculated how much each

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person cost in the year; the proportion between the population and the poor of the town or the district might be obtained; and in short, by comparing the account of one town with another, considerable knowledge would be acquired, by a person seeking after the method of conducting the affairs of the poor in different places.

While examining these yearly accounts, I selected one for the county and town of Kingston upon Hull, from the 2d day of February, 1808, to the 2d day of February, 1809: and I now propose to offer a few observations on some of the principal articles therein mentioned.

I find they expended, under the different heads of provisions, about 3385*l.* 14*s.* and that the average number of the paupers did not exceed 370; and that the rate of expence for each pauper was 3*s.* 3¼*d.* a week. By the returns of the overseers for the county and town of Kingston upon Hull, A.D. 1803, they had no more than 206 poor persons in their house; and how does it happen that, in the short space of six years, there should be an increase of 164 in poor? Surely something extraordinary must have occurred, or there must have been some error in the return. If the poor are so rapidly increasing, the cause of it ought to be seriously investigated, and a remedy applied to prevent or check the progress of such an alarming evil.

If we may judge from some of the articles in the annual account, there appears to be a liberal establishment in the house at Kingston upon Hull, which may have been continued from one guardian to another, till it is fixed by custom, and any innovation may cause murmurings and complaints by those who are fed by the public bounty; but this ought not to influence the conduct of the present governors.

Where young children are put out of the house to nurse, is not 330*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* a large sum for milk? Such an indulgence seems unnecessary, when butcher's meat to the amount of 864*l.* 3*s.* 10*d.* is consumed in the course of a year, and as rich a soup might have been made for breakfast and supper, as is brought to a gentleman's table. I have known, in some workhouses, that it hath been found an exceedingly nourishing and healthy diet. As the number of young children nursed out of the house is not mentioned, it is impossible to judge how many there were of them, or whether they were separated from their parents.

It appears by the last year's account, that they paid 429*l.* 16*s.* for young children, after they had deducted 357*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* they had received for bastards. To a stranger 787*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* appears a large sum for nursing young children; and it further shews us, that the Rev. Mr. Malthus's plan for preventing the poor from marrying, would avail but little in checking the progress of population. As such young children as are left to be brought up by the parish are generally put out to nurse at Kingston upon Hull to poor women, who have a living to get, it cannot be expected that they can shew them all the care and attention they require, and it is a desirable thing to know whether there are not more of them die in proportion to their number, than there are of those in a well-regulated workhouse.

Before Mr. Whitbread attempts to bring in his bill to regulate the affairs of the poor, it is much to be wished that he would endeavour to collect a little real information from facts, before he changes old laws for new projects. If the guardians and the overseers of the poor were obliged, by act of parliament, to answer a set of pertinent questions, many important truths might be established to counteract opinions founded upon prejudices, errors, and mismanagement, and we might then expect to see remedies provided for such existing evils as are proved, without hazarding the further burdening of the public with fruitless expences.

But there is another article in the annual accounts of the establishment at Kingston upon Hull, of 4485*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* for relieving of the out-poor, in money, bread, potatoes, and rice, but the number is not mentioned, either of those who are occasionally or permanently assisted; and, for want of further information, many may think this a large sum.

If we reckon the number of out-

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poor at 520, then the average sum paid to each pauper will be 8*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.* which is a large contribution to so many individuals; but the sum must have been much larger to many of them, as it is very probable, that they who were occasionally relieved, received only a few shillings. The spirit of industry appears very languid in the house, as there is no more charged for the amount of the earnings of the in-poor than 121*l.* 6*s.* 11*d.* which will average about one penny three farthings weekly for each person. From this trifling sum of 121*l.* 6*s.* 11*d.* there are deductions for the clerk, the master, the spinning master, the spinners, and others, to the amount of 77*l.* 7*s.* 8*d.* which leaves only 43*l.* 19*s.* 3*d.* to their institution, for the labour of the whole year.

It is difficult to say for what reason so many persons receive such deductions from the earnings of the paupers, as it cannot be for keeping them to work; and they appear to be liberally paid: for there is the sum of 412*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* charged for medical attendance, medicine, and wages. The paupers who act as servants in the house, and of course have provisions, clothing, and lodging, found them, have also wages to the amount of 65*l.* 13*s.* 1*d.* They who are able to work, yet throw themselves upon the public, ought to give up their time and their labour to those who support them, receiving at the same time some little gratuity, weekly, as an encouragement. In times like the present, parochial and other taxes are, with difficulty, collected, and they ought to be expended with a careful and a frugal hand.

There are many other articles in this annual account, which appear to a stranger to require the attention of the guardians, and especially those which relate to militia-men's wives, as many gross impositions have been practised by them, where magistrates have been ready to make orders without much examination. Under every head of the parochial expenditure, as much economy ought to be introduced as is consistent with a liberal provision for the sober and industrious poor, who are worn down with hard labour, age, and infirmities. But an economical system is the last thing to be thought of in every department, where the public are to pay the expence.

If a person steps forward to reform abuses in privileged jurisdictions, the Messrs. Justice, Butcher, Grocer, and Draper, who preside as chairmen at public-houses, generally endeavour to prejudice the minds of their evening associates with insinuations unfavourable to reformers. This is continued week after week, month after month, and year after year, till those who have exerted themselves for the good of the whole community are driven with disgust from their office.

Our legislators may think that they shall be able to provide remedies for every existing evil, by passing acts to build schools; but when they have imposed additional burthens, they will find the evils complained of still remaining.

There never will be any thing done to lessen the expences for maintaining the poor, till the business is taken out of the hands of the trading part of the community, and the overseers, and the guardians of workhouses, are compelled to buy such articles as they require for the poor at the cheapest rate, and till they are further prevented from spending any of the public money illegally.

But abuses must not be corrected even in parochial affairs, lest the people should be clamorous for extending the reforming hand a little further. There are some candid persons who will acknowledge that there are many public evils both seen and felt; but they ask, how are they to be prevented? Tell us how it is to be done, and we will do it. To which it may be answered, Let the idle, the drunken, the worthless, and the noisy petitioner for parochial relief be put to hard labour, and, if they are able, let them have no more to eat than they will earn, and they will soon quit you, and provide for themselves, and you will be relieved of the burden of maintaining many of the present inhabitants of workhouses. Let those who have brought up their families with credit, and cannot work any longer, by reason of their age and infirmities, be treated with ten-

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derness, and give them every reasonable indulgence; and let each of them know what they have to trust to, in case they should want, and let abuses of every kind be cut up from the root.

A marked distinction in the treatment of the two classes of the poor, will encourage those who are sober and industrious to continue so, knowing that, if sickness or misfortune should assail them, they have an asylum to which they can retreat, where care will be taken of them, while the idle and the drunken will dread the correcting hand, when they are certain that hard labour will be their portion.

Common affairs will always be best regulated by common sense; but in general we look above it, and soar into the regions of speculation, to search after expensive methods, which are not calculated to check the present existing evils, but may raise up others which are not foreseen.

There are new laws wanted to place the affairs of the poor in proper hands, to establish some certain rules as fixed points, to guide each person in his official capacity in the management of the affairs of the poor, from the magistrate down to the overseer; and if either of them wilfully neglect their duty, or step beyond their authority, when they have no power to relieve or to command, but ought to inflict hard labour, let each of them be fined proportionably to the offence.

It is not to be expected in times like the present, when corruption is declared to be necessary for carrying on public business, that men will give up their time, and their trouble, without having their vanity gratified and their interest promoted, and therefore it requires great caution in appointing even parish officers.

It is childish to talk of easing our burdens, unless we first reform abuses; and if we are afraid to face the evils which are so rapidly increasing upon us, and fix no boundaries to them, necessity will, in time, compel us to do what prudence cannot persuade us to attempt at present.

An ANALYSIS *of a* DIALOGUE *of* ÆSCHINES, *entitled* "AXIOCHUS, *on the* FEAR *of* DEATH." *By Dr.* TOULMIN.

THIS dialogue is a conversation with Axiochus. This person had been in the government of the Republic, and, in a sickness which he thought would prove mortal, could not reconcile himself to the prospect of death. There is less subtlety in this than in the other dialogues of Æschines, because Socrates only has the chief share in the conversation; but it is not inferior in point of composition, and is more agreeable to read, especially by those who are not accustomed to follow a chain of rather remote reasoning.

Socrates begins with a mild censure of Axiochus, for his failure in that fortitude at the approach of death, which he had shewn through life. The old man ingenuously grants it, and owns that the fine discourses of Socrates were lost upon him at the moment of trial, and that he revolted at the thought of going to a place where he should petrify and become the food of worms. Socrates shews that his reluctance proceeded from not reasoning justly, and from joining together two things totally incompatible with each other, sensation and insensibility; for, after death, men feel nothing that befals the body, any more than they are conscious of what took place before they were born. This ought to prevent their fear of it. Death is, notwithstanding, spoken of as the greatest evil, as if a man would have in the grave that sense and feeling which renders evils the source of infelicity. The carcase which lieth in the tomb is not the man. This name belongs to the immortal spirit, which weary with the evils it hath experienced in the body, wishes to depart, and to go to a place where it will be no longer exposed to the same troubles.

Socrates had no sooner expressed himself thus, than Axiochus asked him, from whence was it then that he who knew all this, and entertained more elevated sentiments than did the multitude, was content to continue in life. The philosopher

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assumes his usual modest air, and replies, that though he had searched into the truth on many points, he was ignorant on common subjects, and on this knew nothing. He added, that he spoke only what he had learnt of the wise Prodicus, whose lectures he had purchased with money: he insinuates, at the same time, a censure on that sophist, who required a pecuniary recompence from his disciples, whereas Socrates took none from his; he perceived, perhaps, that the mind of Axiochus could be more easily composed by a rhetorical harangue, than by philosophic reasonings.

This, probably, led him to say, that ever since he had heard a particular lecture of Prodicus, he had put no value on life, and wished for death. Axiochus asks, what the Sophist said; and Socrates, without much importunity, begins to tell him. It was an enumeration of the inconveniences and calamities of life, from infancy to old age, and of the evils to which men are exposed through every period. This enumeration is well drawn up, and expressed in lively and appropriate terms, as will be allowed by those who shall read the original. Among the evils of childhood, he reckons not only the fatigues children must endure to strengthen the body, but the vexation and disgust to which they are obnoxious, from critics, geometricians, and teachers of tactics, whom he regards as so many rigorous task masters. By critics must be understood the interpreters of the poets, who were as pedantic formerly as they are at this day. It proceeds to describe the vexations and difficulties that arise from the Grecian modes of life, till he comes to old age, in which he finds every incurable infirmity, and adds, if life be not instantaneously demanded as a debt, nature, like an usurer, exacts its pledges; it takes sight from some, hearing from others, and sometimes both together. If life still holds out, they who delay the surrender of it, become paralytic and lame, and lose the use of their limbs. Socrates continues to expatiate on the troubles of old age, and cites examples from historians and poets, to prove that they who have been the most acceptable to the Gods have died young. He touches also on the unhappy end of some illustrious generals among the Athenians, and reminds Axiochus of the injustice of the Athenians, which, though assisted by Euryptolomus, Axiochus himself had in vain opposed.

On this Axiochus laments the infelicity of those who interfere in the affairs of the state of Athens, and describes the vices of the people. Socrates takes occasion from hence to observe, that if the science of government, which is the noblest of all, renders them who engage in it unhappy, the state of other men must be much worse.

He then reasons after the manner which he attributes to Prodicus; that death affects neither those who are living, nor those who are deceased; the former having not fallen under its power, and the latter being void of all feeling. Axiochus ridicules this reasoning, and observes that the sick are not healed by sophisms; but want arguments that reach the mind. Socrates replies, that he was always deceiving himself by blending together things that are incompatible; namely, perception and feeling, with the loss and privation of all the capacities of sensation.

He afterwards argues for the immortality of the soul from human discoveries and inventions; for instance, astronomy, by which men calculate, for as many years as they please, the position of the stars, and their different aspects. Socrates subjoins, that the soul of Axiochus, on leaving the body, would remove to a happy place, where it would be exposed to no trouble, and would be at liberty to philosophize, not according to the taste of the multitude and of the theatre, but agreeably to truth. Axiochus appears to be entirely gained over by this conversation, and says, that so far from any fear of death, he wished it: he adds, that he began to entertain more elevated reflections, and to run that eternal and divine course of which Socrates spoke, and, in a word, that he "was become a new man." Socrates, who perceived that Axiochus yielded himself more to the impressions produced by eloquence than philosophy, begins to relate what he said he had

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heard reported from Gobryas, concerning another life, and which was found written on copper-plates, discovered in the Isle of Delos, in the times of Xerxes. These are fables concerning the different regions into which the gods had divided the invisible world, and of the allotment of hell to Pluto, where Minos and Rhadamanthus preside as judges of the dead. He described also, in five languages, the beautiful scenes where the righteous reside, in which he promises Axiochus, who had lived virtuously, an abode; he refers, however, what he declares he had learnt from Gobryas, to the judgment of Axiochus, adding, that he was well persuaded that the soul was immortal, and that it would suffer nothing by an exchange of worlds, speaking, as he did, concerning the souls of the virtuous.

Axiochus is so charmed with this discourse, that he appears disposed to meet death with joy: he promises to reflect on what had been offered, and requests Socrates to renew his visit.*

On the SUPERIORITY *of our* ETHICS *over those of the* ANCIENT PHILOSOPHERS.

THE doctrine of morality which is taught in our days, by which I understand the system of the truths of theology and of natural law, has a very great superiority over that of the ancient Greek and Roman philosophers, and which must be evident to every one, who is not under the influence of an extreme prejudice for antiquity.

The ideas which the majority of the ancient philosophers entertained of the divinity were either imperfect and obscure, or superstitious and dreadful. At one time they peopled Olympus with a multitude of divinities; at another, they only admitted gods who were entirely passive,† sometimes it was an irrevocable destiny by which the world was governed,* or that nature alone was God;† at another time they acknow-

* Bibliotheque Choisie par le Clerc, tom. xxii. p. 153—160.

† This is a part of the Epicurean philosophy, which, as it made the gods similar to man, exempted them from all cares of this lower world, from a fear of disturbing their felicity: also, according to their system, these gods had not created this universe, nor exercised any controul over it, but that they enjoyed a perfect repose in the habitation assigned to them by the Epicureans, which was the space which separated the worlds. They pretended that honour was due to them, but solely on account of the excellence of their nature, being susceptible neither of benevolence nor indignation.

* This is the opinion of Zeno, chief of the sect of the stoics. He not only subjected the inferior gods to destiny or fatum, but also the supreme god, from whom the lower gods emanated, and to whom they were one day to be re-united. Seneca says, —The author and the moderator of all things wrote, it is true, the laws of fate, but he is himself subject to them. He always obeys them, after having once ordained them.

† This may be imputed to different philosophers of the Ionian sect, of which Thales was the founder. He allowed that God was the intelligence, by which every thing was formed of water, which he established as the principle of all things; but he expressed himself so obscurely, that he made himself suspected of atheism. Anaximander, who succeeded him, believed that the principle and element of all things was an infinite unique, and invariable in its totality; the parts of which, however, were subject to change, that every thing has its origin and its end in it, that the gods received their being from it, that they were born and died at a great distance from each other, and that the worlds were innumerable.—Anaximenes, his disciple, established air as the universal principle, that every thing was born in it and returned to it, that it was infinite, and consequently every thing was infinite which drew its origin from it; and that God was air, and in constant motion. At least these philosophers have so incorporated matter with their divinity, that they leave us in doubt whether they did not believe their divinity to be nature itself, or the

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ledged no God at all, and attributed every thing to chance.* Socrates even, who appeared to possess the soundest ideas of the divinity, still considered it to be no dereliction of moral duty to sacrifice to the gods of his country. And who are the gods whom antiquity adored? Homer, this prince of poets, sings the power of Jupiter, whom he calls the father of men and of gods. "But who is this god? He is one whom I would not wish to resemble, and, notwithstanding the manner in which he is adorned by the pomp of poesy, I should be ashamed to be his friend."†

False principles of morality are inevitably the result of false notions of the divinity. Almost all the ancient philosophers made to themselves a god, according to their own fantasy and particular character, and attributed to him those qualities and inclinations, which their own temperament and the nature of the education which they had received led them especially to approve. At one time, severe and mild; at another, sensual and magnanimous: this god was every thing, which the philosophers were themselves.

Their doctrine concerning the nature of the soul is a labyrinth of opinions, some of which are more chimerical than others. Who does not feel contempt and disgust with all the subtle definitions and the endless disputes of the Grecian philosophers, concerning the nature of the soul? Not all the eloquence of Cicero, who transmits them to us, can make them palatable. The wisest among them suspected more the immortality of the soul, than established the certainty of it. Warburton has demonstrated, that all the philosophers of Greece were not persuaded of the immortality of the soul, and of another life of rewards and punishments, although they have spoken of it as a point of doctrine in which society is interested. At least they knew no other immortality than that which results from the principle approaching so near to atheism, that God is the soul of the world, and that the human soul is an emanation of it.*

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soul of the world extended over all nature. Xenophane, chief of the Eleatic sect, reasoned still worse on the divinity. He made it eternal; sole and similar in all points, in regard to space and extension of a round form; and sensible in all its parts. The divine virtue which he admits is nothing than a property of matter, nor made a particular substance of it different from the universal substance. His successor, Parmenides, made God a circle of air and fire, which he says encircles the heavens and incloses the world. It is a circumstance not very favourable to Zeno, of the Eleatic sect, that it cannot be decided of his principle, that there is but one being, who is God, can or cannot be understood in the sense of Spinoza.

* This is the opinion of Strato, of the Peripatetic sect. According to Cicero, he expressly declares, that the assistance of the gods was not necessary to the formation of the universe, that all the divine virtue was comprehended in insensible matter, which included in itself the principle of all production, augmentation, and diminution.—*Cic. de Nat. Deor. lib.* I, c. 13. *Quæst. Acad. lib.* iv. c. 38.

† Vide Garves Geschichte Gellerts Leben und Werke.

Cic. Quæst. Tusct. cap. 9. He finishes his enumeration of the different sentiments of the ancient philosophers, on the nature of the soul, in a truly sceptical manner. "There is but one God, he says, who can determine which of these opinions be true, and at the same time it is not easy to decide which has the greatest probability."

* The Stoics were divided on the immortality of the soul, but they all concurred in regarding it as a part of the divinity or of the soul of the world. They who were advocates for immortality pretended that it was only the lot of virtuous men, whilst the souls of the wicked were dissolved soon after death. The immortality which they admitted, and which Cicero calls ironically a *life of crows*, lasted only to the general conflagration, which is an end of the world, very different to that which is represented to us by the Christian religion, besides the whole felicity of the souls consisted in contemplating the course of the stars.

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The ideas which they entertained of virtue were often imperfect and unnatural: and how could they be otherwise? as they extracted them from their manner of conceiving the divinity and the nature of the soul. What is virtue when its essence is not made to consist in the conformity of our actions with the will of the Creator, considered as our sovereign Lord, and from whom we have received our laws? But did Plato, Aristotle, or Zeno ever establish virtue on this great truth, that God is our legislator and our judge?* What was the Stoic with his imaginary virtue but his own divinity? He pretended not to stand in need either of God or of his assistance to become virtuous.† Therefore whatever difference they admitted between good and evil morals, they did not acknowledge it to be founded on the will of God, and his empire over men, as being his creatures and his subjects; and they deducted their principles of virtue, not from the obedience due to God, but solely from the beauty of virtue and from the natural deformity of vice. Plato, by the extenuation of the body and the mortification of the senses, elevates the soul near to the father of spirits: such is his virtue, and it must be allowed that there is something very imposing in the manner in which he expresses himself. Zeno teaches us to stifle our natural propensities, and not to estimate that, as a pain or a pleasure, which inflicts on us painful or agreeable sensations. According to his doctrine, we shall become virtuous when we cease to be men. In regard to Epicurus, he makes virtue to consist in preserving ourselves from every thing which can give uneasiness to the soul and pain to the body; whilst, according to Aristotle, he is virtuous who regulates his manners according to the wisest opinions and the laws of the country.*

The enumeration which they present to us of virtues and particular duties is incomplete and defective. Although the Pagan sage is so far advanced as to admit this negative precept,—"*Do not do to others what you would not wish should be done unto you*;" yet he is not elevated to this positive precept, which religion teaches us,—"*Do unto others what you wish they should do unto you.*" Every thing which you could wish should be done unto you, according to the rules of justice, benevolence, and of a reasonable indulgence, do you practice in regard to others, supposing them in your place and you in theirs. This precept is not the same as the first, but it comprehends it without being contained in it. I can indeed abstain from doing a person an injury, without rendering him any service. I can see his misfortune with an indifferent eye, without attempting to deliver him from it, or promoting his happiness. This great rule of duty was never prescribed by reason abandoned to itself. The ancient philosophers did not confine temperance and chastity, in regard to men, within bounds sufficiently narrow. The rigid Cato recommended lewdness as a mean of

* Plato established it as a principle of virtue, that the body was the prison of the soul, that it would be set at liberty to reach the sovereign good, to the contemplation of its original ideas, and the patterns of all things which emanated from the divine intelligence, and that it had an individual existence.

† The Stoics maintained the principle, that a good and just mind was the divinity in the human body, and moreover, that the soul is a free agent, provided there is nothing exterior to it which can constrain it; and they, in consequence, maintained that men did indeed receive the advantages and necessaries of life from the divinity, but that they were not indebted for their virtue to it. Seneca even dares to assert, that in this point the sage is elevated above God, that God is indebted to his nature for his deliverance from all fear, whereas the sage is indebted for it to his own efforts.

* His moral was imperfect in this point, that it had seldom any other object than happiness in relation to the state of society. It was the moral of a courtesan, who often accommodates her virtue to the maxims of the great world.

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preventing adultery.* Drunkenness was not, in the opinion of some, a capital vice. Hatred and persecution of the enemies of a family were, in Rome, considered a virtue. Cicero himself declares in favour of revenge.† Suicide was permitted, and the most pompous eulogiums made it an heroic virtue. Patriotism, so extolled amongst the ancients, what is it often but enthusiasm and a spirit of party, which leads us to sacrifice the liberty and the happiness of the people with a view to eternise the glory of our nation? Where is the universal benevolence? Where are the works of charity in the morals of the ancients? Commiseration, according to Seneca, is an infirmity of the soul and the fault of a little mind, which is depressed and discouraged at the view of the woes of others.‡. Aristotle considers kindness to be a weakness of the soul; and patience, after injuries received, a servile disposition.* In what part of their ethics do the ancients teach humility? The presumption of erecting himself into a little divinity, is the great stumbling block of Stoic morality.

In general the ethics of the ancients offer no certain mean of tranquillising ourselves under the various sufferings of life; nor do they grant any true consolation, which can only be found in an humble subjection to the will of God, in the assurance that every thing conspires to the happiness of those who obey him and confide in him, and in the persuasion that he, from eternity, has ordered every thing, and directed with admirable wisdom and goodness all the events of our life. The ethics of the present day are exempt from those imperfections: they give us great and sublime ideas of God; just and noble sentiments of humanity, and moderation, in regard to our desires. They possess a greater certainty of the immortality of the soul, of the recompense of virtue, and the punishment of vice. Whence have we derived these advantages? Were the antient philosophers deficient in penetration?—Are not they our superiors in depth of thought and elocution? Why were their ethics not more true and exact? Did they not apply themselves with sufficient care and diligence? Are we greater geniuses than Socrates, Plato, Zenophon, Epictetus, Aristotle, Cicero, or Seneca, because we have extended our moral speculations further than they? Whence does it proceed, that in regard to the adoration of an only God, the duties of universal benevolence, the love of our enemies, the origin of good and evil, and the immortality of the soul, the Pagan philosophers and poets, are so far removed from that degree of certitude which we possess at this day on all those important points?

R. H.

* Horace mentions this, speaking of Cato the censor, and it accords with what Plutarch recites at the close of his life, of a circumstance not very honourable to him, which made him resolve on a second marriage, although far advanced in years. Hor. Serm. lib. i. 1 stat. 2, ver. 31. seq. It will be found less becoming in Cicero, in his defence of Cœlius, to undertake the defence of lewdness with the sophistical restriction, that the indulgence of it ought to be permitted only with moderation and decency. Cic. Orat. pro Cœlius, cap. 20 et seq. Dicarches, from the report of Cicero, reproached Plato, that zealous partisan of virtue, of having spoken in favour of a criminal love. Cic. Quæst. Tusc. lib. iv. cap. 30.

† He does not declare it in one of his orations, where it might be supposed that he sacrificed the interests of virtue and the exact truth to the circumstances of his situation; but it is in a letter to an intimate friend, in which he opens his heart, that he expresses so ardently his desire for revenge. "I hate this man, and shall for ever hate him: would to heaven that I could revenge myself on him." Ad. Attic. lib. 9, ep. 12.

‡ Clementiam mansuetudinemque omnes boni præstabunt misericordiam autem vitabunt. Et enim vitium pusilli animi, ad speciem alienorum malorum succidentis. Sen. A. Clomt. lib. 11. c. 5.

* Δοκεῖ γαρ (ὁπρᾶος) οὐκ αἰσθανεσθαι, οὐδὲ λυπεῖσθαι μογ' ὀργιζόμενός τε ουκ ειναρ ἀμυντικος, τό δέ προπγακιζόμενον ανεχεσθαι, καὶ τοὺς οικειους τεριορᾷυ ἀυδραποδῶδες.—Arist. Ethi . lib. iv. cap. 5.

[*To be continued.*]

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MR. BURDON TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

LET me request you to rectify two errors of the press in your last number. Page 20, for "remains," read "work." The fault, I believe, is my own.—Page 22, for "Moyer," read "Roger."—Page 33, for "excited," read "exalted." I only wonder the errors of the press are not more frequent.

I remain, &c.

W. BURDON.

Hartford, near Morpeth,
Aug. 10, 1809.

On the PROPRIETY *of* ESTABLISHING PAROCHIAL SHOPS *in* COUNTRY DISTRICTS.

Sir,

AS the internal economy of labouring parishes cannot fail to be an object of general interest, permit me to mention one particular, in which, it appears, a considerable improvement might be introduced to rural districts.

Those who are in habits of familiarity with recluse parts of the country must be aware of the very great difficulty the peasant finds in procuring, with tolerable advantage, even the humble necessaries to which his earnings are equivalent. In many instances a town is at several miles distance. A frequent journey to this mart would evidently occupy too much of the husband's time to be practicable; and the wife, surrounded in all probability by a numerous family, is equally incapable of the undertaking. Very small shops are, consequently, opened in the scattered hamlet; and thither the scanty stipend of the peasant family uniformly goes. As these shops are supplied with the various articles in which they deal from no better a source than the largest retailer of the neighbouring country town, and as nothing bordering on competition can be supposed to exist in the seclusion of a confined village, it naturally occurs that the peasant pays nearly fifty per cent. more for his homely commodities than the mechanic, who possesses the advantage of purchasing of more extensive dealers at a market, rendered advantageous by a spirit of rivalry. The countryman's ten shillings a week, therefore, undergo a most afflictive reduction, in point of absolute value:—an evil that requires little illustration, and which falls with particular severity on the man, whose nominal remuneration for labour has not kept pace with the actual decrease evident in the value of money.* In consequence of this local deterioration of the labourer's income, he gradually incurs a debt which binds him more firmly to the necessity of expending his earnings with the village trader, and compels him to purchase, without a murmur, indifferent articles at a price still more exorbitant than before. The situation of a hopeless debtor is evidently unfavourable to the exercise of industry.—Whether a debt, which there is no rational prospect of discharging, be five pounds or five shillings, is a matter of small moment among those who have not learned honour through the mean of education. The peasant flies to drinking, and his family experience the severe misery of receiving the necessaries procured by daily labour from the hands of a man who never transmits the adulterated pittance without alarming and degrading taunts.

It appears that this grievance, really formidable to the most useful class of men possessed by the empire, might be totally remedied without any great exertion or inconvenience. I would propose a shop to be opened by the parish officers of every country neighbourhood, at which the poor might be served with unadulterated articles, at a profit just sufficient to defray the expenses of the undertaking. The comparatively extensive capital arising from the rates of a parish at large would enable the proprietors to purchase goods at a desirable market. The charge of the establishment

* The village labourer's pay has not experienced an increase of above one-third within the last fifty years. The price of the common articles of life has more than doubled in the same period. The increase of the poor-rates is a sufficient voucher for the inadequacy of the peasant's remuneration.

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would be trivial. Some minor officer of the parish would be willing and able, for a small salary, to superintend the sale of articles in so limited and unembarrassed a concern; and the whole might be periodically inspected, with little additional trouble, by the churchwarden or overseer.

The benefits that must accrue to the humble purchaser are obvious. Without any compulsion, he would possess the opportunity of expending his earnings in an advantageous manner. The impossibility of acquiring goods on trust (as the parish shop would of course sell only for ready money) is a circumstance that must be ultimately beneficial to him. Admitting that the profits of the institution might not, from the superficial accounts of the purchase and sale, altogether defray the expenses; the parish would certainly be gainers in the aggregate, independently of the amendment of manners likely to take place from the system; for the debt of the pauper generally becomes an indirect burthen on the payers to the poor rate, under the present order of things.

This project is not entirely chimerical. A shop, in its essential point resembling that which I recommend to general adoption, has been established by a most amiable character in Oxfordshire,—the Bishop of Durham, whose seat, named Mungwell, is situated in the vicinity of Walingford. The institution of this philanthropic Prelate is in every desirable shape successful. The peasantry of England will have reason to repeat his Lordship's name with gratitude, should his private example find parochial imitators.

The shops instituted by the proprietors of iron-works in the recluse parts of Wales, likewise exhibit the propriety of the plan. These little marts are established for local accommodation, but they sufficiently prove the efficacy of public shops in neighbourhoods where a competition of sellers is unattainable.

Wishing that these hints may obtain notice through the extensive circulation of your miscellany,

I remain, Sir,

Your's, &c.

J. N. R.

10*th August*, 1809.

WALTER MAPES *and the* LATIN POETRY *of the* MIDDLE AGES.

SIR,

IN "Remaines concerning Brittaine," 1629, folio, the following curious specimen of the Latin jingling poetry of the middle ages occurs. I thought it worthy of transcription, as you perhaps may do of republication: considering the manners of the age, less astonishment will arise from the levity, both of the subject and of the manner, in a churchman, than that an Archdeacon of Oxenforde, which the author was, should so openly impugn a decree of the Pope.

Walter Mapes, "in the reign of Henry II, "filled England with his merriments; when the Pope forbad the clergie their wives, became proctor for himself and them with these verses; desiring only for his fee that every priest with his sweetheart would say a paternoster together for him."

Prisciani regula penitus cassatur,
Sacerdos per *hic et hæc* olim declinatur;
Sed per *hic* solummodo nunc articulatur,
Cum per nostrum præsulem *hæc* amoveatur.

Ita quidem presbyter cœpit allegare,
Peccat criminaliter qui vult separare
Quod Deus injunxerat, fœminam amare:
Tales dignum duximus fures appellare.

O quam dolor anxius, quam tormentum grave,
Nobis est dimittere quoniam suave!
O Romane pontifex, statuisti prave,
Ne in tanto crimine moriaris, cave.

Non est Innocentius*, imo nocens vere,
Qui quod sacro docuit, studet abolere,
Et quod olim juvenis voluit habere,
Modo vetus pontifex studet prohibere.

Gignere nos præcepit vetus testamentum,
Ubi novem prohibet nusquam est inventum:
Præsul qui contrarium donat documentum,
Nullum necessarium his dat argumentum.

Dedit enim Dominus maledictionem
Viro qui non fecerit generationem;
Ergo tibi consulo, per hanc rationem,
Gignere ut habeas benedictionem.

Nonne de militibus milites procedunt?
Et reges a regibus, qui sibi succedunt?
Per locum a simili omnes jura ledunt,
Clericos qui gignere crimen esse credunt.

* Nomen Papæ.

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Zacharias habuit prolem et uxorem,
Per virum quem genuit adeptus honorem;
Baptizavit enim nostrum Salvatorem:
Pereat qui teneat novum hunc errorem.

Paulus cœlos rapitur ad superiores,
Ubi multas didicit res secretiores;
Ad nos tandem redens, instruensque mores,
Suas, inquit, habeat quidlibet uxores.

Propter hæc et alia dogmata Doctorum,
Reor esse melius, et magis decorum,
Quisque suam habet, et non proximorum,
Ne incurrat odium et iram eorum.

Proximorum fœminas, filias, et nepotes
Violare nefas est, quare nihil disceptes:
Vere tuam habeas, et in hac delectes,
Diem ut sic ultimum tutius expectes.

Ecce jam pro clericus multum allegavi,
Necnon pro presbyteris plura comprobavi:
Pa.ernoster nunc pro me quoniam peccavi,
Dicat quisque presbyter cum sua suavi.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

S. H. W.

Reygate, 2d June, 1809.

A Week in Paris. *By* Lieut. Colonel Pinkney.

For the Universal Magazine.

THERE is no place in the world, perhaps, more distinguished for literary eminence, in every part of art and science, than Paris. The literary institutions of Paris, therefore, were the objects of my first visit. Every capital has its theatres, public gardens, and palaces; but Paris alone has its public libraries on a scale of equal utility and magnificence. In Paris alone, science seems to be considered as an object of importance to mankind, and therefore as a suitable object for the protection of government. In Paris alone, to say all in a word, the poorest student, the most ragged philosopher, has all the treasures of princes at his command; the National Library opens at his call, and the most expensive books are delivered for his use.

On the morning following my arrival, Mr. Younge accompanied me to the National Library. On entering it, we ascended a most superb staircase painted by Pellegrine, by which we were led to the library on the first floor. It consists of a suit of spacious and magnificent apartments, extending round three sides of a quadrangle. The books are ranged round the sides, according to the order of the respective subjects, and are said to amount to nearly half a million. Each division has an attending librarian, of whom every one may require the book he wishes, and which is immediately delivered to him. Being themselves gentlemen, there is no apprehension that they will accept any pecuniary remuneration; but there is likewise a strict order that no money shall be given to any of the inferior attendants. There are tables and chairs in numbers, and nothing seemed neglected, which could conduce even to the comfort of the readers.

The most complete department of the library is that of the manuscripts. This collection amounts to nearly fifty thousand volumes, and amongst them innumerable letters and even treatises, by the early kings of France. A manuscript is shewn as written by Louis the Fourteenth: it is entitled, "Memoirs of his own Time, written by the King himself." I much doubt, however, the authenticity of this production. Louis the Fourteenth had other more immediate concerns than writing the history of France. France is full of these literary forgeries. Every king of France, if the titles of the books may be received as a proof of their authenticity, has not only written his life, but written it like a philosopher and historian, candidly confessing his errors and abusing his ministers.

The second floor of the building contains the genealogies of the French families. They are deposited in boxes, which are labelled with the several family names. They are considered as public records, and are only producible in courts of justice, in order to determine the titles to real property. No one is allowed to copy them except by the most special permission, which is never granted but to histriographers of established name and reputation. The cabinet of antiques is stated to be very rich, and, to judge by appearances, is not inferior to its reputation. The collection was made by Caylus. It chiefly consists of vases, busts, and articles of domestic use amongst the

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Romans. The greater part of them have been already copied as models, in the ornamenting of furniture, by the Parisian artists. This fashion indeed is carried almost to a mania.—Every thing must be Greek and Roman without any reference to nature or propriety. For example, what could be so absurd as the natural realization of some of these capricious ornaments? What lady would choose to sleep in a bed, up the pillars of which serpents were crawling? Yet is such a realization the only criterion of taste and propriety.

The cabinet of engravings detained us nearly two hours The portfeuilles containing the prints are distributed into twelve classes. Some of these divisions invited us to a minute inspection. Such was the class containing the French fashions from the age of Clovis to Louis the Sixteenth. In another class was the costume of every nation in the world; in a third, portraits of eminent persons of all ages and nations; and in a fourth, a collection of prints relating to public festivals, cavalcades, tournaments, coronations, royal funerals, &c. France is the only kingdom in the world which possesses a treasure like this, and which knows how to estimate it at its proper value.

From the National Library we drove to the Athenée, a library and lecture institution, supported by voluntary subscription. It is much of the same nature as an institution of a similar kind in London, termed the British Institute; but the French Athenæum has infinitely the advantage. The subscription is cheaper, being about four Louis annually, and the lectures are more elegant, if not more scientific. There are usually three lectures daily; the first on sciences, and the other two on belles lettres. The lecture on science is considered as very able, but those on the belles lettres were merely suited, as I understood, to French frivolity. The rooms were so full as to render our stay unpleasant, and we thereby lost an anatomy lecture, which was about to commence. I should not forget to mention, that all the Parisian journals and magazines, and many of the German periodical works, were lying on the tables, and the library seemed altogether as complete as it was comfortable. The subscribers are numerous, and the institution itself in fashion. How long it will so last, no one will venture to predict.

The library of the Pantheon and that of the Institute finished our morning's occupation. They are both on the same scale and nearly on the same general plan as the National Library. The library of the Institute, however, is only open to foreigners and the members of the Institute. The Institute holds its sitting every month, and, according to all report, is then frivolous enough. I had not an opportunity of being present at one of these sittings, but from what I heard, I did not much regret my disappointment.

We returned home to dress for dinner. Mr. Younge informed me, that he expected a very large party in the evening, chiefly French, and as his lady herself was a French woman, and had arranged her domestic establishment accordingly, I felt some curiosity.

About eight, or nearer nine, Mr. Younge and myself, with two or three other of the dinner company, were summoned up to the drawing-room. The summons itself had something peculiar. The doors of the parlour, which were folding, were thrown open, and two female attendants, dressed like vestals, and holding torches of white wax, summoned us by a low curtsey, and preceded us up the great staircase to the doors of the anti-chamber, where they made another salutation, and took their station on each side. The anti-chamber was filled with servants, who were seated on benches fixed to the wall, but who did not rise on our entry. Some of them were even playing at cards, others at dominos, and all of them seemed perfectly at their ease. The anti-chamber opened by an arched door-way into an handsome room, lighted by a chandelier of the most brilliant cut glass; the pannels of the room were very tastily painted, and the glasses on each side very large, and in magnificent frames. The further extremity of this room opened by folding doors into the principal drawing-room, where the company were collected. It was brilliantly lighted, as well by patent lamps, as by a chandelier in the middle. The fur-

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niture had a resemblance to what I had seen in fashionable houses in England. The carpet was of red baise with a Turkish border, and figured in the middle like a harlequin's jacket. The principal novelty was a blue ribbon which divided the room lengthways, the one side of it being for the dancers, the other for the card-players. The ribbon was supported at proper distances by white staves, similar to those of the court ushers.

The ball had little to distinguish it from the balls of England and America, except that the ladies danced with infinitely more skill, and therefore with more grace. The fashionable French dancing is exactly that of our operas. They are all figurantes, and care not what they exhibit, so that they exhibit their skill. I could not but figure to myself the confusion of an English girl, were she even present at a French assembly. Yet so powerful is habit, that not only did the ladies seem insensible, but even the gentlemen, such as did not dance, regarded them with indifference.

Cotillons and waltzes were the only dances of the evening. The waltzes were danced in couples, twenty or thirty at a time. The measure was quick, and all the parties seemed animated. I cannot say that I saw any thing indecorous in the embraces of the ladies and their partners, except in the mere act itself; but the waltz will never become a current fashion in England or America.

There is no precedency in a French assembly except amongst the Military. This is managed with much delicacy. Every group is thrown as much as possible into a circle. The tables are all circular, and cotillons are chiefly preferred from having this quality.

I did not join the card-players: there were about half a dozen tables, and the several parties appeared to play very high. When the game, or a certain number of games were over, the parties rose from their seats, and bowing to any whom they saw near them, invited them to succeed them in their seats. These invitations were sometimes accepted, but more frequently declined. The division of the drawing-room set apart for the card-players served rather as a promenade for the company who did not dance; they here ranged themselves in a line along the ribbon, and criticised the several dancers. Some of these spectators seemed most egregious fops. One of them, with the exception of his linen, was dressed completely in purple silk or satin, and another in a rose-coloured silk coat, with white satin waistcoat and small clothes, and white silk stockings. The greater part of the ladies were dressed in fancy habits from the antique. Some were sphinxes, some vestals, some Dians, half a dozen Minervas, and a score of Junos and Cleopatras. One girl was pointed out to me as being perfectly *à l'Anglaise*.—Her hair, perfectly undressed, was combed off her forehead, and hung down her back in its full length behind. She reminded me only of a school-boy playing without his hat.

We were summoned to the supper-table about three in the morning.—This repast was a perfect English dinner. Soup, fish, poultry, and ragouts, succeeded each other in almost endless variety. A fruit-basket was served round by the servants together with the bread-basket, and a small case of liqueurs was placed at every third plate. Some of these were contained in glass figures of Cupids, in which case, in order to get at the liqueur, it was necessary to break off a small globule affixed to the breast of the figure. The French confectioners are more ingenious than delicate in these contrivances; but the French ladies seemed better pleased with such conceit in proportion to their intelligible references. Some of these naked Cupids, which were perfect in all their parts, were handed from the gentlemen to the ladies, and from the ladies to each other, and as freely examined and criticised, as if they had been paintings of birds. The gentlemen, upon their parts, were equally as facetious upon the naked Venuses; and a swan affixed to a Leda, was the lucky source of innumerable pleasant questions and answers. Every thing, in a word, is tolerated which can in any way be passed into an equivoque. Their conversation in this respect resembles their dress—no matter how thin that covering may be, so that there be one.

So much for a French assembly or fashionable rout, which certainly ex-

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cells an English one in elegance and fancy, as much as it falls short of it in substantial mirth. The French, it must be confessed, infinitely excell every other nation in all things connected with spectacle, and more or less this spectacle pervades all their parties. They dance, they converse, they sing, for exhibition, and as if they were on the stage. Their conversation, therefore, has frequently more wit than interest, and their dancing more vanity than mirth. They seem in both respects to want that happy carelessness which pleases by being pleased. A Frenchwoman is a figurante even in her chit-chat.

It may be expected that I did not omit to visit the theatres. Mr. Younge accompanied me successively to nearly all of them—two or three in an evening. Upon this subject, however, I shall say nothing, as every book of travels has so fully described some or other of these, that nothing in fact is further required.

I had resolved not to leave Paris without seeing the emperor, and being informed that he was to hold an audience on the following day, I applied to Mr. Younge to procure my formal introduction. With this purpose we waited upon General Armstrong, who sent my name to the Grand Chamberlain with the necessary formalities.—This formality is a certificate under the hand of the Ambassador, that the person soliciting the introduction has been introduced at his own court, or that, according to the best knowledge of the Ambassador, he is not a Merchant—a *Negociant actuel*. It may be briefly observed, however, that the French Negotiant answers better to the English Mechanic, than to the honourable appellation, Merchant.—General Armstrong promised me a very interesting spectacle in the Imperial audience. "It's the most splendid Court in Europe," said he: "the Court of London, and even of Vienna, will not bear a comparison with it." Every one agreed in the justice of this remark, and my curiosity was strongly excited.

On the day appointed, about three o'clock, Mr. Younge accompanied me to the Palace, where we were immediately conducted to a splendid saloon, which is termed the Ambassadors' hall. Refreshments were here handed round to the company, which was very numerous, and amongst them many German Princes in their grand court dress.—The conversation became very general; those who had seen Bonaparte describing him to those who were about to be introduced. Every one agreed that he was the most extraordinary man that Europe had produced in many centuries, and that even his appearance was in no slight degree indicative of his character. "He possesses an eye," said one gentleman, "in which Lavater might have understood an hero." Mr. Younge confirmed this observation, and prepared me to regard him with more than common attention.

The doors of the saloon were at length thrown open, and some of the officers of the Grand Chamberlain, with white wands and embroidered robes and scarfs, bowing low to the company, invited us, by waving their staves, to follow them up the grand staircase.—Every one now arranged themselves in pairs, behind their respective Ambassadors, and followed the ushers in procession, according to the precedence of their respective countries, the Imperial, Spanish, and Neapolitan Ambassadors forming the van. The staircase was lined on both sides with grenadiers of the Legion of Honour, most of whom, privates as well as officers, were arrayed in the order. The officers, as we passed, exchanged salutes with the Ambassadors; and as the Imperial Ambassador, who led the procession, reached the door of the anti-chamber, two trumpeters on each side played a congratulatory flourish. The ushers who had led us so far, now took their stations on each side the door, and others, in more splendid habits, succeeded them in the office of conducting us.

We now entered the anti-chamber, in which was stationed the regular guard of the palace. We were here saluted both by privates and officers, the Imperial Guard being considered as part of the household. From the anti-chamber we passed onwards through nearly a dozen most splendid apartments, and at length reached the presence-chamber.

My eyes were instantly in search of the Emperor, who was at the further

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extremity, surrounded by a numerous circle of officers and counsellors. The circle opened on our arrival, and withdrew behind the Emperor. The whole of our company now ranged themselves, the Ambassadors in front, and their several countrymen behind their respective Ministers.

Bonaparte now advanced to the Imperial Ambassador, with whom, when present, he always begins the audience. I had now an opportunity to regard him attentively. His person is below the middle size, but well composed; his features regular, but in their *tout ensemble* stern and commanding; his complexion sallow, and his general mien military. He was dressed very splendidly in purple velvet, the coat and waistcoat embroidered with gold bees, and with the grand star of the Legion of Honour worked into the coat.

He passed no one without notice, and to all the Ambassadors he spoke once or twice. When he reached General Armstrong, he asked him, whether America could not live without foreign commerce as well as France? and then added, without waiting for his answer, "There is one nation in the world which must be taught by experience, that her Merchants are not necessary to the existence of all other nations, and that she cannot hold us all in commercial slavery:—England is only sensible in her compters."

The audience took up little less than two hours, after which the Emperor withdrew into an adjoining apartment; and the company departed in the same order, and with the same appendages, as upon their entrance.

To the Editor of the Universal Mag.

Sir,

I MUST beg leave to say, through your repository, that I laboured under a misapprehension, to whatever cause it was owing, when, in my Memoir of the excellent Mr. Lindsey, which appeared in the Magazine for May, I referred to "a fortune falling to him by the death of a friend;" as I am informed since, on the best authority, that "no such circumstance ever took place."

"Considerations on the Expediency of revising the Liturgy," mentioned in the enumeration of Mr. Lindsey's works, I understand did not proceed from *his* pen, but that of Dr. Watson Bishop of Landaff.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
Joshua Toulmin.

Birmingham, 5th August, 1809.

CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

Nubilia *in* Search *of a* Husband; *including Sketches of Modern Society, and interspersed with Moral and Literary Disquisitions.* 1 vol. 8vo. 9s. pp. 400. Sherwood & Co. 1809.

[*Concluded from p.* 38.]

THE tranquillity and happiness which Nubilia so particularly enjoyed were, at length, interrupted by the death of her father, which opened to her a sphere of action at once new and important. She was now to exchange the placid enjoyments of a country life for the busy turmoil of the city. She was to leave the spot endeared to her by her infant sports and infant happiness, and to enter upon a scene beset with dangers and with difficulties; but it was in this scene that the falsity or validity of the principles under which she had been educated was to be tried. A short time before her father breathed his last, he informed her of the place in which he had deposited his papers, amongst which she would find two letters on the subject of a platonic affection, which he entertained for the wife of a friend. Without entering into the merits of the case, or disputing the possibility of mere platonic love, we do not hesitate to pronounce the letter of Nubilia's father to be the most exceptionable part of the work, at the same time that it possesses truths which ought to be

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engraven on the minds of every married couple. The picture which he draws of marriage is beautiful, but it is a picture existing only in the brain of the theorist; for we look for it in vain in our intercourse with the world. We will transcribe the part, for the benefit of those who are not so fortunate as to possess the work:—

"Marriage has appeared to me a deity of enchanting loveliness: her eye effused the mildness of innocence, her tongue spoke the language of perfect harmony and peace; her breast treasured up the liberal virtues, and her thoughts were spotless as the bosom of a summer sky; her conduct was the visible language of her heart; her brow shewed no insulting taunt; the mean passions of our nature never dimmed the lustre of her countenance; her mind, generous as the hand of warm benevolence, disdained to harbour low suspicions, blushed to exact a servile devotion, abhorred the foulness of jealousy; in her bosom dwelt enshrined the precious pledge she had given at the altar; daily and hourly she turned to it, and reverenced its mandates; it was her pride, her happiness, her joy. In that bosom dwelt, too, a living source of human love, whence darted rays to various points, as warm, as glowing, as those that centre now in one beloved object; but they wanted that nameless energy which then informed them. Conscious of purity, she honoured the human heart too much to fix insidious doubts on all its movements; pleased to think nobly of the object she had selected for her especial love, she delighted only to see in it all that dignifies and elevates our nature:—oh, my friend, there is *my* idol! I call upon you, upon the world, to do homage: discard the painted image that has so long deluded you: see here a chaste and pure one: for myself I could kneel with unfeigned devotion before a deity so propitious to human happiness: I can do reverence to any thing that robs us of our vices, our prejudices, and our errors, and gives us peace and virtue in their stead.

"But let me be more explicit. I am deeply interested in this question: it has occupied my thoughts since I have had the power of thought; and I am anxious to be clearly understood, because I have already suffered some odium from my strict adherence to my own opinions upon it.

"It is a low and sordid idea, that marriage ought to place a bar between the intercourse of the sexes; I mean between that intercourse which exists within the boundaries of personal contamination. The wish of such a restriction must have arisen, first, in the mind of some degraded being, who drew his maxims of morality from the corrupted volume of his own breast. Besides, it is demanding an impossibility; it is enforcing the necessity of systematical deception: it is torturing the heart with a perpetual conflict between bigotted duty and unsophisticated nature. What! does the moral system sustain a complete revolution the moment a priest has pronounced a few words; have we no longer eyes; are our senses obscured; do we cease to be human? If we are none of these, how then can we perform what implies the existence of all? Believe it not. Though thousands may discharge this bitter task, yet, would they speak the solemn language of truth, they would tell you that it has been a task of horror: tears would gush forth at the very recollection of what they had endured. Can it be otherwise while the selfish system is maintained, which appropriates human nature like the beast of the field, and chains, with despotic force, the sympathies of the heart?

"I own I am at a loss to conceive why this should be so. The duties of the married state are of a plain and simple nature: they demand no extraordinary energy of character to fulfil. They are sometimes enough to occupy the meanest of our faculties; while the higher are left undirected. Is the sphere of human affection necessarily so contracted that it can embrace only one object? and will it be said, that a married person is incapacitated from discharging the duties of his station, if he suffer a new passion to possess his heart? It will be answered—yes: but they who answer thus, answer from the impulse of unworthy feelings.

"Why is marriage a state so proverbially unhappy, than even children learn to jeer it? Because it is

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set in opposition to nature. Men have hemmed it in with thorns and briars; they have, to a certain degree, disunited it from the world; every step within the pale, is agony; every step beyond, is infamy. Suspicion, envy, jealousy, and all the rankling passions of little minds rear their horrid crests in the van: behind, sorrow, tears, and anguish walk an eternal round. Injustice, too, has laid her cruel hand upon it: man, as the lawgiver, has been lenient to himself; but he has been a sanguinary tyrant to the other sex: he claims exemptions and immunities, which he denies to them: he disdains himself to wear the fetters he has forged for his companion."

This letter has been censured as containing principles subversive of morality and the established interests of society. We have heard it quoted as of the most dangerous tendency, and advocating the cause of marriage infidelity. Were that opinion founded on truth, we should be the first to expose it in its hideous colours, and "seek the hidden monster to his den." But, notwithstanding the latitudinarian principles which it inculcates, it glows with beauties, which cannot fail to excite the admiration and applause of every enlarged and liberal mind. Unfortunately, to some minds truth is a poison of the most deleterious kind, and they turn from the view of it with horror. Every detection of error, every innovation of principles, with the basis of which they are unacquainted, and for which they dare not search, as it might on a sudden expose to them the egregious errors under which they labour, is decryed and pointed out by them, as tending to introduce a laxity of morals and contempt of religion and virtue. Thus many are afraid to search for the causes of the misery, which is now so often the attendant on the married state; for a secret voice proclaims that they would find those causes in themselves, and in the unnatural shackles which are now imposed on the married state. We would particularly recommended the following passage to the perusal of our female readers. It will prove an useful lesson both to the married and the unmarried. It will teach the former not to render her husband miserable by her constant suspicions of his infidelity, if he dare to converse with another female on terms of friendship; and it will teach the latter the rocks on which connubial felicity is wrecked.

"And will it be said, that if this new object be cherished with love and affection, there must necessarily be a falling off in the sincerity of the conjugal duties? If it be so, the cause is to be sought in a radical defect of the moral system of the delinquent, not in the feelings now excited. A man or woman of real honour, of delicate and refined principles, is incapable of vice; they view it with horror and disgust. They are neither so volatile nor so depraved as to quit the path of strict integrity, and follow every wandering meteor that happens to cross their steps; but neither are they so self-debased as to shrink from the reception and nurture of all honourable, interesting, and consolatory feelings. What may be termed *love* is a sort of aerial existence; it lives in sighs and looks, that are full of imaginary meanings; its hopes and fears, its half-suppressed delights, form a source of exquisite enjoyment to elevated, and only to elevated minds; its highest raptures are those which are farthest removed from sense; its most exalted charms are but visionary dreams that hover round the infected mind; its most precious gifts are words of dubious kindness where the heated fancy has full room to act and point their application. This mental, this spiritual passion is capable of imparting such joys to the life of man, that the full heart rests satiated with indefinable delights. And I ask you most seriously, my friend, what prejudice to the marriage state can arise from the existence of such a passion in conjunction with every legitimate and just feeling that belongs to this state? What is detracted from it? Nothing. What duty is impeded by its presence? None. It is only a secondary inmate of the heart, in which a superior dwells enshrined, and must for ever dwell unless the sanctuary be already corrupted. With the latter it never can contend, for its wishes and desires are opposite. It serves to embellish and enliven the road of life, by opening new opportunities for

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pleasure; it improves and enlarges the sphere of affection, and it serves to generate a feeling of ourselves, a decent and a laudable pride in viewing ourselves esteemed and beloved without even the apprehension of an interested motive.

"I know you will say that this pure and immaculate picture can rarely be found, or, if found, it must be in very exalted and liberal bosoms: and that the dissemination of such a principle would lead to injury, because only a chosen few are capable of receiving it in a proper way. I do not deny all this. Corrupt and degraded minds will extract poison from any thing: but this has nothing to do with the possibility of such a passion taking place in purer natures. Shall we hate the sun because he breeds maggots in carrion as well as spreads the smiling harvest o'er the land?

"'But,' you say, 'what return can I expect? Here seems to you all the difficulty and all the danger.'—What return can I expect! The equivalent of what I give—purity and honour. Step forth, stern moralist, and level all your thunders here, they will fall in vain: shew, if you can, that God or nature has ordained one object only to the feeling heart; that love, chaste and spotless as the hopes of consanguinity, pure as the pleasures of kindred minds, cannot build its throne within the precincts of wedded faith and duty. Do you not think, my friend, that when you would thus contract the circle of human affection, when you would establish the impossibility of such virtue as I here speak of, you pronounce a bitter and unmerited reproach upon mankind? What is there so saintly or so holy, what is there so austerely sanctimonious in such connections, that you should suppose them either chimerical or dangerous? Heavens! have we then sunk so despicably low that moderate virtue is to be gazed at as a phenomenon, or derided as an imposture? Is the age for ever passed, in which honour, and integrity, and purity, and worth, may mingle with the deeds of man and find a generous confidence in human kind? Labour not so industriously to degrade your fellow creatures. More harm has been done to the cause of morals by the cynical declamations and peevish doubts of those who exhort to the practice of virtue, than by the most open and wanton incentives to vice that debased minds can fabricate. It can hardly be conceived, with what a noble energy a man is incited to the pursuit of all that is great and noble, who is already believed to be sincere and successful in his endeavours: but the bursting flame is most certain to be extinguished by cold and sullen doubts, by morose prognostics of failure and by subtle insinuations of insincerity. Suspicion is a baleful canker that undermines with deadly force: a generous mind, caught in its toils, shrinks from the contest, and disdains a vindication: nor is this all; disgusted with a world in which the garb of innocence is no protection from wrongs and insult, it abandons the hopeless career, and, in order to be social, becomes depraved. There cannot be a situation more hateful, or more afflictive to a truly liberal and ingenuous person, than to be suspected of equivocal or disgraceful conduct, at the very moment when every impulse of his heart, when every thought and every feeling is sacred to virtue. Stung with indignation to be so pestered by the gross conceptions of vulgar minds, he scorns to explain, and rather chooses to walk his road, upheld by the proud consciousness of his own integrity, dignified and unbending amid the gathering taunts of ignorance and malevolence, than stoop to soothe the causeless rancour by what might be deemed a compulsory justification. Even so my friend I might have disdained to appeal from my own heart to your judgment; and if, in this case, I have shewn a docility not native to me, ascribe it to that fervid friendship for you which animates my heart and ever must animate it while I remain sensible of my own existence. But I exhort you to discard, what I cannot but consider as a prejudice of no common magnitude: think nobly of your species when you can: believe me, it were better and more honourable to confess that successful villainy had practised on your generous and manly confidence, than to boast with what expert collusion you have foiled knaves at their own game, while you have, at the same

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time perhaps, planted a thorn in the breast of innocence and truth. Remember, there is no virtue really unattainable to an ardent mind engaged in the pursuit."

At the close of the eighth book we find Nubilia and her uncle discoursing on the respective merits of some of the English poets: but we cannot assent to the position, that a poet cannot write a pastoral, because he has not been brought up in the country. Thomson, to whose judgment in poetic matters we certainly bow with deference, held the same opinion; and when he was informed that Glover, a citizen of London, was engaged in an epic poem, he exclaimed, "He write an epic poem, who never saw a mountain?" But Leonidas appeared, and Thomson acknowledged his error.

On the arrival of Nubilia in London she is introduced to the follies of fashionable life, and is condemned to listen to the senseless and unmeaning rant of fops, loungers, and members of the Whip Club, who are *lashed* with a severity due to such an exalted situation. At last she is introduced to a Mr. Vaughan, who, by the cool and irresistible force of simple argument, overcame Mr. Thomson in polemics; and by a force of argument, perhaps not quite so cool, but equally irresistible, overcame every argument which Nubilia could adduce against the passion of love. In the enumeration of his virtues, Nubilia says, "Where there is dignity of mind, there cannot be frivolity of character." Were not the whole work thickly strewn with specimens of a deep and extended knowledge of man, were it not evidently the labour of a well stored and penetrating mind, we should be apt to ascribe the sentiment of the passage just quoted to a superficial knowledge of mankind. It unfortunately happens, and it is a phenomenon in the human character, that where the greatest dignity of mind exists, it is generally attended with the greatest frivolity of character. Montaigne spent often an hour at a time in playing with a kitten, and Buffon took a pleasure in preserving the clippings of his finger nails; Arbuthnot amused himself in pinning pieces of paper to the coats of his companions, and sending them forth into the street to be laughed at. The late Lord Monboddo possessed a dignity of mind superlatively great, but in many respects he was the most frivolous character that ever existed. A living divine, to whom England is indebted for the instruction of two of its greatest ornaments, who, in the scale of deep erudition and science, stands the foremost in his country, is but the prototype of Lord Monboddo in frivolity of character. We do not dispute that dignity of mind may exist without frivolity of character; but we have adduced instances sufficient to prove that they are not heterogeneous.

In an argument on suicide the opinions of Mr. Vaughan deserve particular notice, and it is with pleasure we offer to our readers the following extract:—

"'Do you then think suicide a crime?' asked Sir William Stanley.

"'Without referring to religion,' answered Mr. Vaughan, 'I will answer your question by another. Is there any man, so insulated from his fellow creatures, as to be wholly unconnected with them in any respect whatsoever? If such a contradiction could exist, self-murder might admit of palliation perhaps. But as this contradiction *cannot* exist, as every man is connected with other human beings in some relation or other; as he has duties to perform; and as his neglect of those duties would not be a virtue, it is impossible that it can be otherwise than a crime, to do that which renders this neglect inevitable and eternal. If too there is a general chain of being, and every man, when he is born into the world, is born into it for the performance of certain actions, necessary, it may be, to the universal system of existence, how can he snap that chain asunder without being criminal? The disorder which may be occasioned in the plan of creation by the premature destruction of one of its parts, may be great, though not known to us, because a finite intellect cannot comprehend an infinite design: and the miseries which we endure may be a necessary part of the whole. No one, in my

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opinion, can defend self-murder, who admits the existence of a deity and his attributes. Human wisdom, as derived from human actions, will serve us here. We admit that the Almighty has placed us in this world for purposes, of which part is known to us and part is concealed. It is allowed that we are his creatures; and it is known that he has assigned a particular limitation, an appointed period, in which we shall be called away from the discharge of those functions which are allotted to us here. This period is natural death, as arising from physical or other causes, produced by God. Let us now imagine that a man hires a servant to do certain work, and that a contract is entered into between the master and this servant, that a certain time shall elapse before the latter shall be at liberty to renounce his office——'

" 'Aye,' interrupted Mr. Thomson, 'but the case is not in point. There is no contract between man and the Almighty.'

" 'There certainly is a virtual contract,' replied Mr. Vaughan, 'between the Creator and the created, and a contract of far greater obligation and of higher import, than any that can take place between man and man.—The efficacy of this contract is admitted as often as we admit the attributes of God; and he who does *not* admit these attributes has no right to be considered as a rational being. The case, therefore, as I stated it, though 'comparing great things with small,' appears to me to be sufficiently analogous for my purpose. The company, I dare say, can anticipate what will be my application. It will not, surely, be said that this servant, having made this contract, has a right to abrogate it by his own act; for, to a condition which is established by two persons, it is requisite that the same two (or some other two invested with adequate powers by the original parties) should concur to its repeal. It is evident, also, that much inconvenience, and perhaps injury, would result to the master by the desertion of the servant.'

" 'But you forget,' replied Mr. Thomson, 'that the servant might consider ill treatment as a sufficient plea for annulling the contract.'

" 'By that, you mean to insinuate, that the misfortunes of life, as proceeding from the Author of all, are analogous to ill treatment from the master to the servant. But here the comparison will not hold. Actions between man and man, are known to be good or bad by their immediate effects. If one man strike another and fracture a limb; or if he deprives him of food, of clothing, or abridges him in any of his comforts, such actions are acknowledged and felt to be wrong, because they are injurious, and because we have no reason to expect ultimate benefit, or to attribute, to the perpetrator, other motives than such as are bad. But, in all that proceeds from God, we may without offence to reason, and we ought, in the conviction of our own ignorance, to believe that perfect wisdom and justice are the motives; that nothing can be wrong in reference to him, and that, consequently, none of his dispensations can be considered as a justification of our destroying that tacit covenant which we enter into. These reasonings, which have for their foundation no other basis than that of nature, have, I confess, always appeared to me sufficiently cogent to overthrow the flimsy sophistry which some have urged in support of the propriety of suicide. But, beyond these, there is a positive inhibition from the mouth of God himself; at least I shall always think so, till I can be convinced that the fifth commandment of the decalogue is meant to apply only to the destruction of others; and, were I tempted to commit so mad and guilty a deed, I hope I should rather exclaim with Shakspeare,—

> Against self-slaughter
> There is a prohibition so divine
> That cravens my weak hand.'

" 'I am wholly of your opinion,' replied my uncle, 'and I have always considered suicide as an act which is warranted neither by nature nor by religion.'

" 'It is a favourite doctrine with its abettors,' said Mr. Vaughan, 'to consider life as an intended blessing, and as a state into which they have been forced. They then argue, that if the blessing be withdrawn, and if that state into which they have been forced be rendered insupportable from

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calamity, there is no reason why they should continue it. But there is so much impiety in this, that it deserves no refutation.'

"'Nay,' added Captain Tornington, 'they even go so far as to maintain that Providence never meant his creatures to be unhappy; and that, when they become so, it is an acceptable act to the deity to avoid it by voluntary death.'

"'That,' said my uncle, 'arises from a very common fallacy. Men are apt to regard only single attributes of the Almighty. They consider his mercy, but forget his justice; and infinite mercy, they think, cannot cause misery.'

"'And they think rightly,' rejoined Mr. Thomson, in a triumphant tone.

"'The perversions of our reason are so numerous,' said Mr. Vaughan, 'and so easy, that when a man is resolved to cavil, what is there that cannot be disputed? The plainest duties of life may be obscured by misrepresentation. But he who seeks for truth with a mind willing to find it, and a heart humble enough to hear its voice, will never seek in vain. The pride of reason is a fruitful source of error, inconsistency, and guilt. I pity those, whose minds are like a sieve, that lets through the grains of gold, and keeps only the chaff. And there is nothing more easy than this sort of opposition to truth; for,

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow,
He who would seek for pearls must dive below.'"

During the course of Nubilia's career, we have ever considered her as gifted with peculiar intellectual powers; we regret, therefore, that at the close of it she should give us any cause to alter that opinion. Sophocles says, Ιυναι γυναξί χοσμου ἠσυγκ' φέρει. But Nubilia differs from that opinion, and is "*resolved to speak*" on a subject with which she is evidently not conversant. We allude to her remarks on German literature; nor is Mr. Vaughan (who *en passant* appears to have been first struck with the shaft of love, when he discovered that Nubilia was a proficient in the German language) nor Mr. Carson more happy in their strictures. In the Piccolomini,* Nubilia admires the silliest song which was ever penned by the hand of a genius, like Schiller, and quotes a line, the rhythm of which she calls expressive, but which, we believe, has been more ridiculed in the native country of the author than the famous line of Thomson in Tancred and Sigismunda. Even in this country, it has been justly burlesqued in the following line:—

"The dumplings they tumble, and up and up."

We, however, agree with Mr. Vaughan, that the translation of the German authors has been, in general, undertaken by persons inadequate to the task: but we are afraid that, had Nubilia favoured us with her version of the speech of Maximilian Piccolomini, it would have pleased us as little, as it did herself; and we will say to Mr. Vaughan, for his compliance to the opinions of Nubilia,—

Welch wunderwerk hat oft ein schöner blick gethan,
Wie manches richters herz der fur kein geld betrogen,
Hat eine Phryne brust zum falschen sprach bewogen.

By means of a letter, in which we suppose Mr. Vaughan's irresistible arguments were expressed, he discloses his passion for Nubilia; and Nubilia finds in him the husband of whom she was in search.

Having minutely examined the respective parts of the work, we have only to pass our general opinion of it. It evidently flows from an enlightened and philosophic mind. It abounds with glowing sentiments of virtue and morality, at the same same that it shines with the more dazzling light of science and philosophy. We do not find in it the cant of religion, though it warmly inculcates those principles on which true religion is founded. It does not picture religion a bugbear, nor shew a God of mercy with a sword of terror in his hand. It shews us the path which leads to happiness, not set with thorns, but spread with roses of the brightest hues. No person, we af-

* Nubilia calls the play *Wallenstein*; whereas it is *Die Piccolomini oder Wallensteins Tod.*

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firm, can rise from the perusal of Nubilia without advantage to himself. But let not the mere novelist take up the book with the hope of finding a series of adventures, from which all probability is banished, and which poison the mind by depicturing the world different than it is. In Nubilia, man is depictured as he is. Perfection is not given to imperfection: and if man be drawn in a gloomy character, the cause is to be sought for in the depravity of his nature, and in a dereliction from the established principles of virtue. We have risen from the perusal of the work with peculiar gratification. Instruction is blended with amusement, and Nubilia is well entitled to rank with the best productions of the day.

Although the language is, in some places, stiff and bombastic, yet on the whole it is animated and elegant. But we noticed the following inaccuracies, which, however, may, in some degree perhaps, be attributed to the short space of time in which the work was composed.

As a specimen of tautology we select the following,—

"Or wish to *recollect* with solemn *reminiscence*."—p. 22.

The following is a gross deviation from grammar,—

"It was a mournful and yet a pleasing spectacle to behold the groupe of young and old, male and female, that *was* assembled in the church-yard to pay the testimony of *their* tears," &c. —p. 163.

Again,—

"For no persuasion *or* entreaty." —p. 356.

"To observe, that where virtue, truth, and liberty erect their standard, there arts, science, knowledge, polished life, ascend in gradual progress to the *highest*."—p. 556.

Cum multis aliis.

R. H.

THE LASH; *a Satire, without Notes.* pp. 48. 1809.

IF there is not much vigour in this satire, there is, at least, good intention; and no one will deny that the *lash* is properly applied in the following lines:—

"From whose pert quill our daily insults fall,
Senseless and foul as B—d—n's weekly scrawl;
That literary quack so debonnaire,
Born of the Lord knows whom,—the Lord knows where;
(Save that his *Patriot* has proclaim'd him sprung
From some proud *Phœnix* ashes,—or its dung!
Perchance some mongrel union gave him life,
Some printer's devil on some newsman's wife!)
Ready he stands, fair virtue to attack,
Of all his crew the veriest hackney'd hack;
By *his* foul pen our heroes fame must smart,
—Nay, such the baseness of his vip'rous heart,
Before he'd spare the truly just and good,
He'd spit his venom on a Saviour's blood!"

The above lines are not without force: but they are the best in the poem.

THE ITINERANT; *or,* MEMOIRS *of an* ACTOR. *By* S. W. RYLEY. 3 *vols.* 1808.

WE have seldom perused a work of more amusement than this. If we allow Mr. Ryley to have seen only half what he relates, he has seen enough. We cannot, indeed, assent unconditionally to the assurance in the preface, that the "incidents are founded on *facts*;" for we consider the episode of Camelford and his associates as altogether improbable, though highly amusing and interesting as a narrative. Several other parts too of the work, bear the impress of invention: yet, with all these deductions, there remains enough of reality to give zest to the whole.

We consider Mr. Ryley as possessing very considerable powers of lively narration. His language is easy and natural, and his delineation of character is often excellent. His morality too is good, and his humanity is unequivocally displayed.

The following narrative will exhibit our author's manner:—

"As we reclined on a bank, close by the pathway, an old soldier, whose silver hair, and cleanly appearance, commanded respect, and who had lost a leg and an eye in the service of his country, limped along, and as he pass-

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ed, requested our honors would bestow a copper, to purchase tobacco; with an irresistible impulse, I dropped my last sixpence into his hat, whilst my prudent friend, whose father presided as head of the parish, examined the veteran on points of parochial import. "Why did he beg? the laws of this country made ample provision for the poor; and for the disabled soldier, a pension might be obtained by proper application." "Why, I'll tell your honours. As to Chelsea, I've got that, but seven pounds a yeat won't go far now a days; and as to the parish, damme if ever I trouble it again.—That is the place," looking back at the village, whilst the tear stood in his eye, "which gave me birth; with an intention to end my days there, about a month since, I took a garret, and said to myself, 'Jerome, thou mayst rest thy old bones, for with the assistance of a trifle from the parish, thy small remnant of life will pass in comfort.'—But, gemmen, I was reckoning without my host—the heart of a parish officer is as hard as the butt end of a musket—They've kill'd poor Bibo, and old Jerome's turn'd out to beg his bread."

"The old soldier seem'd much agitated in uttering the last sentence, and as we were at a loss to understand what was meant by "killing Bibo," I requested him to be more explicit.—"Why thus it is your honors,—it's damn'd foolish for an old soldier to stand whimpering like a woman, but when I think of Bibo, though he was but a brute, and had not a soul to be saved, I can't help chuckling.—I believe there's one quid left in the corner of my box"—saying this, he cram'd the tobacco into his mouth, wiped his eye, squirted out a quantity of saliva, and proceeded.—"Twenty-four years I served under the brave Captain Howard, in the 5th regiment of foot, and a better gemman—God rest his soul—never lived—the last six years of his life, he took me into his house as a kind of *valedy sham*; he had no family except Bibo, a Newfoundland dog, which he lov'd like a child; for when the noble captain served abroad, he once fell overboard, and Bibo saved his life. His honor was not very rich, he was too generous to be rich, it was as much as he could do to make both ends meet; however, he took care to keep Bibo, as fat as a pig; and I've often heard him say, if he died first, he'd leave Bibo a fortune; but Lord help him, he had no fortune to leave, for when he lay on his death bed, he ordered me to sell his gold watch to buy nourishment. 'Jerome,' said he, 'take care of my dog, the life that he once sav'd I am going to resign into the hands of him that made us both.' He soon after died, and Bibo was left to my care. I had some regard Gemmen, you will think, for the poor animal, for you know the old saying, 'love me, love my dog,' and though I had nothing left but my pension, I thought if I retired to my own village, I might be able to live, as I said before, with a little help from the parish; so after the funeral, I set off with Bibo at my heels, determined to beg as soon as my money was done, which could not last long, being only a new crown piece, the captain gave me, and six-penny-worth of copper, to travel 70 miles. Perhaps, Gemmen, you are tired,—I'd better be hobbling on—it will do *you* no good to *hear* my story, and it grieves *me* to *tell* it."

"We assured him we were much interested, and begg'd he would proceed. "Well then, thus it is,—but if you please I'll sit down, because you know your honors, when a man has but one leg, he can't stand so well as if he had two! Ah I shall never forget the day I lost the fellow to this; it was taken off by a shot at Bunker's Hill.—As I lay on the ground, the captain passing by me as he left the field, (for you see our forces were on the retreat, and it was as much as his life was worth to stay a minute) got me by the hand, and said, 'Jerome, God bless thee,'—and may God bless *him*—and he *will* bless him too;—for I can tell your honors——"

"We now reminded him, that in his affection for his master, he seemed to have forgotten the sequel to Bibo.—"Very true, very true"—running his finger round his empty box, in hopes of finding another quid,—"very true, I had got a little out of the road to be sure, Bunker's Hill is not the way to Saddleworth.—Well then, Gemmen, thus it is——Old Jerome hobbled on pretty stoutly, and Bibo waddled after, at the rate of about one mile an hour;

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to make short of my story—the crown piece lasted till we reached Manchester—there I began to beg for the first time—but I can't tell how it was—whether, not being used to the *trade*, I set about it *clumsily*, I don't know, but—no one would give me a farthing. It's very hard thought I, that an old soldier, who has lost a leg and an eye in defence of his country, should find no one willing to give him a trifle, to help him on the road—at length an old lady approached, and was in the act of presenting something, when Bibo caught her eye—she ask'd 'whose dog he was?' 'mine, an' please your ladyship'—'indeed!' said she, drawing her hand away, 'if you can afford to keep a dog, you can't want my assistance.' —'Poor Bibo!' said I——Bibo heard me—look'd up, and wagg'd his tail—'aye aye, poor fellow! wag away' thought I, 'if I can get thee to my own parish, thou shalt be safely laid up for life.——Would you believe it Gemmen? I did not get one halfpenny the whole day—some talk'd of a *pass*—others threaten'd the *New Bailey*—neither Bibo or myself had tasted since morning—night was coming on, no place of shelter appeared ready to receive our weary limbs——as I lean'd on my crutch, debating—Bibo shook himself, as much as to say, 'Jerome it's very cold'—when the noise of a new brass collar, the captain bought just before he died, put a thought in my head, that procured us meat, drink, and lodging. That collar, said I to myself, is of no use—better for Bibo to be without *collar*, than without *meat*; so I took it off—went to a shop, and sold it for fifteen pence—though it had cost five shillings not a month before—with this money I purchased the following articles; four pennyworth of cheese, a pint of beer, a twopenny straw bed, and three pennyworth of tobacco."

"Refreshed, and praising God for all things, we set off at five o'clock the next morning, and by night reached my native place. Twenty-five years ago, I took on to be a soldier; during that time, nearly all my friends were dead; those who remained, not knowing me, would render me no assistance, except a night's lodging, and advised an immediate application to the parish. Seeing how matters were, I waited on the *commanding officer*, and made known my situation. Says I, 'Your Honor'—for I thought I'd honor him, though he was but a tailor—so, 'your Honor,' says I, 'my name is Jeromy Antrobus; my father was sexton of this parish for forty years; I've been twenty-five years in the army—lost a leg and an eye, as you see—and am laid by as useless, with a pension of seven pounds a year; but that, you know, is not enough to keep soul and body together; so I'm come to your Honor for a little relief, to help out with.' Now it rain'd very hard, gemmen, and standing with my hat off, almost bald, as you see, I ask'd leave to walk in; for he peep'd out at a little wicket casement, which, I am told, goes by the name of the *Devil's Picture-frame* amongst the poor.—However, I was not admitted; but he held out his hand, and dropp'd into my hat eighteen pennyworth of bad copper, saying, 'he knew nothing about me, but would call at my quarters.'. I am told he makes a pretty penny of these bad halfpence; for he buys them in at ten shillings in the pound, and makes the poor take them for their full value.

"Next day, this d—n'd tailor call'd: God forgive me, I can't help swearing when I think of him—the curse of the poor will follow him to the grave—I say, gemmen, he came to my quarters, and the churchwarden with him. I had just breakfasted on three parts of a basin of milk and bread, and Bibo was eating up the fourth, when the tailor, as stiff as buckram, came into the cellar. As soon as he saw the dog, he exclaimed, 'What! a pauper keep a dog at the expense of the parish!' With these words, he up with his stick and gave the poor brute such a blow under the ear, that he dropp'd, and never rose again.

"You may think, gemmen, an old soldier would not sit long quiet in a situation of this kind; so I made shift to shoulder my stick, and, with the first volley, *brought down* the tailor's hat and wig; but before I could *rally* my *forces*, for another *attack*, they beat a *retreat*; and it would have done your hearts good, to have heard the churchwarden, and the overseer calling for assistance, against a poor cripple, who had but one leg to stand upon. A mob

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was soon collected, who, being properly informed how matters stood, cursed the hard-hearted village tyrant—made a grave for my poor Bibo, which I soaked with my tears—and am now, as you see, tracing my weary way back to Manchester."

"The veteran drew his hand across his eyes, rose up, and prepared for his departure. My friend rose at the same time—'Stop, honest Jerome!—perhaps we may have it in our power to serve you; all overseers are not cursed with the disposition of neighbour Staytape.' By this time, my companion had torn a leaf out of his pocket-book, and hastily sketched a few lines with a pencil.—'About a mile hence, at the foot of yonder hill, you see a white house—take this note as directed, and in an hour I shall be there myself'—The old soldier placed the note in his empty tobacco-box, and, with 'God bless your Honors,' slowly hobbled on his way.

"After a pause, my friend William said, with a sigh, 'Here is another proof of the depravity of human nature. I believe this poor man's story; for I know the tailor well—he is a wretch! Constant in all the *outward forms of religion*, he turns over the leaves of his prayer-book, and is louder than any of the congregation in vociferating its contents; yet, the first of all Christian virtues, *Charity*, he is as much a stranger to, as if he had never heard the name.'"

The following presents a different kind of writing:—

"Many of my theatrical readers will remember PENN with some degree of pleasure; for he was an actor above the common stamp. He had the grand requisites—an expressive eye—features well calculated to pourtray the passions, and a strong, articulate voice. In opposition to these advantages, his person was awkward, and his deportment ungraceful; he had neither the appearance nor the gait of a gentleman; in consequence of being brought up a school-master, he was pedantic in the extreme. Could these disadvantages have been corrected or overlooked, Penn would have been in high estimation, and ranked before many first-rate actors of his day. He was, however, a great favorite in the country—made good benefits, and might have done very well, had not that destructive companion, dissipation, robb'd him of the comforts enjoyed by those who take prudence for their guide. Seldom had he a decent coat; in lieu of which, he generally wore a great coat, button'd to the chin, which served to conceal the forlorn state of his linen. His slow, methodical mode of speaking, gained him the appellation of *Podo*. Regularly every morning, at twelve o'clock, he entered the doors of a small public house in the vicinity of the theatre, and, with folded arms, knit brows, and a side-look at the landlady, he beckon'd three distinct times; then, pointing, to his mouth, gave full intimation of his wants. A glass of real Nantz, followed by an approving smack of the lips—gave a rich sparkle to his eye, and a firmness to his nerves, which, before this application, were languid and relaxed; then, turning slowly, and pointing to the cupboard-door—behind which his account was kept—he march'd out, nor utter'd a syllable during the whole negociation.

Some people there are, who cannot pronounce the *r*, others misplace the *v* and *w*; the *l* is sometimes substituted for the *n*; which gives an articulation similar to that of a person who has, by some calamity, lost the roof of his mouth. Of this latter description was *Podo*'s landlady. I had heard of his long score behind the cupboard door, and call'd to give her a caution.

"'Does Mr. Penn ever talk of paying you?' said I.

"'Lo, sir,' she replied, 'he lever talks at all.'

"I then advis'd her to chalk no more till the other was rubb'd out.

"Penn went the next day, as usual—beckon'd—pointed to his mouth; but it would not do.

"'I'll tell you what, Master Pell,' said this dealer in drams, 'it siglifies lothilg talkilg—you ald me must have a reckolilg—eighteel shillilgs ald eight pelce halfpelly is your score; ald Master Romley, the malager of your compaly, has beel here, ald he says, I must lot score alother loggil of gil, till the other's rubb'd off.'

"Penn, on hearing this, utter'd the interjection 'Oh!' turn'd upon his heel, and walk'd away."

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We occasionally noticed some negligences of composition, but they were not numerous or important enough to be animadverted upon. The author himself will doubtless see and remove them in a subsequent edition.

WILLIAM TELL, *or* SWISSERLAND DELIVERED. *By the* CHEVALIER DE FLORIAN, *Member of the Royal Academies of Paris, Madrid, Florence, &c. A Posthumous Work. To which is prefixed, The Life of the Author, by* JAUFFRET, *translated from the French by* WILLIAM B. HEWETSON, *Author of "The Blind Boy," "The Fallen Minister," &c. &c.*

WE consider this posthumous production of Florian, as excelling all his other writings. It is more vigorous in composition, more interesting in incident, and more powerful in sentiment. It is removed from that insipid mediocrity of pastoral inanity which is to be found in *Estelle and Galatea*. The character of Tell is well drawn.

A Life of Florian is prefixed, translated from Jauffret, and which, as it can be read with more advantage, than an extract from the work itself, we will subjoin.

"Jean-Pierre Claris de Florian was born in 1755, at the Castle of Florian in the Lower Cevennes, at some distance from Anduza and Saint Hypolite. Although these particulars were not known to us, it would be easy to supply them. In fact, we read them at the opening of his Pastoral of Estelle: 'I wish to celebrate my native land—to describe those delightful climates where the green olive, the vermillioned mulberry, the gilded grape, grow up together beneath an azure sky—where upon smiling hills, sprinkled with violets and daffodils, bound numerous flocks and herds—where a sprightly yet a feeling people, laborious but yet cheerful, escape from want by toil, and from vice by cheerfulness.'—And a few lines lower: 'On the borders of the Gardon, at the foot of the lofty mountains of Cevennes, between the town of Anduza and the village of Massanne, lies a valley where nature seems to have collected all her treasures.'

"The castle in which Florian was born, was built by his grandfather, a Counsellor of the Chamber of Accounts at Montpellier; who ruined himself by building a superb mansion on a very small estate, and who, when he died, left two sons, and many debts:—from the second son, Florian derived his birth. It appears that his grandfather had conceived a great affection for his grandson; and it afforded him real pleasure to see him grow up under his own eye. Sensible to this tenderness, and penetrated both with respect and love, the young Florian joyfully accompanied him in his rural excursions, and procured to the old man a satisfaction with which he was highly flattered—that of admiring his plantations:—hence arose that respect and veneration which Florian always evinced for old age, and that pleasing melancholy which he contracted a habit of, although he was naturally of a gay and lively disposition.

"One of the causes which contributed to instil into Florian's heart that pleasing melancholy which constitutes the powerful charm of his writings, was his having from his childhood to bewail a tender mother whom he had never the happiness to know, and who was highly deserving of the regret which he experienced for her. The idea that he never enjoyed the presence, the caresses, and the fostering cares, of her who gave him birth, was to Florian ever a source of painful recollection; it was always foremost in his thoughts:—and in the course of time, the more he obtained success, the more did he regret his mother could not share his feelings. He well knew that no person would have been more sensible. His father, a worthy, honest man, was more intent on the cultivation of his land than on his understanding. His mother, on the contrary, naturally intelligent, had always enjoyed the pleasure derived from letters: it was from her that Florian believed he inherited his literary talents. From the descriptions given him by those who had known, he had a portrait of her painted, for which he always shewed the most profound veneration,

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"After the death of his grandfather, young Florian was sent to a school at St. Hypolite: he learned but little there; but his natural genius and his witty sallies were soon remarked;—and the favourable reports which his relations received of his happy dispositions, determined them to give him an education capable of assisting his talents.

"His father's elder brother had married the niece of Voltaire. That great man was spoken to in behalf of young Florian, and was informed of the rising genius he displayed. Voltaire was anxious to see him. Florian was sent to him, and his first introduction into the world was at Ferney.

"Voltaire was singularly amused with his gaiety, his gentleness of manners, his lively repartees, and conceived a great friendship for him: this is evident from his letters to Floriannet, the friendly familiar name he gave him:—indeed it was said, and even mentioned in some of the periodical works of the day, that he was his near relation;—but he was no other way allied to him than as the nephew of the man who had married his niece.

"From Ferney, Florian went to Paris, where they procured him several masters to cultivate and improve his rising talents. He passed some years there; and during that period made several journeys to Hornoy, a country seat of his aunt's, in Picardy. Destined from that time for the profession of arms, he thought it his duty to adopt the spirit of it: all his sports savoured of combats. The perusal of some old romances on the subject of knight errantry heated his imagination; and the prowess of the knights and deeds of chivalry became so much to his taste, that having then, for the first time, read Don Quixotte, which he afterwards translated, far from deriving pleasure from the work, he was almost disgusted with it. He looked upon Michael Cervantes as an absurd, impertinent blockhead, for having dared to attack with the arms of ridicule, heroes who were the objects of his admiration.

"As his family was not rich, in the year 1768 he entered into the service of the Duke de Penthievre, as his Page: his friends hoped by this means he would be enabled to finish his education, and, in the end, might obtain some honourable employment: but the education of Pages was not the most excellent, and, without the resources which he had within himself, would have availed him little.

"The Duke, who attended to his own household, and who possessed a sound judgment, soon distinguished him from among his companions. His frankness, his pleasantries, and jokes, always within the strictest bounds of decency, and his lively witticisms, frequently amused that virtuous personage, who, spite of his wealth, of his goodness, and benevolence, was of all men in France perhaps the one who was less happy.

"It was during the period that young Florian was Page (he was then about fifteen) that he composed the first lines which came from his pen. The occasion which gave rise to them, and the subject he chose out of preference, equally contributed to give an idea of his character, which, as I hve already said, was a *melange* of mirth and melancholy.—The conversation one day at the Duke's was rather grave, and turned upon religious discourses and sermons. Florian suddenly engaged in it, and maintained that a sermon was by no means difficult to compose; and added, that he thought he was capable of composing one, if it was necessary. The Prince took him at his word, and betted a wager of fifty louis that he would not succeed. The Curate of St. Eustache, who was present, was to be the judge. Florian immediately set to work, and in the course of a few days produced the fruits of his labour.

"The astonishment of the Prince and of the Curate was extreme, to hear a youth recite a sermon upon death, which was worthy of being submitted to the public eye. The *first* agreed that he had lost his wager, adding that he experienced much real pleasure in having lost it; and immediately paid down the amount. The other (the Curate) got possession of the sermon, took it away, and preached it at his parish church.

"When Florian had fulfilled the du-

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ties of a Page, which only continued till a certain age, he was a long time doubtful what line of life he should adopt, and his relations partook of his uncertainty. Some advised him to solicit a place of Gentleman of Honour in the Prince's household, as that place offered a certain and quiet life; others (and his father was of the number) wished that he should pursue the career of arms. As he had not entirely lost all his ideas of chivalry, he inclined strongly to that side. The "*pomp and pageantry of war*" appeared to him in a more seducing light than all the advantages of the sedentary life they wished him to adopt; and he remarked pleasantly enough, on the subject of the place of Gentleman to the Prince, which had been solicited for and offered to him, '*I have been too long a footman, to become a valet de-chambre.*'

"He therefore chose the service, and entered into what was then called the Corps of Royal Artillery. He went to Bapaume, where the military college was: he applied himself to the study of mathematics, and succeeded, as he possessed an aptness at every branch of learning. But the science of calculation was by no means analogous with the turn of his mind: he soon discovered it had no attractions for him. Born with a lively, brilliant imagination, Florian conceived that the science of calculation served but to restrain its flights, and he consequently forgot it almost as soon as he had learned it.

"The academy at Bapaume, where Florian then was, was composed of young men, who almost all possessed considerable talents, but with whom reason was a very rare guest. We should suppose that they were occupied with their different studies, since many clever persons have come from it; but we may pretty well judge what must be the life of a great number of young men, hurried away by the impetuosity of youth, and yielding to all the extravagancies of their fancies. Nothing could keep them in restraint; one quarrel gave rise to another, and these daily disputes always ended in duels. Florian was wounded several times. At length, the want of discipline in the pupils became so great, that they were obliged to suppress the establishment. —Who could have ever supposed that from such a school should come the author of Estelle and Galatea?

"Much about this time Florian obtained a troop of cavalry in the regiment of Penthievre, then in garrison at Maubeuge. Soon after his arrival in that city, he became so violently enamoured with a canoness as amiable as she was virtuous, that he absolutely wished to marry her. His friends and relations wished to dissuade him from a match which was no way suitable to his years or his fortune, and they at last succeeded.

"His family, from whom he had but little to expect, resolved to attach him to a man of power and interest, by procuring for him, notwithstanding his opposition, the place which he had before refused; but Florian wished to serve, and the Prince did not wish any gentleman to be employed about his person who was attached to the service. Anxious, however, to fix the wavering resolution of a man whose society he loved, he even began to smooth the difficulties which might interfere with the inclinations of Florian. It was agreed, then, that he should retire upon half pay; that his rank should still continue; and that he should be wholly at liberty to remain in his new situation. He settled, therefore, at Paris; and this sedentary life, which he had so great a dread of, contributed not a little to his launching into the career of letters.

"It was then, in fact, that in order to remove the *ennui* which sometimes seized him, and of which he said himself he was too susceptible, he began to write. The fondness which he always had for the Spanish language, revived; he applied himself to the study of it, and formed the plan of translating into French every Spanish work which might appear to please the general taste of the people. After a long hesitation, divided in his opinions on several authors, he made choice of Cervantes; and, finding his Galatea possessed of much interest, spite of its imperfections, he resolved to set about it. The happy alterations which he made in that poem—the entire scenes he has added

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to it—the rustic fete—the story of the doves—the farewell to Elicio's dog—the last canto entirely, which he thought necessary to finish the poem which Cervantes never finished—the elegant and delicate stanzas which he has scattered through the work—all contributed to the success of Galatea, which determined Florian to give himself up entirely to this species of composition, the Pastoral Romance, so long fallen into absolute discredit.

"He published Estelle, and obtained fresh success, the glory of which was exclusively his own: Estelle, in fact, was solely his own invention, and pleased as much as Galatea. There are those who even prefer it to the latter; but the greatest number regard Estelle and Galatea as two sisters equally amiable, and between whom it is difficult to make a choice.

"It is needless to speak of his other works; they are in the hands of almost every person. The custom he had contracted of studying and writing had become in him a real want: he never passed a day without this kind of labour, and he frequently toiled from morning till night.

"'Try to write fables,' said the Duke de Penthievre one day to him. Florian followed his advice; he wrote fables: many years passed away before he published any of them, and only gave them to the world three or four years before his death. This collection, the most perfect which has appeared since La Fontaine, is of all Florian's works that which posterity will admire the most: at the head of this work he had his portrait engraved.

"Few authors were admitted at so early an age into the French Academy: he was only thirty-three, the day he was appointed a member. But he did not look upon this place as a place of idleness, or as a privilege for doing nothing: his new title, far from diminishing, increased his love of toil; and, if a premature death had not stopped him in his career, he had planned what was sufficient to have kept him employed for many years.

"Amongst his projects, was that of writing the lives of eminent and illustrious characters of modern history, and comparing them with each other, after the manner of Plutarch. He waited, he said, to undertake these different works till the fire of his imagination should be cooled: "that," said he, "shall be the employment of my latter years."

'The affection which he had conceived for Spain and the Spanish people was not exclusive: there was another people who shared it; one would not easily guess who—It was the Jews. He had a perfect knowlepge of their history, and frequently applied it most happily. He had always a strong desire to compose a Jewish work; and he wrote one in four books, which forms a neat small volume about the size of his Galatea: it is entitled 'Eliezer and Nepthali.' It is entirely a work of imagination, but possesses the most lively interest. At the very moment I am now writing a search is making for this precious manuscript, which cannot be found among the author's papers. * Nothing shall be neglected to discover it, and to hasten the period when the public may enjoy this interesting production.

"The last work of Florian is his translation of Don Quixotte:—he worked at it, he said, in order to rest and unbend his mind, and to prove to Cervantes that he had entirely forgotten the aversion he conceived against him in his youth. When a friend observed to him that Don Quixotte had been read by all the world; that the passion he attacked not being now the fashion, would excite but little interest; he replied that Cervantes being the best writer that Spain ever had, he should be better known; that those who had only read the translation of Fillau de Saint Martin knew him not at all; and that he hoped they would read his, which on the whole was only a free translation. As few writers have been more read than Florian, we trust his hopes will not be deceived. His translation will be brought forward with all possible dispatch.†

* Since the above was written, the MS. has been discovered, and printed at Paris:—it is a beautiful tale, and, if possible, surpasses the Death of Abel.

† Florian's Don Quixotte has since appeared from the stereotype of Di-

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"The 'private life of Florian,' like the generality of men of letters, affords no incidents of any striking nature:—he wrote it himself; it must have been interesting, for he related every thing in a pleasing manner, and knew how to stamp a value even upon trifles;—but this Life most probably was destroyed, and there is only one person to whom it was ever read.

"Those who are not intimately acquainted with him, can form no idea of the difference between Florian in company and Florian in his study. When he found himself in a society of persons who were known to him, and amongst whom he was perfectly at ease, he yielded to the charms of conversation; and there was none more lively, more agreeable, more entertaining, than his own. When his spirits were a little elevated, he would make the melancholy laugh; on the other hand, where he was unacquainted with those present, or had no intimate acquaintance with them, he always appeared grave and serious:—but even this very gravity, with those who knew him well, formed a singular contrast with his natural gaiety.

"Such was Florian;—such was the man, amiable in his conduct as in his writings; dividing his time equally between friendship and study; ever ready to oblige; incapable of giving a denial; a stranger to every species of animosity.—He retired to Seaux at the commencement of the revolution; and, solely employed in his solitude in literary pursuits, could it be supposed that envy would disturb the tranquillity of his days? would tear him from his peaceful thickets, and drag him to a prison? He had so little an idea of it, that his arrest came upon him like a thunderbolt:—he felt uneasy when they said to him, 'You are not at liberty;' and from that moment felt that this trait of man's injustice would conduct him to the tomb.

"Posterity will with difficulty credit, that the author of Estelle and Galatea, living in rural retirement, surrounded by his books, should have given sufficient cause for his being hurried to a prison.

"Amongst those various features which historians will cite, in order to characterize the epocha of the revolutionary Regimé, they will not fail to remember the arrest of Florian. There is something so very strange in it, and the consequences were so deadly, that it may not be unpleasing to detail the incidents. I find them stated in the rough copy of a memorial or petition in the shape of a letter, which Florian wrote in prison to one of the Deputies of his acquaintance. When I read it, I could scarcely check my tears:—those who will read it after me will shed some too, if they are not quite destitute of feeling. I well know that many people will blame Florian for not having evinced more firmness, and suffering himself in some measure to be overwhelmed and weighed down by the weight of the injustice; but if weakness of character is a fault, it is not always a crime. It springs from sensibility, and claims indulgence.

THE LETTER.

"Citizen Representative!

"You cherish, you cultivate, letters; but Liberty and your Country still more. You require that the Arts, to whom you were a friend from infancy, should be made useful to the cause of the people for whom you wish to die. 'Tis on that title alone I address you.

"Meditating for a long time back on amending the ancient history for a national education, I acquainted the Committee of Public Safety of my intentions, by a memorial I addressed to them. I spoke of myself in a moment when a timid man, who had the slightest reproach to charge himself with, would have been only anxious that he should be forgotten. Calm and tranquil as to this step, I laboured on in my retirement, and had already finished several articles upon Egypt, when a sudden order of the Committee of Public Safety caused me to be put under a state of arrest in the prison of Port Libre. I have now continued twenty days; to say nothing of the long nights, which

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dot, of Paris:—it is in six neat volumes, with twenty-four plates, exquisite though small. It is about to be translated into English.

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differ only from the days from the want of light, without books, almost without paper;—in the midst of six hundred persons;—in vain calling to my assistance the imagination I formerly possessed, and finding nothing in its place but sorrow and dejection.

"I wish, however, to be employed. I have conceived the plan of a work* which I think useful to the public morals: even in my prison I have celebrated the Hero of Liberty. I send you my first Book: I ask your opinion of it.

"If you are not of opinion that the Poem may strengthen in the breasts of the youthful part of the French nation the love of the Republic, and the respect for simple manners, do not answer me; let me die here. The alteration in my state of health gives me hopes that will soon be the case.

"If your civism and your taste, abstracted from all interest for me, persuade you that my work should be finished, speak to your colleagues Members of the Committee of Public Safety, and say to them,—

"'Of what can that man be guilty who dreaded being shut up in the Bastile for the first verses which he wrote in the '*Vassal of Mount Jura*?' —who wrote before the Revolution the eleventh Book of *Numa*?—and who since the Revolution, free, unincumbered, without other fortune than his talents, which he could transport to any clime, has not for an instant quitted his country; commanded three years in the National Guards; written many books; and, in his collection of Fables, printed that of the *Monkies and the Leopard*?

"'Can a writer of fables, a simple shepherd, he who sang the loves of Galatea and Estelle, can he be guilty of a crime? The Lyre of Phedra—the Pipe of Gessner—too soft, no doubt, in the midst of warlike sounds, can they be displeasing to those who wish to establish freedom on the basis of morality? The linnet which warbled forth its notes near the Lernian Marsh, when Hercules engaged the Hydra, excited not the hero's wrath; nay, perhaps, when the victory was gained, he listened to it with the greater pleasure.'

"To these few words do I now and shall reduce my sole defence. If they believe me guilty, let them judge me; but, if I am innocent, let them restore me to my liberty, to my writings, to my works now ready for the press, and which my confinement has prevented my putting the finishing hand to; let them restore me to my pure and harmless life, and the desire of being still useful to my country."

"It was thus that the mild and soothing voice of Florian sought to strike the ears of those odious tyrants, who then held France in base subjection. The *ninth of Thermidor* hastened the effect of the solicitations of Florian and his friends: he left the prison some time after that memorable day; and he hastened to leave Paris, to go and live quietly in the country. His chief object was to breathe a purer air, and make himself be forgotten. He had imbibed a degree of melancholy which rendered solitude more dear to him than ever. Whether it was that the idea of the injustice he had experienced had preyed upon his mind so as to affect his health; whether it was that the foul air and coarse food of the prison left the seeds of a dangerous malady: it was not long before he took to his bed, from which he never arose.

"The tenor of Florian's life indicated a long career: his temperance and sobriety gave hopes that he would be a long time preserved to Friendship and to Letters. Although rather below the middle size, he was strongly made. His face was not handsome; but the serenity, the gaiety, which shone in it; his full black eyes, sparkling with fire, which gave an expression of animation to the *toute ensemble* of his countenance; rendered it striking and agreeable. He died at Seaux, in a small apartment which he occupied, at the Orangery, before he reached his fortieth year.

"At any other time, the death of the author of Estelle, Galatea, Numa, Gonzalvo, and William Tell, would have been ranked amongst the most particular occurrences of the day: poets would have written elegies upon his untimely fate, and the literary societies would have resounded with

* His Poem of William Tell.

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his eulogies, and bewailed the loss which learning had sustained. But, at the period when Florian died, men were wholly occupied with politics and grief: each had some personal tears to shed to the memory of murdered friends or kinsmen; and the death of Florian, scarcely noticed in a few of the journals of the day, was, with them, forgotten."

The translation seems to be executed with fidelity and spirit.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The Dream.

LOUDLY roar'd the furious gale
Along the gloom-surrounded vale;
Dark spirits moan'd on every side,
And blood was mixt with Avon's tide.

Beneath the lightning's sulph'rous beam
I saw Cecilia's spirit gleam!
While from its breast of whitest snow
I view'd the crimson torrent flow.

Amid the black tormented air
Were heard the groans of wild Despair;
The sickly stars confounded fled,
And ghosts were seen the waves to tread.

"Oh Henry! base, unfeeling youth,
"Whose words I fondly took for truth,
"Arouse thee from thy harden'd sleep,
"And o'er Cecilia's relics weep."

Affrighted with the charge I fled,
The spirits wheeling round my head!
And as beside the wood I pass'd,
Loud shrieks of "murder" fill'd the blast!

Still hurrying over bog and mire,
And still pursued by visions dire,
The pitying moon diffused her beam
To light me o'er the roaring stream!

The spectres seiz'd me by the hair,
Who bore me through the lurid air!
Convey'd me to the churchyard's gloom,
And laid me prostrate in a tomb!

Within its poisonous jaws enthrall'd,
Ten thousand worms around me crawl'd!
But, forc'd with agony to scream,
I woke, and lo! 'twas all a dream!

Grafton-street, July 1809. J. G.

Epitaph on Thomas Paine.

By Clio Rickman.

TO future times this monumental stone
Need not be spar'd to make thy value known;
For future times will in each bosom raise
An altar, sacred to thy worth and praise;
And sound with general voice, when envy dies,
Thee and thy works with plaudits to the skies.

This tomb is simply rais'd by friends sincere
To point the spot and tell that Paine lies here:
Their high respect and gratitude to prove,
Who dar'd insulted excellence to love;
Who leave to future times and better days
Thy worth t'appreciate, and proclaim thy praise:
For future ages must, with loud acclaim,
When man will live to Reason, Truth, and Fame,
When Freedom, Virtue, Love, shall reign below,
Hail Him, to whom their happy state they owe!

Stanzas *most respectfully inscribed to* Mr. Pratt.

SWEET Flower! that deck'st the river's brink,
Bending to every boist'rous gale,
Array'd in summer's likely pink,
From whom the bees existence drink,
As on thy bosom they regale,

Why dost thou here in silence dwell,
Secluded from the garden flow'rs?
Why leave the tribes of yonder dell,
Whose glaring tints profusely swell,
And spend alone the lingering hours?

When storms deface the laughing sky,
And thunders shake the vaulted air,
When lightnings thro' the welkin fly,
No friend my charming Flow'r! is nigh,
Thy matchless properties to spare!

Then vain indeed thy graceful mien,
And all thy attributes will prove!
In vain shall sorrow intervene,
Thy charms so modestly serene,
To shelter from the storms above!

Then tell me, Flower, why thus alone
Thou lov'st in solitude to shroud!
Does malice on thy features frown,
Because they're chaster than her own,
Or dost thou hate the crowd?

"Alas! my friend! this lonely spot
"Has long my favorite station been;
"Here to the garden-tribe forgot,
"Their joys incestuously hot,
"I breathe the air of health serene!

"Besides, the splendour of their dress,
"Outshines too much my languid hue;
"Nor will the moans of weak distress,
"Excite in them one fond caress,
"Howe'er my friend they may in you."

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Then since 'tis thus, my sweetest Flow'r!
Come! let me bear thee far away,
Where neither haughty pride nor power,
Can on thy matchless beauties low'r,
Or spurn thy indigent array.

Thus genius blest with every grace,
To triumph o'er the human heart,
Withdraws to some sequester'd place,
The mighty works of time to trace,
Unknown to all the schemes of art.

Thus PRATT with kind parental care,
Smiles on the pure poetic FLOW'R *;
Retrieves it from the desert bare,
To thrive in more salubrious air,
And flourish with the circling hour!

Grafton-street, August 1809. J. G.

LOVE LETTERS *to my* WIFE. *By* JAMES WOODHOUSE.

For the Universal Magazine.

SIR,

THE following letters are a sequel to some which I printed in the year 1808, and which I intended for publication, but the war commencing shortly after, I was discouraged from proceeding with the undertaking. I now transmit the continuation to you, leaving it to your judgment to insert them at such times and in such portions as you may think best.

I remain, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
JAMES WOODHOUSE.

London, Aug. 14, 1809.

LETTER X.

DEAR HANNAH,

In my last I strove to give
A partial sketch how peccant courtiers live.
To shew while we, dull duteous peasants, plod
In serving man, or glorifying God,
How they their days idolatrously pass
In glorifying self before their glass,
Or, adding phrenzy to that foolish crime,
In dissipation spend their precious time.
No bended knee, no lifted hand, or eye,
Salutes the Sovereign of the earth and sky.
For him no altars in their hearts arise,
For offering incense, or clean sacrifice.
No sounds of thanks or praise the Saviour shares—
No prayer the Spirit's register declares;
Nor can their conscience one right act record, [Lord.
That help'd man's happiness, or pleas'd the

When morning's precious time is past away,
And Death is nearer by full half a day,
Still two hours more in mad amusements roll,
That neither charm their sense or cheer their soul. [full,
Tho' Fancies freights are fine, her sails are
Amidst their mighty din they're always dull;
Their frothy talk and fulsome sentiment
Ne'er stores the heart with joy or yields content.
Mark their blank faces as they roll along;
Amid the thousands that compose the throng,
They look like convicts who expect a rope,
More than the friends of happiness or hope.
In plots and plans, tho' ever on the scout,
And busier than an embassies throughout;
Yet when, at length, their destin'd goal is gain'd,
And all the prizes of pursuit attain'd,
Still disappointment dogs them thro' the rounds
And all the hopes of happiness confounds.
The wittiest sayings and the wisest saws,
With which they meant to win much proud applause,
Turn out such chaffy, childish, eloquence,
They scarce afford one scrap of common sense;
While all their other empty hopes of pride,
And pomp, and vanity, are null and void.
But think not I at every courtier strike,
Or deem the individuals all alike;
I might enumerate some of high degree,
Humane and bounteous both to thee and me. [grace,
Some, bless'd with virtue's gifts or heav'nly
Afford full proofs of far superior race;
And shew by symptoms of true faith and love,
They look and long for better things above.
Nor are my best affections all confin'd
To self and fellows of inferior kind,
But can most simply and sincerely call
On that great God who gives and governs all,
That He would mercy and meet grace bestow,
To guide them all in paths of peace below;
And, when compell'd to feel the pow'r of fate,
Plant all their spirits in still happier state.
But none whose view surveys the courtly class,
And marks the conduct of the crafty mass;
Their vain idolatry and devilish pride,
Can warmth withhold, or virtuous blame avoid;
Can think that souls, train'd up in every vice,
Could rest one hour in earthly Paradise,
Or, borne to heav'n by sovereign grace, could taste
One perfect relish of its pure repast.

[*To be continued.*]

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* Joseph Blacket, for an account of whose beautiful Ode, "The Times," see Universal Magazine for last Feb. p. 126.

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TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Important Discoveries respecting the Stone in the Bladder.

MR. HOME, in reviewing the labours and accurate observations of Mr. Brande, on the structure, &c. of calculi, and of the effects that are produced upon them by the use of internal medicines, says he had long been of the opinion, that they were of no avail, but the grounds of failure he had not discovered. The circumstance of the exterior laminæ of calculi, extracted from patients who had persevered in a long course of alkaline preparations, having been found softer than the parts towards the centre, had been regarded as a proof of the action of the medicines upon the calculus, and led to the belief, that where the stone was small it might be wholly dissolved; but it now appears, that the soft part is not a portion of the original calculus, but a newly-formed substance, in which the uric acid is not deposited in crystals, but mechanically mixed with phosphates, and the animal mucus in the urine.

The opinion that calculi in the human bladder have been entirely dissolved has received its principal support from instances having occurred, where the symptoms went entirely away, while the patients were using alkaline medicines, and never afterwards returned. The fallacy of this opinion has been detected, by examining the subjects after death; in one case, the patient was 68, and had been long taking the saline draught, when all symptoms vanished, and the case was published in proof of its efficacy; but when he died, 90 calculi were found in his bladder; and it appeared, that the symptoms went off, on account of the posterior lobe of the prostate gland having become enlarged (a change which frequently occurs in that period of life), and having formed a barrier between the calculi and the orifice of the bladder, so that they no longer irritated that part, either in making water, or in the different movements of the body, but lay in the lower posterior part of the bladder, without producing any painful effects. Their number, (says Mr. Home), prevented the pressure from being great on one part of the intestine, immediately behind the bladder, and their motion on one another rendered their external surface smooth, and probably prevented their increase. In another case of the same kind, 14 calculi were found, which were similarly situated by means of the same sort of enlargement of the posterior gland. In some cases calculi have been found enclosed in cysts, formed between the fasciculi of the muscular coat of the bladder, so as to be entirely excluded from the general cavity, and therefore had not produced any of the common symptoms of stone. To prove that calculi do sometimes increase, while the patient is using alkaline medicines, the following facts are adduced:

A gentleman, having voided a small calculus, persisted in the use of alkaline medicines, and passed no more calculi; but on his death, at the age of 75, the whole cavity of the bladder was found completely full of soft, light, spongy calculi, 350 in number. They were analized, and found to consist of uric acid, the phosphates and animal mucus, and differed so much from the calculus voided soon after he began the use of alkalies, that they appear to have been formed after that period.

Another person, having taken the alkali three months, finding the symptoms still more violent, submitted to an operation. The calculus, for the thickness of $\frac{1}{3}$ of an inch, was entirely composed of triple phosphate, in a state of perfect spiculated crystals, so as to present a very rough irritating surface to the internal membrane of the bladder, while the inner parts of the calculus were made up of a mixture of uric acid and phosphates, so that the alkali had prevented the formation of uric acid, but the phosphates were deposited more rapidly than before.

A gentleman, in whose urine the uric acid appears in a solid form, immediately after it is voided, has the same appearance in the urine, even when nine drachms of soda dissolved in water, impregnated with carbonic

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acid, are taken in twenty-four hours; so that the alkali does not even counteract the formation of uric acid.

FRENCH NATIONAL INSTITUTE.

Scientific Improvements.

THESE proceedings from small beginnings and opposed by unprecedented obstacles, have at length arisen to that magnitude and importance as to threaten the present *Bellum Mercatorius*, mercantile war, with the powerful reaction of all its own consequences; and thus a contest continued for the sake of monopoly, may end in the extinction of trade itself.

What we have ruined by the exercise of a superior naval force, the French are rapidly recovering by superior ingenuity: satisfied with the genius, the astonishing good fortune and abilities of the French Emperor, the ingenuity, labour, and talents of the people of France, are therefore employed in endeavours to invent, to fabricate, or to discover, substitutes for many of those commodities, previously imported into France, from Asia, or from the West Indies. It is not without concern we observe that they have already succeeded in many of these exertions, beyond belief or expectation. Cotton, it appears, of no mean quality, is grown in Languedoc, Gascony, and in some of the provinces of Spain; a country which they regard as not less a part of Napoleon's empire, than France. Indigo may be, as they conceive, replaced by other substances, capable of supplying its place. Bourdier and Caillard, the one a Professor of Pharmacy, the other a physician at Paris, have discovered, as they assert, specifics against intermitting fevers, which will render the purchase of Peruvian bark unnecessary in future. Experiments, made by order of government, in the hospitals, are said to establish the proof of these *succedanea*, which may be procured, and are produced in Europe. But the most important, and by far the most alarming discovery, which the French pretend to have recently made, is that of a substitute for *sugar*. It is not possible to peruse the long, accurate, and able account given of this matter, without admiration or concern. If France, already deprived of all her sugar colonies, except Guadaloupe, for the Islands of Mauritius and Bourbon scarcely export any, can produce any thing to supply that object of consumption among a considerable part of her population, the injurious consequences to Great Britain are incalculable.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

On the Management of the Sweet or Spanish Chesnut. By the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks.

IN all the northern parts of Europe, where chesnuts are used for food, the practice of grafting the trees that bear them, has been known from time immemorial; the wild, or ungrafted chesnut is called in French, *Chataingnier*, and the grafted or cultivated sort, *Marronnier*.

At present the nurserymen in Devonshire and other western counties, deal in grafted chesnut trees, and some gentlemen have introduced them into their gardens.

At Spring Grove, they were long neglected, owing to the disinclination that gardeners have to novelties; but within the last six or seven years, they have increased in size, and every crop has become more abundant; they are much smaller than the Spanish imported fruit, but they are beyond comparison much sweeter to the taste. The crops are little subject to injury, except from very late frosts; and the trees are in general covered with blossoms so as to retard their annual increase. They require very little care or attendance on the part of the gardener, gathering excepted. When the usage of grafting chesnuts becomes common, there can be no doubt, grafts of all other sorts will be procured from the continent.

The kernels of these chesnuts, and of all others ripened in England, are more liable to shrivel and dry up than those imported; owing to a deficiency of summer-heat in our climate to ripen the fruit. This may be obviated by keeping the nuts always in a cool

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place, rather damp than dry: the vessel best suited to preserve them, is an earthen-ware jar, with a cover; which will not only keep them cool, but restrain the loss of moisture without entirely preventing perspiration, and thus endangering the loss of vitality, the immediate consequence of which is, the appearance of must and mouldiness.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

JAMES MOORE, Esq. brother to the late Lieut.-General John Moore, has in the press a Vindication of the Campaign of the British Army in Spain.

Dr. Clarke's Travels through Russia, and the territories of the Don Cossacks, Kuban Tartary, the Crimea, &c. will very shortly be published; as will also a complete collection of Voyages and Travels from Columbus to the present time.

Mr. Bentham has two works of considerable promise in the press; one entitled *Elements of the Art of Packing, as applied to Juries*; and the other *The Perils of the Press.*

A society of gentlemen at Plymouth, intend publishing the Origin and Progress of the Town, together with the siege in the reign of Charles I. which will be minutely attended to.

The Rev. D. T. Fosbrooke is preparing for publication a Dictionary of Antiquities, general and local, on the plan of the French Dictionary in the Encyclopédie Methodique, to include the antiquities of all nations as well as Great Britain.

Mr. Douglas intends to publish An Enquiry into the present State of the Elements of Mathematics, or Euclid's Elements, pointing out and confuting various absurdities and inaccuracies introduced into them by some modern writers.

The Chronicle of Grafton is nearly reprinted in two volumes quarto, to correspond with those of Hollinshed and Hall. This will soon be followed by that of Fabian.

A View of the ancient and present State of Shetland Island, by Dr. Edmonston, is in the press, embracing the history of every thing connected with that country, in two volumes in quarto.

Mr. Bigland, author of the Letters on Ancient and Modern History, &c. is engaged upon a General History of Europe, from the conclusion of the peace in 1783, to the present time.

A Catalogue of the Library of the Royal Institution, methodically arranged, with an alphabetical index, is very shortly to be published; this will serve as an index for any library. It contains the late Mr. Astle's library, and the best authors on every branch of knowledge.

A new edition of Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses, with corrections and considerable additions, is in the press.

Cromwelliana; or Anecdotes from authentic documents, illustrative of the character of Oliver Cromwell and his family, will shortly be published in one volume small folio.

Three volumes of the works of the Rev. Richard Cecil are about to be published by a friend of the author, to whom, on account of ill health, he has entrusted this business. The first will contain the Memoirs of the Hon. and Rev. W. B. Cadogan, John Bacon, Esq. R.A. and the Rev. John Newton, with their portraits; the second is to consist of Miscellanies; viz. different sermons and tracts already printed separately, and a few original pieces: the third will be made up from a selection from a considerable number of sermons taken down in short hand.

Dr. Carey has a new work in the press, entitled "Poetic Reading Made Easy," containing a selection of poetry for schools, with directions for the proper utterance of each line, which is intended as a sequel to his "English Prosody and Versification."

A new edition of Nicholson's Principles of Architecture, corrected and improved by the author, is in the press, with the addition of two new plates, forming three volumes 8vo.

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containing 318 plates, engraved by Lowry and others.

Mr. Faulkner, of Chelsea, will put to press in November, "*An Historical, Topographical, and Statistical Description of Chelsea and its Environs.*" This work will be dedicated by permission to the Honourable and Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Winchester, and will include every particular relative to the antiquities, topography, population, soil, agriculture, manufactures, ecclesiastical history of Chelsea, with a full description of all the monuments in the church, with the epitaphs and an English translation, accompanied with biographical notices of all the noble and learned personages there interred or recorded; likewise, an historical and descriptive account of the Royal Hospital, and Royal Military Asylum, Physic Gardens, Winchester Palace, Ranelagh, &c. with a descriptive catalogue of such paintings, sculpture, and works of art, as are at present in Chelsea, also anecdotes of eminent statesmen, literary characters, &c. who have resided in Chelsea during the three preceding centuries, including an interesting sketch of the lives of Sir Thomas More, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Sir Hans Sloane, and other celebrated men.

The University of Aberdeen have conferred the degree of L.L.D. on Samuel Guise, Esq. who lately brought from India, the purest collection of manuscripts ever imported into this country, besides several rare Indian Cameos and Intaglios.

ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

Since the scaffolding and the awning have been completely removed from the statue erected in Russell-square, in memory of the late Duke of Bedford, the effect produced on the spectators has been that of general admiration and pleasure. The statue is colossal; the attitude well chosen, graceful and manly; the folds of drapery are ample, yet sufficiently detailed. His Grace, being a farmer of the New School, reposes one arm on a plough, the left hand holds the gifts of Ceres. Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, personified in the endearing semblance of children, play round the feet of the statue, whose apparent magnitude seems augmented by the contrast. The pedestal, in embellishments and size, is well adapted to the purposes of illustration and strength: to the four corners are attached bulls' heads, in very high relief, the cavity immediately beneath the upper moulding is adorned with heads of cattle in recumbent postures; on the curved sides are rural subjects in basso relievo; the first represents the preparation for the ploughman's dinner; the husbandman's wife, on her knees, attends the culinary department; a youth, sounding a horn, two rustics, and a team of oxen at rest, finish the groupe.—The second composition is made up of reapers and gleaners variously employed; the young woman in the centre is delineated with the comeliness and grace of a village favourite. These enrichments, the four seasons, and the statue of the Duke, are all cast in bronze, and so very successfully, that, with the polish of high finishing, they preserve the spirit of an original model.

The massy materials of the pedestal is Scotch granite, and, together with the superstructure, measures, from the level ground to the summit of the monument, 27 feet. The principal figure is nine feet high.

British Institution.—On Wednesday, August 9, the gallery was re-opened to the students. The governors have sent choice pictures from their collections, for the improvement of the young painters. The King, patron of this highly meritorious institution, has sent a large piece by *Tintoret*, whose general effect of colour and clare obscure, is splendid. Captain Agar has presented a landscape and figures by D. Teniers, Earl Grosvenor a landscape by Claude, and another by G. Pousin, besides several others equally valuable presented by the other governors. The collection at large presents a mass of intellectual nutriment, which, if properly digested, will assist in bringing forward the youthful genius to a matured vigour.

Dr. Brewster, of Edinburgh, has invented a new goniometrical telescope and microscope for measuring the angles of crystals by reflection, and for ascertaining the inclination of strata, and the apparent magnitude of

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angles when the eye is not placed at their vertex. He has also produced an instrument for determining distances at one station, without measuring a base, without a portable base being attached to the instrument, without measuring of it, or without knowing the object, the distance of which is to be ascertained. A long base is actually created by the instrument, without measuring of it; and the distance is said to be obtained by a principle which has never been made use of in trigonometrical instruments.

The art of printing from stone, continues to be carried on at Stuttgardt, at the printing office established there for that purpose; but the engraving of music has been the chief branch to which it has been hitherto applied.

Baron Lutgendorf has brought forward at Vienna, a kind of machine to preserve life under water, without any apprehension of drowning in the person that may wear it. It is a kind of cuirass, and admits the body to assume every possible position.

The London Society for promoting christianity among the Jews, has advertised a premium of 30 guineas for the best refutation of the late Mr. David Levi's Dissertation on the Prophecies, to be produced within the present year.—N.B. A late English Jewish convert, drove a hackney coach, and a jew so well known to several persons still living, who under pretence of being converted at different places on the continent, had been baptized *fifteen times*. Two Jews at Berlin, it is said, have lately informed the London Society, that they have embraced christianity, and that of course, they are desirous of availing themselves of the advantages connected with their coming to England, and of *preaching to their brethren*.

Denmark.

The Society of Rural Economy at Copenhagen has presented the Danish peasantry with 5000 copies of Mr. Rafn's Instructions for the Cultivation of Flax. Translated into German, it has been given away, among the peasantry of Holstein and Sleswick. The same society has commenced the publication of its proceedings; the first part contains "A Journal of an Agricultural Tour in England, by Meinhold; an Essay on the Management of Trees, by Mourieux;—the Mode of making Gooseberry Wine, by Taxtorph," &c.

The Academy of Sciences of Copenhagen have given out the following as prize questions:—In *Mathematics*, "Explain the construction and theory of a hydraulic tube, by means of which we may distinctly observe objects at the bottom of the sea?" In *Physics*, "What information has been, or may be gained respecting the state of the atmosphere in the higher regions by means of aerial voyages?" In *History*, "Compare the best and newest accounts of the worship and religious ideas of the various Indian or Tartar tribe, and their opinions respecting the origin and primitive state of theology, and of the world, with the ideas of our ancestors upon the same subjects?" In *Philosophy*, "Has the eclectic philosophy any thing which can justly render it recommendable at present? What men have deserved to be honoured with the title of eclectics? May the philosophers who were formerly the ornaments of the school of Alexandria, or the new school of Plato, be called eclectic, or according to the opinion of some *syncretic*?" A gold medal worth 50 ducats, is offered for the best memoir on either of these subjects. The papers to be written in Latin, Danish, English, or French, and sent to Professor Bugge, at Copenhagen, before Jan. 1810.

France.

Since machines have been imported into this country, by Mr. Douglas, for the preparation of wool and the manufacture of cloth, although a number of manufacturers and other persons had provided themselves with them, being assisted by premiums, and sums of money by the government, yet, as the very semblance of monopoly cannot be endured in France, the government still careful to reward individual ingenuity, have entered into a treaty with Mr. Douglas, by which means, being induced to relinquish his patent, every person has been at liberty since the 1st of Jan. last, to use, make, and sell part, or all

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of these different machines for preparing wool and manufacture of cloths.

A novel exhibition of plaster models has been for some time past, exhibiting in Paris, of the most celebrated ancient edifices of different kinds of architecture. Seventy-four pieces have been brought forward, divided into the following orders:—Etruscan, Egyptian, Indian, Persian, Roman, Celtic, and Cyclopean.

A member of the Society of Agriculture and Commerce, at Caen, in Normandy, has laid before them, specimens of paper made of straw, by means of an instrument so simple in its construction, that any person whatever may make paper equal to that made by the best workmen.

Mr. Bouillay of Paris, has invented a new process for preparing sulphuric ether. To a large tubulated glass retort placed on a sand heat, he adapts a glass worm, immersed in a vessel of cold water; the extremity of the worm he inserted in the neck of a large bottle, between which and a second bottle filled with water, a communication was made by means of a syphon. Into the retort, he introduced 22lbs. of sulphuric acid, concentrated to 66°. In the tubulure a particular kind of funnel was inserted with two cocks, so that its pipe descended nearly to the bottom of the retort, passing through the sulphuric acid. He then poured 22lbs. of alcohol at 36° of Beaume's aremeter; the mixture was very well effected; the distillation was kept up by means of a fire under the retort, and as soon as about 4lbs. had passed over, 22lbs of fresh alcohol at 40° were introduced, drop by drop, regulating the quantity as exactly as possible by what passed over into the receiver. At length 38lbs. of a fine white limpid product was obtained, of the most agreeable taste and smell, containing no traces of sulphurous acid, but which produced on being rectified, on a water bath, 17½lbs. of pure ether, with some alcohol of an ethereal smell, well adapted for a future process. The residuum consisted of nearly the whole of the sulphuric acid, some alcohol, water, and probably a certain quantity of ether completely formed.

Germany.

A manual of Botany, containing the nomenclature, and the explanation of the first twenty-three classes of Linnæus, and the plants which grow spontaneously in Germany, is to be published shortly at Hamburgh; to which an Essay on drying Plants is added.

M. Trattenik is publishing at Vienna, in Latin and German, a work on the Tribe of Fungi, illustrated with plates by Reinelli and Weber.

A chemist at Stutfgardt, it is said, has discovered another new metal among the grains of platina, to which the name of *vestium* has been given.

Another gentleman at Wisbaden, has discovered a method of recovering wine that has turned sour; for which purpose he makes use of powdered charcoal. He has received a medal for this discovery, from a number of persons concerned in the growth of wine upon the continent.

The Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin, has offered medals of fifty ducats for the best memoirs "upon a complete theory of the hydraulic ram, taking into view the adhesion of water. And upon the determination of the object of the Senate of the Amphictyons, and their influence over the politics of Greece." The memoirs on these subjects are to be delivered on or before the 1st of May, 1810.

Italy.

To the Academy of the Lyncei, at Rome, a memoir not yet published, has been read upon the discovery of *Hauyne*, a new mineral substance, in the mountains of Latium, near the lake of Nemi, by the Abbé Gismondi, and described by him under the name of *latialite*; but as this mineral has been since found at Somma, this name is improper, and it has been called Hauyne as a memorial of the French mineralist of that name. This Hauyne has been taken for fluor spar, or spinelle; it has a great resemblance to gadolinite and lazulite. It is of a beautiful cerulean blue, which passes into an aqua marine green, its lustre is vitreous; it scratches grass, felspar, and even quartz, very slightly. It is very brittle; its fracture glassy, with angular fragments; its specific gravity 3.3. or 3.1.; it becomes electric by

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communication, but not by heat; it acquires the resinous electricity by friction when insulated; it is not magnetic, it is infusible, and does not lose its colour; it yields a fine topaz yellow glass with borax; and forms a strong nitrous gelly with the nitric, muriatic, or sulphuric acids. It is always accompanied with augite, mica, and perhaps amphagene, and is found in volcanic countries. Its analysis shews it to have an analogy with lazulite, though no pot-ash has yet been found in this stone. This *Hauyne* is indeed a new volcanic gem in addition to the great variety found in the lava before; and it is not doubted but that more minerals might yet be found, even in the sands of mountainous countries.

Russia.

Dr. Langsdorff, of Petersburgh, has been appointed by Count Romanzow to accompany a large caravan which has set out from Orembourg, for Russian Tartary and Bucharia, as physician and surgeon to the same. As the object of this journey is to make discoveries in natural history and geography, the Doctor has been supplied with every requisite for that undertaking, by the Russian government.

Overland accounts from Kamschatka, received at Petersburgh, mention the arrival of the ship Newa, belonging to the American company. She had been eleven months proceeding on her voyage to Hodjac, the place of her destination, which is the capital of the colony.

A Counsellor Kœhler, at Moscow, has been long employed in cleaning old coins, which he has been collecting in the Crimea. He has published several hundreds belonging to the kings, cities and Grecian colonies or kingdoms which extended along the northern or western coasts of the Black Sea.

MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

Andrew Marvell.

TO collect from a number of original and scarce documents a biographical sketch of this accomplished man and incorruptible patriot, must be particularly gratifying at a period when too many, who abuse that honourable name, are endeavouring to involve the whole country in the same disgrace with themselves, in their constant efforts to make the nation believe that every man is equally corrupt, equally venal, self interested, and depraved.

Mr. Andrew Marvell was born at Kingston-upon-Hull. His father, the Rev. Andrew Marvell, was master of the Grammer School and Lecturer of Trinity Church in that place: he was a man of principle, of a firm mind, and yet of so much pleasantry that he was called the facetious Calvinist Minister. Young Andrew Marvell had been admitted a student of Trinity College, Cambridge, a few years before the death of his father in 1640, who was drowned in the Humber, while crossing in a small boat to Barton, in Lincolnshire. It would appear that he had some presentiment of his dissolution just after he had put off from the Quay, as he threw his gold-headed cane on shore, and desired it to be delivered to his son. His son having left Cambridge when he was twenty-two years of age, Mr. Andrew Marvell commenced his travels through Holland, France, and Italy. In Italy, he is supposed to have become acquainted with the illustrious Milton. Till his return to England in 1653, thirteen years after the period of his leaving it, very little is known of him till Cromwell, then protector, employed Mr. Marvell as private tutor to Mr. Dutton his nephew; and the young patriot soon after became one of the Latin secretaries to that celebrated statesman and commander: this office, Mr. Marvell said "he considered to be the most innocent and inoffensive towards his Majesty's affairs, of any in that usurped government, to which all men were then exposed." In this office it seems Milton was his coadjutor.

As the protector died at Whitehall, September 3, 1658, Mr. Marvell was in the course of that year elected one of the burgesses to serve in parliament, for the borough of Kingston.

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upon-Hull. From that moment, it is very clear that he considered it to be his bounden duty to transmit an account of all the proceedings in the House of Commons to his constituents. In the first parliament, which met before the restoration in 1660, Mr. Marvell was a constant attendant; and such was his detestation of a standing army, that he says, in one of his letters to his constituents, "I doubt not before we rise, to see the whole army disbanded, and your town (Kingston) once more ungarrisoned; for I cannot but remember, though then a child, those blessed days when the youth of your town were trained for your militia; and did, methought, become their arms much better than any soldiers that I have seen there since."

Soon after this, he evinced his jealousy of that many-headed monster, the *excise*; and he thanked his constituents for a present of a cask of ale, "so great," he said, "that it might make sober men forgetful."

In 1662 he went to Holland, during which, Lord Bellasis, High Steward of Hull, and Deputy Governor under the Duke of Monmouth, notified this circumstance to his constituents, in order to induce them to chuse another member; but they rather chusing to send to Holland for the return of their old one, he obeyed their order in a very short period of time. But a few months after, gaining the consent of his constituents, he accompanied his friend Lord Carlisle, as ambassador extraordinary to Muscovy, Sweden, and Denmark, as his secretary, and staid about two years. On his return he waited on the Duke of Monmouth after attending the parliament at Oxford, with a congratulatory letter, and a present of gold from the corporation. On this occasion the latter, after paying many compliments to Mr. Marvell, wished him to accept of "six broad pieces," which he with his usual disinterestedness refused. With respect to his political communications, every post, during parliament time, he would often sit down to write to his constituents at six in the evening, after long fasting.

What is remarked as the most surprising by his biographers, is, that it cannot be ascertained that he *ever spoke* in the house; the journals make no mention of any speech of his. But by his own account, he always made notes of what passed; and by his indefatigable conduct otherwise obtained a great ascendancy over the minds of the members. The power of the court could not prevent Prince Rupert from noticing Mr. Marvell; he would often visit the patriotic member in his apartments, even when his name had become the hatred of the adverse party, who on those occasions never failed remarking that the Prince had been with his tutor.

To such height did the spirit of party rise, that the writings of Mr. Marvell often endangered his life by assassination; but no bribes, no offers of fortune, or situation could make him swerve from the virtuous path he had first set out upon; and in this he continued without the least deviation to the last. However a man of such excellent parts and facetious conversation could not be unknown to Charles II. who loved the company of wits so much that he would rather suffer the severest jokes than not enjoy them.

Mr. Marvell had been honoured with an evening's entertainment by his Majesty, who was so charmed with the ease of his manners, the soundness of his judgment, and the nimbleness of his wit, that the following morning, to shew him his regard, he sent Lord Treasurer Danby, to wait upon him with a particular message from himself.

At this time Mr. Marvell lodged in a second floor in a court in the Strand, and Lord Danby, from the darkness of the stair-case and its narrowness, abruptly burst the door open, and entered the room all on a sudden, where he found Mr. Marvell writing. Surprised at the sight of this noble visitor, he asked his lordship with a smile, if he had not mistook his way? "No," replied my lord, with a bow, "not since I have found Mr. Marvell;" continuing, that he came with a message from the King, who wished to do him some signal service to testify his high opinion of his merits. At first Mr. Marvell answered with some degree of levity; but becoming more serious, he assured his lordship that he was highly sensible of his Majesty's affection; but he knew too well the

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nature of courts to accept of favours, which were expected to bind a man in the chains of their interest. He said, "to take a place at the hands of his Majesty, would be proving him guilty of the first sin; ingratitude, if he voted against him; and if he went in the smooth stream of his interest, it might be doing injustice to his country, and his conscience; he therefore begged that his Majesty would allow him to enjoy a state of liberty, and to esteem him more his faithful and loyal subject, and more in the true interest of his welfare by the refusal of his munificence, than if he had embraced his royal bounty." These royal offers proving vain, Lord Danby began to assure him that the King had ordered him a thousand guineas, which he hoped he would accept, till something better and more durable could be thought of. At this, Mr. Marvell renewed his usual smile, and said, "Surely, my good Lord, you do not mean to treat me ludicrously, by these munificent offers, which seem to imply a poverty on my part. Pray, my Lord Treasurer, do these apartments bear any appearance of want about them? And as for my living, that is plentiful and good, which you shall have from the mouth of the servant.—Pray what had I for dinner yesterday? 'A shoulder of mutton, Sir.' And what do you allow me to day? 'The remainder hashed.' And to-morrow, my Lord Danby, I shall have the sweet blade-bone broiled; and when your Lordship makes honourable mention of my cook and my diet, I am sure his Majesty will be too tender in future to attempt to bribe a man with golden apples, who lives so well on the viands of his own country." It has been justly remarked that no Roman virtue ever surpassed this temperance; nor can gold bribe any man that is not bribed with luxury.

Dr. Samuel Johnson also observed, "No man, whose appetites are his master's, can perform the duties of his nature with strictness and regularity: he that would be superior to external influences, must first become superior to his own passions."

Mr. Marvell, it seems, was fond of residing at Highgate, and this seems to have put his life in danger more than once. This also caused him to remark, that "he was not so much in love with life, as to be unprepared for death." As he was distinguished by his scorn of corruption on one hand, so, on the other, he could never be provoked to revenge by any personal resentment. He was at the same time a sworn foe to flattery, and very cautious in regard to his friendships. He most cordially detested all those who basely crouched at the feet of power, or were the zealots of arbitrary government. Yet even here the native magnanimity of his mind was evident; for though he severely lashed the vices both public and private, of the lascivious monarch who then bore sway, yet he could generously praise any of his actions which were commendable.

It was Mr. Marvell and Dr. Barrow who assisted in rescuing "Paradise Lost" from unmerited obscurity, by their two complimentary poems in English and Latin. Upon the *Bellum Episcopale*, or the *Bishop's War*, Mr. Marvell thus expressed himself:—

"The friendly load-stone has not more combin'd,
Than Bishops cramp'd the commerce of mankind;
Had it not been for such a bias strong,
Two nations had not miss'd their mark so long:
One king—one faith—one language—and one isle,
English and Scotch—'tis all but cross and pile."

Mr. Marvell's controversial writings are voluminous. The "Rehearsal Transposed," an answer to Bishop Parker, was praised, even by Swift. His Letters to his Constituents are two hundred and fifty-six in number; the last work he published a little before his death, was "An Account of the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government in England, more particularly from the long prorogation of November 1675, ending Feb. 15, 1676, until the last meeting of parliament July 16, 1677. In this work, as he asserted, that the king and subject are bound together by reciprocal obligations, the former ceases to be a *legitimate sovereign*, the moment he ceases to be bound by them." For the discovery of the printer of this work, and another, viz. "A seasonable Argument to all the Grand Juries," a reward

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was offered by the ministers in the London Gazette. The latter work, written by Mr. Marvell also, was to persuade all the grand juries to petition for a new parliament, &c.

The poems written by Mr. Marvell are numerous, and abound with point and happy turns; they are also less contaminated with coarse and indelicate expressions, than many that were printed in the reign of Charles II. The hymn on Gratitude, and the ode, "The Spacious Firmament on High", both inserted by Mr. Addison in the Spectator, are said to have been written by Mr. Marvell, as well as the celebrated elegiac ballad of "William and Margaret."

In August 1678, after having been secreted for some time, in consequence of the prosecution with which he was threatened by government, it is said, he expired by poison; for he was healthful and vigorous till the moment he was seized with the premeditated ruin. He was buried at the expense of the corporation of Hull, in the church of St. Giles's in the Fields, on September 30, 1678, and in 1688, a monument was erected to his memory, by the town of Kingston-upon-Hull, with an epitaph at once expressive of their grief and gratitude; but this being torn down by some who imagined themselves to be zealous royalists, the following was inscribed at the expense of one of his relatives:—

"Sacred to the memory of
ANDREW MARVELL.
As a strenuous assertor of the constitution, laws, and liberties of England, and out of family affection, and admiration of the uncorrupted probity of his life and manners,
Robert Nettleton, of London, merchant, his grand nephew,
hath caused this small memorial of him to be erected in the year 1764."

Dr. Granger describes him as "of a middling stature, pretty strong set, roundish faced, cherry checked, hazel eyed, brown haired." Biographical history tells us "he was in conversation very modest, and of few words." A portrait of him, painted in 1661, was in possession of Thomas Hollis, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn, who was a great admirer of his talents, his character, and independence. Whiskers at that time adorned the upper lip; his countenance seemed rather grave; in short, according to one who esteemed him greatly, "he is exhibited, when he was forty-one, in all the sobriety and decency of the then departed common wealth." In Latin, as well as English, he wrote with great facility. Under the inspection of Milton, he drew up several state papers: he also penned the *Parliamenti Angliæ Declaratio.*

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

LYCEUM, STRAND.

MONDAY, August 8.—*The Duenna*, that admirable production of Mr. Sheridan's genius, was performed here this evening to a most crowded and brilliant audience. A Mr. Mayo made his first appearance in the part of *Antonio*; but he possesses no powers. With this exception, the piece was got up in a style worthy of its merits, and it must be admitted that *The Duenna* is of the first class of modern English opera. Mr. Quick, in the part of *Isaac, the Jew*, was greeted on his *entrée*, with loud and repeated plaudits. His excellence in the part is almost proverbial.—He played it with great truth and chasteness.—He was admirably supported by the comic humour of Mrs. Sparks in *The Duenna*; and the effect of their united efforts was acknowledged by the house in constant peals of applause. The chief weight of the vocal department fell upon Mrs. Mountain in *Clara*, and Mr. Phillips in *Don Carlos*. It could not be possibly sustained with more ability. Mrs. Mountain appeared in good health and spirits. Her fine talents were never developed more happily, nor with greater effect. Of Mr. Phillips, in *Don Carlos*, it would be difficult to speak in adequate terms of praise. His songs, particularly "*Ah! sure a pair*," and "*Had I a heart for falsehood framed*," were heard with rapture, and *encored* with acclamations. The sweetness and clearness of

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his tones, his taste and science, all combined to make an impression, and to excite an enthusiasm, to which few indeed could aspire. At the commencement of the third act, Mr. Phillips made an apology for the absence of Mr. Smith, who was taken suddenly ill, and requested the indulgence of the audience in favour of Mr. Doyle, his substitute in the part of *Father Paul*. The apology was well received, and Mr. Doyle gave ample satisfaction. *The Lay Brother* also found an excellent representative in Mr. Oxberry. The part of *Louisa* was, we believe, originally intended for Mrs. Bishop, but from her illness, it devolved upon Mrs. Orger, who played it with great spirit and vivacity. Mr. Penson, in *Don Jerome*, was admirable. The dresses and decorations were most splendid, and the *coup d'œil* was beautiful in the extreme. Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and her party, occupied the Lord Chamberlain's box.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

WHEN Hercules was cleansing the Augean stable, the fine gentlemen of his time would exercise their raillery on his employment: and all those who had seen the accumulation of ordure; and they whose business it was to have prevented it, would not be backward in exciting every opposition to the hero's undertaking. Hercules, however, persisted; and the cleansing of the Augean stable is esteemed not the least of his labours. What happened in his days, we have seen exemplified in our own. The task performed by Mr. Wardle has created no small degree of enmity and ill will against him. Hercules required only mechanical strength to get through his employment: when he had once taken his measures, perseverance carried him through his labours, and every day brought him nearer to the end. He had not a Chancellor of the Exchequer to break his wheel-barrows, nor an Attorney-General to poison his horses: there might be growlers and laughers, but they did not interfere with his task. Mr. Wardle had an host of enemies to contend with; and every man, who dabbled with corruption, was his foe. Gladly was an opportunity seized to attack him: but we are glad to find, that it ended in the disgrace of his enemies, and a more pointed opprobrium on the advocates of that system of corruption, which every moment is endeavouring to raise its hydra head, and to ruin every man, who wishes well to his country.

A civil suit had taken place between Mr. Wardle and an upholsterer, on the subject of goods, which were said to have been ordered by him, for the use of the woman, whose evidence, from her connection with the Duke of York, had been so instrumental to the detection of a variety of abuses. The jury gave a verdict in favour of the tradesman; and immediately a hue and cry was raised against Mr. Wardle, as if his exertions, in a cause of the greatest importance to his country, were rendered null and void, on account of a dispute about a tradesman's bill. The whole put us in mind of the articles of high treason against Gulliver; and the good people of England, who were gulled by the advocates for corruption, may be compared to the Queen of Lilliput, whose delicate susceptibility was shocked by the means employed so successfully for the preservation of her palace and her city. Mr. Wardle had received the thanks of the city of London: the common council of the metropolis was thought the fittest place to begin the attack upon his well-earned reputation. Notice was artfully given of a motion to rescind the vote of thanks to him; and it was intended, that this should operate throughout the country, as a decisive proof of a change in the public opinion. As long as the question remained undetermined, the advocates for corruption made use of the argument in their favour: and they presumed, that by dint of artifice they should be able to create a prejudice against Mr. Wardle, and annihilate the effect of the previous votes in his favour. But their whole scheme was ruined by the fortitude of public spirited men, who were determined, that the country should not be so

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cajoled, and that the enemies of Mr. Wardle should bring forward the arguments on which they pretended to overthrow the previous unanimous acts of the city.

A common council was holden for the determination of this important question; and the speeches delivered upon this occasion were superior to the greater part of the best of those that are heard in the house of commons. The person, who gave the notice, did not make his appearance; but sent to the Lord Mayor a paltry letter of excuse on the subject, sufficiently exposing the baseness of the motives on which the notice was founded. The question was, however, brought forward, and the nature of the previous vote of thanks sufficiently displayed. Alderman Goodbehere and Mr. Waithman were particularly distinguished, and the discussion ended in the complete establishment of the vote of thanks to Mr. Wardle, and in stronger resolutions on the subject of abuses, which he had developed, and on others which had been subsequently discovered. In these resolutions the corrupt and illegal traffic for seats in parliament, in which several of his majesty's ministers had been implicated, was particularly noticed and reprobated. Ld. Castlereagh's conduct was brought forward with peculiar and deserved censure; and it was properly noticed, that there appears to be "an unabating effort on the part of "those, notoriously under the in-"fluence of government, or who par-"ticipate in the existing frauds, cor-"ruptions, and peculations, to cry "down, vilify, and traduce every man "who has courage and integrity to "expose such practices."

There cannot be a doubt of the wish of every man, interested in the present abuses, to prevent inquiry, and to carry on the government for their own immediate profit. But Mr. Wardle is also in a peculiar situation. He is not the cat's-paw of a party, nor did he bring forward his measures with a view to the expulsion of the present ministers, and the introducing of his own friends in their room.—This new doctrine of aiming at the public good, without reference to party, is so adverse to the present system of politics, that the factions of the ins and the outs are both against him. He has committed the unpardonable sin, that of exposing abuses with a view to their immediate correction. But the more he is the object of the indignation of party men, the more ought he to be supported by the true friends of their country: and the example set by the city of London will, we trust, so appall the advocates for corruption, that, however they may dart their envenomed shafts, they will, as in this case, be only injuring themselves. Mr. Wardle will, we trust, at the meeting of parliament renew his exertions for the cleansing of the Augean stable. He is engaged in a noble cause; and the people, if they are not true to him, deserve to suffer all the evils which accumulated abuses must inevitably bring upon them.

If the city of London in this manner checked the rising spirit of the corrupt faction, and taught it that its practice would meet with severe repulse, the county of Middlesex set an example which is peculiarly worthy of imitation. Upwards of three hundred freeholders signed a requisition to the sheriff to call a county meeting, to take into consideration the representative system, as it at present stands, and the propriety of petitioning for a reform. A very numerous and respectable body in consequence attended the summons of the sheriff; and Major Cartwright, the veteran, whose publications for many years have breathed the true spirit of liberty, brought forward the business in a very appropriate speech. He shewed the corrupt manner in which the seats of the House of Commons were filled, and the pernicious consequences to the king and country, from the base system of misrepresentation, which rendered futile all the advantages of a representative government. He treated with contempt the members of the borough-mongering faction, who had usurped the government of the country; whose authority, as long as he had a legal king, he declared he would never stoop to acknowledge: and he assured the meeting that nothing was wanting on its part but perseverance, and they would trample on the reptiles who had so long trampled on them. The Major then proposed

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several resolutions, which were seconded by Mr. Hare Townsend.

Mr. Mallet approved the substance of the resolutions, but did not approve of the House of Commons being called representatives of the people. This was an abuse of language: they were not representatives of the people:—their true name was the Lower House of Parliament. He thought the proper mode of proceeding to be, to petition the king not to issue writs for members to any of the rotten boroughs: it was needless to petition the lower house of parliament, which was divided between ministers and an oligarchy who had usurped the rights of the people.——Mr. Bently conceived that a petition to the king would be handed over to some favourite, and never meet the royal attention.—Mr. Waithman, and several other gentlemen, supported the resolutions as they stood, which afterwards were passed unanimously, together with a petition to the House of Commons.

Mr. Byng was then appointed to present the petition; who, in a very excellent speech, accepted the appointment; declaring his sentiments to be, and always to have been, in favour of reform; because the lower house, as at present constituted, was not a fair representation of the people. The right of voting, he thought, ought to be extended to those who kept house and paid taxes. He was a firm friend to both the monarchy and aristocracy, because these institutions were useful to the people: but to make them efficiently useful, it was necessary that the people should have their fair share in the government.

Mr. Mellish, the other member, made the most ungracious speech that ever representative uttered before his constituents. He observed, that one resolution went to instruct the members to support the petition. For his part, if he thought a reform necessary, he should be certainly happy to support that measure: but, when his opinion differed from their's (his constituents), he conceived he was under no obligation to obey their instructions. Major Cartwright then brought forward a petition to the king; but, though highly approved of, it was, upon the whole, thought better to content themselves with a petition to the lower house. The usual thanks were then given to the Sheriff, Major Cartwright, and Mr. Byng.

On the conduct of Mr. Mellish on this occasion there can be only one opinion: but his speech is the severest sarcasm upon the present system that can be uttered. He, the representative for a county, tells his constituents that he shall not mind their instructions; whilst a member, who is put in by a borough-monger, is obliged to quit his seat if he differs in opinion with his principal. Thus the people are left in a very awkward state. The borough-mongers have a complete controul upon their own members: but the representatives of counties and cities are to follow their own opinions, without any regard to that of the people. But how contemptible in the eye of reason is the state of a county representative! Considering him as representing a large body of men, he is of great importance in the state: but, if his vote is levelled to a portion of that only of a borough-monger, whose seat in the lower house may depend on land without an inhabitant, the county member dwindles into disgraceful insignificance. To rescue county members from this disgrace, to restore them to their true dignity, to free the king from the shackles of this borough-mongering system, is a grand object, and ought to be strenuously pursued: for the borough-mongers, like leeches, will stick to the carcase, till not a drop of blood remains; and, unless they are destroyed, the constitution may remain in name, but its real essence is lost.

The resolutions of this meeting deserve universal consideration. They describe the state of the representation, the nature of the sale of seats, the fact that the representation has been usurped by a corrupt oligarchy, the truth that the king and people are equally interested in the reform, because the faction has interests separate from each and inimical to both.—Upon these principles the petition is founded; which calls upon the wisdom and the justice of the house to grant that relief as shall be consistent with the leading principles of our happy constitution—a full and free

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representation of the people in parliament. In one resolution Sir F. Burdett is thanked for his motion on reform in the last session, which he is requested to renew, and counties, cities, and towns, are urged to come forward with earnest and respectful petitions. We are glad to see the thanks given to Sir F. Burdett, for he stands in the same situation with Mr. Wardle; the advocate for measures essential to the welfare of the country, and not the partisan of those, who are, or who desire to be, in the administration. The question, indeed, is so simple and clear, that nothing but the sloth of the people can prevent their success. Yet we have seen, in the existence of the papal power, how long the human mind may be kept in subjection to the most degrading influence; and the corrupt faction of borough-mongers may rivet their chains still faster, and, with all the forms of a free constitution, England may become the most degraded of nations.

A popular writer has, in his weekly lucubrations, represented the above transactions as of more importance to this country than any contemporary event, and in the opinion we agree with him; for, if our constitution is really of the importance that all parties give it, it surely behoves all parties to take care that the constitution be preserved, and not a mockery substituted in its place. Another event has occupied a much inferior degree of attention, though, in fact, many circumstances attending it, are likely to make a great impression on the most valuable part of our strength, the navy. After the engagement in the Basque Roads, it was intended to propose the usual vote of thanks to the admiral, and the fleet under his command. Lord Cochrane, who had distinguished himself so much on the occasion, declared, that if such a motion were brought forward in the House he should think it his duty to oppose it. The consequence was an enquiry by a court-martial into the conduct of the admiral, which sat for several days. Lord Cochrane gave his evidence, in which he persisted in the opinion he had maintained; but he was not supported in it by several officers of the navy, who, for the most part, to be sure, were not so immediately in the action, yet were sufficiently near to form some estimate of the difficulties of the undertaking. The court-martial decided in favour of the admiral, who was most honourably acquitted; and, as the trial is printed, every one is at liberty to form his own opinion of the transaction. One circumstance is to be observed, that Lord Cochrane was not the accuser, but only an evidence; and though the court-martial have differed in opinion from him, it lies entirely in the breast of his lordship to oppose a vote of thanks should the minister ever bring it forward. Of one fact we are certain, namely, that Lord Cochrane did his duty to the utmost, for all concur with the admiral in testifying their admiration of his conduct; and he has been honoured by his sovereign with a peculiar mark of distinction, for his courage and perseverance, and skill. A vote of thanks then, in which he does not concur, will be of little value; for what are landsmen to think, when he, who was the nearest to the point of danger, condemns the conduct of his superior, who was all the time at a distance. It is probable, however, that the matter will rest here, and that the admiral will be satisfied with the testimony of the court-martial. We shall be sorry if it introduces any ill blood in the navy: for to such men as Lord Cochrane we are indebted for the superiority of our seamen over those of other nations.

The affairs of the Continent are marked by a transaction, which at one time would have filled Europe with horror and astonishment, but is now only an object of derision and contempt. His pretended holiness, the Pope, is not satisfied with the situation into which he is placed by Bonaparte, and scorns his bounty. He recollects the times in which a predecessor of his had an emperor at his feet; but seems to have forgotten that his bulls have lost their charms. The old gentleman, reduced to that insignificance, in which he ought always to have been kept, protests against the seizure of his territories, and excommunicates all that have had any part in it. But who cares now for his excommunication? It is not of so much conse-

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quence as that of the Church of England, which is still a terror to some country bumpkins. The world is not foolish enough to trouble its head at an excommunication tendered by this or that priest, but holds the nonsense of them all in equal contempt. The bayonets of Bonaparte are too strong for the bulls of the Pope; and happy would it have been for mankind if the temporal had always maintained its jurisdiction over the pretended spiritual powers; and, if the reducing of the Pope into his proper place, had been the worst of the French acts, mankind would have great cause for gratitude to the French arms. Many protestants, indeed, feel a great degree of concern for the old impostor, but we are not of that number; we rejoice that his tricks are found out, and blown upon, and that mankind is likely to be freed from his delusions. As his power is thus fallen, it is a presage, that other impostors of the same kind will in due time meet with a similar fate. The usurpation of a priest is worse than the worst of civil tyrannies.

But the intrigues of the Court of of Rome have little weight now in the affairs of Europe; the voice of the cannon is more heard, and more attended to. Indeed it has been silent on the banks of the Danube, but the shores of the Scheldt and the Tagus have resounded with its terrors. We observed in our last, that whilst the British troops are employed in taking an island, Bonaparte is settling the destiny of an empire. The result of his determinations has not, however, reached us, and reports are circulated that the armistice is broken, and that the Austrians are to try again the events of war. To do this with better chance of success, the Archduke Charles is said to have given up the command of the army, which the Prince of Lichtenstein has taken to himself. Should there be any truths in these reports, we can augur no good effects to the Austrian emperor. If he succeeded so ill after such vast preparations, what is he to expect with troops dispirited by continual ill success, diminished in numbers, and with inferior resources. The richest parts of his dominions are in the hands of his enemies, and what remains lie scattered, and little able to assist each other. Still the terms of peace may be so harsh as to excite despair. Of this, however, the repeated proofs of French policy, forbid us to expect the advantages; and we cannot entertain any hopes of resistance to the French. The negociations most probably, are going on, and before this reaches the press the terms of peace may arrive. The negociations will, of course, keep every thing secret, till the whole is determined upon; but as Bonaparte is not returned to France, the arrangements, we may be persuaded, are not completely concluded.

What excited hopes in this country of renewed hostilities on the part of the Austrians, was our attack upon the Dutch coasts, and the repulse of the French in Spain. But neither of these events seem to bear at all on the affairs on the Danube. The French are there in full force. Fresh troops are daily arriving. Strong forts have been given up to them, and no impression, that is made in Spain or in Holland, can at all tend to assist the Austrians. If there had been any probability of their success, the Duke of Brunswick Oels would hardly have fled with his troops through Germany, and sought for refuge on board our transports. He would assuredly have taken the road to Bohemia, where, small as his reinforcements might be, it must have been acceptable. The fugitives with him are made up probably of all nations, who look to British pay as a much better resource than the exhausted treasures of Austria.

The part taken by Russia is not known. The French banners fly in the part of Poland seized from the Austrians, and if Austria should be deprived of all share in that country, no man can repine at its fate. Of all the acts of jacobinism, that have been perpetrated, the partition of Poland may be esteemed to rank the highest in infamy; and it is some satisfaction to see, that two of the states, engaged in it, have lost their share of the robbery. The Russians have a considerable army in that quarter, and are actually engaged in a war with the Turks; but we hear little of the progress of their arms. In the negociations, however, their interests will be

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considered, and Austria will now be compelled to co-operate in the plans, which were probably laid down by the two emperors in the German conference. No prospect appears of a peace between us, and the great northern empire, which must be not a little exasperated at finding its territories exposed to the attacks of our fleets; for its northern port, Archangel, has received a visit from us, and a very great booty has been gained by our sailors.

In Sweden the utmost tranquillity reigns, and the revolution has been made with such ease, that the only wonder now in men's minds is, that it did not take place before, and that their Quixotic prince had not sooner been placed in a situation more suitable to his repose, and the happiness of his subjects. We have still to regret, that a good account of the proceedings of the diet have not reached us. Many excellent reforms are said to have been made. The different bodies which constitute the legislature of that kingdom, are said to have been much less animated by party prejudices than could have been expected; and that, seeing the necessity of union for the safety of the country, all have co-operated in the forming of laws, which have the general good in view, and not the little pursuits of faction.

Germany remains in an unsettled state. The king of Westphalia is still in Saxony, and the latter king remains in Frankfort. The king of Bavaria feels the effects of the war, but has not hitherto received his reward. His southern neighbours are become more quiet. The duke of Brunswick Oels has made his escape to England, and, by a rapid flight through the north of Germany, escaped the vigilance of the French, and brought a number of the people he had collected and embodied, on board our transports. The king of Holland has lost part of his dominions, and may lose more, for our troops are very near him, and it is not known what are to be the ultimate ends of our grand expedition.

This grand expedition has had the attention of England fixed upon it for a considerable time. As yet nothing has been done worthy of its greatness; it has taken some islands in the mouth of the Scheldt, and little or no resistance made any where, except at Flushing. This town was exposed to a severe bombardment, and endured the burning of a very great part of it before the commander would consent to a surrender. Had he persisted not a brick would have been left in its original place, and our rockets would have so scattered their fire that every piece of timber must have been burned. The garrison was made prisoners of war, and among them, it seems, are many Irish soldiers and officers, who after having been driven from their country, and given to the king of Prussia, enlisted in the service of the French. In what manner they are to be treated time will shew. The English army is now at liberty to pursue the farther objects of its destination; and its ships of war are advanced into the Scheldt. The burning of some ships of the line above Antwerp is the next attempt; but so great a length of time has elapsed since the army landed in Walcheren, that it will argue great want of attention on the part of the French, if they are not fully prepared to resist us. The king of Holland must have troops sufficient to guard the northern banks of the Scheldt, and to the south the whole resources of the Netherlands and of France may be brought with ease to Antwerp. We have, however, such a prodigious force, upwards of six thousand cannon, that to them, and the bravery of our sailors, nothing scarcely will be deemed impossible.

If our troops in Walcheren have had little opportunity of displaying their valour, our army in Spain has signalized itself, and, in a conflict with the French, the usual superiority of the English has been shewn. Sir Arthur Wellesley had advanced with his army to Talavera, and, combined with the forces of Spain, was prepared to oppose a body of upwards of sixty thousand men, to the attacks of the French. The greater part of this body consisted of Spaniards, who occupied his right wing, being near to the junction of the Alberche with the Tagus, and strongly defended by their position. In the centre, and to the left, were the English forces, in front of the Alberche, and on them the

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French, army, with king Bonaparte at their head, made a most tremendous attack. Upwards of forty thousand men are said to have been at this time under his command, and the brunt of the battle lay on the left wing and the centre, on which the French, in vain, during two days and an intervening night, attempted to make an impression. They were repulsed every where, and lost several pieces of cannon and colours. But they made their retreat in a very regular manner, and were not followed by the combined army. This is an extraordinary circumstance, particularly so, as it does not appear that the Spanish body had suffered in the engagement. Our general states his loss, in killed, wounded, and missing, at upwards of five thousand men, and gives the double of that number to the French. He attributes his remaining in the same position to the want of provisions, and the extreme fatigue of the troops; but as the French have retreated in such a manner, a severe battle must still be fought before they can be driven out of the country.

On the battle itself, it must be observed, that it affords a decisive proof, that however superior the French may be to other nations, their contests with the English must be very severe; and if the Spaniards are encouraged to act with the spirit that this ought to inspire, their ultimate success is certain. There are some hopes too, that the junta sees the state of the kingdom in its true light. In the remarks that have been published in the papers under its authority, the evils of the former government are fully acknowledged. Hence there is reason to believe, that some exertions will be made to meliorate the state of the country. The whole depends very much on the events that have taken place since the battle. Should the combined army drive the French again to the north of the Ebro, it is to be presumed, that they will not commit the fatal mistake of leaving them to intrench themselves. There must be no rest to the English and Spanish arms till the French are driven to the other side of the Pyrenees. The bravery of the Spaniards, in some places, forbids us to doubt, that if they were properly conducted, they would fail of success.

Our arms have been crowned with success both in Africa and the West Indies. In the former, Senegal has submitted to us; in the latter St. Domingo to the joint troops of England and Spain. The possession in Africa will not add much to our trade, the loss to the French in the latter will be felt, as they now are nearly driven from a connexion with the West Indies, and probably the remaining territory will be taken from them. We hear little of Spanish America, where no genius has hitherto appeared to take advantage of the conflicts in Europe.

The United States have received the intelligence of the embarrassments respecting the treaty of Peace. They do not appear to have produced any very great sensation; and it is hoped, that negociation may still settle our differences. The debates in their Congress are carried on with very little party spirit; and their President seems to give that general satisfaction to which he is intitled by his merits. They will, it is to be hoped, shew the world how much better a peaceful nation is than one that is perpetually at war; and that it is not for the benefit of a country to shed its blood for commercial pursuits. The Chinese empire has afforded them an example; and it is curious enough, that Great Britain should have so conducted herself, that so mighty an empire as that of China, and so considerable a country as the States of America, should, at the same time nearly, be under the necessity of threatening us with a denial of intercourse. The Chinese were perfectly right, for, had our landing armed men in their country been once connived at, no one can tell to what extent the number would hereafter amount. The Chinese said to us, Remove your troops from our territories, or you never more trade here. The demand was perfectly reasonable, but the manner in which the emperor treats us does not suit the haughty pretensions of our nation. He calls us a bad nation, that requites ill the indulgence he has shewn, in permitting us to trade with the celestial kingdom.

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"J. G. R." confers a distinguishing honour upon our Magazine by sending us his poetry. Ex. Gr.

"*Lines on Anger.*

"Tho' wrath and *anger* in me bosom *burns*,
I will rend *the* out distractive in thy powrs
Like *lightening* flash'd within my frame
But *thankes* no *resting place* is found
Blustrious as the *rouling* billows
Distractive as the storm."

We looked at the post mark; but it is not from Moorfields.

The Life of Sir R. Wigram, Bart. is inadmissible.

Many favours are deferred for want of room.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

OPERATIONS *of the* BRITISH ARMY *in* SPAIN.

LONDON GAZETTE, AUG. 12.

Dispatches, of which the following are extracts, have been received at the office of Lord Viscount Castlereagh, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, from Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Wellesley, K.B.

Placentia, 15th July, 1809.

MY LORD,—After I had written to your lordship on the 1st instant, Joseph Bonaparte crossed the Tagus again, and joined Sebastiani with the troops he had brought from Madrid, and with a detachment from Marshal Victor's corps, making the corps of Sebastiani about twenty-eight thousand men, with an intention of attacking Venegas's corps. Venegas, however, retired into the mountains of the Sierra Morena, and Colonel Larey with his advanced guard attacked a French advanced corps in the night, and destroyed many of them. The French troops then returned again to the Tagus, which river Joseph had crossed with the reinforcement which

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he had taken to Sebastiani's corps; and this last corps, consisting of ten thousand men only, was on the left bank of the Tagus, about Madnelejos, in front of Venegas, who was again advancing. The last accounts from this quarter were of the 8th. The French army under Victor, joined by the detachments brought by Joseph from Sebastiani's corps, and amounting in the whole to about thirty-five thousand men, are concentrated in the neighbourhood of Talavera, and on the Alberche; General Cuesta's army has been in the position which I informed your lordship that it had taken up since I addressed you on the 1st instant. The advanced guard of the British army arrived here on the 8th, and the troops which were with me on the Tagus arrived by the 10th; the 23d Light Dragoons and the 48th arrived yesterday; the 61st regiment will arrive to-morrow. I went to Gen. Cuesta's quarters at Almarez on the 10th, and stayed there till the 12th, and I have arranged with that General a plan of operations upon the French army, which we are to begin to carry into execution on the 18th, if the French should remain so long in their position.

The Spanish army under General Cuesta consists of about thirty-eight thousand men, (exclusive of Venegas's corps) of which seven thousand are cavalry. About fourteen thousand men are detached to the bridge of Arzobispo, and the remainder are in the camp under the Puerte de Miraheate. I have the pleasure to inform your lordship, that the seven battalions of infantry from Ireland and the islands, and the troop of horse artillery from Great Britain, arrived at Lisbon in the beginning of the month. Gen. Craufurd's brigade is on its march to join the army, but will not arrive here till the 24th or 25th.

I have the honour to be, &c.

A. WELLESLEY.

Talavera de la Reyne, July 24, 1809.

MY LORD,—According to the arrangement which I had settled with General Cuesta, the army broke up from Placentia on the 17th and 18th instant, and reached Oropesa on the 20th, where it formed a junction with the Spanish army under his command. Sir Robert Wilson had marched from the Venta de Bazagon, on the Tictar, with the Lusitanian Legion, a battalion of Portuguese Chasseurs, and two Spanish battalions on the 15th; he arrived at Arenas on the 19th, and on the Alberche, at Escalona, on the 23d. General Venegas had also been directed to break up from Madrileyos on the 18th and 19th, and to march by Trenbleque and Ocana to Puenteduenas on the Tagus, where that river is crossed by a ford, and thence to Arganda, where he was to arrive on the 22d and 23d. On the 22d, the combined armies moved from Oropesa, and the advanced guards attacked the enemy's outposts at Talavera. Their right was turned by the 1st Hussars and the 23d Light Dragoons, under General Anson, directed by Lieut.-General Payne, and by the division of infantry under the command of Major-General Mackenzie, and they were driven in by the Spanish advanced guards under the command of General Sarjas and the Duc d'Albuquerque. We lost eleven horses by the fire of canon from the enemy's position on the Alberche, and the Spaniards had some men wounded. The columns were formed for the attack of this position yesterday, but the attack was postponed till this morning by desire of General Cuesta, when the different corps destined for the attack were put in motion, but the enemy had retired at about one in the morning to Santa Olalla, and thence towards Torrijos; I conclude to form a junction with the corps under General Sebastiani. I have not been able to follow the enemy as I could wish, on account of the great deficiency of means of transport in Spain. I inclose the copy of a letter, which I thought it proper to address upon this subject to Major-General O'Donoghue, Adjutant-General of the Spanish army, as soon as I found that this country would furnish no means of this description. General Cuesta has urged the Central Junta to adopt vigorous measures to relieve our wants; till I am supplied, I do not think it proper, and indeed I cannot continue my operations. I have great hopes, however, that before long, I shall be supplied from Andalusia and La Mancha with

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the means which I require, and I shall then resume the active operations which I have been compelled to relinquish.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) A. WELLESLEY.

GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 15.

Copy of a dispatch received by Lord Viscount Castlereagh, from Lieut.-General Sir Arthur Wellesley.

Talavera de la Reyna, July 29.

MY LORD,—General Cuesta followed the enemy's march with his army from the Alberche on the morning of the 24th as far as Santa Olalla, and pushed forward his advanced guard as far as Torrijos. For the reasons stated to your lordship in my dispatch of the 24th, I moved only two divisions of infantry and a brigade of cavalry across the Alberche to Casalegos, under the command of Lieut.-Gen. Sherbrooke, with a view to keep up the communication between General Cuesta and me, and with Sir R. Wilson's corps at Escalona.

It appears that General Venegas had not carried into execution that part of the plan of operations which related to his corps, and that he was still at Daniel, in La Mancha; and the enemy in the course of the 24th, 25th, and 26th, collected all his forces in this part of Spain between Torrijos and Toledo, leaving but a small corps of 2000 men in that place. His united army thus consisted of the corps of Marshal Victor, of that of General Sebastiani, and of 7 or 8000 men the guards of Joseph Bonaparte, and the garrison of Madrid; and it was commanded by Joseph Bonaparte, aided by Marshals Jourdan and Victor, and General Sebastiani. On the 26th, General Cuesta's advanced guard was attacked near Torrijos, and obliged to fall back, and the General retired with his army on that day to the left bank of the Alberche, General Sherbrooke continuing at Casalegos, and the enemy at Santa Olalla. It was then obvious that the enemy intended to try the result of a general action, for which the best position appeared to be in the neighbourhood of Talavera; and General Cuesta having consented to take up this position on the morning of the 27th, I ordered General Sherbrooke to retire with his corps to its station in the line, leaving General Mackenzie with a division of infantry and a brigade of cavalry as an advanced post in the wood on the right of Alberche, which covered our left flank. The position taken up by the troops at Talavera extended rather more than two miles; the ground was open upon the left, where the British army was stationed, and it was commanded by a height on which was, in echellon and in second line, a division of infantry under the orders of Major-General Hill.

There was a valley between this height, and a range of mountains still further upon the left, which valley was not at first occupied, as it was commanded by the height above-mentioned; and the range of mountains appeared too distant to have any influence upon the expected action. The right, consisting of Spanish troops, extended immediately in front of the town of Talavera down to the Tagus. This part of the ground was covered by olive trees, and much intersected by banks and ditches. The high road leading from the bridge over the Alberche, was defended by a heavy battery in front of a church, which was occupied by Spanish infantry. All the avenues to the town were defended in a similar manner; the town was occupied, and the remainder of the Spanish infantry was formed in two lines behind the banks, on the roads which led, from the town and the right, to the left of our position.

In the centre, between the two armies, there was a commanding spot of ground, on which we had commenced to construct a redoubt, with some open ground in its rear. Brigadier-General Alex. Campbell was posted at this spot with a division of infantry, supported in his rear by General Cotton's brigade of dragoons, and some Spanish cavalry.

At about two o'clock on the 27th, the enemy appeared in strength on the left bank of the Alberche, and manifested an intention to attack Gen. Mackenzie's division. The attack was made before they could be withdrawn; but the troops, consisting of General Mackenzie's and Colonel Donkin's

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brigades, and Gen. Anson's brigade of cavalry, and supported by General Payne with the other four regiments of cavalry, in the plain between Talavera and the wood, withdrew in good order, with some loss, particularly by the 2d batt. 87th reg. and 2d batt. 31st reg. in the wood. Upon this occasion the steadiness and discipline of the 45th reg. and of 5th batt. 60th reg. were conspicuous; and I had particular reason for being satisfied with the manner in which Gen. Mackenzie withdrew his advanced guard.

As the day advanced, the enemy appeared in larger numbers on the right of the Alberche, and it was obvious that he was advancing to a general attack upon the combined army. General Mackenzie continued to fall back gradually upon the left of the position of the combined armies, where he was placed in the second line, in the rear of the Guards, Col. Donkin being placed in the same situation further upon the left in the rear of the King's German Legion. The enemy immediately commenced his attack in the dusk of the evening, by a cannonade on the left of our position, and by an attempt with his cavalry to overthrow the Spanish infantry posted, as I have before stated, on the right. This attempt failed entirely.

Early in the night he pushed a division along the valley on the left of the height occupied by General Hill, of which he gained a momentary possession, but Major-General Hill attacked it instantly with the bayonet, and regained it. This attack was repeated in the night, but failed; and again at daylight in the morning of the 28th, by two divisions of infantry, and was repulsed by Major-General Hill. Major-General Hill has reported to me in a particular manner the conduct of the 29th reg. and of the 1st batt. 48th reg. in the different affairs, as well as that of Major-Gen. Tilson, and Brigadier-General Richard Stewart. We have lost many brave officers and soldiers in the defence of this important point in our position; among others I cannot avoid to mention Brigade-Majors Fordyce and Gardiner: and Major-General Hill was himself wounded, but I am happy to say, but slightly.

The defeat of this attempt was followed about noon by a general attack with the enemy's whole force upon the whole of that part of the position occupied by the British army.

In consequence of the repeated attempts upon the height on our left by the valley, I had placed two brigades of British cavalry in that valley, supported in the rear by the Duc d'Albuquerque's division of Spanish cavalry. The enemy then placed light infantry in the range of mountains on the left of the valley, which were opposed by a division of Spanish infantry, under Lieut-Gen. De Bassecourt.

The general attack began by the march of several columns of infantry into the valley, with a view to attack the height occupied by Major-Gen. Hill. These columns were immediately charged by the 1st German light-dragoons, and 23d dragoons, under the command of General Anson, directed by Lieut.-Gen. Payne, and supported by General Fane's brigade of heavy cavalry; and although the 23d dragoons suffered considerable loss, the charge had the effect of preventing the execution of that part of the enemy's plan.

At the same time he directed an attack upon Brigadier-General Alex. Campbell's position in the centre of the combined armies, and on the right of the British. This attack was most successfully repulsed by Brigadier-General Campbell, supported by the King's regiment of Spanish cavalry, and two battalions of Spanish infantry; and Brigadier-General Campbell took the enemy's cannon.

An attack was also made at the same time upon Lieut.-Gen. Sherbrooke's division, which was on the left and centre of the 1st line of the British army. This attack was most gallantly repulsed by a charge with bayonets by the whole division; but the brigade of Guards, which were on the right, having advanced too far, they were exposed on their left flank to the fire of the enemy's battery, and of their retiring columns; and the division was obliged to retire towards the original position, under cover of the 2d line of General Cotton's brigade of cavalry, which I had moved from the centre, and of the 1st batt. 48th reg. I had moved this regiment from its

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original position on the heights, as soon as I observed the advance of the Guards; it was formed in the plain, and advanced upon the enemy, and covered the formation of Lieut.-Gen. Sherbrooke's division.

Shortly after the repulse of this general attack, in which apparently all the enemy's troops were employed, he commenced his retreat across the Alberche, which was conducted in the most regular order, and was effected during the night, leaving in our hands 20 pieces of cannon, ammunition, tumbrils, and some prisoners.

Your lordship will observe by the inclosed return the great loss which we have sustained of valuable officers and soldiers, in this long and hard-fought action, with more than double our numbers. That of the enemy has been much greater. I am informed that entire brigades of infantry have been destroyed, and indeed the battalions that retreated were much reduced in numbers. By all accounts their loss is 10,000 men. Generals Lapiffe and Morlot are killed; Generals Sebastiani and Boulet wounded.

I have particularly to lament the loss of Major-General Mackenzie, who had distinguished himself on the 27th; and of Brig.-Gen. Langwerth, of the King's German Legion; and of Brigade-Major Beckett, of the Guards.

Your Lordship will observe, that the attacks of the enemy were principally, if not entirely, directed against the British troops. The Spanish commander in chief, his officers, and troops, manifested every disposition to render us assistance, and those of them which were engaged did their duty; but the ground which they occupied was so important, and its front at the same time so difficult, that I did not think it proper to urge them to make any movement on the left of the enemy while he was engaged with us.

I have reason to be satisfied with the conduct of all the officers and troops. I am much indebted to Lieut.-Gen. Sherbrooke for the assistance I received from him, and for the manner in which he led on his division to the charge with bayonets. To Lieut.-General Payne and the cavalry, particularly General Anson's brigade; to Major-Generals Hill and Tilson, Brig.-Generals Alex. Campbell, Richard Stewart, and Cameron, and to the divisions and brigades of infantry under their commands respectively; particularly, the 29th reg. commanded by Colonel White; the 1st batt. 48th, commanded by Col. Donnellan, afterwards, when that officer was wounded, by Major Middlemore; 2d batt. 7th, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Sir Wm. Myers; 2d batt. 53d, commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Bingham; 97th, commanded by Col. Lyon; 1st batt. of detachments, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Bunbury; and 2d batt. 31st, commanded by Major Watson; and of the 45th, commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Guard, and 5th batt. 60th, commanded by Major Davy, on the 27th. The advance of the brigade of Guards was most gallantly conducted by Brig.-Gen. Campbell, and, when necessary, that brigade retired, and formed again in the best order. The artillery under Brig.-Gen. Howorth was also, throughout these days, of the greatest service, and I had every reason to be satisfied with the assistance I received from the chief engineer Lieut.-Colonel Fletcher; the adjutant-general Brig.-Gen. the Hon. C. Stewart, and the quarter-master-general Col. Murray, and the officers of those departments respectively, and from Col. Bathurst and the officers of my personal staff. I also received much assistance from Colonel O'Lawlor, of the Spanish service, and from Brig.-Gen. Whittingham, who was wounded when bringing up the two Spanish batts. to the assistance of Brig.-General Alexander Campbell.

I send this by Capt. Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who will give your lordship any further information, and whom I beg leave to recommend.

I have the honour to be, &c.

A. WELLESLEY.

Return of killed, wounded, and missing, in the above actions.

27th July, 1809.—Killed, 7 officers, 2 serjeants, 122 rank and file. Wounded, 24 officers, 17 serjeants, 1 drummer, 465 rank and file. Missing, 3 officers, 1 serjeant, 2 drummers, 202 rank and file.

28th July, 1809.—Killed, 27 officers, 26 serjeants, 4 drummers, 613 rank and file. Wounded, 171 officers, 148 serjeants, 15 drummers, 3072 rank and file. Missing, 6 officers, 14 serjeants, 7 Drummers, 418 rank and file.——Total—5367.

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Ordnance, &c. taken.—4 eight-pounders, 4 six-ditto, 1 four-ditto, 1 six-inch howitzer, 2 tumbrils, complete in ammunition; taken by Brig.-Gen. A. Campbell's brigade. —6 pieces of ordnance, 1 six-inch howitzer, left by the enemy, and found in the woods. —1 standard, taken by 29th regiment; 1 ditto, destroyed by ditto; 3 standards, taken by the King's German Legion.

Extracts of letters from Sir Arthur Wellesley to Lord Viscount Castlereagh, dated Talavera, Aug. 1.

"Since I had the honour of addressing you on 29th July, the enemy have continued to keep a rear-guard of about 10,000 men on the heights on the left of the Alberche. The extreme fatigue of the troops, the want of provisions, and the numbers of wounded to be taken care of, have prevented me from moving from my position. Brig.-Gen. Craufurd arrived with his brigade on the 29th in the morning, having marched 12 Spanish leagues in little more than 24 hours."

"When I addressed you this morning, I had not received the report from the outposts. It appears that the enemy withdrew the rear-guard, which was posted on the left of the Alberche, last night at eleven o'clock and the whole army marched toward Santa Olalla; I conclude, with an intention of taking up a position in the neighbourhood of Guadarama."

Official Details *of the* Operations *of the* British Forces *in* Holland.

GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Downing-Street, *Aug.* 7.

Dispatches, of which the following are extracts, were last night received at the office of Lord Viscount Castlereagh:

Head Quarters, Middleburgh, 2d August, 1809.

My Lord,—I have the honour of acquainting your lordship, that having sailed from the Downs early in the morning of the 28th ult. with Rear Admiral Sir Richard Strachan, in his majesty's ship Venerable, we arrived the same evening, and anchored in East Capelle Roads, and were joined on the following morning by the division of the army under Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope. It blew in the course of that day a fresh gale from the westward, which created a heavy swell, and the small craft being much exposed, it was determined to seek shelter from them in the anchorage of the Room Pot, where Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope's division was also directed to proceed, in order to possess such points as might be necessary to secure the anchorage, as well as with a view to future operations up the East Scheldt.

The left wing of the army under Lieutenant-General Sir Eyre Coote, particularly destined for the operation against Walcheren, arrived on the 29th, and morning of the 30th, but the wind continuing to blow fresh from the westward, and occasioning a great surf on the beach, both on the side of Zourland, as well as near Domburg, it became expedient, in order to effect a landing, to carry the whole fleet through the narrow and difficult passage into the Veer Gat, hitherto considered impracticable for large ships; which being successfully accomplished, and the necessary preparations for debarkation being completed, I have the satisfaction of acquainting your lordship that the troops landed on the Bree Sand, about a mile to the westward of Fort der Haak, without opposition, when a position was taken up for the night, on the Sand Hills, with East Capelle in front, Lieutenant-General Fraser was detached immediately to the left, against Fort der Haak and Ter Vere, the former of which, on his approach, was evacuated by the enemy, but the town of Vere, which was strong in its defences, and had a garrison of about 600 men, held out till yesterday morning, notwithstanding the heavy and well-directed fire of the bomb-vessels and gun-boats during the preceding day, and until the place was closely invested.

Early on the morning of the 31st, a deputation from Middleburgh, from whence the garrison had been withdrawn into Flushing, having arrived in camp, terms of capitulation were agreed upon, copies of which I have the honour herewith to enclose, as well as that of the garrison of Ter Vere; and the divisions of the army under the orders of Lieutenant-General Lord Paget and Major-General Graham, moved forward, and took up

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a position with the right to Maliskirke, the centre at Gyperskirke, and left to St. Laurens.

On the morning of the 1st instant, the troops advanced to the investment of Flushing, which operation was warmly contested by the enemy. In this movement he was driven by Major-General Graham's division on the right, from the batteries of the Dykeshook, the Vygeter, and the Nole, while Brigadier-General Houston's brigade forced the enemy posted on the road from Middleburgh, to retire, with the loss of four guns, and many killed and wounded. Lieutenant-General Lord Paget's division also [illegible] in the posts of the enemy, and [illegible] his position at West Zouberg. [illegible] follow expressions of praise [illegible] officers for their judicious con- [illegible] to the men for their gal-

[illegible] essure of circumstances has [illegible] the Commanding Officer [illegible] from furnishing a detailed [illegible] of the guns and ordnance- [illegible] taken in the several batteries, at Fortress of Ter Vere, but which will be hereafter transmitted, with a return of the prisoners taken since our landing, supposed to amount to 1000. I have the honour to be, &c.

CHATHAM.

P.S. Since writing the above letter, I have received intelligence from Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope, that the reserve of the army had effected their landing on South Beveland, and that a detachment had occupied the town of Goes.

[The Articles of Capitulation entered into for the surrender of the town of Middleburgh to his Britannic Majesty's forces, grant security to every person, and all private property; public functionaries to be permitted to return to any other part of the kingdom of Holland.

Proposals of a Capitulation, by the Commandant of the Fortress of Vere, to his Excellency Lieutenant-General M. Fraser, stipulates that the garrison is to be considered generally as prisoners of war, and shall be disposed of as the British Government shall think proper, and as is customary on such occasions. The inhabitants shall continue to enjoy all their privileges, and be allowed to leave the place.]

Prisoners taken at Ter Vere.

Artillery—1 lieutenant-colonel, 1 captain, 4 lieutenants, 7 serjeants, 9 corporals, 6 fire-workers, 5 artificers, 65 gunners, 1 drummer.

Infantry—4 captains, 4 first-lieutenants, 5 second-lieutenants, 4 serjeant-majors, 18 serjeants, 4 fouriers, 10 drummers, 8 pipers, 328 soldiers.

Naval of the gun-brig Gawler—1 captain, 1 master, 17 sailors, 1 boy—1 serjeant, 1 corporal, 13 privates (serving as marines.)—Total, 519.

Total killed, wounded, and missing, in the Island of Walcheren, up to the 30th of July.

1 officer, 2 serjeants, 2 drummers, 41 rank and file, killed; 13 officers, 15 serjeants, 1 drummer, 184 rank and file, wounded; 34 rank and file missing.

Middleburgh, 3d August, 1809.

MY LORD,—Since my letter of yesterday's date, I have received intelligence from Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope, of his having occupied Bathz, and taken possession of the whole island of South Beveland.

I have also the satisfaction to acquaint your Lordship, that upon the batteries being prepared to open, the fortress of Ramakins surrendered this evening.

CHATHAM.

Strength of the Garrison of Ramakins.

2 captains, 1 lieutenant, 4 serjeants, 7 corporals, 2 drummers, 111 privates. —Total 127.

Extract of a Letter from Sir R. J. Strachan, Bart. dated

Venerable, off the Ver Gat, Aug. 4.

SIR,—As soon as the ships were secured, measures were instantly taken to prepare to land the army on the island of Walcheren. I did not wait for the gun-boats coming up, but ordered those who happened to be near the Venerable, together with the mortar-brigs, to push in shore, to cover the landing, and to force the Derhaak batteries.

At half past four the boats put under the direction of Lord Amelius Beauclerc, of the Royal Oak, and Captain Cockburn, of the Belleisle, and the troops were landed in excellent order, without opposition; the firing from the mortar and gun vessels having driven the enemy completely from the Derhaak battery.

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Having thus accomplished this first object, I lost no time in directing the bombs and gun vessels to proceed up the Veer Gat, off Camvere, and having given Sir Home Popham, who, at the request of Lord Chatham, had remained on shore with his lordship, permission to employ them as the service might require, he the next morning began to cannonade Camvere, which had been summoned, but held out. The fire of the gun-boats was exceedingly well directed, and did much damage to the town. Three of our gun-boats were sunk. In the afternoon it blew fresh, and as the strength of the tide prevented the bombs from acting, I directed the flotilla to fall back, preserving a menacing position. At night, Captain Richardson, of the Cæsar, who was in the Dyke on shore, threw some rockets at the nearest battery at Camvere, and soon after the commanding officer of the town sent out an offer to surrender.

We are getting our flotilla through the Slough into the Western Scheldt, to prevent succours being thrown into Flushing by the Canal of Ghent.

I have, &c. R. J. STRACHAN.

Extracts of two Letters from Sir R. Keats.

Sabrina, off South Beeveland, Aug. 1.

I have the satisfaction to inform you, that Sir John Hope, and 7000 of his division of the army, were landed on South Beeveland this afternoon, since which I have been informed by message from him, that he was met on his approach towards Goes, by the magistrates, into which place he is at liberty to enter whenever he pleases.—Three of the enemy's ships of the line, and six brigs are at anchor off the east end of South Beeveland, the others, I conclude, have moved higher up the Scheldt.

Three of the four sloops I brought up with me struck in coming up.

Sabrina, off Welmindinge, Aug. 3.

Soon after I landed, I was informed by letter from Sir John Hope, that Bathz had been evacuated in the night; and, as he informed me, the communication was open between Walcheren and this island, I concluded you would hear it from hence, and went on to Bathz with a view to make observations, and from which I am this moment returned.

R. G. KEATS.

LONDON GAZETTE, Aug. 19.

Extracts of Dispatches received at the Admiralty-Office from Sir R. Strachan, K.B.

Kangaroo, West Scheldt, off the Kaloot, August 11, 1809.

SIR,—I beg leave to acquaint you, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that I am this moment going up to Bathz, in South Beveland, which has been attacked by a strong detachment of the enemy's flotilla, and which, by Sir R. Keats's reports, consists of two frigates, one bearing a Vice-Admiral's flag, 30 brigs, 8 luggers or schooners, and 14 gun-boats.

The divisions of the army under the Earl of Roslyn and Marquis of Huntley landed on South Beveland on the 9th.—I am concerned to add, that the enemy has cut the dyke to the right of the town, and the island is likely to be inundated. I have ordered Rear-Admiral Otway to send the Monmouth and Agincourt to England for water, as soon as they can be got down from Zierickzee; and earnestly entreat that other means may be adopted for supplying the army and navy from England, as I apprehend all the water in this island will be spoiled by the inundation, and that there is not more in the other islands than is necessary for the subsistence of the inhabitants. In consequence of the protracted siege of Flushing, and the necessity for the flotilla going up the Scheld, I have ordered guns from the ships of war to fit 20 transports as gun-ships, and with the launches of the ships under Rear-Admiral Otway, to form a flotilla for the lower part of the Scheld, which I trust their Lordships will approve.

R. J. STRACHAN.

Kangaroo, in the West Scheld, Aug. 12.

SIR,—Having directed ten frigates to proceed up the West Scheld, under the orders of Lord Wm. Stuart, Capt. of the Lavinia, the moment the wind was favourable, that zealous officer availed himself of a light air from the westward on the afternoon of the 11th inst. notwithstanding the tide was against his proceeding, and passed the batteries between Flushing and Cadsand; the ships were under the enemy's fire nearly two hours. The gallant and seamanlike manner in which this squadron was conducted, and their

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steady and well-directed fire, excited in my breast the warmest sensations of admiration. The army witnessed their exertions with applause, and I am certain their Lordships will duly appreciate the services of Lord W. Stuart, the captains, officers, seamen, and marines, on this occasion.

No very material accident happened, except by a shell striking L'Aigle, and which fell through her decks into the bread-room, where it exploded; one man was killed, and four others wounded: her stern frame is much shattered. Lord W. Stuart's modest letter accompanies this dispatch, together with a return of the killed and wounded, and the damages sustained by his Majesty's ships, in forcing the entrance of this river.

I have the honour to be, &c.

R. J. STRACHAN.

[Here follows Lord Wm. Stuart's letter, with a report of the loss sustained on the above occasion, amounting to 2 killed and 9 wounded.]

Fort Bathz, August 12.

SIR,—I have the honour to inform you, that in pursuance of your directions, I arrived at Bathz yesterday, and, in order to render, if practicable, an attack on the enemy's fleet more complete, I ordered 30 flat boats, armed with carronades, and some other boats from the ships under my orders, to rendezvous at this place, and meet the flotilla under Sir H. Popham; but before the arrival of either, six of the enemy's gun-boats having grounded on a bank within reach of the artillery of the fort, after sustaining some injury by it, were abandoned; five of which were destroyed, and the other brought in.—The arrival of Sir Home Popham and my boats from the East Scheld took place nearly at the same time, but the enemy's flotilla moved up to Lillo with the same tide that brought ours to Bathz, one of which was handsomely burned by the advanced gun-boats almost amongst them.—As the navigation of the West Scheld is now open as far as it can possibly be cleared by the navy, and a flotilla force of upwards of 50 sail in the East Scheld demand attention, and I can at any time return in a few hours to this place, it is my intention to repair this morning to the Superb, where I have ordered the boats of my division. Sir H. Popham is examining the channels. Although we are now masters of the navigation of Lillo, it may be proper to observe, that it is in the enemy's power, by sending a superior naval force to deprive us of it, as far as Bathz (before some larger ships ascend), whenever he pleased.

I have the honour to be, &c.

R. G. KEATS.

Rear-Adm. Sir R. Strachan, K.B. &c.

GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY,

DOWNING-STREET, *Aug.* 19.

Further dispatches from Lieut. General the Earl of Chatham, K.G.

Head Quarters, Middleburgh, Aug. 16.

MY LORD,—I have the honour of acquainting your Lordship, that on the 13th instant, the batteries before Flushing being completed (and the frigates, bombs, and gun-vessels, having at the same time taken their stations) a fire was opened at about half past one P.M. from 52 pieces of heavy ordnance, which was vigorously returned by the enemy. An additional battery of six 24-pounders was completed the same night, and the whole continued to play upon the town, with little or no intermission, till late on the following day.

On the morning of the 14th instant, about ten o'clock, the line-of-battle ships at anchor in the Durloo passage, led by Rear-Admiral Sir R. Strachan, got under weigh, and, ranging up along the sea line of defence, kept up as they passed a most tremendous cannonade on the town for several hours, with the greatest gallantry and effect. About four in the afternoon, perceiving that the fire of the enemy had entirely ceased, and the town presenting a most awful scene of destruction, being on fire in almost every quarter, I directed Lieut. General Sir Eyre Coote to send in to summon the place. General Monnet returned for answer, that he would reply to the summons as soon as he had consulted a council of war; an hour had been allowed him for the purpose, but a considerable time beyond it having elapsed, without any answer being received, hostilities were ordered to recommence with the utmost vigour, and about eleven o'clock at night one of the enemy's batteries, advanced upon the Sea Dyke, in front of Lieut. General Fraser's position,

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was most gallantly carried at the point of the bayonet by detachments from the 36th, 71st, and light battalions of the King's German Legion, under Lieut. Colonel Pack, opposed to great superiority of numbers: they took 40 prisoners, and killed and wounded a great many of the enemy.—I must not omit to mention, that on the preceding evening an intrenchment in front of Major-Gen. Graham's position was also forced, in a manner equally undaunted by the 14th regiment and detachments of the King's German Legion, under Lieut. Colonel Nicholls, who drove the enemy from it, and made a lodgement within musket-shot of the walls of the town, taking one gun and 30 prisoners. About two in the morning, the enemy demanded a suspension of arms for 48 hours, which was refused, and only two hours granted, when he agreed to surrender according to the summons sent in, on the basis of the garrison becoming prisoners of war.

I have now the satisfaction of acquainting your Lordship, that these preliminaries being acceded to, as soon as the Admiral landed in the morning, Colonel Long, Adj. General, and Capt. Cockburn of the Royal Navy, were appointed to negociate the further articles of capitulation, which I have now the honour to enclose.—They were ratified about three this morning, when detachments of the Royals on the right, and of his Majesty's 71st regiment on the left, took possession of the gates of the town. The garrison will march out to-morrow, and will be embarked as speedily as possible.

I may now congratulate your Lordship on the fall of a place so indispensably necessary to our future operations, as so large a proportion of our force being required to carry on the siege with that degree of vigour and dispatch which the means of defence the enemy possessed, and particularly his powers of inundation (which was rapidly spreading to an alarming extent) rendered absolutely necessary.—Having hoped, had circumstances permitted, to have proceeded up the river at an earlier period, I had committed to Lieut. Gen. Sir Eyre Coote the direction of the details of the siege, and of the operations before Flushing, and I cannot sufficiently express my sense of the unremitting zeal and exertion with which he has conducted the arduous service entrusted to him, in which he was ably assisted by Lieut. Colonels Walsh and Offerey, attached to him as assistants in the Adjutant and Quarter-Master-Generals department.

I have every reason to be satisfied with the judicious manner in which the General Officers have directed the several operations, as well as with the spirit and intelligence manifested by the commanding officers of corps, and the zeal and ardour of all ranks of officers. It is with great pleasure I can report the uniform good conduct of the troops, who have not only on all occasions shewn the greatest intrepidity in presence of the enemy, but have sustained, with great pleasure and cheerfulness, the laborious duties they have had to perform.

The active and persevering exertions of the corps of Royal Engineers have been conducted with much skill and judgment by Col. Fyers, aided by Lieut. Colonel D'Arcey, and it is impossible for me to do sufficient justice to the distinguished conduct of the officers and men of the Royal Artillery, under the able direction and animating example of Brigadier-Gen. M'Leod.

The seamen, whose labours had already been so useful to the army, sought their reward in a further opportunity of distinguishing themselves, and one of the batteries was accordingly entrusted to them, and which they served with admirable vigour and effect.—I must here beg to express my strong sense of the constant and cordial co-operation of the navy on all occasions, and my warmest acknowledgements are most particularly due to Capt. Cockburn, of the Belleisle, commanding the flotilla; and to Capt. Richardson, of the Cæsar, commanding the brigade of seamen landed with the army.—I have the honour to enclose a return of the garrison of Flushing, in addition to which I have learned that besides the number killed, which was considerable, upwards of 1000 wounded men were transported to Cadsand, previous to the complete investment of the town.—I also subjoin a statement of deserters and prisoners, exclusive of the garrison of Flushing.

This dispatch will be delivered to

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your Lordship by my first Aid-de-Camp, Major Bradford, who is fully qualified to give your Lordship every farther information, and whom I beg leave earnestly to recommend to his Majesty's protection.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) CHATHAM.

[By the Articles of Capitulation, the whole of the garrison are to be prisoners of war, and sent to England as such; among whom is included every person not being an inhabitant of Flushing previously to 1807.]

Amount of the garrison which surrendered at Flushing.—16 Staff Officers, 101 Officers, 3773 Non-commissioned officers & soldiers, 489 sick and wounded.—Total 4379.

[By a subsequent dispatch from the Earl of Chatham this statement is corrected: it is there said to amount to 200 Officers, 4985 rank and file, 618 sick and wounded. Total 5803.]

Return of Prisoners and Deserters taken, up to August 15.—1 Colonel, 1 Lieut. Col. 15 Captains, 27 Lieutenants, 1 Staff, 58 serjeants, 13 drummers, 1700 privates.

Total Return of killed, wounded, and missing before Flushing.—3 Officers, 1 serjeant, 1 drummer, 26 rank and file killed; 15 Officers, 5 serjeants, 2 drummers, 83 rank and file wounded; 1 rank and file missing.

The documents which follow are the dispatches from Rear-Admiral Sir R. Strachan, detailing the operations of the naval force against Flushing.—"The division of frigates (says the Admiral) under Lord W. Stuart, and the greater part of our flotilla, had advanced to Bathz, in the charge of Sir Home Popham, by whom the enemy were driven above Lillo, where their ships and gun-brigs had taken up a strong position."

Sir R. Keats, in a letter to Admiral Strachan, says, "I am at present with 18 sloops and gun-brigs and four divisions of gun-boats, lying between the Saeftingen Shoal, a position judiciously chosen by Sir H. Popham, as it effectually cuts off the communication between the East and West Scheld. The enemy's flotilla, considerably increased in number, has retired above or under the protection of Lillo, and the men of war with top-gallant yards crossed, are anchored off and below Antwerp, as far down as Philippe. Six of our frigates are off Wearden, waiting an opportunity to come up."

A letter from Capt. Cockburn, of the Belleisle, dated August 15, gives an account of his co-operation, in the Plover sloop, with the flotilla under his command, in the attack upon Flushing, with a statement of his loss, amounting to 7 killed and 22 wounded.—A letter from Capt. Richardson, of the Cæsar, who commanded the brigade of seamen, contains an account of his subsequent proceeding in the attack on Flushing, &c. The total loss sustained by the naval force employed amounts to 9 killed and 47 wounded.—A letter from Rear-Admiral Sir R. Strachan, dated off Flushing, Aug. 17, transmits one from Sir R. G. Keats, stating the surrender of the towns of Zeirik Zee and Browershaven, with the whole of the Islands of Schowen and Duiveland, by capitulation.

The article next following is a dispatch from Lord Chatham, dated Middleburg, August 11, and is published as a Supplement to the above Gazette: it relates only to operations a week previous to the surrender of Flushing, and contains no additional information.

SUPPLEMENT *to the* LONDON GAZETTE, *Tuesday, July* 11.

An Account of the Battles fought near Aspern, on the Marchfield, on the 21st and 22d of May, 1809.

[Continued from p. 76.]

BATTLE OF THE 21st OF MAY.

First Column.

The advanced guard under General Nordman, consisting of two battalions of Gyulay and Lichtenstein Hussars, had formed near the destroyed bridge of Tabor, and leaving the villages of Kaban and Hirschstetten to the left, and Stadlau to the right, marched in the plain towards Aspern.

It was followed by the column, which having left the high road before the post office at Stammersdorf, had marched from the right by half divisions. Its right flank along the Danube was covered by a battalion of St. Georgians, by the first battalion of Vienna volunteers, and by a battalion of militia, under the command of Major Count Colloredo.

Within a cannon-shot of Stadelau the outposts met the enemy's picquets,

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which gradually retreated to their original divisions.

At this time General Nordman ordered two battalions of Gyulay to draw up *en echellon*, in order to favour the advance of the column. The enemy, drawn up in large divisions, stood immediately before Aspern, having, to cover his front, occupied all the ditches of the fields, which afforded excellent breast-works. His right was covered by a battery, and his left by a broad and deep ditch, (one of those that carry off the waters of the Danube when it overflows) as well as by a bushy ground, which was likewise occupied by several bodies in close order.

Though the enemy had the advantage of position all to himself, inasmuch as the freshes of the Danube were only passable by means of a small bridge, at which he kept up a vigorous fire from behind the ditches both with cannon and small arms, it did not prevent the second battalion of Gyulay, immediately after the first had penetrated as far as the bushy meadows, to pass the bridge in a column, to form without delay, and with charged bayonets to attack the enemy, who precipitately retreated to Aspern, on which occasion that village, after a vigorous but not very obstinate resistance, was taken for the first time. It was, however, not long before the enemy had it in his power, by the arrival of a fresh reinforcement, to expel again the battalions of Gyulay. By this time some battalions of the column had arrived, the Chasseurs of Major Schneider, of the second column, joined the advanced guard of the first; Gyulay formed again, and the enemy was a second time pushed to the lower end of the village, though he succeeded again in regaining what he lost.

Both parties were aware of the necessity of maintaining themselves in Aspern at any rate, which produced successively the most obstinate efforts both of attack and defence; the parties engaged each other in every street, in every house, and in every barn; carts, ploughs, and harrows were obliged to be removed during an uninterrupted fire, in order to get at the enemy; every individual wall was an impediment of the assailants, and a rampart of the attacked; the steeple, lofty trees, the garrets, and the cellars were to be conquered before either of the parties could style itself master of the place, and yet the possession was ever of short duration; for no sooner had we taken a street or a house, than the enemy gained another, forcing us to abandon the former. So this murderous conflict lasted for several hours; the German battalions were supported by Hungarians, who were again assisted by the Vienna volunteers, each rivalling the other in courage and perseverance. At the same time the second column combined its attacks with those of the first, having to overcome the same resistance, by reason of the enemy's constantly leading fresh reinforcements into fire. At length General Vacquant of the second column succeeded in becoming master of the upper part of the village, and maintaining himself there during the whole of the night.

By the shells of both parties many houses had been set on fire, and illuminated the whole country around.

At the extremity of the right wing on the bushy meadow the combats were not less severe. The left flank of the enemy was secured by an arm of the Danube; impenetrable underwood, intersected only by foot-paths, covered his front; and a broad ditch and pallisadoes afforded him the advantage of a natural rampart.

Here fought at the beginning of the battle the first battalion of Gyulay under Colonel Mariassy; then the battalion of Chasseurs under Major Schneider; next the St. Georgians under Major Mihaillovich; and finally, the two battalions of Vienna volunteers under Lieut.-Col. Steigentesch and St. Quentin. Here, also, the enemy was defeated; and the first day of this sanguinary engagement terminated by the occupation of Aspern by Gen. Vacquant, at the head of eight battalions of the second column, while Lieut. Field Marshal Hiller drew the troops of his corps from the village, placed them again in order of battle, and passed the night under arms.

(To be continued.)

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PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

DORSETSHIRE.

A CAUSE of great importance came on to be heard at the late Dorchester assizes, wherein Mr. Wm. Sherring, the President of a Benefit Society at Sherborne, was Plaintiff, and T. Pursey, alias Persey (the elder), was Defendant: the action was brought to recover from the Defendant three years pay, at 4s. per week, which he had fraudulently received from the Society 21 years since, by producing a copy of the register of his baptism. The learned Judge directed the Jury to return a verdict for the Plaintiff, which they did with damages, 34l.

HAMPSHIRE.

The late laudable endeavours of Mr. W. Cobbett, to lessen the astonishing number of *parish poor*, have been generally so well received, that we are induced to republish what he has stated in consequence of the late action brought against him at Winchester, by William Burgess.

"No labourer of mine," says Mr. C. "has, indeed, the advantage of being able to swear himself a Pauper; no man who labours for me, no man whose sweat drops upon my land, however large his family, stands in need of any thing but what I give him in the shape, not of alms, but of pay; but William Burgess, a labourer of this Mr. Goodlad, one of those who advised the action, could, with only one child, and he an able young man, swear himself a Pauper!—I do not pretend, that it is from a regard for my labourers that I give such great wages; for I am convinced that it is my interest to do it; one of my labourers is worth two or three half-famished creatures. But my great motive is, the lessening of the number of Paupers; the setting an example in this way, that may tend to raise part, at least, of the labouring people from that state of slavery, commonly called Pauperism. No man that is in health, that has the use of his limbs, and is, in all respects, able to labour, ought to be reduced to the necessity of begging; and what is it but begging, to go weekly for parish relief! This is the most shocking thing that ever existed in any country on the face of the earth! That one half, or more, of the labourers of a country should be Paupers, is really something too disgraceful to think of. I have always thought this, and now that I have it in my power to put my principles in practice, I do it as far as I possibly can. A constant state of Pauperism would debase the best nature man ever possessed. A labourer in this state is always studying deceit, he is afraid of nothing so much as of appearing prosperous, healthy, or happy; he contracts a plaintive language and manner; the worst side he always puts outwards; his children are studiously clad in rags and covered with filth; his wife is always "poorly!" and, in short, a few years rob him of every particle of spirit and sincerity. He, like slaves every where else (for to have nothing is to be a slave), has no regard for country, or for any thing attached to country; and all his hopes and all his wishes centre in the quantity of food to be extracted from the overseer. Is it not shocking to reflect upon the natural, the inevitable, consequences of rearing families in this way? I never should have a moment's peace, if a labourer of mine was thus rearing up a brood of hypocrites. A family, thus reared, not only is likely to be, but is sure to be, a nest of thieves and impostors. Nor is the 'comforting system' much better, the cow-system, the child-bed linen system, the church-going system, and the industry system, all which, like the schools of Mrs. Hannah More, do more harm than good. In fact, all the largesses that well-meaning people bestow, in any of these ways, are so many premiums for hypocrisy, which, amongst the poor in particular, is the worst of all vices.—A good labourer may be in distress. Give him something then at once, and say no more about it. Let him do with it what he pleases. Make no bargains with him about his morality; for, if you do, you make him an hypocrite. It is quite delightful to see this village of Botley, when compared to most others that I know. They seem to be quite a different race of people. They are what some people call saucy, but they are not hypocrites. They are, in short, what Englishmen ought to be; they shew

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their humours when they like; they give their labour for your money, and think there is no obligation on either side.—Beautiful as is this part of the country, and this village in particular, there is nothing in either that pleases me like the spirit of the people, who are a race of men quite different from those, who, in the school of Pauperism, have learnt all the arts of cringing and dissimulation.—The way in which we proceed here is really worth being made public. Take the following notice:—We had two families, one of which contained nine childen, and the other seven; the whole of whom drawn up in rank entire, and set off to the best advantage, that is to say, half hung over with rags, the rest of the body being naked, were arrayed against us before a Bench of the Magistrates.—We were satisfied, that, owing to particular circumstances, they had quite a sufficient income; but, as we could not prove it upon oath, the Magistrates were about to order them relief, when I offered to pay them weekly all that they said they earned, and, besides that, as much as they received from the parish, rather than suffer them to continue Paupers.—They declined my offer; got no relief, and have not only done without relief since, but have gradually assumed a more decent and prosperous appearance; and for this very obvious reason, that they have no longer an interest in being thought miserable. Here were, at once, 16 children raised from a state of Pauperism; that is to say, from all sorts of vice, but particularly of that worst vice, hypocrisy.—I have mentioned this, in the hope some few persons, at least, who have the power, will try the experiment; will endeavour to lessen this terrible evil of Pauperism. The fact is, that, as matters now stand, the Paupers are partners in no inconsiderable part of the property of every farmer; and, gentlemen, I beg you to observe, that this part of your property is not left to yourselves to distribute, but is taken out of your hands at the will of the next Bench of Magistrates, a great part of whose sway consists in the disposing of that part of your property called poor rates; and thus this disgraceful evil of Pauperism does, in some degree, produce your subjection also, of which it is impossible to get rid by any other means than these, of which I have been speaking. The power to dispose of this money is frequently, and indeed almost always in this country, in the hands of those who pay little or no part of it. This is of itself a very galling consideration; but, as I said before, there is at present, no way of getting rid of, or lessening the evil, without reducing, by some means or other, the number of Paupers."

NORFOLK.

The Carrow Bridge Commissioners have contracted with Mr. J. G. Aggs, for casting the iron work for the arch, with Messrs. Athow and De Carle for providing the stone work, and with Mr. N. Wyeth for the brick work for the abutments.

Died.] At Upwell, James Lee, Esq. aged 78 years, possessed of very considerable property. He was an excellent landlord, letting his estates at easy rents, and though not in the habit of granting leases, it was an invariable rule with him to continue his tenants, they punctually paying their rents and managing their farms in an husbandlike manner; and by dividing his large property into small farms he was the means of accommodating many of his neighbours to their considerable advantage. He was also in the habit, for the last 50 years of his life, of annually lending considerable sums of money on mortgage, and notwithstanding he was frequently accustomed to make purchases, still from his large income he was enabled to complete them without calling in his monies, which he was never known to do so long as the interest was punctually paid. Indeed, there are monies now out which he advanced 50 years ago. There are but few people in his sphere of life who have been able or willing thus to accommodate. He was always remarkable for easy access and pleasantry on business.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

The Newcastle Papers of Aug. 10, state as follows:—"During the last week we have been visited with thunder and lightning, and a vast quantity of rain. On Friday the rain fell in a

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torrent for several hours, and the morning of Saturday presented a distressing scene in the lower parts of the town. Some of the houses were inundated to the depth of four feet. A boy, named Innes, had a wonderful escape; he was swept away by the current, and carried 330 yards towards the river. In the passage is a waterfall of five yards, directly under part of the town walls, over which the child was impetuously forced. A man working in a raff-yard, arrived just in time to rescue him from a watery grave. If any thing might be said to cause amusement in the midst of so much distress, it was the escape of some ladies and their paramours from a house of ill fame in Pandon. The water having deprived them of their clothes, they were forced to issue from their dwelling, breast high, and almost in a state of nudity, to the no small gratification of a number of spectators. In the afternoon of the same day, a man who had been at the fair, and four horses, were struck dead by the lightning at the Cowgate, and a boy and two horses scorched, but have since recovered. A miller, near Busy Cottage, was drowned in crossing the burn.

"At Tutehill, in the parish of Arlecton, near Whitehaven, the lightning struck the ground (about 140 yards from the dwelling-house and outbuildings of Mr. John Littledale), which it ploughed up for the length of twelve yards, and, in its progress, removed a stone of the weight of 168 pounds, to a distance of four yards, and killed two sheep."

Died.] July 24th, at North Shields, aged 16 years, deeply lamented by all her friends, Miss Mary Roddam, daughter of Mrs. Roddam, bookseller.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

The great cause respecting the legality of the mode of electing an Alderman of Nottingham; for the sake of more impartial justice, was tried at the assizes of the neighbouring county, Leicester, under the form of a *quo warranto*, calling upon the defendant, John Ashwell, Esq. to shew by what authority he exercised the office of an Alderman; when, after a trial of eleven hours, the bye-law made in 1577, delegating the power of such election from the burgesses at large to the Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, Common Council, and such burgesses as had served the office of Chamberlain or Sheriff, and called the Livery or Cloathing burgesses, being proved to be the constant usage from the above date, a verdict was given in favour of the defendant and the Corporation, whereby the popular election contended for was completely set aside.—The cause was most ably conducted by G. Coldham, Esq. town-clerk.

SHROPSHIRE.

THE ARTS.—We hear, that the celebrated Mr. Devis has considerably advanced in a picture which will include portraits of several of the nobility, who by their property or by consanguinity, are connected with this county.—The subject is taken from English history, and is treated in a very masterly manner. Langton, archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of King John, is represented at a meeting of the barons, submitting to them a charter of Henry I. and exhorting them to support the liberties of the people against the encroachments of the crown. The meeting took place at St. Edmondsbury, and the artist has given a solemn and impressive representation of the scene of action. The ancestors of several of our present race of nobility attended on this august and interesting occasion, and the artist has introduced portraits of their present representatives, upon the reasonable presumption that they may bear a family likeness. This circumstance will give a peculiar interest to the picture, besides that high concern which Englishmen will always feel in events that relate to their inalienable rights. Several noblemen have sat to the artist for this purpose, among whom are the *Duke of Rutland*, the *Marquis of Huntley*, the *Marquis of Stafford*, the *Earls Darlington* and *Moira*, *Lord Erskine*: and all the other descendants of the distinguished characters who were present, will of course readily join in so honourable a commemoration. The Gothic cathedral, in which the scene took place, and the whole of the *costume*, in dress, arms, decorations, &c. are to be exhibited with the most exact fidelity; and the picture, when finished, will do honour to the British

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school.—The artist has nearly finished a fine whole length of *Earl Darlington*, in his robes as a peer.

DEATH ABROAD.

Major-Gen. John Ronald M'Kenzie, who so gloriously fell in the battle of Talavera, was the representative of a very ancient family, whose patrimonial estate (not large) lies in that part of the county of Ross, called the Black Isle. He fell in or about his 47th year. He began his military career, in the marines, under the immediate eye of his uncle, General M'Kenzie, of that most honourable corps, and for some time previous to 1794, did the duty of adjutant to the Chatham division.

Upon the death of his uncle, by which he succeeded to some personal fortune, he relinquished the marines, perhaps from an ambition to get forward in his profession more rapidly than that service admits of.

In the spring of 1794, he became Major of the 2d battalion of the 78th foot, or Ross shire Buffs, raised by the present Lord Seaforth. In the latter end of that year, or early in 1795, both battalions of the 78th were consolidated; by which measure this gallant officer became attached to the 1st battalion, and, with the officers and men from the 2d, joined the 1st battalion at the Cape, from whence they proceeded to India, 1,200 strong, where the regiment served with distinction under the present Lieut.-Gen. (then Colonel M'Kenzie Fraser). With this corps the gallant Major-General served many years in India, and latterly commanded the regiment. He returned to Europe in 1801-2, sincerely regretted by his regiment and all who knew him; and if his service in the east was not marked by any brilliant professional event, it was because the situation of that country, during his stay in it, did not call for any active exertion.

Promoted to the rank of Colonel soon after he came home, on the breaking out of the present war, in 1803, he was placed on the northern staff as a Brigadier. He was afterwards made Governor and Commandant of Alderney, and soon after replaced on the northern staff as Major General, from which situation he was, on his own solicitation, removed to the command of a brigade in Portugal in 1808.

He was in Parliament four years; first for the Sutherland district of boroughs; and latterly for the shire of Sutherland, in the room of Mr. Wm. Dundas.

In 1804, he superintended the Levy, and in 1805, the discipline of that gallant but ill-fated *second* 2d battalion of the 78th.

He might be said to be more a *solid* than a shining character, both in public and in private life. He was a zealous, steady, cool soldier—a mild and most friendly man. The service loses in him a most excellent officer—his friends, an estimable and amiable man. The 78th adored him, and will long lament him.

His estate, called Suddie, devolves to an only sister, married to a Capt. Potts, of the 42d regiment, by whom she has a large family.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

JULY 23, to AUGUST 22, 1809, inclusive.

[*Extracted from the London Gazette.*]—*The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.*

AFFLECK J. Kennington Cross, plumber, (Turner, Edward-street). Allsop J. Winchester, silk-weaver, (Kernot, Thavie's-Inn). Andrus F. Brighthelmston, victualler, (Barber, Chancery-lane). Anderson J. Cannon-street, merchant, (Swain and Co. Old Jewry).

Blackburn W. Aldersgate-street, watch-spring maker, (Bond, East India Chambers). Benwell T. Newman-street, coach-maker, (Smart and Co. Staple-Inn).—Browne E. Bradford, clothier, (Tarrant, Chancery-lane). Baker G. City Road, coachmaker, (Hudson, Winkworth-buildings). Bury R. C. Salford, merchant. (Ellis, Cursitor-street). Beck S. Bury-str, jeweller, (Collins and Co Spital-square).

Clarkson H. Liverpool, porter-dealer. (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court, Poultry), Cooper R. Paradise-street, plasterer, (Upstone, Charles-street). Coward H. Leather-lane, warehouseman, (Price and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Cozins W. Buckingham, cabinet-maker, (Sandys and Co. Crane-

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court). Collins W. Bristol, innkeeper, (Nethersole and Co. Essex-street). Chorley J. Beer-lane, merchant, (Walker, Old Jewry). Curtis W. Hosier-lane, salesman, (Lee, Castle-street). Collard H. R George-street, coal-merchant, (Bacon, Southampton-street).

Dumelow J. Hinckley, grocer, (Chapman, St. Mildred's-court). Dean J Langley, corn-dealer, (Windle, John-street).

Eldin G. Aldgate, jeweller, (M'Michael, Finch-lane). Elsden J. Newmarket, carpenter, (Cooper, Cambridge).

Foxall W. Edmonton, coach-master, (Phillipson and Co. Staple's-Inn). Forrester J Lane-end, Stoke-upon-Trent, manufacturer of earthenware, (Walthall and Co. Newcastle-under-Lyne). Fisher J. Briestfield, York, clothier, (Stott, Furnival's-Inn).

Gough J. Exeter, dealer, (Williams and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Gledstanes G. Salisbury-street, wine-merchant, (Hackett, Chancery-lane). Gill J. C. Smallburgh, grocer, (Windus and Co. Chancery-lane).

Horrocks J. Bolton, hawker, (Ellis, Chancery-lane). Hudson W. Stapleton, malster, (James, Gray's-Inn-square). Howard T. Dean-street, Canterbury-square, cornfactor, (Ellis, James-street). Humphrey J. Wardour-street, boot and shoemaker, (Mills, Vine-street). Hood E. Eastbourne, coal-merchant, (Langridge and Co. Lewes). Holmes W. Rushall, Stafford, maltster, (Hunt, Surrey-street). Haywood J. Gloucester, haberdasher, (Rawlinson, Old South Sea House). Horsley R. Elder-street, (Price and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Hall W. W. Hackney-road, bookseller, (Rutson, Wellclose-square).

Joyce R. Lamb's Conduit-street, tailor, (Williams, Staple-Inn). Jamieson R. Brown W. and Main J. Castle-court, Budge-row, merchants, (Setree, St. Mary-Axe). Jones J. Owen J. and Abbott H. Bucklersbury, merchants, (Wilde, jun. Castle-street). Jones R. D. Cheltenham, linen draper, (Bennet, Dean's-court, Doctor's Commons). Jameson S. Reading, dealer and chapman, (Eyre and Co. Gray's-Inn). Jones R. East India Chambers, merchant, (Turner, Edward-street).

Lolley M. W. Liverpool, rectifier, (Avison, Liverpool) Levick C. High street, Shadwell, straw-hat manufacturer, (Tucker, Bartlett's-buildings).

Murray T. Paternoster-row, Spital-fields, shoe-manufacturer, (White, Old Square, Lincoln's-Inn). Mitchell J. New Sleaford, grocer, (Wilson, Greville-street). Maddock E. and Delamore W. Liverpool, corn-dealers, (Windle, John-street, Bedford-row).

Norman J. Strood, iron-monger, (Aubrey, Took's court).

Pocklington R. Winthorpe, and Dickinson W. Newark-upon-Trent, bankers, (Pearce and Son, St. Swithin's-lane).—Packer G. Northleach, corn-dealer, (Meredith and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Powell E. Birmingham, japanner, (Kinderley and Co. Holborn-court).

Ridings P. Manchester, fustian-dealer, (Foulkes and Co. Gray's-Inn). Roberts J. Nottingham, hosier, (Macdougall and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Ratcliffe W. Exeter, baker, (Williams and Co. Prince's-street).

Simmons B. Newcastle-street, shoe-maker, (Jennings and Co. Carey-street). Sharpe C. Great Yarmouth, merchant, (Anstice, Temple). Stuart C. Paradise-street, apothecary, (Seward, Prince's-street, Rotherhithe). Shaw J. Wapping-Wall, provision-merchant, (Wilde, jun. Castle-street).

Teague T. Coalpit Bank, Wombridge, huckster, (Benbow and Co. Stone Buildings). Trevor J. Gainsborough, money-scrivenor, (Leigh and Co. New Bridge-st.). Towers J. Walsall, Stafford, whip-thong manufacturer, (Turner and Co. Bloomsbury-square).

Unwin S. Disley, shopkeeper, (Ellis, Chancery-lane).

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, WATER-WORKS, BREWERY SHARES, &c. &c.

Aug. 21, 1809.

London Dock Stock, 120*l.* per cent.
West-India ditto, 180*l.* ditto.
East-India ditto, 130*l.* ditto.
Commercial ditto, 175*l.* ditto.
East Country ditto, 90*l.* per share
Grand Junction Canal Shares, 187*l.* ditto
Grand Surrey ditto, 80*l.* ditto.
Grand Union ditto. 20*s.* per share prem.
Thames and Medway ditto, 19*l.* ditto
Kennett and Avon ditto, 38*l.* per share
Globe Fire and Life Assurance Shares, 120*l.* ditto.
Albion ditto, 58*l.* per share.
Imperial Fire Assurance, 60*l.* ditto
Kent ditto, 48*l.* ditto.
Rock Life Assurance, 4*s.* to 5*s.* per share prem.
Commercial Road Stock, 120*l.* per cent.
London Institution, 84*l.* per share
Surrey ditto, par
South London Water Works, 135*l.* pr. share
East London ditto, 190*l.* ditto.
West Middlesex ditto, 12*l.* per share prem.
Kent Water-Works, 25*l.* ditto.

L. WOLFE and Co. *Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.*

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AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THOUGH the wheat crops had been considerably improved since our last report, the late rains have beaten them down in many places; and if, in general, the crops of corn appear good, in some places blight and mildew have made their appearance: but as the wheat was far advanced in maturity previously to these blights, the produce is not likely to be much deteriorated. In Sussex, the barley on the downs is likely to produce a good drop; and the oats, especially on the light lands, in general, are expected to produce a fair average crop. Dry weather only is wanted to get in the different kinds of grain, and therefore it is hoped that Dr. Herschell's philosophical prediction of a long continuance of wet may prove erroneous. Pease are very backward, and rather deficient. Turnips are generally promising, but the slugs and the fly have been rather active among the latter sown ones. Potatoes promise pretty well in most counties. The hops in Kent and Sussex have greatly improved within the last fortnight; and the wheat crops for the most part fall heavy upon the sickle: still the weather is rather unfavourable; but in most of the western counties, the corn never bore a more healthy appearance nor a fuller ear.

Price of meat in Smithfield Market:—Beef, 4s. to 5s.;—Mutton, 5s. 4d. to 5s. 4d.;—Veal, 3s. to 5s.;—Pork, 5s. 4d. to 6s.

Middlesex, Aug. 25.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended Aug. 19, 1809.

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat s.	d	Rye s.	d	Barley s.	d	Oats s.	d
Middsx.	102	7	——		41	8	35	4
Surrey	102	8	48	0	44	0	39	4
Hertford	90	5	49	0	40	6	35	10
Bedford	90	8	60	8	45	4	37	0
Huntin.	89	0	——		42	0	33	4
Northa.	89	0	——		45	3	33	6
Rutland	96	5	——		50	9	36	0
Leicest	91	10	——		49	5	32	10
Notting.	95	2	63	0	46	6	34	2
Derby	99	0	——		——		38	10
Stafford	103	10	——		52	2	36	1
Salop	97	6	71	10	52	8	34	10
Herefor.	92	2	49	6	41	7	37	2
Wor'st.	96	5	——		48	11	40	3
Warwic	101	2	——		55	0	40	6
Wilts	89	2	——		40	6	35	10
Berks	100	0	——		41	9	36	6
Oxford	96	7	——		42	8	36	0
Bucks	94	8	——		48	0	37	3
Brecon	99	8	——		51	2	28	8
Montgo	96	9	——		——		30	8
Radnor.	90	8	——		42	7	31	7

MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat s.	d	Rye s.	d	Barley s.	d	Oats s.	d
Essex	91	4	48	6	42	0	37	0
Kent	87	6	58	0	40	0	35	6
Sus ex	90	8	——		——		36	0
Suffolk	80	4	——		38	4	31	9
Cambridge	89	5	——		——		28	0
Norfolk	83	2	70	0	56	8	——	
Lincoln	92	2	——		48	10	28	1
York	87	2	58	5	35	0	29	0
Durham	102	4	——		——		37	9
Northumberland	93	11	65	5	48	0	36	5
Cumberland	102	8	66	0	49	7	34	2
Westmorland	114	9	80	0	54	4	36	6
Lancaster	100	7	——		47	8	30	1
Chester	96	4	——		——		33	0
Flint	92	8	——		62	10	——	
Denbigh	104	11	——		62	8	32	0
Anglesea	——		——		42	0	18	0
Carnarvon	95	4	——		48	0	25	4
Merioneth	95	0	——		55	6	29	0
Cardigan	84	5	——		40	0	18	8
Pembroke	69	8	——		44	7	16	0
Carmarthen	92	0	——		56	2	20	0
Glamorgan	93	0	——		57	4	28	0
Gloucester	96	8	——		45	8	——	
Somerset	96	10	——		36	0	21	4
Monmouth	100	10	——		——		——	
Devon	89	2	——		39	0	27	5
Cornwall	92	10	——		41	10	27	1
Dorset	94	5	——		40	0	32	0
Hants	95	4	——		37	0	25	6

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 94s. 3d.; Rye 60s. 7d.; Barley 46s. 0d.; Oats 32s. 1d.; Beans 58s. 10d.; Pease 56s. 4d.; Oatmeal 51s. 4d.

BILL of MORTALITY, from JULY 25, to AUG. 22, 1809.

CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
Males	804	1548	Males,	544	1061
Females	744		Females	517	
Whereof have died under two years old					321

Between					
2 and 5	131	60 and 70	58
5 and 10	60	70 and 80	53
10 and 20	44	80 and 90	15
20 and 30	75	90 and 100	5
30 and 40	99		
40 and 50	110		
50 and 60	89		

Peck Loaf, 4s. 7d. 4s. 10d. 4s. 11d. 4s. 11d.
Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb.

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PRICE OF STOCKS, from JULY 26, 1809, to AUGUST 25, 1809, both inclusive.

Days 1809	Bank Stock.	3 p Cent. Consols.	3 p. Cent. Reduc.	4 p. Ct. Cons.	Navy 5 p. Cent.	N. 5 p. Ct.	Long Anns.	Omnium.	Imperial 3 p. Cent	Imperial Anns.	Irish 5p. C	Irish Ann.	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Anns.	India Sto.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	Lottery Tickets		Cons. for Acct.
July																				
26		68 7/8	68 5/8	84 3/8	99		18 3/4	1 pm.		7 7-16ths						20s.pm	18s.pm	21	11	68 3/8
27	261	67 7/8	68 5/8	84 1/4	99		18 3/4									20s.pm	18s.pm	21	11	68 1/4
28	260 3/4	67 3/8	68 1/4	84 1/4	99		18 3/4	3/4 pm.		7 7-16ths						19s.pm	12s pm	21	11	68 1/8
29		67 7/8 68	68 3/8	84 3/8	99		18 13-16ths	3/4 pm.							187 1/2	21s pm	18s.pm	21	11	68 1/4
31		67 7/8 68	68 3/8	84 3/8	99		18 3/4	1 pm.							187	21s.pm	18s.pm	21	11	68 1/4
Aug.																				
1	261 1/4	67 7/8 68 1/8	68 3/4	84 3/8	99		18 13-16tlis	1 pm.							186 1/2	22s.pm	14s.pm	21	11	68 3/8
2		68 1/8	68 3/4	84 1/2	99 1/8		18 7/8	1 pm.								22s.pm	16s.pm	21	11	68 3/8
3	261 1/2	68	68 1/2	84 3/8	99 1/8		18 7/8	1 pm.								22s.pm	18s.pm	21	11	68 3/8
4		68	68 7/8	84 3/8	99		18 7/8	1 pm.	67 1/2						186	21s.pm	18s.pm	21	11	68 3/8
5		68 1/8	68 3/8	84 1/2	99 1/8		18 15-16ths	1 1/4 pm							185 3/4	21s.pm	18s.pm	21	11	68 1/2
7		68 1/8	68 7/8	84 1/2	99		18 15-16ths	1 1/4 pm			98					21s.pm	18s.pm	21	11	68 1/2
8		68 1/8	68 7/8	84 1/2	99		18 15-16ths	1 1/4 pm								21s.pm	18s.pm	21	11	68 1/2
9		68 1/8	69	84 1/2	99		18 15-16ths	1 1/4 pm.							187 1/2	21s pm	18s.pm	21	11	68 1/2
10	261 1/2	68 1/8	68 1/2	84 1/2	99		18 7/8								187 3/4	21s.pm	18s.pm	21	11	68 3/8
11	261 1/2	68 1/8 68	68 1/4	84 1/4	99		18 7/8	1 pm.							188 1/4	23s.pm	14s.pm	21	11	68 1/4
12	holiday																			
14		68 7/8	68 3/4	84 3/8	98 7/8		18 15-16ths	3/4 pm.								23s.pm	14s pm	21	11	68 3/8
15	261 1/4	68 7/8	68 5/8	84	98 7/8		18 13-16ths	1/2 pm.							188 1/2	23s.pm	13s.pm	21	11	68 1/8
16		67 7/8 68	68 5/8	84 1/8	98 7/8		18 13-16ths	3/4 pm.		7 7-16ths						19s.pm	13s.pm	21	11	68 1/4
17	262	67 7/8 68	68 5/8	84 1/8	98 7/8		18 3/4	3/4 pm.		7 7-16ths					186 3/4	19s.pm	12s.pm	21	11	68 1/4
18	262	68 1/4	68 7/8	84 3/8	99		18 13-16ths	3/4 pm.		7 7-16ths					186	20s.pm	14s.pm	21	11	68 1/4
19	262	68 1/8	68 7/8	84 3/8	99		18 13-16ths	1 pm.								21s pm	14s.pm	21	11	68 3/8
21		68 1/4	69	84 1/2	99		18 7/8	1 pm.								22s.pm	14s.pm	21	17	68 3/8
22	262 1/2	68 3/8	69	84 1/2	99		18 7/8	1 pm.		7 7-16ths					187 1/2	22s pm	14s.pm	21	17	68 3/8
2	261 3/4	68 3/8	69	84 3/8	99		18 7/8	3/4 pm.							187	23s.pm	14s.pm	21	17	68 3/8
24	holiday																			
25		68 1/8 68	68 7/8	84 1/4	99		18 13-16ths	3/4 pm.	67 1/2							22s.pm	14s pm	21	17	61 1/8

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THE
UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

No LXX.—Vol. XII.] *For* SEPTEMBER, 1809. [New Series.

"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—Dr. Johnson.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Political Observations *upon the* Kingdom *of* New Spain: *being the third Part of the* Voyages *of* Alexander Humboldt *and* Aime Bonpland.

For the Universal Magazine.

THE travels of Humboldt with Bonpland into Spanish America are the most laudable that were ever undertaken by individuals for the progress of science. They publish their work in parts. The one mentioned above contains a political essay on the kingdom of New Spain, that is, of Mexico.

Its population is about 6,000,000.

The inhabitants of Mexico may be divided into three great casts.

I. The Spaniards of an unmixed race, of which the number may be about 1,200,000.

II. Mongrels, born of Spaniards and Indian women, of which the number may be about 2,400,000.

III. The Indians, or descendants of the people who inhabited Mexico when Cortez conquered it. Their number may be estimated at 2,500,000.

The author has made some researches respecting the origin of these Indians. They appear to be composed of different casts. Ancient Mexico, like the old continent, has been exposed, says he, to invasions by different emigrant people.

The Toultecs made their first appearance in 648.

The Chichimecs in 1170.

The Nahualtecs in 1178.

The Acolhues and the Astecs in 1196.

The Toultecs were a well informed people, for they introduced into this country the culture of maize and cotton. They constructed roads, towns, and large pyramids, the surfaces of which are in the oriental style. The use of hieroglyphic painting was also known to them, and they knew how to work metals. Their solar year was more perfect than that of the Greeks and Romans.

But what country did the Toultecs and the Astecs inhabit previously? The author thinks that these people may have been part of those *Hiongnoux*, who, according to Chinese historians, emigrated, following their chief *Punon*, and flying from powerful enemies. They were lost in the north of Siberia. It was the same people *(Hiongnoux)*, who, under the name of Huns, desolated the finest countries of Europe and Asia.

We shall not, however, follow the author any further upon these topics, however interesting they may be.—We shall proceed to consider with him the physical constitution of these fine countries.

The author enters into copious details respecting the natural aspect of New Spain. Taking, says he, a comprehensive view of the whole superficies of Mexico, we shall perceive that only one-half is situated beneath the burning sky of the tropics, and that the other belongs to the temperate zone. The latter part contains 60,000 square leagues. It comprises the *provincias internas*, not only those which are subjected to the immediate administration of the viceroy of Mexico, (the new kingdom of Leon and the province of New Santader) but also those which are governed by their own individual commanders. These commanders exercise their authority over the dependencies of Durango and Sonora, and the provinces of Cohahuila, Texas, and New Mexico.

On one side, small portions of the

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northern provinces of Sonora and New Sontada extend beyond the tropic of Cancer; and on the other, the southern ones of Guadalaxara, of Zacatecas, and of St. Louis de Potosi, (especially the environs of the celebrated mines of Catorce) extend a little to the north of this limit. It is known that the physical climate of a country does not depend merely upon its distance from the poles, but also upon its elevation above the level of the sea; upon the proximity of the ocean; the configuration of the land, and a variety of other local circumstances. From these causes, of 50,000 square leagues situated in the torrid zone, more than three-fifths enjoy a climate which is more cold or temperate than burning. The whole interior of the viceroyalty of Mexico forms an immense plain, elevated from 2 000 to 2,500 metres above the neighbouring seas.

There is hardly any place on the globe where the mountains present so singular a construction as those of New Spain. In Europe, Swisserland, Savoy, and the Tyrol, are regarded as very elevated countries. But this opinion is founded only upon the appearance of a vast number of summits which are grouped together, perpetually covered with snow, and disposed in chains, which are parallel to the great central chain. The summits of the Alps are elevated to 3,900 and even 4,700 metres, while the neighbouring plains in the canton of Berne are not more than 4 or 600. This very small elevation may be regarded as that of the greater part of the plains of considerable extent in Suabia, in Bavaria, and in New Silesia. In Spain, the ground of the two Castiles is not much more than 580 metres in height. In France, the highest level is that of Auvergne, on which repose mount Or, Cantal, and the Puy-de-Dôme. The medial elevation, according to the observations of M. de Buch, is 720 metres. These examples prove that, in general, in Europe those elevated lands which present the appearance of plains are not more than from 400 to 800 metres in height above the level of the ocean.

Perhaps in Africa, towards the sources of the Nile, and in Asia, under the 34 and the 37 degrees of north latitude, plains may be found analogous to those of Mexico. But those travellers who have visited these regions have left us in total ignorance as to the elevation of Thibet. The elevation of the great desart of Coby to the north-west of China is, according to Duhalde, about 1,400 metres. Colonel Gordon assured M. Labillardiere that, from the Cape of Good Hope, in 21 degrees of south latitude, the earth, in Africa, rises, gradually, to 2,000 metres in height. This new and striking fact has not been verified by any other naturalists.

The chain of mountains which forms the vast plain of Mexico is the same which, under the name of the *Andes*, crosses the whole of South America. Yet, notwithstanding the construction, I will venture to assert that the structure of this chain differs greatly to the south and north of the equator. In the southern hemisphere the Cordilleras is every where intersected by gaps, which resemble the open veins of a mine, and not filled with heterogeneous substances. If there are plains elevated 2,700 or 3,000 metres, as in the kingdom of Quito, and, further north, in the province of *Los Pastos*, they are not to be compared to those of New Spain. They are rather longitudinal vallies, limited by two branches of the great Cordilleras of the Andes.

Between Mexico and the small towns of Cordova and Xalappa there is a group of mountains, the lofty tops of which rival, in height, the most elevated ones of the New World. It will be sufficient to mention four of these colossal mountains, whose height was unknown previously to the examinations of the present travellers.

The Popocatelvetl, of 5,400 metres.

The Istaccihuatl, or the White Woman, of 4,785 metres.

The Citlaltopetl, or the Peak of Orizoba, of 5,295 metres.

The Nauhcampatessetl, of 2,089 toises.

This group of volcanic mountains presents several analogies with those of the kingdom of Quito. If the height of mount St. Elie be exactly estimated, it may be said that only under the nineteenth 19 and 20 de-

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grees of latitude, in the northern hemisphere, mountains attain to the elevation of about 5,400 metres above the level of the sea.

The country of New Spain may be divided into three different regions.

The first, which is called *Terras Calientes*, is the hottest. It is situated on the borders of the sea, both on the side of Acapulco, and on that of Vera Cruz. The air is very unhealthy; but the temperature is so mild, that sugar, cotton, and bannanas are cultivated.

The second region, which is called *Terras Templadas*, is that which is found to be from twelve to fifteen hundred metres in height. Here, the constant and mild temperature of spring always prevails, and forms the charming climate of Xalappa, Tasico, and Chilpenzingo, three towns celebrated for the extreme salubrity of their air, and for the abundance of fruit trees which are cultivated in their environs.

The third portion is designated by the name of *Terras frias*, and it comprises the plains, which are elevated more than 2,200 metres above the level of the sea, and the mean temperature of which is under 17°. In the capital of Mexico the thermometer has sometimes been known to descend several degrees beneath the freezing point: but this phenomenon is rare. In general the winters are as mild as at Naples; and the temperature of this portion is about the same as that of Rome.

In all these regions the temperature depends less upon the latitude than upon the height of the land above the level of the sea. Under the 19 and 22° of latitude, sugar, cotton, and, above all, cocoa and indigo will not thrive abundantly, but at a height of 600 or 800 metres.

The repose of the inhabitants of Mexico is less troubled with earthquakes and by volcanic explosions, than that of the inhabitants of the kingdom of Quito and of the provinces of Guatimala and of Cumana. In the whole of New Spain there are but five burning volcanos, the Orizaba, the Popocatepetl, the mountains of Tusta, of Jorullo, and of Colima. The earthquakes, which are very frequent on the coasts of the Pacific Ocean, and in the environs of the capital, do not however produce such terrible effects as those which afflicted the towns of Lima, of Riobomba, of Guatimala, and of Cumana. A dreadful catastrophe made the volcano of Jorullo issue from the earth on the 14th September, 1759, surrounded by an innumerable quantity of small smoking cones.

On the Summation *of* Infinite Series.

Sir,

In my last communication on the subject of infinite series, inserted in your July Magazine, I observe with considerable regret several errors of the press, which must tend to obscure my meaning: one or two at least I must correct before I proceed to the continuation of my subject, since the ingenuity of the reader will be otherwise incompetent to supply him with the true construction of the sentence.—In the fourth column, read the following passage—"if its terms shall exceed any given sum, how great soever it may be. These kinds of progressions, then, are not the subjects of summation, but less, as convert"—thus—"of its terms shall exceed any given sum," rejecting the comma before if; and for "less as" read "let us." There are several other inaccuracies in the punctuation and grammatical construction; but as these may be corrected by the reader, they do no require a particular notice in this place.

But to resume the subject. It may be recollected I first endeavoured to shew the application of the ordinary rule, for finding (n) terms of a geometrical series to the summation of an infinite series, by rejecting the last term; now, though from the nature of the series, as infinite, we can have no conception of a terminating term, yet we can clearly see its real value and the value of as many terms as we may chuse to conceive, continued beyond a certain limit, to be nothing from what has been before observed; so, although the demonstration, on which the practice of the rule be founded, be apagogical, it is nevertheless as certain as if it had been direct: for the impossibility of conceiving

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any value of (z) as affecting the result of the given theorem $\frac{AR-Z}{R-1}=S$ is likewise clear from this; let it be assigned, and the nature of the series is destroyed, and it becomes finite, for otherwise a term may follow z in the order of the series, by the multiplication of its denominator by the ratio; for no fraction, however small, can be given, but may be further diminished by multiplying its denominator, so that the objector to the theorem $\frac{AR}{R-1}=S$ reduces himself to either of the following dilemmas, that infinite and finite are synonimous terms, or that a fraction may be given, the denominator of which it is impossible to multiply. Now, let us direct our attention to the summation of a series by subtraction, assuming a certain letter for its supposed sum: now though we could not, *à priori*, infer the equality of the resulting series, by subtraction, to one of the series whose value we are endeavouring to determine, yet upon the operation it is apparent; as also its determinate and finite value. For, explaining that part of the operation which respects the management of the letter s, employed in the solution, to those unused to algebraic or literal arithmetic, we may observe there are two rules, called single and double position, in arithmetic, in which we are required to determine the value of certain numbers, from some conditions given respecting them; this is performed in single position, by making a certain supposition, and working with the same as we do with the required number, when discovered, to prove its truth, by seeing whether it will answer the given conditions of the question; the result thence arising from the suppositious number, being compared with it by the rule of three, we discover a second number, which is the number sought, bearing the same proportion; as in the former case, to the given result. In algebra the necessity of assuming a false number, from whence to determine the true, is obviated, by the employment of letters, in which, as each character or letter may represent any quantity at pleasure, the operation is more simple and direct. Let the following question be proposed for solution. A man has three debtors, A, B, and C, the amount of whose debts is 300*l.*; their proportion to each other as follows: B's debt is double A's, and C's debt as much as A's and B's debts together; from hence it is required to determine the respective debt of each person, leaving the solution by arithmetic; algebraically, if we call A's debt x, B's will be $2x$, and C's $3x$, and the total or $6x$ per question$=300l.$ or thus, $6x=300$. Now, as equal quantities divided by equal divisors must give equal quotients, the 6th part of $6x$ or x will be equal to $\frac{300}{6}=50$; the value of x being thus determined, the several debts of each person, 50, 100, and 150 are easily found.

Ex. 2. Let it be required to add an unknown number to a given number, as 1, so that the sum may be 11; calling the number sought x, we have $1+x=11$ for the solution; making use of another axiom, "that if from equals we take equals, their remainders will be equal;" we find $x=10$.

These observations, however trivial to the Tyro in algebra, are necessary for a person unacquainted with the science, to make him, in any measure, acquainted with the subject of my preceding paper. Now let it be observed, in the two preceding examples, we have a certain unknown number; and for the purpose of facilitating our operations upon it, and condensing and fixing our ideas, we designate it by the character here assumed. As this conventional sign is capable of being managed, in many respects, as well as the number, it represents itself; a direct solution, by analysis of the proposed questions, is speedily obtained. Now let us revert again to the series $1+\frac{1}{2}+\frac{1}{4}+\frac{1}{8}$, &c. *ad infi.* whose sum, to enable us to reason upon it, we call S; and by taking 1 from the above series, we have a new series which, wanting 1 of the former, must also want 1 in its sum of being equal to the other, that is, its sum will be S—1. Here then we have two expressions for the amount of all the terms in two infinite series, having a common letter S in each. Now let S be whatever it may, it representing the same quantity in

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each amount, S—1 taken from S, the remainder will be 1; the series also which these amounts represent, being likewise taken from each other, the difference $=\frac{1}{9}+\frac{1}{9}+\frac{1}{9}$, &c. *ad infi.* or the resulting series is equal to the former remainder 1. Any one may satisfy himself still further, in regard to this literal subtraction, by assigning whatever value he please to S, and in every case, upon subtraction of S—1 from S, unity will be the result. This method of proof by induction, though not strictly mathematical, will at least convince us there can be error in the calculation.

By an operation analogous to the preceding, the sum of the circulating decimal 9999, *ad infi.* may be obtained. First 9999, &c. $=\frac{9}{10}+\frac{9}{100}+\frac{9}{1000}+\frac{9}{10000}$, &c. by the nature of decimals; this fractional series is evidently the following $\frac{1}{10}+\frac{1}{100}+\frac{1}{1000}+\frac{1}{10000}$, &c. multiplied by 9, or $\frac{1}{10}+\frac{1}{100}+\frac{1}{1000}+\frac{1}{10000}\times 9$, assuming, as in the preceding example, S=sum, the sum of the elementary series $\frac{1}{10}+\frac{1}{100}+\frac{1}{1000}+\frac{1}{10000}$, &c. will be the ninth part of S or $\frac{S}{9}$, because S is assumed the value of a series nine times as great. Multiplying each term of the latter series, as also its sum by 10, we obtain another infinite series, exceeding this by unity or $1+\frac{1}{10}+\frac{1}{100}+\frac{1}{1000}$, &c. $=\frac{10S}{9}$; for $\frac{1}{10}\times 10=\frac{10}{10}=1$; $\frac{1}{100}\times 10=\frac{1}{10}$ $=\frac{1}{10}$, &c. and $\frac{S}{9}\times 10=\frac{10S}{9}$. Now these fractions $\frac{9S}{9}$ and $\frac{10S}{9}$ represent amount of two series differing by 1 from each other; therefore, by subtraction, $\frac{10S}{9}-\frac{9S}{9}=1$, or $\frac{S}{9}=1$, or S=1, that is 9999, &c. *ad infi.*=1, for from the nature of fractions, the fractor 9 being found, both in the numerator and denominator of $\frac{9S}{9}$ it may be struck out, being of no value.

Fearing I have already trespassed too much in enlarging upon a subject which can only, comparatively, interest a small proportion of your readers, dare not on the present occasion continue it any further. With your permission, however, at some future time, may resume it in a more scientific form, for the purpose of explaining the excellent and beautiful formula given by De Moivre for the summation of series.

I remain, Sir, &c.

J. Harris.

Prospect-Row, Walworth,
Aug. 19, 1809.

On the Use *of the Letter* "K."

Sir,

I HAVE read the observations of your correspondent, Phileleutheros, p. 94, on the use of the consonants *c* and *k*, but cannot agree with him respecting the omission of the final *c*. Formerly, as he observes, they were both used, as in *publick, lunatick, musick*, &c.: the *k* is, in modern orthography, dropped, and we have *public, music*, &c. This has been considered by many persons as an useless innovation, and many old fashioned writers have retained the ancient orthography. If this fashion for leaving out *k* increases, we shall soon have *sick, kick*, and *lick* spelled without *k*. I am indeed of opinion that it would be better to insert the final *k* than to leave it out; but if one or other consonant must be omitted, it should certainly not be *c*, it being the most elegant character of the two. The objection of your correspondent, that the sound of *c soft* should be distinguished from the *hard sound* is frivolous, neither have we ancient authority for it, as the ancient Romans always used *c* in the place of the Greek *k*; wherefore we may presume that the ancient sound of *c* was always *hard* before all consonants.

The insertion of this will oblige,

Sir, your's, &c.

Philologos.

London, Sept. 2, 1809.

On the Superiority *of our* Ethics *over those of the* Ancient Philosophers.

[*Continued from p.* 113.]

IT is evident that we are indebted for the superiority of our morality over that of the ancients, to the Christian religion, which has enlarged and elevated our minds, notwithstanding the assertions of certain philosophers,

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who flatter themselves that we are indebted for it to the superiority of their genius. The knowledge which is given to us in our infancy, of the truths of Christianity, renders them familiar to us, so that our reason appropriates them to itself, even without the instruction of them. Immediately that reflexion commences they are already impressed upon our memory; and we think that the light of reason alone has discovered them to us, whether in regard to their totality or to the degree of certitude which we have of them. Without doubt, the moral precepts of religion are the same as those which reason dictates to us; but how is it to be accounted for, that those laws of reason, and of conscience, have in that point never shone in their proper light in the greatest geniuses of antiquity? and that there were even many who were wholly ignorant of them? The revelation of the Evangelist has re-established reason in all its rights—it has restored to it the light which it had lost, and which unites itself so well with the weak remains which it had preserved. Our pride notwithstanding loves to consider this improvement of morality—this triumph over superstitious and impious opinions, as the fruit of our own application, of our profound meditation, and of a more exact method of reasoning, by which we are led to suppose that it is a sound philosophy which has conducted morality to that degree of perfection in which it presents itself in our days. But the same question returns,—By what means was philosophy thus refined? How, among the antients not one philosopher can be found who liberated himself wholly from the superstition of his country? Why were they not able to disengage their systems from all prejudices of education, and of received opinions? Is it not evident, that without the aid of the Christian religion we should not possess more sound ideas of morality? The enemies of revealed religion glory in our days in being able to deduct, clearly from the principles of reason, the duties of natural religion, the perfections of God, and our obligations towards him and our equals, founded on our relations as creatures of God, and children of one family. This may be done, but who will explain to us why the sages of Athens and of Rome, and those of other nations, the most enlightened, were not able to attain to it? Whence could they have drawn the knowledge of a more sound moral philosophy, if it be not in the source which this religion opens to them, against which their pride is roused, and which their ingratitude offends.—"Thou insult'st revelation proudly, and thou say'st that the book in which it is contained is suited only for ideots. But let Socrates and his partisans speak of God and virtue, will they express themselves with so much perspicuity, force, evidence, and confidence, as an apostle of the evangelist?" The doctrine of Socrates, the most superior moralist of Pagan antiquity, has been propagated by the greatest philosophers, and the most celebrated orators; why then, in the space of four ages, which elapsed to the birth of the Redeemer, nothing effectual was done towards the perfection of natural religion and morality? Is it not the time in which the arts and sciences were brought by the Pagans to the highest point of perfection? The Grecians taught Rome philosophy—did she become more virtuous—did she cease to treat the kings of foreign nations with a contempt less insulting* —to reduce men to the condition of slaves, whose lives were valued as nothing—to slaughter the chiefs, and even the kings of the conquered nations† and to take a delight in cruel spectacles in which flowed human blood?‡ Greece,§ enlightened as she was, does she not furnish us with examples of barbarity, in which fathers exposed their children? And with what abominations was not the worship stained which was paid to the Gods in their tem-

* Rollin. Hist. Rom. tom. vii. 231, 232.

† Hug. Grotius. Droit de la Guerre et de la Paix, l. 3, chap. xi. §7, n. 2, 3, et les Remarques de Barbeyrac.

‡ Lactance Instit. Divin. l. vi. chap. 20, n. 10, 13.

§ Le Meme, l. vi. cap. 20, n. 20, 25. Minutius Felix Octav. cap. 30. Diog. Laer dans la vie d'Aristippe Segm. 81.

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ples*. Did not Rome and Athens elevate them to the highest pitch of vice? And can it be denied that we are indebted to Christianity for whatever we possess of good and solid in morality? The philosopher forms his reason by means of the truths which religion teaches us, and to which reason must acquiesce immediately that she becomes acquainted with them, but which it does not perceive or discover in a confused manner, unless the light of revelation shines upon them. He makes his principles the basis of his system: and he afterwards believes himself capable of deducting the proofs from it, and the connection which exists in our duties of the nature of God, and that of man, which, for a cultivated reason, is not attended with any great difficulty, as it is infinitely more easy to attain to the proofs of truths already known, than to discover the truths themselves. In fine, the Christian moral includes truths which reason cannot conceive without the aid of a particular revelation, but the philosopher lays them aside. Hence a sensible difference arises in the picture which his morality presents to us, and that which religion presents, although he does not hesitate designedly, or without being susceptible of it, to borrow the most beautiful traits. It resembles the manner of certain painters whom a Queen of Sweden employed to decorate her apartments. They knew how to adapt to their tapestries the heads detached from some pictures of Raphael, and they painted the other parts of the body analogous to the subject.

As far as I am able to judge, these reflections are proper, and capable of inspiring us with respect for religion, and to strengthen us in the persuasion of all its excellent and divine properties. They can, and ought to make us comprehend the great weakness of a reason enlightened only by natural lights, and of the ingratitude of which a Christian would render himself culpable, who would be ashamed to suffer himself to be guided by a light of superior order, on the road of wisdom, and of virtue. An author,* whose works deserve to be universally read, says, virtue and religion extract an infinite advantage from Christianity. It not only inculcates natural religion, but it insists on a reformation of the heart, and exacts a virtue of which God is the object and the motive; it prescribes duties of the highest importance, which no philosopher has yet taught; and it provides them with sufficient motives for which we look elsewhere in vain."

Having thus compared the ethics of the ancients with those of the present day, and having exposed what modern philosophy borrows from divine revelation to bring the science of morals to perfection; if we again compare the ethics of the pretended geniuses, it will serve as a shade to the picture which has just now been presented. Thus a painter, who wishes to heighten the beauty of a landscape, contrasts it with the hideous painting of a country which war has ravaged.

The system of morals which some great geniuses adopt, is not very difficult to trace. The man the most abandoned to his passions, discovers it to us in all his conduct, and his conduct can be easily reduced to principles which are the following. "Seek for that which can confer pleasure on thee; every thing is permitted by which thou canst attain it, and that which averts thee from it is folly, pusillanimity, and superstition; self love is thy sovereign law, do whatever it dictates to thee, until a superior force opposes itself, and fear nothing but the sword of justice. Nothing is good or bad in itself. The divinity does not occupy itself with the little actions of man, who is necessitated to act according as he is guided by the instinct, which was given to him at his birth. He is free who dares perform what he desires, and his desires are the pleasures of the senses, and of imagination, the delights of voluptuousness, and the gratifications which honours and riches grant him. Is there any other happiness for him?"

* Banier, la Fable expliquée par l'Histoire, t. 1 and 3.

* Noesselt, Abregé de la Defense de la Verité et de la Divinité du Christianisme, section 3. ch. 11, article 1, §132, p. 71.

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The infidel incessantly exclaims to us, "Disperse the dark night of superstition, follow nature, and enjoy her gifts. Seek for nothing but what can give you pleasure, and shun every thing which can give you pain. Think with freedom, and let fools rail on. The people are a wavering mass; dare to separate yourself from it. It knows not what it believes; every natural inclination is suspected by it; and in refusing to follow it, it does not perceive that it is sacrificing its happiness to the imaginations of a diseased brain. Extract from it this short lesson,—Believe not what the multitude believes. Take nature for your guide. She points out the road for us, and it is her desire that we should follow it. Duty originated in fear, and the distinctions of justice and injustice; in the same manner it formed Heaven and Hell. Put reason in her place—what then do you behold? Heaven and Hell? No, nothing but a phantom, wherewith to frighten the weak. Leave the world and its puerilities. With whatever a man is contented let that be his law. The sage has no occasion to know more."

Does this system merit a refutation? We cannot but reflect with horror on the consequences which might result from it; and the heart, which is not entirely lost to every natural sentiment of uprightness, revolts at infidelity. Could any thing give that heart greater pain than the formation of a republic entirely composed of infidel philosophers? What surety would there be for its own existence, or for the preservation of the effects, and persons who would become the object of its regards? Let us suppose, that the same sentiments actuated ourselves, and all those with whom we lived in society; we should then lose all distinction of justice and injustice; our divinity would be interest, self-love, and the pleasure of the senses. Of what consequence would be the repose of another if I could gain my own at his expence. I should make no hesitation to disturb it—he would resist—and I should oppose to him the same resistance. To obtain his ends he would have recourse to stratagems, to poison, and to murderous weapons. I should employ the same means; it would be an eternal war of interest and villainy.

[*To be continued.*]

On the PROFLIGACY *of the* HIGHER RANKS. *By Mr.* BURDON.

SIR,

THE statement which has lately been laid before the public, of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales's debts, ought not to pass without some remarks on the profligacy of the higher ranks in general, and the particular circumstances under which those debts have been contracted. At a time when the utmost prudence and discretion, when the exercise of uncommon virtues, and the display of uncommon talents, are requisite to preserve that respect for kings and princes which was formerly paid to their rank alone; it is surely unwise and deserving the utmost severity of reprobation in any of them to be prodigal of the money which is so liberally bestowed upon them by their oppressed subjects, for the support of their requisite and allowable dignity. The Princess of Wales has hitherto been the object of commiseration and affectionate pity, from the peculiar circumstances of her situation; and Englishmen, with that liberality for which they are remarkable, have given her credit for the possession of every virtue, because, having lived in a state of seclusion, her faults, whatever they may be, have been hidden from public notice. The virtue of economy, however, she does not seem to possess, or else she would have studied to avoid being burdensome to a liberal and oppressed people, who have shown her so much compassion and sympathy; for, with an income of 17,000*l.* a year, she has been adding to it every year, almost 17,000*l.* debt, when living in a state that neither required splendor nor magnificence. It is a great misfortune that people of high rank do not think themselves obliged to attend to those minutiæ of economy which are requisite to preserve them from debt and difficulty, but imagine, on the contrary, that all they have to do is to spend, and all that others have to do is to find them money.

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The levity and thoughtlessness of the higher ranks, particularly those who are dependent on the people for their support is, at this alarming period, truly surprising, and can only be accounted for from the effect of education and habit: having been all their lives accustomed to believe themselves a kind of superior beings, they cannot be brought to think they are like other mortals, subject to the reverses of fortune and the empire of destiny; they believe that there is a kind of particular providence which watches over their safety, to preserve them from misfortune, and even after the fatal day of account and retribution has arrived, while they live they will never believe that they are not to be restored to their former wealth and dignity.—Such are the exiled branches of the royalty and nobility of France, such were the Tarquins of Rome, and such will be the great of every country under Heaven, in similar circumstances; they are to be pitied, and they are hardly to be blamed, because the people on whom they were dependent, ought to have taught them a different lesson; for, as kings and nobles are not created by nature, but are mere creatures of society, elevated above men for the good of the whole, in accommodation to our weakness and puerility, they ought to be so far subject to the general law as to enjoy no exemptions hurtful either to the people or themselves; they ought to be addressed with the language of respect, not of servility, as if their performance of the common laws of morality and honesty were an act of condescension to their subjects and the world; they ought to be in all things amenable to the same laws as the very meanest of the people, and when they do wrong they ought not to do it with impunity nor without censure.

Let me now be permitted to make some remarks on the particulars of this case, which differ from that of any other, in which a husband would think himself bound to pay his wife's debts. The law, I believe, with regard to other men, stands thus: that a husband is not liable to the debts contracted by his wife after he has been separated from her by a decree of Doctors' Commons, or after he has advertised in the public papers that he will not be answerable for her debts any longer. A proceeding like this on the part of the Prince, even were it legal, might perhaps be considered indecorous towards the partner of his future throne; why then should she be placed in a situation to contract debts, for which her creditors can have no legal means of payment? And why should this rest solely on the honour of the prince? Surely some other means ought to be devised to indemnify honest tradesmen against the extravagance of any individual, however high and exalted their rank. There ought to be some legal process as in all other cases, or else tradesmen are more liable to suffer from those whose situation ought to render them both unable and unwilling to commit injustice, than from any other rank of persons; and as such persons are amply provided for by the public, they ought to have neither wants nor debts unsatisfied. The peculiar circumstances of this case seem to be, that nothing but the Prince's honour has preserved the public from being burthened with his wife's debts, or her creditors from losing their money; and as there is no provision against such debts being again contracted, every tradesman, who trusts her Royal Highness, is in a worse state than he would be by trusting the meanest subject in the realm, because, from such a one he might regain his money by a legal process; against her he can institute none. The sum spent by her Royal Highness, over and above her income of 17,000*l.* a year, since she came into this kingdom, is 83,000*l.* though only 75,000*l.* is summed up in the statement; for it seems that Mr. Perceval had not at first been quite correct in his lesson, and only stated 41,000*l.* to which he added afterwards 8000*l.* which, added to the 75,000*l.* makes 83,000*l.* the whole sum so spent.

The papers have said much of his Royal Highness's great consideration for the good of the public, in not suffering them to be burthened with the Princess's debts; for my part I do not see much merit in this forbearance, considering the sum he has already laid upon them, and the ample provision there is allowed by parliament

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for every branch of royalty. No doubt it is suitable to the dignity and wealth of the nation that they should be maintained with splendour and magnificence, but there are bounds even to the most extensive liberality; and it is both ungenerous and impolitic to trespass too far on the feelings of a bountiful nation, lest, in the heat of irritation, they should be driven to acts of imprudence. The whole conduct of the higher ranks in the present state of things is an insult to the oppressed part of the nation; and unless some very singular turn of affairs should alter the natural tendency of things, they seem likely soon to suffer for their most profligate temerity. I remain, &c.

W. BURDON.

Hartford, near Morpeth,
Aug. 15, 1809.

The CRIMINAL *from* LOST HONOUR. *By* SCHILLER.

IN the whole history of man, there is no chapter more instructive for the heart and the head than that of his aberrations. At the commission of every great crime, a power proportionably great was put in motion. When the secret play of the craving power conceals itself in the fainter light of common emotions, still in the state of more violent passions it is more conspicuous, more powerful and clear. He, who is deeply acquainted with the labyrinth of the human mind, knows how little reliance is to be placed on the mechanism of the common freedom of the will, and how far it is permitted to judge according to analogy. There is something so simple, and yet so compounded in the human heart; one and the same desire, or ability, can shew itself in a thousand forms and directions, can effect a thousand contradictory phenomena, can appear in a thousand characters differently constituted, and a thousand unequal characters and actions can spring from the same inclination, although the person who is the supposed subject has not the slightest conception of the relationship. If a Linnæus were to arise for the human race as for the other kingdoms of nature, who was to class mankind according to desires and inclinations, how great would be our surprise to find many, whose crimes must be now smothered in the narrow sphere of civil life, or in the limited circuit of the laws, classed in the same order with the monster Borgia.

Considered in this point of view, many objections may be urged to the manner in which history in general is treated; and here, I may venture to affirm, lies also the difficulty why the study of it has hitherto been so fruitless for the mediate stations in life. There is such a marked contrast between the violent emotions of the agent and the placid temper of the reader, to whom the actions are represented, and there is also such an extended space, that it is difficult to the latter and almost impossible to suppose any connection. There remains such a gap between the historical subject and the reader, which sets aside all possibility of a comparison or allusion, and awakens, instead of that wholesome fear, which is a warning even to the most virtuous, an insignificant emotion of surprise. We look upon the unfortunate, who, in the very hour in which he committed the action, as well as in that in which he suffers for it, was a being like ourselves, as a creature of a different species, whose blood circulates differently than our own, and whose will is subject to other rules; his fate affects us in a trifling degree, for affection is grounded on an obscure consciousness of similar danger, and we are far removed from even dreaming such a similarity. The moral is lost in the reference, and history, instead of being a school of instruction, must content itself with a miserable gratification of our curiosity. When it is intended for history to gain its most important end, it must necessarily adopt one of the following methods. The reader must either exalt himself to the situation of the hero, or the hero must conform himself to the reader.

I know that the best historians of antiquity and of the present era are attached to the former method, and have bribed the heart of their readers by alluring descriptions. But this manner is an usurpation of the author; and offends the republican free-

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dom of the reading community, to whom it belongs to sit in judgment on the work. It also infringes the limits to which the historian is bound, for this method belongs exclusively and properly to the orator and the poet. To the historian the latter method only remains.

The hero must conform himself to the readers, or, what is tantamount, we must be acquainted with him before he acts; we must see him not only complete his action, but we must also see him in the act of volition. We must place a greater consequence on his thoughts than on his deeds, and still more on the sources of his thoughts than on the consequences of his deeds. The soil of Vesuvius has been examined to discover the origin of its eruptions. Why is there less attention paid to a moral phenomenon than to a physical one? Why is not the same attention paid to the constitution and position of things which surround a man, until the collected materials in his soul take fire? To him, who loves the wonderful, the extraordinary, and adventurous, appearances of such a phenomenon have equal charms. The friend of truth looks for its origin: he seeks for it in the unchangeable structure of the human soul, and in the changeable conditions which determined it outwardly; and in these two circumstances he will certainly find it. He is then no more surprised to see in the same bed, where formerly the most wholesome herbs flourished, now the poisonous hemlock grow; and to find in one cradle wisdom and folly, vice and virtue.

If I take not into consideration any of the advantages which the philosophy of the soul obtains from such a method of treating historical matters, yet it possesses alone this superiority; that it roots out the cruel scorn and the high stiked safety, with which erect and untried virtue in general looks down upon fallen virtue, as it diffuses the gentle spirit of toleration, without which no reprobate is reformed, no tainted member of society is ever saved from general contamination.

If the criminal, of whom I am now about to speak, had a right to appeal to that spirit of toleration; if he were lost without hope of salvation as a member of the state, I will leave to my readers to determine. Our clemency now is of no further use to him. He died by the hand of the executioner: but a display of his crimes will perhaps instruct mankind; and it is possible that justice may be benefited.

Charles Wolf was the son of an innkeeper in a country town, (the name of which, for reasons which will be hereafter explained, must not be mentioned) and assisted his mother, for his father was dead, in the affairs of the inn, until his twentieth year. The business was very limited, and Wolf had many leisure hours. At school he was considered as a wicked boy. The girls, arrived at the years of pubescence, complained of his impudence; and the youths of the village admired and did homage to his inventive head. But nature had neglected his body. A little insignificant figure, coarse curled hair of a jetty black, a flattened nose, and a prominent upper lip, which was distorted by the kick of a horse, gave him that disgusting appearance, which terrified the women at his approach, and presented ample food for the wit of his companions. He was determined to gain by bravado what was denied to him by nature. He was conscious he was displeasing: he therefore attempted to render himself pleasing. He was sensual, and persuaded himself that he loved. The girl whom he had chosen maltreated him: he had reason to fear that his rivals were more fortunate. Yet the girl was poor. A heart, which remained callous to his oaths and protestations would, perhaps, yield to his presents, but he himself too was poor; and the vain attempt to render his exterior more pleasing swallowed up the little which he earned in his sorry business. Too easy and too ignorant to repair the derangement in his affairs by justifiable speculations; too proud and also too effeminate to exchange the master, which he had hitherto been, for the peasant, and to renounce the freedom which he adored, there was but one alternative left, which thousands before him and after him have undertaken with success—the alternative, to steal in the

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most honest way possible. The town in which he was born, was situate near to the park of a nobleman.—Wolf became a poacher, and his gains regularly flowed into the hands of his inamorata.

Among the lovers of Hannah was Robert, a servant of the forester. He soon observed the advantage which his rival had gained over him by his prodigality, and, roused by jealousy, he resolved to examine the sources of this change. He visited the Sun (the name of the inn) more frequently: his watchful eye, sharpened by jealousy and envy, soon discovered to him the source whence the money of his rival flowed. A short time before, a strong edict was renewed, prohibiting the shooting of game, and condemning the offender to the house of correction. Robert was indefatigable in tracing the secret actions of his enemy, and he at last succeeded in entrapping him in the act. Wolf was imprisoned; and, with the sacrifice of the whole of his little property, he with difficulty succeeded in saving himself from the customary punishment.

Robert triumphed. His rival was completely defeated, and Hannah's smiles were no more bestowed on the beggar. Wolf knew his enemy, and this enemy was the possessor of his Hannah. The oppressive feeling of want joined itself to offended pride; necessity and jealousy allied, made war upon his sensibility; hunger drove him into the wide world; but revenge and passion still clung to him. He became a poacher a second time; but Robert's doubled vigilance again entrapped him. He now experienced the whole severity of the law. He had no more money to give, and in a few weeks he was lodged in the house of correction.

The stated period of his punishment was expired: his love was increased by absence, and his hectoring spirit had risen under the weight of his misfortunes. He had no sooner gained his liberty, than he hastened to the place of his birth to shew himself to his Hannah. He arrived, but every one shunned him. The pressure of necessity at last humbled his pride, and conquered his effeminacy. He offered himself as a day-labourer to the wealthy persons of the place. The rich man shrugged his shoulders, and dismissed him. The peasant saw his tender frame, and laughed at his presumption. A place fell vacant—the last step of an honest name—he offered himself as swineherd to the town;* but no peasant would entrust their swine to him. Repulsed in every place, thwarted in every plan, he became a third time a poacher, and a third time he fell into the hands of his vigilant enemy.

R. H.

[*To be continued.*]

The ADVENTURES *and* TRAVELS, *in various Parts of the Globe, of* HENRY VOGEL. *Translated from the German.*

[*Continued from p.* 6.]

SHORTLY after this accident he became thoughtful and melancholy. The next Sunday, however, he preached; but, on the following ones, he usually turned back into his pew when he reached the pulpit, and suffered the congregation to go home without any sermon. At length, he did not venture to quit his room. He could not sleep, became fearful of man, and neither eat nor drank unless it was forced upon him. He would walk up and down his room whole days and nights, fasten himself in, and cry out "thieves, murder!" in so loud a voice, that he might be heard at a great distance from the parsonage house. Instead of working and studying, as he was used to do, he would take the stump of a pen or a cabbage stalk, fasten them into the table, and strike at it, or knock the upper part off at a blow, for which purpose he constantly had a large knife by him.

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* In some parts of Germany each town has its swineherd, cowherd, &c. The office is each morning to collect the beasts of the inhabitants, and drive them to the hills or the waste lands in the vicinity of the town. At night they are again brought back, and it is surprising to see with what exactness each beast returns to its home. This office is very common in some parts of Scotland, particularly the Highlands.—*Translator's note.*

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So will it be with me, he used to exclaim; and then his tears began to flow, and he prayed, and cried out Thieves! Murder!

At such moments he would not answer any question. He looked with an unmeaning gaze upon any one who was speaking to him. Even his best friends received either no answers, or only broken phrases without any meaning. His tears then began to flow immediately, and this seemed to relieve him and to procure him some intervals of rest: but they did not last long: he began again to look wild about him, and to take no notice of any thing that was passing round him. It was in vain that any one strove by persuasion or by acts of kindness to calm him again; he remained the same, and generally answered that he wanted nothing.

At length the whole business was communicated to the consistory. They sent the congregation a good and proper successor (until *Diedrich* should be recovered) to fulfill his duties. This righteous, candid, and honourable man opened the eyes of my parents, and told them plainly that they were very badly provided with a tutor.

He had been about two months in the place when he called one morning upon us, upon pretence of visiting my parents. He turned the conversation gradually towards our preceptor, and at last he told them, without disguise, that he was sorry to see them entrust their children to the guidance of such a man: for he had, during the short time that he had been in *Pockelsloh*, noticed him accurately, both as to his heart and head, and, after all that he had heard and all that he had seen, he could not help pitying them.

From further enquiries and examination, they found every thing to be as reported. Reimann had incensed all the domestics and a great part of the inhabitants against my parents; he had instilled the vilest principles into us children: he had made it a duty in us to watch and pry after our parents, and to tell him every thing that was said or done during his absence. Our fare, our whole domestic establishment was censured by him to others, and described in the vilest colours. When at table he scarcely touched any thing; but no sooner did he get into his own room, than he began to eat sweetmeats, comfits, and such like. In the evenings he seldom or ever appeared at table; on the contrary, he used to visit a pretty country girl, under pretence of getting some victuals dressed, because he did not get enough to eat at our place. These and other things had happened without my parents knowing any thing about them; and now, when they were, from minute enquiry, fully informed of them, nothing else remained for them than to get rid, as soon as possible, of so worthless a man.

But they now found themselves in a fresh embarassment concerning our education. They fully felt that a domestic, parental jurisdiction was that which nature has ordained, and in every possible manner alleviated. Such jurisdiction therefore they did not wish us to be deprived of. It had certainly been a material injury both to my brother and myself, had we been then sent to a publick school, because we should have been too early suffered to enjoy personal liberty. In addition to that also was the circumstance of the nearest school having for its character that of injuring both the head and heart of the pupil.

The new preacher declined the office of instructing us upon the pretext that his unacquaintance with the duties of his present station left him too little leisure to be able conscientiously to undertake the function of a tutor. My mother therefore saw herself compelled to take us once more under her protection, and to instruct us as well as her domestic duties would permit. I still remember, with delight, the walks that we took with her, during which she generally amused us with accounts of wise and good men; and if we were able afterwards to give a correct and good relation of what we had heard to our father, he generally used to give us the picture of some worthy man. Hence we gradually acquired a cabinet of useful, great, and noble individuals in our little room, which, considering the wickedness of human nature, was not very small.

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About a year after this period my father received a letter from his landlord, informing him that he had sold the farm and ground which he rented of him, and that the buyer had some intentions of residing on it himself. A more unwelcome letter my father could not have received. He wrote to the new landlord, made some representations, and offered to pay more rent; but it was in vain. He must, when his year's lease was out, quit *Pockelsloh*, where he had lived so many happy years, and always respected by his landlord. This last was a captain in the imperial service, and only came, occasionally, upon furlough to his estates. As he had had many opportunities of knowing my father, from the assistance which he had derived from him, especially during a time when, as ensign, his circumstances were much embarassed, so he always placed a great confidence in him.

In his younger years the love of play had so entirely taken possession of him, that every duty and every occupation which impeded his devotion to his favourite pursuit was insupportable to him. He scarcely allowed himself time enough to rest; and when he did sleep, he dreamt of packs of cards and the rattling of dice. His time of repast he either neglected or, if he attended to it, he regarded it as so much time lost, and he swallowed his food with rapidity, and hastened back to the gaming table. In short he was, at that time, a gambler by profession. Sometimes good luck befriended him, and he was so fortunate that he could scarcely count his winnings.

After he had passed a great part of his life in this manner, his good fortune changed: he lost not only all his winnings, but also almost all his fortune. In this condition he received orders to levy some new troops, and he collected a hundred and fifty men together, or rather his sergeant, to whom he entrusted this labour, that he might be enabled to follow his darling pursuit undisturbed. After some changes from good to bad fortune, the latter at last declared so openly against him, that he was stripped of all his money in one evening.

In this necessitous state he applied to the captain of the regiment to which he belonged, and begged him to lend him a hundred dollars; but he denied him in this manner:—"What? I lend my money to a gambler by profession? No Sir; you will excuse me; for I must necessarily lose either my gold or my friend. I would rather keep my money."

With this taunting denial he repaired in despair to his quarters, and threw himself on the bed that he might lose for a moment the thoughts and cares that oppressed him. By chance a gnat or some other insect stung him; he awoke, and his melancholy condition presented itself in broad and undisguised colours. Without money, and without any prospect of getting it, to support himself and his recruits till they reached the regiment, which lay at a great distance off! Should they run away for want of their pay, he must be answerable for it, and he would infallibly be cashiered for having betrayed his imperial Majesty's service. A friend he had not! for he, whom he thought such, had not only refused him assistance, but had insulted him with mockery. He had no acquaintance, and those strangers whom he knew would not lend him so large a sum as was necessary to his wants.

These thoughts naturally led him to consider what had led him to gambling, and he immediately found that the evil habit had sprung from idleness. He had discovered the cause, but the remedy was wanting. How was this to be accomplished without a relapse? Something was to be done; he must commence a new course of life, in which his time should be so employed that none should be left to waste upon gambling.

In this condition, it occurred to him that the adjutant's place in the regiment was vacant: he resolved to solicit it, because it was a situation in which he would probably find a laudable and adequate employment of his time. He had bills of exchange, of which he might make as much use as he pleased for his advancement in the army, but not for the purpose of squandering the money or gratifying his extravagance. But the greatest difficulty yet remained. He must,

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first of all, go to the regiment before the business of the adjutancy could be settled. As he was busily employed in devising some means of assistance to extricate himself from his present dilemma, his friend the Captain, who had repulsed him so severely in the morning, came to pay him a visit.

After a very cool reception on the part of the ensign, the Captain asked how he intended to relieve himself from the embarassment in which he evidently found himself? The ensign immediately related to him his whole opinion of the business, and discovered to him his scheme of endeavouring after the adjutancy as soon as he should reach the regiment.

His friend immediately stood up, embraced him, and said,—"Dearest friend, I denied your request this morning with such laconic bitterness, in the hope of bringing you to a sense of the dangerous situation in which you are, and to lead you to a serious reflection upon the lamentable course of life which you are pursuing. I rejoice from my heart, that it has produced the desired effect. Persevere in this laudable resolution. Believe me, INDOLENCE and PLAY are the destruction of a young man. My protection, my counsel, my purse, are all at your command when you reform your life. There, take this, and use it to supply your own wants and those of the recruits: use it freely."

This brought the ensign from his bed: and the conduct of the afternoon made him entirely forget the ungracious refusal of the morning. He considered the Captain now in the amiable light of an upright and sincere friend; he always held him as such thereafter, and he always found him so. The ensign repaired to his regiment with his recruits, where he received much approbation on account of his success in raising them, of which, as well as of his situation, he had nearly been deprived by the folly of a single morning. He bestirred himself forthwith about the adjutancy, and was so fortunate as to obtain it.

From that day he never afterwards touched either cards or dice as he had done: he used them only in proper company, and as a relief of his mind after a steady application to business, always played low, and became, in short, nothing but an active and worthy officer. At this period of his life, my father was of great service to him, by lending him money, by which he was enabled to liquidate all his past debts. He always wrote therefore to my father as to a friend; he came once upon furlough to visit us, and we passed the happiest days imaginable together, and both parties separated very unwillingly. It was therefore so much the more painful now to lose this landlord so unexpected.

The reason why he sold his property was this: he had, in conjunction with other relations, inherited much larger possessions, and he was the only one of the heirs who had property enough to purchase the right of the others. In order therefore to enter upon his estate without any incumbrance, he sold that, which my father had rented so many years, to a newly made Prussian officer. But this was to the former, in every respect, dissimilar. He was one of those characters, of which, for the honour of human nature, there are but few; an indolent, unfeeling man, proud of his gold and birth, mean and ignoble in all his thoughts; mistrustful, and self-interested even to acts of deception.

As he had become the favourite of a certain Count, he had through his means, married the daughter of a very rich nobleman. He himself was poor and needy, and had nothing but his nobility to boast of before he obtained his commission. On his wedding-day he came in possession of the considerable dowry of his wife, and in a few days afterwards he became a father!

Hardly had this gentleman with his lady and his children arrived in *Pockelsloh*, and became a little known, when every one easily saw that we had made no great acquisition in obtaining this family. My parents also felt this. They were received by them with disdain; and one room after another taken from them; and many other unpleasant things were done. They had experienced, during the short time that they had been

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there, more unpleasant things than had occurred during the whole of their former residence. Nor was it any better with the other inhabitants. Already, in the first six months, the friendship and the upright intercourse that had heretofore existed, were disturbed by this family; for there was not a company ever separated, in which they had been present, in which some altercation had not arisen, or some one departed in ill humour.

This worthy lady had been brought up in luxury, dissipation, folly, constant good company, and in the enjoyment of every luxury. She could scarcely form any conception of real want and misery. She could not believe that there existed beings who often had not money to purchase a bit of bread with. Accustomed in the city to rove from one company to another, from one card table to another, and from one couch to another, she found a country life quite insupportable. She was never secure from listlessness; for she wasted her time without enjoying it even according to the poverty of her intellect: she was always ill, even when at table, her breath was always bad and her head heavy: she was always idle, yet she had always something to do. She appeared to be busy, and yet she did nothing. In summer she wished for winter, in autumn for spring; in the morning she wished for the evening, in the evening for the morning, and when either of them came she was still discontented.

[*To be continued.*]

VOYAGE *from* PORT JACKSON *to* PRINCE OF WALES'S ISLAND.—*Extracted from the Letters of a Lady.*

[*Continued from p.* 105.]

At Sea, July 10, 1803.* latitude 2° 52′ south, longitude 149° 5′ east.

THIS day, about noon, we were surprised by a strange appearance on the surface of the sea, and which, on a nearer approach, we found to be pumice-stone floating on the water, as far as the eye could reach. Two volcanic islands are known to exist about one hundred miles from our present situation, and from these it is probable that this shower of pumice-stone had proceeded, as other circumstances tended to corroborate the conjecture that an eruption had taken place, or was perhaps actually operating. Had the weather been favourable it was the intention of the commander to have taken his passage between those islands. I felt disappointed that we did not; a volcano in activity being a spectacle I have often wished to behold; but as the night advanced I trembled at the thoughts of being even within the distance I have mentioned. To some concussion in those islands it was attributed that the sea was violently agitated. The moon was obscured by black, heavy clouds; and vivid flashes of lightning with loud peals of thunder, accompanied the rain which fell in torrents. Sheets of pumice-stone almost stopped the ship's way, which laboured through them with a crushing noise. It was an awful night, and anxiously did I watch for the approach of day. It at length arrived, but dark and lowering, so that we could but just discern surrounding dangers. A group of islands, (the Admiralty islands) on one side, and two immense rocks rising high out of the midst of the water on the other; as great a sea on, as is usually met with in the bay of Biscay, and a strong current running, that has set us upwards of forty miles to the northward since yesterday. Happily we made good our passage between the islands and rocks, without encountering more than the apprehension of danger. The variety of islands we fell in with make this voyage an interesting one; but the anxiety attending it lessens the pleasure in a great degree; particularly to the commander, who has passed the greatest

* An intermediate letter between that first inserted in the Athenæum, dated 18th May, which appeared in our last, p. 101, and the present, was giving an account of the south-west part of New Caledonia, and was dated 24th June, 1803, to which the reader is referred for the connection of the narrative.

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part of every night since we left harbour upon deck.

July 11, saw several islands which we have every reason to suppose had never been seen before by Europeans.

On the 13th, saw a very high island distinctly from the deck of the ship, though distant by estimation 53 miles.

About noon on the 17th, we were alarmed by observing something at a distance on the water, which bore every appearance of a wreck; though some on board were of opinion it was a rock. A boat was sent, with the first lieutenant, to ascertain what it was. All on board were in great suspense till he returned; for my part, I had got in imagination as far as Temor in an open boat with those of the crew of this unfortunate vessel who had escaped being swallowed up by the merciless waves, and had pictured to myself the numberless hardships of the poor survivors, and their immoderate joy in reaching a place of safety when I was suddenly transported back to view the reality, an old tree covered with barnacles; for by this time the imaginary wreck appeared what it really was, an immense tree floating on the water, an erect branch of which resembled at a distance the mast of a vessel. It had drawn a number of the inhabitants of the deep around it —ravenous sharks, sportive dolphins, and many others of the finny tribe.

August 17th. I grieve that such a length of time has elapsed since I laid aside my pen, and we have passed the coast of New Guinea, Dampier's Straits, the Thousand islands, and various other small islands, inhabited by blacks, without giving you any information respecting them. Be assured nothing but indisposition, and that not of a trifling nature, could have occasioned this omission. We had no communication with any of the inhabitants of the places above-mentioned; if we had, it would have increased my regret at my inability to communicate intelligence. Indeed these several weeks past we have been tossed about most strangely and uncomfortably. Would you expect that in this *Pacific Ocean*, we should encounter heavier gales than we did in our passage round Cape Horn? And whenever we had a cessation from those storms, it was to experience the opposite extremity of dead calms, during which respiration was performed with difficulty, owing to the intense heat.

Although we are not more than forty miles from Amboyna, it is doubtful whether we shall be able to fetch it, owing to contrary winds that have kept us tacking to and fro for several days off the island of Ceram. In a violent gale last night, in passing between the islands of Bouro and Manipa, the water suddenly changed its colour to a milky whiteness.—Supposing it was owing to shoals, the lead was cast, but no bottom was found with a line of eighty fathoms. This phenomenon remains therefore unaccounted for.*

* This phenomenon is regularly periodical in the seas near Amboyna, and has never been satisfactorily accounted for. The most particular account of it is to be found in Valentyn's *Beschryving van Oost Indien*, vol II. p. 137, and vol. III. part ii. p. 10. He calls it *het wit-water*, (the white water) and states that it occurs twice every year in the seas around Banda; the first time, when it is denominated the little *wit-water*, it takes place at the new moon in June; it is but slight in July, but does not entirely subside before the same appearance occurs again at the new moon in August, when it is called the great *wit-water*. In the day time the sea appears as usual; but in the night it assumes a milk white hue, and the reflection of it in the air is so great that the sky cannot be distinguished from the water. Land is very easily discerned by night in it, for the land appears very black in the middle of the whiteness. Very little fish is caught during the time that it lasts; the fish do not like the water, and the clearness of it makes them easily see the fishing tackle and boats, and consequently avoid them. It has likewise been observed to rot the bottoms of vessels which are much in it. It throws up, on the shores where it reaches, a great deal of slime and filth, and likewise different species of blubber or *mollusca*, *bezaantjes*, (*holothuria physalis*) &c. It is dangerous for small vessels to be at sea in the night whe

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Amboyna at present engages our hopes and our fears, and great will be our disappointment should we not see it; but as I generally look forward to the completion of my wishes, so I will cherish the hope that we may arrive there, and that it will afford an opportunity of forwarding my packet to dear England. W.

[*To be continued.*]

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it comes, as, though it may be calm, the sea always rolls with heavy surges, enough to overset boats, which seem as if they were occasioned by subaqueous exhalations pressing upwards for a vent. It is chiefly seen between Banda and the south eastern islands to the southward of the islands of Aroe and Keys down to Tenimber, where the heaviest rolling of the sea is observed, and Timorlaut; it runs westward as far as Timor, and to the north it is met with on the south coast of Ceram, keeping, however, to the south of the Uliassers and Amboyna, where it appears in large stripes. This milk-sea, as Valentyn quaintly calls it, is clearly seen at night from the hills at Amboyna, stretching towards Banda. It does not often reach as far as Amboyna itself. The more tempestuous the weather proves, the more it rains; and the harder the south-east trade wind blows, the more this white water is seen. It is entirely unknown whence it proceeds, but it has generally been supposed to come from the gulf of Carpentaria. Some have considered the whiteness as occasioned by myriads of animalculæ; and others have ascribed it to a subtle, sulphureous, marine exhalation, which they have supposed to arise from the bottom of the sea, and to become condensed in the water. Brimstone is in fact produced in considerable quantities at Amboyna and Banda, and likewise upon Nila, Teeuwer, and Dammer, (three islands south of the two former, and between them and Timor, little known to any but the Dutch) and elsewhere in those regions; yet, remarks Valentyn, if the white water were caused by that circumstance, it would be observed wherever sulphur is found in large quantities. He says a similar phenomenon has been observed at the Comorra islands, and between Madagascar and Africa. Stavorinus, in his voyage to Surat, observed the same singular appearance in latitude 17° 30′ north, in which he describes the sea as having lost during the day its usual azure clearness, appearing darker and browner than usual, and appearing at night so white as if the whole sea was covered with a white sheet, or exactly like the appearance in the night-time, of a flat country overspread with snow. This phenomenon, he remarks, was entirely distinct from the luminous appearance which is frequently observed in the water of the ocean, as, instead of giving any light, the whole was of a deadly paleness, excepting close to the vessel where it seemed mixed with some sparks of light. No ground was found with a line of 150 fathoms. Some of the water was taken up and examined immediately with a microscope, but nothing could be perceived in it with a glass of great magnifying power. To the naked eye, it appeared as clear as chrystal, and on tasting it, it seemed to have lost something of its briny and bituminous nature. An English navigator, Captain Newland, once observed the same appearance in the same part of the ocean, with this difference, however, that he saw it intermixed with black stripes running in a serpentine direction through the whiteness.

REPLY *to* A. B. *on the* ABSURDITY *in* MILTON.

Sir,

I DID not observe your correspondent, A. B.'s communication, with respect to the following passage of Milton, till to-day:—

Which way I fly is Hell: myself am Hell:
And in the *lowest* deep a *lower* deep
Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide.

You will perhaps laugh with me at the self-complacency of this acute critic, when I inform you that his wonderful discovery of incongruity has been pointed out years and years ago: common honesty, therefore, induces me to pluck the borrowed laurels from his brow.

In my Lord Kaimes' "Elements of Criticism," vol. I, chapter 16th, the passage in question is given as an example of inconsistency. Thus, Sir, this detection has the singular power of at once adding to the *weight* and

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deducting from the *merit* of A. B.'s argument—in so far as respects himself at least.

His Lordship's opinion upon the passage is clearly ascertained by the companions he gives it:—

"Vos mains seules ont droit de *vaincre* un *invincible*." LE CID.

"Que son Nom soi beni! que son Nom soi chanté,
"Que l'on celebre ses ouvrages,
"*Au de la de l'eternité.*" ESTHER.

With respect to the last passage, I know not whether his Lordship or the printer has made nonsense of it. "Au de la" ought to be written "Au delà."

I have the honour to be,
Sir, your's, &c.
J. BROWN.

7, Palsgrave Place, Strand,
Sept. 14, 1809.

On the USE *of the final* "K" *in* WORDS.

"Needless irregularity is the worst of all deformities; and nothing is so truly elegant in language as the simplicity of unviolated analogy."—NARES.

Sir,

IT being admitted by your correspondent, Philelcutheros, that the particular opinion for which I adduced the authority of Johnson is supported by reason, I am not anxious to defend my general assertion, that from his decisions there seldom lies an appeal, especially as it would divert our attention from the original subject of discussion, and to your readers would be obtrusive and impertinent. It is but opinion against opinion.

The alteration recommended by your correspondent had not escaped me: but I did not propose it, because I concluded, perhaps hastily, that the objections to which it is liable, and which I shall now produce, were too numerous and too strong to be removed. Whatever may be thought of the *reasons*, principal and subordinate, which he avows for suggesting this alteration, I think it will be admitted that, in attempting to redress the wrongs of analogy which, though his chief object, he cannot be considered to have attained, he has overlooked the necessity of preserving inviolate the law of etymology. Johnson observes that "*c* might be omitted in the language without loss, since one of its sounds might be supplied by *s*, and the other by *k*, but that it preserves to the eye the etymology of words, as *face* from *facies*, *captive* from *captivus*;" to which we may add *publick* from *publicus*, *traffick* from *trafficare*. And this I apprehend to be the reason why we spell invocation, provocation, and revocation, with the *c*, though, as necessity compels us to write invoke, provoke, and revoke, analogy demands that they be written with the *k*. Could *c* be sounded hard before *e*, it would doubtless retain its place in these verbs; but as this is not possible, rather than lose sight of the etymology, we neglect the claims of analogy. The professed object of your correspondent's alteration forbids me to believe that he proposes to confine it to the *ck* final. Unless then we annul the rule, which says that "*k* is never doubled, but that *c* is used before it to shorten the vowel by a double consonant, as cockle, pickle," it will be seen that his suggestion cannot be adopted. We might indeed write cöccle, piccle; but as this mode could not be general, it would but multiply irregularities, for instance, in endeavouring to apply it to the words sucker, tucker, we should surely discover our need of the assistance of the *k*. Since your correspondent would extend his alteration even to proper names, how will he spell Locke, Pococke? To strike out the *c* without substituting a *k*, would destroy the proper sound; to write each of them with two *k*'s would, besides violating a rule which it seems is indispensable, be a liberty which, I presume, Philelcutheros himself would not venture to take. But we will, for the moment, suppose that he does not intend to interfere with the *ck* in the middle of words. Will he then write suk, tuk, and yet sucker, tucker? And here arises another difficulty. To be consistent with himself, he must write trik, stik, lik, bak, rak: now, in forming their participles, either pre-

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sent or past, would he not, for want of the double consonant, alter the quantity of each of the first syllables, and of the three last words would he not completely change the sense?

In stating the grounds on which it appears to me impossible that we can write publik, traffik, without first abrogating the only laws which govern the orthography of our language, I hope it has been observed that I have strengthened my former arguments for writing publick, traffick, &c.—But to persuade Phileleutheros that I am willing to listen, with attention, to any reply he may have to offer to my objections against his new orthography, I will encourage him to pursue this subject, should he think it necessary, by assuring him that, notwithstanding his suspicion, he will not find me so intrenched in authority but that sound reason and solid argument can dislodge me, nor that of liberty there is a greater lover than

Your's, &c.

Sept. 18, 1809. PHILO.

I will thank you, Sir, to allow me to correct a small error of the motto of my former letter; for "contare" read "constare."

Mr. BURDON *on the* NATIONAL DEBT.

SIR,

THE profligacy and improvidence of ministers having almost exhausted the resources of the nation, their paper money must either be depreciated, or they must declare themselves unable to pay the full interest of the national debts; in either case excessive misery and confusion must ensue, which can only be avoided, in my opinion, by diminishing the funded property of the nation one-half.—Let ministers, not the present I trust, say to the public, "The national debt now amounts to 748 millions, and the interest of it to 26 millions; you must be content to receive 13 millions of interest, and to sell your principal for half its nominal worth." This would be a bold measure, but it is the only one by which we are to be saved from incalculable misery. A system of reform and economy must reduce the taxes to a sum equal to the reduced interest, and the prices of provisions, which is the standard of all other prices, will fall in proportion.

I remain, &c.

W. BURDON.

Hartford, near Morpeth,
Sept. 10, 1809.

A DEFENCE *of the* AUTHOR *of* "NUBILIA."

Sir,

IN reading the criticism on the above work in your last number, I was surprised to see you conclude your strictures with an enumeration of some errors, which, upon examination, however, are *not* errors. If the author of *Nubilia* therefore be not, himself, disposed to vindicate his language, or should he not chance to see the Universal Magazine, permit a place to the following observations in your next number.

You begin by quoting a specimen of tautology in the following passage;

"Or wish to *recollect* with solemn *reminiscence*."

But this is a tautology neither of language nor of meaning. It is not a tautology of language, for the words are different; nor is it a tautology of meaning, for the adjective *solemn* being applied to *reminiscence*, gives to this last word a signification different from mere *recollection*.

You next instance a gross "deviation from grammar," as you call it, in the following quotation:

"It was a mournful and yet a pleasing spectacle to behold the groupe of young and old, male and female, that *was* assembled in the church-yard to pay the testimony of *their* tears," &c.

There is no false concord here, and the use of the verb in the singular (*was*) may be defended upon two principles. First, a noun that admits of a plural, as *groupe* does, should certainly have the verb in the singular when it is used as a nominative in the singular; and secondly, a noun of quantity agrees with the verb, either in the plural or singular, according as it implies unity or plurality of idea. No doubt the author of *Nubilia*

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constructed his sentence upon the first principle, and in vindication of which there is the authority of Addison. "I cannot doubt," says he in his travels in Italy, "but the poet had here in view the picture of Zetus, in the famous group of figures which *represents*, &c." And there is the authority of Dryden for the use of *groupes* in the plural. But upon the second principle, considered as a noun of quantity, it is as correctly employed as the legitimate phrases. "The meeting *was* large, and *they* came to several resolutions."—"The parliament *is* dissolved; *they* had gone through a busy session," &c. &c. in which, and in many similar expressions, the noun, conveying unity of idea, takes the verb in the singular, and the relative pronoun (*they* or *their*) in the plural.

In the last *error* which you notice, you have misquoted the author! Upon referring to the page, which by the bye should be 356, I find that the expression is "arts, science, knowledge, polished life, ascend, in gradual progress, to *their* highest." And to this mode of expression I presume you will not object.

I hope your candour will permit you to insert this vindication, which springs from no other motive than a love of truth. If I am right *you* will stand corrected; if I am wrong, you have the opportunity of correcting *me*. I remain, &c.

JUSTUS.

St. Alban's, Sept. 9, 1809.

*** It will remain for the gentleman who wrote the criticism in question, to defend himself.—*Editor.*

CAUSES *of the* OVERTHROW *of the* SPANISH MONARCHY. *By the Rev.* JOSEPH TOWNSEND, *M. A. Author of Travels in Spain.*

[Concluded from p. 92.]

FOR twenty years the queen had for her confessor a man of inflexible integrity, to whom, as a reward for his fidelity, was given a bishoprick, but with obligation to constant residence in his diocese. This he resigned that he might return to Madrid, where, however, he was not permitted to remain, being commanded to retire into the Asturias, his native country, that he might there enjoy tranquillity for the remainder of his days. On his retreat he was succeeded by *Muzquiz*, a confessor of distinguished talents, and much attached to the new favourite.

Acuna, a low-bred ecclesiastic of neither talents nor literature, but a fortunate gambler, who occasionally lent money to Godoy, was first rewarded by a canonry of Santiago, one of the greatest dignities in Spain, and then appointed minister of grace and justice, an office which not only controuls all the tribunals in the kingdom, but governs the whole ecclesiastical system of the realm.

In November, 1792, the Duke of Alcudia became prime minister, and a few months after this, he took *Don Antonio Barradas* for his minister of war. This man had served with him as Guarde de Corps, and became the confidential friend of Charles IV. Godoy, well aware of his influence, cultivated his friendship. Immediately on the death of Charles III. Barradas was rapidly promoted to be Brigadier-General, then Marshal, and Knight of the Order of Charles III. He received a gold key, and his wife became lady of honour to the Queen. This man had acquired the friendship of the King, while Prince of Asturias, by submitting with good humour when, as frequently happened, he was exposed to laughter by impertinent jokes and vulgar tricks upon his person, and by attending fairs to purchase horses for him whenever his services in the capacity of groom were wanted. By such base servility he ingratiated himself, and being a convenient person to the duke, he was amply rewarded for his fidelity to the confidence reposed in him; for without one good quality, which could recommend him to the office, he was appointed Minister of War.

With such ministers as these, we must not be surprised, that Spain was unable to withstand the shock of revolutionary troops. All their armies were defeated, and the French Generals were marching to Madrid.

The Minister of War attributed their rapid progress, not to his own neglect, not to deficiency of men, nor to their want of spirit, but to his ab-

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solute inability to arm them. Barcelona, the Birmingham of Spain, was in the occupation of the enemy; and 50,000 stand of arms, which had been purchased in England, had been seized by the English minister, and sent to La Vendee, where they soon fell into the hands of Robespierre.

Unfortunately for the common cause, the facts were precisely as stated by the Minister of War. I saw a letter from an officer in the Spanish army to my Spanish friend, then on a visit at my house, in which he lamented the want of arms; and the late Sir Archibald Dixon informed me that he had landed, in La Vendee, 30,000 of the muskets which had been purchased by the Spanish minister in England.

In these circumstances the Duke of Alcudia complained, that Spain was betrayed by her ally, and, no longer able to resist, he advised his sovereign to quit the coalition, and to make peace with France.

On this occasion splendid illuminations in every city testified the universal joy, and on the frontiers, between the contending armies, the populace, assembling, made bonfires with the implements of war.

This opportunity of acquiring popularity for the favourite was not to be neglected. The King, therefore, immediately granted him fresh honours, and, to coincide with the general sentiment of the nation, the *title of the Prince of the Peace* was fixed upon. To keep up a perpetual remembrance of this event, and to remind succeeding generations of the motives which induced the King to grant such a title to his minister, his majesty was pleased to send the subsequent mandate to the Council of Castille:—

"In consideration of the exalted qualities of Don Manuel Godoy Alvarez de Faria, Prince of the Peace, Duke of Alcudia, Grandee of Spain of the first class, Knight of the Orders of the Golden Fleece, of Charles III. of Malta, and of Santiago, Captain-General of the Royal Armies, Inspector of the Guarde de Corps, Counsellor and First Secretary of State, Chamberlain and Secretary to my beloved wife the Queen, having in view the rank of his ancestors, his high employments, the distinguished services he has rendered me, the antiquity of his illustrious house, and the merit of his having established peace between this crown and the French nation; it was my pleasure, by my royal proclamation, the 4th of this present month, to honour him with the dignity of Prince of the Peace, which title is to continue, and to be transmitted to his heirs and successors.

"Anxious to give him a fresh proof of the satisfaction with which I regard his incessant attention to my service, it is my royal will and pleasure that his *coat of arms*, shall acquire new dignity, by adding, above his ducal coronet, the image of Janus, whose two faces are the symbol of his consummate wisdom in the present circumstances of public affairs, a symbol of the prudent man, who, with native sagacity, examines the past, foresees the future, discerns the principles, causes, and connexions of things, anticipates effects, compares, with a discerning eye, times and events, penetrates the most recondite political secrets, discovers things before unknown, and reaches to the highest pinnacle of human understanding for the happiness of nations.

"Now as Janus is the symbol of *Peace*, it is my royal will and pleasure that the bust of this false divinity shall indicate the title of the Prince of the Peace.

"This image shall bear on its head the civic crown, with which the Romans rewarded merit to the preservers of peace.

"It is also my royal will and pleasure that two other allegorical figures shall be added to his coat of arms, annulling, in the present case, whatever laws of heraldry appear to be contrary to this innovation. The figure on the right side shall be allegorical of Spain, whose left arm shall embrace the ducal coronet, and whose right hand shall bear a blue standard with the arms of Castille and Leon.

"The figure on the left side of the coat of arms shall be a page, such as in former times attended illustrious knights, carrying their coats of arms to the tournaments, houses of high distinction, and places of festivity. This armour-bearer shall have upon his breast the coat of arms of the ba-

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rony of Godoy; and in his left hand a spear with a pendant, in which the different arms of the alliances of the house of Godoy shall be represented. It is my royal will and pleasure that the Prince of the Peace, on all public occasions, shall be preceded by an armour-bearer, either on foot, on horseback, or in a coach. And for this office the Prince of the Peace shall choose a person whose rank and character shall not disgrace the splendor of his arms.

"And although the supporters granted to noblemen are not hereditary, yet it is my royal will and pleasure that the supporters, which by these presents are granted to the Prince of Peace, shall descend with his titles, and be used by his successors."—Sm. Ildefonso, 12th October, 1795, I, the King.

"To the Bishop Governor of the Council of Castille."

This curious proclamation I received from a Spanish friend of high connexions, in whose veracity I have the most perfect confidence.

What has been already stated is sufficient to demonstrate that the fond affection of the King for the Prince of the Peace, knew no limits. In the mean time the people held him in supreme contempt; for whilst he was thus rising to the highest pinnacle of power, they continued to paste their placards on the palace gates. Among these inscriptions was observed the following:

La Reyna lo quiere; el Rey tambien,
El Pueblo lo sufre, *arriba con el.*

The Queen is attached to him and not less so The King. The People submit to this: *Up with him.*

An expression this, which children make use of on Good Friday, when they toss Judas in a blanket.

Not satisfied with disgusting all good subjects by such mad proceedings, the royal family disgraced itself to the last degree in the eyes of the whole nation, by going on pilgrimage to *Badajoz*, the place of Godoy's nativity.

A very intimate friend of mine was in their suite, and from him I learn, that the persons attendant on this expedition were no fewer than 4,000, passing through a country where ten travellers could scarcely find subsistence. However, on this occasion, some little degree of modesty, some slight attention to the public feeling, was observed, by declaring this pilgrimage was to the bones of S. Ferdinand of Seville.

We have seen this favourite rising from the condition of Guarde de Corps to the highest offices of trust and power. We are next to view him as allied to royalty.

I have transiently mentioned, in my Spanish travels, that I met with the first cousin of Charles IV. at Toledo. The history of this family is most remarkable.

The Infant Don Louis, brother to Charles III. in consequence of a system observed in the royal family of Spain, as being a younger brother, was not permitted to marry, but was compelled, contrary to his inclination, to become an ecclesiastic; and that he might never think of abandoning this profession, the King, his brother, conferred on him the Archbishopricks of Seville and Toledo. In order to bind him still more closely to the church, the Pope created him a Cardinal. But as these dignities could not change his disposition, nor change the propensities of nature, he for a length of time resisted being ordained a priest, and, when exalted in the Church, he determined to give both his mitres and his hood in exchange for a wife. But although he repeatedly solicited permission of the King to marry, this favour was constantly denied him. Wearied at last by the restraint which this opposition imposed upon him, he assumed a resolute tone, to which the King replied, that he should be permitted to marry, on condition that he should not connect himself with any female who was either of the royal family, or allied to a grandee.

Don Louis, without loss of time, sent to the King a list of names of such ladies as were not prohibited, adding, that he accepted the permission with which his majesty indulged him, and that he would marry any one of those ladies whom his majesty should name. The King viewed this list with the utmost indignation, when he beheld the first name to be *Mallabriga*; for this young lady, celebrated

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for the beauty of her person, was daughter to a captain of infantry. In consequence of this indignation, the Infant Don Louis was banished for ever from the court, despoiled of all his honours, and deprived of authority even over his own domestics. He obeyed in silence, wrote to the young lady, and having received her consent to marry him, he left the palace the next day, and retired to Villaviciosa, where he had a palace, and where he resided 14 years. Here he formed his curious cabinet of Natural History, which occupied his time, and made him soon forget the society he left behind him at Toledo.

After his death, his children, a son and two little daughters, were taken from their mother, and lodged in the palace of his successor, in the Archbishoprick of Toledo, where I had the happiness to meet with them. The young prince appeared amiable, but had a certain degree of gloom upon his countenance, which only served to render him more interesting. He was just arrived from Villaviciosa, and was about 12 years of age. His sisters were lodged in a convent of nuns. The young Prince was compelled to sign himself Mallabriga, and was not permitted to retain the name of *Bourbon*. Meek in his appearance, this youth was not destitute of spirit; and therefore, whenever his attendants at any time addressed him by the name of Mallibriga, he was apt to expostulate, and say that his name was the same with that of the Kings of Spain and Naples.

He did me the honour to notice me, and was more particular in his attentions, because he was disposed to trace in me some personal resemblance to his father, and because he understood that my pursuits were the same with his.

After the death of Charles III. it was imagined that his son would have relaxed in the severity of treatment towards the children of his uncle; but his conduct was perfectly the reverse of this, being determined that this branch of his family should perish. In consequence of such a resolution, the young Prince has been compelled to accept the Archbishoprick of Toledo.

Who would ever have imagined that one of these Princesses should have been taken from a convent, and have been married to the Prince of the Peace!

This connexion, by opening views of boundless ambition, has proved his ruin, and may terminate in the extinction of that family which Louis XIV. seated on the throne.

Amidst the numerous evils which this favourite has brought upon the state, we must not overlook one service which may ultimately compensate for them all.

By immemorial custom the King's confessor had been either a monk or an inquisitor, who, undoubtedly, were the most improper keepers of the royal conscience. When jesuits were confessors to most of the crowned heads in Europe, every one, conversant with history, well knows the political intrigues they cherished, and the persecutions they promoted.

The union of these two characters of inquisitor and confessor, by establishing an absolute dominion over the conscience of the monarch, gave the most firm support to the inquisitorial power in Spain. The fact is certain, and the reason will be evident to those who know that confessors hold the keys of heaven and of hell.

When Charles IV. succeeded to the throne, in the very commencement of his reign, by the advice of his favourite, he issued a decree separating for ever the employments of inquisitor and confessor to the crown: and he took for his confessor an ecclesiastic named *Camacho*, a person universally esteemed for his moderation and his prudence.

This was a good beginning, and had the times been favorable I have no doubt that he would have proceeded to restrain the power of that tribunal, or would have abolished it. As long as the inquisition shall remain, neither arts, manufactures, commerce, religion, nor morality, can prosper. The Moors in Spain were the principal agriculturalists, and the only manufacturers. The Jews were merchants. These were all expelled or burnt by that persecuting court. The good Bishop of Oviedo, when he was lamenting the immorality which universally prevailed in

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Spain, comforted himself in the reflexion, that his countrymen were wholly free from the charge of infidelity. I did not think it expedient to remind him that, whilst the French ran riotously after philosophic infidelity, other nations might quietly remain with all their faculties benumbed by the torpid infidelity of ignorance, and that both species were equally productive of immorality.

In Spain the inquisition requires that all, who are come to years of discretion, shall receive the sacrament at Easter, and every person is obliged to deliver in a certificate of the place where the confession was taken, and the sacrament administered to him.

What is the consequence? Common prostitutes, at Easter, hasten from church to church to confess and to receive the sacrament, and then proceed to sell these certificates to such persons, as, although immoral in their conduct, are not sufficiently impious to attend this sacred ordinance. Is is possible to conceive a more horrid profanation than such a sacramental test?

Should the present struggle between France and Spain terminate in the restoration of the constitution to its original integrity, there can be no doubt that the Cortes will find it expedient to abolish the inquisition, and to invite foreigners of all religious persuasions to settle in the country.

As a friend to Spain, and a warm wisher for her prosperity, I please myself in the anticipation of her future felicity, when good government shall give security to person and to property; and, by establishing public credit, promote agricultural improvements through every part of the peninsula. Happy will it be for her if, in the wisdom of her councils, she shall close her eyes against the false glitter of distant conquest and dominion, cultivate the arts of peace, finish her canals, give vent to her commodities, and find true wealth in the industry of her inhabitants, instead of seeking imaginary wealth in the gold and silver of Peru.

With the extensive territory, varied climates, and highly productive soil, which she commands at home, should she abandon her foreign possessions, by which she has been, is, and ever will be, enfeebled and impoverished; should she carefully avoid offensive war, and confine all her views and efforts to internal improvement, she will rapidly double and quadruple her inhabitants, she will increase in wealth, she will become invulnerable, and will enjoy uninterrupted peace.

In these circumstances she will be resorted to for traffic by all the nations of the earth, and will be in Europe, what China has been from remote antiquity in Asia.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

The preceding pages were intended as a preface to a new edition of my Spanish Travels, and will be introduced if I should live to publish another edition of that work. This I probably shall never do, unless the times should be more favourable, in which case I shall publish in quarto, with the numerous highly-finished drawings I made in Spain, and the addition of such materials as I have since received from my Spanish friends.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

JOSEPH TOWNSEND.

The CHARACTER *of the* ENGLISH; ENGLISH *and* FRENCH *compared. By a* DANE *in* 1727. *Translated from* BARON HOLLBERG.

THE English are neither angels nor devils, and yet this nation scarcely ever observes a medium in any thing. Among them the virtues are carried to the highest pitch as well as the vices. There is no comparison between the virtues and vices of the English. No kingdom affords so many examples of heroic and perfect virtue, nor more of scandalous acts of treachery, than England. Sometimes the parliament do every thing that can possibly promote the welfare of the nation, and sometimes they betray it altogether.

Religion, superstition, zeal, licentiousness, learning, ignorance, industry, sloth, vice, and virtue, are carried to an extreme in this country; all are cultivated to their perfect ma-

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turity. And while, on the one hand, one cannot sufficiently praise some noble natures; on the other, there are characters so base that no censure can reach them. There is no nation at once so idle and careless, and there is no nation at the same time so laborious. But those among the English, who are really idle, cannot be brought to labour neither by hunger nor any other punishment; nothing can move them to set a foot out of the house when they are determined to indulge their indolence. Here it is common to see artists and mechanics in great poverty, and even in the public prisons, who might not only pay their creditors, but obtain a handsome livelihood, could they once be brought to exert themselves.

On the other hand, the industrious among them will suffer no obstacle to oppose their endeavours—they spare neither pains nor labour—they expose themselves to the greatest dangers by sea—they visit foreign kingdoms and states, and penetrate into the most distant quarters of the earth—they equally attempt the possible and the impossible—in fact, they bring such things about that no other people would ever think of attempting; and all either to satisfy their curiosity or increase their fortunes. On this account it has been said of the English, that they either perish through idleness, or kill themselves with excessive labour.

Even in the sciences they know of no medium. They either renounce books and learning altogether, or pursue their studies to such a degree of zeal, that often, in endeavouring to refine their understanding too much, they lose it entirely. There is perhaps no country in the world where there are so many very learned and very ignorant clergymen as in England. As for religion, they either receive it with the utmost sincerity of heart, or contend against it with extreme bitterness. Superstition, infidelity, fanaticism, and even scepticism, all rule by turns in England. The English either believe nothing at all, or else they believe too much. The unbelievers among the English, however, are generally good naturalists; but the English Roman Catholics are much more bigotted than the Spaniards and Italians. There are those among the former who make no scruple in risking their lives, their fortunes, their honour, nor even to betray their country, for the Pope of Rome. There are others again, who always set the pope and the devil in the same class; so that with these people there are no bounds to the love and hatred of the same person. The furious zeal on one side, and the laxity on the other, is also the occasion that religion, or the want of it, are no where more violently attacked, nor more obstinately defended, than in England.

It is therefore manifest how much those writers have erred, who, in the picture they have drawn of the English, have attributed those virtues and vices to the whole nation, that properly belong to a part only. The English may be said at once to be the best and worst of all nations. Other nations have their virtues and vices as well as the English, but the latter are more in proportion with each other than they are among the former, and never do they rise to such extremes. However, there are some characteristic traits that properly belong to the English nation altogether.—They in general possess that degree of self-sufficiency which leads them to despise every thing which they deem foreign or outlandish; but we may very readily forgive them for this high opinion of themselves, when we consider what a degree of happiness natural riches, fruitfulness, and other glorious privileges, are the endowments of this country. The men, generally speaking, are intrepid, the women handsome; the men govern *out* of the house, and the women govern *in* the house. The English who have endeavoured to subdue foreign nations, are at home governed by their wives; so far they resemble the lion, the terror of all beasts, but who, at the same time, is in his turn terrified at a mouse. We have lately seen a duke here, whose bare name made all Europe tremble, but who was in every respect, as to his domestic concerns, governed by his duchess; and this is by no means a solitary instance.

The English are far from being so quick in their apprehensions of any thing as the French, but their

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judgment has more solidity. They speak but little, but that little is generally maturely considered. Eloquence they seem to have brought to perfection; and among all the nations of Europe, they appear to be the only people who most successfully imitate and equal the ancient Greeks and Romans. Orations in other countries may be highly florid, and well composed, still they are without pith and energy: for, as the orators are destitute of the enjoyment of real freedom of speech, their speeches can have nothing but their ornaments to recommend them. But the speeches of the members of the British Parliament are certainly the most perfect models of the ancient Greeks and Romans. Like them they generally turn upon the most important affairs of the state. The English speakers are by no means declaimers; trifling points, epigrammatic turns, or far-fetched expressions, have any place among them, nor have they any necessity for any thing of this nature; their matter is sufficiently copious without any extrinsic embellishments. The orators in England are orators in reality. It is also the freedom of speaking and writing in England which causes the English to excel others in such writings: likewise which concern religion and morality. The French, however, are supposed to be better historians, for though the English never conceal the truth through fear, they do not confine themselves to that regularity and order which the French attend to; their histories of course resemble chronicles, or annals, rather than a well digested collection of facts; and as all kinds of parties prevail by turns in England, the truth is very often suppressed.

The English language, as it is borrowed from several others, is copious in the highest degree; it is to this copiousness, and the exalted manner of thinking in this country, that we owe those excellent epic poems which it has produced. Since the age of Homer and Virgil, no writers have carried the art of epic poetry to greater perfection than Milton and Pope. In comedy the English taste is so peculiar to itself, that to other nations it appears unpleasant. For a trial, I some time since translated some English comedies into the Danish language, and brought them forward at Copenhagen, but they were not relished. Neither humour, nor striking incidents were wanting in these pieces; but that sprightliness, which is the soul of a good drama, was certainly deficient.

The English are such deep thinkers in general, that the whole country might be called a school of philosophers; and their philosophers are equally as respectable in their lives as in their learning. Indeed, they are only to be distinguished from the ancients by this, viz. that they neither imitate them in their pride, their externals, or their ridiculous behaviour. Of England it may be said, that philosophers are there always to be met, but without long cloaks or beards. The progress the English have made in mathematical learning is equal to their advancement of moral science; and England cannot be denied the credit of producing distinguished heroes and genuine philosophers.

The taste of the English in literature has often varied. Sir Richard Blackmore says, "Formerly, my countrymen read the most extravagant fables of giants, monsters, and knights-errant, with the greatest avidity." Pun and banter came next into use, even in sermons. A more free and figurative mode of expression followed next, in which the use of similitudes and the antithesis was carried so far as to make the whole unnatural. A style, however, chaste and sober, has, at length, generally succeeded, and every kind of meretricious ornament is no sooner perceived here, than it is exposed to censure and ridicule. It is by no means strange that authors in England have had this power in changing the language of the country, and promoting the sciences, when it is considered that their diligence is rewarded both by wealth and honour.

Ministers of State, Generals, and even Kings themselves, have not thought it beneath them to publish books, and thus increase the number of writers. It is but a short time since the celebrated Sir Isaac Newton was interred with a degree of royal splendor, as some of the principal persons in the kingdom attended

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his funeral. And when Bishop Burnet completed his history of his reformation, he received the thanks of the House of Commons in the usual form. Where the sciences are thus honoured, it cannot be surprising that the people should claim the privilege of being at the head of their rivals; for, of Great Britain, it may be said, that the arts and sciences have made it their residence. With respect to prejudice in general no nation is more devoid of it than they; the understanding of an Englishman may be compared to a clean smooth tablet, which easily receives upon its surface every impression made by sound reason; while custom and precedent is commonly so strong among other nations that one might imagine they were a different race. If one would convince a Spaniard, for instance, of the truth of any thing with which he is unacquainted, you must first remove all his prejudices; and thus the labour is doubled in extracting the old error, and implanting the new truth. On the contrary, tell an Englishman any thing to which he has been unaccustomed, he will hear you, and examine with candour. If he approves it, he will adopt and acknowledge it without scruple. The English are not inclined to believe any thing they do not thoroughly comprehend, but what they really believe they are not backward to acknowledge; and since free-thinking is carried to a great extent in this country, from the nature of the constitution, so we meet with as many sceptics here as there are hypocrites in other places. But though in Italy the number of atheists and sceptics seem to be very small, they are, in reality, more than elsewhere, because most of them wear the mask of religion through fear. In England, generally speaking, it is very easy to distinguish characters; the religious, of course, is commonly what he appears to be. This is the general result of English liberty, which, with some inconveniences, is productive of much more good than evil, and a superiority of benefits to the people at large.

The English have a great deal of charity for the unfortunate, and they do not absolutely hate those who are guilty of trivial failings in their conduct, and tolerate Jews, Turks, and Pagans; yet, when their own countrymen differ from them in religious opinions, or in matters really indifferent, their hatred and persecution frequently knows no bounds; so that in England, if a man wishes to live in peace, he must, of course, be esteemed perfectly orthodox, or perfectly heterodox. A stranger among them must believe all or nothing; but in this religious antiphathy they are not singular; a Turk hates a Persian much more than he hates a Christian; a Catholic hates a Jansenist worse than a Calvinist.

The clergy in England are not so reserved in their manner of living as in many other countries. They do not deem it indecent to be seen at a playhouse, and even in the coffee-houses. However, their conduct and behaviour in the pulpit is serious and edifying. They generally stand up in their preaching as still as stocks or stones, and, with downcast eyes, explain their texts with method and perspicuity. In this respect they are quite the reverse of the preachers on this side of the water, whose theatrical and extravagant action, stamping, turning, and twisting about, is more adapted to excite the *smiles* than the *sighs* of their hearers. Some people censure the English divines because they read their sermons; but they forget this advantage, viz. that their discourses are connected, and without tautology. My ears, I confess, were not a little offended by the first sermon I heard after my return from England. I had not been used to desultory declamation, but in this instance I was witness to so many repetitions that I was convinced the whole sermon, which took up an hour, might have been delivered in a quarter of the time.

Between the English and French I have made the following comparison:—"The French reason, but the English think most. The French have the most wit, but the English the best judgment. The French are shewy in their cloathing, the English are plain. The French eat most bread, the English most meat. Both are warm, but the heat of the French is in the blood, that of the English is

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in the gall; hence the anger of a Frenchman is greater than the anger of the English, while the hatred of the English is of longer duration than a Frenchman's. A Frenchman spends his means in decking his person; an Englishman thinks of nothing so much as his belly. A Frenchman is governed by the fashion; an Englishman by his fancy. A Frenchman always goes with the stream; an Englishman against it. A Frenchman soon makes a friend, and soon dispenses with him; an Englishman is a long while making a friend, and keeps him long when he is made: the Englishman loses his friend by degrees; the Frenchman breaks with his friend all at once. The French honour their superiors; the English pay the most respect to themselves. The French are the best citizens; the English the best men. The French have the greatest latitude in their faculties, but the English excel them in the mind's gifts: both of them frequently perform heroic actions, the French for the love of fame, the English for the love of virtue. The French seek reward in the approbation of their countrymen, the English in the act itself. The French, in common with other people, transgress the laws with the hope of escaping punishment; the English frequently transgress when they know that an escape is impossible. When a Frenchman says, I would willingly do so and so if it were not for the law; the Englishman says, I would never have done this or that if there had not been a law against it. The Frenchman denies himself little; the Englishman still less. In his meat the Frenchman regards quality; quantity is the Englishman's principal object. In his cookery, the Frenchman follows his fancy; the Englishman his palate. The French drink to quench thirst, or raise their spirits; the English for drinking sake. The Frenchman believes previously to examination; the Englishman examines all before he believes any. The French women are very free in their manners, though their husbands are never jealous; the English women are still more free than the French women, though their husbands are mad with jealousy. The imagination in the French and English is extremely fruitful; but more orderly in the French than in the English, which frequently exceeds all bounds. The French mostly live cheerfully in care, want, and misery; the English have every thing in abundance, and yet seem to despise life. They need not be forced to go to the place of execution; their criminals go there laughing, singing, or jesting; and, if an executioner is not to be found, will hang themselves.

Hence it is not strange that a great degree of hatred should subsist between two nations, whose minds and manners are so discordant. The peculiarity of the English character is manifest from this representation of circumstances not to be fond elsewhere. But should any one object that I have exaggerated the virtues and vices of the English, I reply that, in respect to a nation that observes no medium itself, it must be very difficult indeed for a writer to adopt a medium in describing their manners.

REMARKS *on the* PREVENTIVE CHECKS *to restrain the* INCREASE *of the* POOR, *by the Rev.* T. MALTHUS *and his* REVIEWER.

SIR,

THERE are but few publications which have attracted the notice of reviewers, authors, legislators, and politicians, more than a treatise, by the Rev. T. Malthus, to shew the tendency there is in animated beings to increase life beyond the means of subsistence. The experience of passed ages, as well as of the present times, both teach us that, in the different classes of men, of animals, fishes, and insects, the offspring produced generally exceed the number of their parents. As their young grow up, they continue to multiply in every link of the descending chain; and if it were not for considerable checks, we should soon find the number much greater than that which immediately preceded it.

This powerful stimulus, which is observable in every class of beings inhabiting the water, the earth, and the air, for propagating their species, has lately been particularly noticed in the human race; and it is said that the increase produced is in a geome-

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trical ratio, while the means of subsistence can only advance in an arithmetical progression; and therefore some means ought to be adopted to prevent the poor from marrying till they shall have a prospect of providing for a family. To shew the necessity of such a preventive, it is admitted that the population of our island amounts to about eleven millions, and that the produce of the earth will afford an easy subsistence for this number; yet, in twenty-five years, the population will be increased to twenty-two millions; and if the means of subsistence be doubled at the same period, it will then be equal to the increase of the inhabitants.

In the next twenty-five years it is said that there will be forty-four millions, and the means of supporting them only equal to thirty-three millions. In seventy-five years the population will be equal to eighty-eight millions, and the means of subsistence only equal to half the number. At the end of the first century there will be an hundred and seventy-six millions, and the means of subsistence only equal to fifty-five millions, leaving a population of an hundred and twenty-one millions unprovided for.

Before we take for granted what experience tells us never has nor can happen in the present state of things, we ought to make ourselves acquainted with the progress of human life, in the several stages of society, from the infancy to the old age of nations; for they have their rise, their maturity, and their decay, like every thing sublunary.

If we suppose a small tribe of emigrants settled in a central spot, in an uninhabited country, and, as their population increases, they build their habitations contiguous to each other, after the manner of a well peopled European town; then, as their houses extend and their cities spring up, the rapidity of their population will soon be checked in the internal parts of their settlement. Instead of going on in a geometrical ratio, it will gradually decrease, in proportion as their numbers in society increase.—We may find this to be the case in the oldest American colonies on the sea-coast, where the increase of their population does not much exceed that of European towns, while their population in the back settlements is immense.

If we were to suppose again that, as fast as the central tribe increased, the superfluous numbers were sent to distant stations, the rapidity of their increase would continue at its original rate, until the whole face of the country was covered with these scattered settlements; and, the people being thus equally spread, every little society would multiply with the greatest possible rapidity, till their district was equally and fully covered with inhabitants. In this case every new settlement would be a *punctum vitæ* for an increase. But we know from experience, that this progress of life is not to be found in large towns or in old governments, where the inhabitants are intemperate and debauched; for there population is much slower in its progress. This may be proved in many of our old towns in England; for it appears by the returns of the registers of baptisms to parliament, A.D. 1803, that the population of this island, instead of doubling itself every twenty-five years, was not doubled during the last century.

A Table shewing the number of the baptisms in each county for the years 1700 and 1800, with the difference between the two periods; by which we may find the population near enough to answer our present purpose.

COUNTIES.	Baptisms in 1700.	Baptisms in 1800.	Increased difference.	Diminished difference.
Bedford	1340	1731	391	
Berks	2147	3154	1007	
Bucks	2128	2902	774	
Cambridge	2200	2665	465	
Chester	2690	4920	2230	

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Cornwall	3143	5788	2640	
Cumberland	1181	2349	1268	
Derby	2614	4401	1787	
Devon	6710	9582	2872	
Dorset	2216	2712	496	
Durham	2462	4223	1761	
Essex	4355	6312	1957	
Gloucester	4162	6532	2430	
Hereford	1474	2200	726	
Hertford	1809	2525	716	
Huntingdon	1031	1083	52	
Kent	4897	10145	5248	
Lancaster	4742	19644	14901	
Leicester	2215	3610	1395	
Lincoln	5451	6476	1025	
Middlesex	7325	13972	6647	
Monmouth	688	817	129	
Norfolk	6411	8525	2114	
Northampton	2922	3085	163	
Nottingham	1989	4444	2455	
Oxford	2205	3211	1006	
Rutland	486	477		9
Salop	2869	4594	1725	
Somerset	4905	6924	2019	
Southampton	3376	6594	3218	
Stafford	3381	6708	3327	
Suffolk	4337	6059	2722	
Surrey	4016	6838	2812	
Sussex	2845	5152	2307	
Warwick	2670	5666	2996	
Westmorland	786	1100	314	
Wilts	3614	4134	520	
Worcester	2523	3964	1441	
York, East	2376	3513	1137	
York, North	2683	4076	1391	
York, West	6628	15934	9306	
London and Westminster	16585	21776	5191	
Total	138979	227093	88114	

If the number of baptisms, 138,979, be multiplied by 37, the product will be equal to 5,142,223 for the population A.D. 1700; and, by multiplying 227,093 by the same number, we shall have 8,402,441 for the population A.D. 1800; and the difference will be 3,260,218, which is very far short of a geometrical ratio during the last century.

It appears in the table, that, in several of the counties, the baptisms have increased only a few hundreds, and in one of them they have diminished 9 within the last hundred years. The dissipated habits and the loathsome disease which has for some time been spreading from London through every provincial town and village, corrupting the morals and sapping the constitution of a once sober, industrious, and hardy race of men, who supplied London with porters, coal-heavers, chairmen, and drudges, of various denominations, are by no means favourable for this rapid increase of population; and we may look forward for a decreasing ratio as our births increase. If this class of men are to be prevented from marrying, will it not be driving them to an illicit commerce, to produce a disordered progeny, diseased when they come into the world, to be maintained by the publick, as many of them will never be able to maintain themselves?

It is weakness in the extreme to think of checking the first great law of nature, "Increase and multiply,"

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by an act of parliament; neither can it ever answer any good purpose to tell a pauper-parent that, "if the table at the feast of Nature should be filled, there is no seat for his offspring; and they must be left to perish, as they have made no provision for them." Will men in general, when goaded on by appetite, wait for the slow decisions of reason? Or will they listen to the lectures of prudence, when you tell them that, "by their producing an unprovided offspring, which must be maintained by the country, they have committed an offence against society, for which they ought to be punished, for gratifying themselves, without the smallest title, at the expense of their neighbours, and run in debt with the publick without permission?"

These are considerations they never think of; and, if they do, to whom are they to go for leave to indulge an appetite, when opportunity, and perhaps importunity, both favour their wishes? Can it be expected that an imperious passion will wait to obtain the permission of a justice of the peace?

Those who reason in this manner have never considered what effect the licentious examples of the great have on the conduct of those below them; nor what human nature is in the lowest order of the people. But, before we talk of there not being room at the feast of Nature for all her children, we should go back to a state of nature, and inquire whether any individual has a right to waste as much at a meal as would feed a hundred persons; and whether the All-bountiful Creator ever intended that a few should feed intemperately on the liberal supply of the earth, while the bulk of the people are left to starve.

We have every thing to hope from Infinite Wisdom; and we have every thing to fear from the insatiable desire of a certain description of men to accumulate that they may squander. Monopolies are now reduced to a system; and an embargo for a week, a shower in harvest, a whisper of a rupture with a foreign power, or a frost in the spring, are either of them sufficient to raise the price of provisions, and to distress the middling and ruin the lowest order of the people. We know, from a recent event, how far the desire of accumulating wealth will induce some people to distress their own species; and we have a melancholy proof in the annals of the East, to shew that the feast of Nature is frequently interrupted by those who are grasping at more than their share.

He who saw the end from the beginning provided amply for the human race, when he blessed Noah and said, "The fear of you, and the dread of you, shall be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into your hands are they delivered. Every moving creature that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb, have I given you all things." I do not pretend to say that the storehouse of Nature is inexhaustible, or that the tendency of the human race to increase may not be sufficient to consume the whole produce of the earth, the sea, and the air; but I think we have nothing to fear from it at present, and more especially if we consider that every thing is created in number, weight, and measure.

There are proper checks, both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, to prevent (as they hitherto have done) that tendency in population to increase beyond fixed limits; thither can it go, but no further. Admitting that the population of Europe has been for some time pressing upon us, is not Napoleon sacrificing the human species by thousands at the altar of his boundless ambition? and will not the destructive havock he has caused from east to west, and from north to south, be a considerable check to population for some years? The crowding together, in great cities and towns, to partake of the fashionable amusements, and to adopt the unnatural habits of life, which are there pursued by the unthinking part of mankind, proves fatal to thousands, and is as destructive as the pestilence, though more slow in its operations in sweeping away the human race.

We are told that, in London, one-half of the children die under three years of age; there are a great many more, which do not reach twelve; and within thirty years, Death has

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swept away a large portion of the rising generation.

Dr. Price has supposed that London required a considerable annual supply to keep up the population. This is a proof that the course of nature is perverted in large societies, and that the very habits of life cannot fail of being a considerable check to a very rapid increase. If we consider the diseases which our irregularities and our intemperance produce, we shall discover a large source of checks to population, and which cannot fail of hastening a premature death. There are, in the vast field of animated beings, hundreds and thousands of separate commissions to keep up a relative proportion in life, and every species have a superior and a subordinate station, that one may not increase to the destruction of another.

It would be deemed tedious to enumerate all the checks which have been noticed; I shall, therefore, confine myself to a few of them.

Many of the inhabitants of the ocean are so exceedingly prolific, that, if they were suffered to propagate without proper checks, they would increase beyond all calculation. The spawn of the buccinum is fixed to a rock, and of the sepia officinalis to a fucus, in large clusters; and a storm of a few hours will sweep away millions of the young ones before they are released from their cells, and drive them on the shore to perish.—There are also fishes of prey, which feed upon others, and which thin the inhabitants of the ocean: and, in every season, man is a considerable check to prevent any superfluous increase.

In the animal kingdom, the weaker are generally infested by the stronger in a continued series. "The tree-louse lives upon plants; the musca aphidivora lives upon the tree-louse; the hornet and the wasp upon the musca aphidivora; the dragon-fly upon the hornet and the wasp; the spider on the dragon-fly; the small birds on the spider; and, lastly, the hawk on the small birds." If we look through the different classes in life, we shall hardly find a creature that has not some enemy to contend with.

There is one circumstance which deserves our highest admiration, as it seems to be designed to preserve the relative proportions of life; which is, that the least animals are propagated in the greatest number, and they are with the greatest difficulty totally extirpated.

It is asserted, that a single species of insects can commit more ravages in a village than an elephant: the latter may be shot, but the former cannot be totally destroyed. The prophet Joel has described their ravages in strong and figurative language, where he says, "A nation is come up upon my land, strong and without number, whose teeth are the teeth of a lion, and he hath the check-teeth of a great lion. He hath laid my vines waste, and barked my fig-tree: he has made it clean bare; the branches thereof are made white. A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a flame burneth: the land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them!"

The higher ministers of Nature, the animals of prey, are generally of a more indolent habit, as the lion, the tiger, and the eagle; which, by inhabiting in deserts and unfrequented places, sometimes find a difficulty in obtaining of food. Look where we will, in the different kingdoms of animal and vegetable life, we shall find that the economy of nature resembles a well-regulated state, in which every individual has its proper employment and subsistence, and a commission to correct and restrain every detrimental excess.

When we discover so much wisdom displayed in the government of the world, from the lowest tribe of insects up to man, and which has been continued without interruption from the creation down to the present time; and we have the promise that seed time and harvest, summer and winter, day and night, shall not cease; what reason can we have to fear that the produce of the earth will not be sufficient to support its inhabitants, when we see that life in all its various branches is working to one point, which is to keep up a relative proportion, that every thing may tend to the good of the whole?

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If we have no reason to fear that either the wisdom or the goodness of God will ever fail us, we shall have no occasion to pass acts of parliament to prevent the poor from marrying; for our irregular habits, our monopolies, the diseases occasioned by our vicious courses and our wars, will produce sufficient, checks upon this supposed rapid increase of population, which has alarmed some of our politicians and legislators. But the cause of alarm is from our own mismanagement, and not from the wisdom of God in his government of the world.

On the ORIGIN *of the* SYSTEMATIC COMBINATIONS *of* PHYSICAL BODIES, *from general physical, mechanical* PRINCIPLES.

THE origin of the motions of the bodies stands in the closet connexions with the origin, and the gradual increase of their masses.

In the state of the first formation of material accumulation every one of the dispersed parts of matter, as well as the smaller bodies, which were formed by their combinations, had their own peculiar motion, which originated in the powers by which all other matter operated on them *ab externo*.

This general motion of matter constantly changed the relative positions of the generated bodies, and also the intensities and directions of their motatory powers; a necessary consequence of which was, that the motion of every such body could not remain equal in direction nor in velocity. If now the motion of any such body, so generated and detached in space, be considered at any given moment, it is found to be compounded of the motion which it has acquired by the past operations of the powers of the remaining matter, *ab externo*, from the beginning, and of the motion which it obtained in that moment by the combined powers of all exterior matter.

If we now suppose that the operations of these present powers could have totally ceased at any particular moment, the body would have constantly proceeded in space exactly as if it had been thrown in the same direction, and with the velocity with which the continuing impression of all those past powers impelled it.

The motion, therefore, of every one of the generated bodies, considered at any given moment, is double. One, called the motion of projection, arises from the past influences of the remaining matter of the universe on the body, and attempts to effect a progress of the same in space, according to any straight direction, and with a velocity constantly remaining equal. The other motion is a consequence of the present influence of exterior matter on the body at any given moment, and which attempts to impel it, according to the mean direction, which is determined by the mechanical combination of all these powers.

During the progressive augmentation of every physical body, this twofold motion continues. Its projectile motion is constantly modified by the changes which take place in its relative position to the other physical bodies, and particularly by those accidents which tend to augment its mass. Its gravitating motion simplified itself in proportion as the number of bodies decreased, which were sufficiently proximate to it, to operate on it with considerable effect, by their attractive powers, and the nearer the world approached its present regulated state, in which the projectile motion, combined with the gravitating motion, guide the smaller physical bodies in regular courses round the greater, which attracts them to it by superior powers.

The progressive motion of a physical body is, accordingly, a compounded effect of all powers which have been efficient on its mass, *ab externo*, from its origin, to a given moment, not only on it as a whole, but also on its single parts, before and during the time of their junction. On the other hand, the gravitating motion is effect of the gravitation of the body towards the remaining matter at the given moment. Neither motion distinguishes itself by the nature of the powers from which it originates, but only by the time of their origin. The progressive motion is effect of the past, the gravitating motion, on the other hand, is effect of the present. Both motions are necessary effects of

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the material powers, and therefore belong to all physical, but in their directions and velocities nature can and must have produced, in the different physical bodies, an infinite variety, as they depend on the present and all former relations of position of a physical body, and its single parts, towards the remaining matter; and as there are an infinite number of those parts, consequently an infinite number of various results are possible, *individually*. The inequalities in the progressive motions of the physical bodies, none of which will be perfectly equal to the others, have their origin, as simple as their common cause may be, in the difference, which is infinitely great, of the circumstances under which this cause may, at any particular time, have operated in every physical body. The same occurrences, to which the progressive motions of the physical bodies are indebted for their origin, have also produced on every one a determined a rotation on an axis. This is evident from the following considerations:— In those times in which the physical bodies gradually advanced, by combination, to greater masses, the major part of matter was not, as at this day, combined in a few great physical bodies, spread in enormous districts of space, but on the contrary, in those districts of space floated a number of smaller detached bodies, which gravitated alternately towards each other. These bodies, on attaining such a position towards each other, in which two or more could come into contact, had already gained progressive motions; and the bodies coming into contact were impelled to motion, not solely and alone by their mutual attractive powers, which exerted themselves to give their fall on each other the perpendicular direction, but also by the considerable attractive powers of other bodies which were approximate to them. The bodies coming into contact could, therefore, at the moment of their junction, fall on one another in every oblique direction, in the same manner as a body thrown in any particular direction, or exposed to the effect of other powers, besides its gravity, can fall on the earth in every direction. Under these circumstances the perpendicular collision was therefore only one of an infinite number of possible cases, in the same manner as the perpendicular direction is only one of an infinite number of possible directions, and it must therefore be presumed, that the major part of the collisions of the physical bodies are succeeded by oblique directions, passing at the side of their centres of gravity. If, now, a body receives an impetus, to a particular direction, which passes at the side of its centre of gravity, its different parts acquire, agreeable to the known laws of motion, unequal velocities, and thence arises a rotatory motion of it, about their centre of gravity, by which it is propelled, at the same time, with the same velocity which it would have acquired if the impetus of the direction had traversed it. If the body which receives the impetus be a ball equally thick in all its parts, and has its point of gravity in the centre, it revolves according to the impetus, constantly round a diameter, which is perpendicular to the plane, which passes through the centre, and through the direction of the impetus.

Accordingly, the physical bodies, at every eccentric impetus which was connected with the combinations of their parts to greater masses, must, from their origin, have obtained determined rotatory motions on axes, which passed through their centre of gravity, and whose position depended on the individual circumstances attending each collision. These rotations on their axes are, in most bodies, diameters at the same time as their centres of gravity, almost or wholly converged with their centres. At every considerable collision, which augmented the masses of the physical bodies, these rotatory motions also underwent particular changes, not only in regard to the celerities, but also to the rotation on the axis; but, not only the collisions, but also all the great events which took place during the periods of formation of the bodies have, in regard to their relative positions, also had an influence on the rotations in their axes. Even in the present state of the system of the universe, the rotations of the physical bodies on their axes, are subject to slight oscillations from effects of

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this kind, which display themselves in their different relative positions towards each other.

The rotatory motion of all physical bodies, in their present constitution, is therefore the result of the effects of all the eccentric collisions by which the mass of every body, from its origin, has gradually attained its present magnitude, and of all changes to which its position, in relation to the physical bodies nearest to it, has been exposed, until the present period.

Every physical body has increased to its present mass by particular combinations and collisions of smaller bodies, and every one has had from its origin, until the present day, its own relative positions to the other physical bodies. An unlimited variety must also reign individually in the effects of the particular events and relations. In the rotations of the physical bodies, every direction and every velocity is therefore equally possible, and in those points the same great differences must be perceived in single bodies as in their progressive and gravitating motions.

It is evident, from what has been already expounded, that the progressive, the rotatory, and the gravitating motions of the physical bodies, and therefore all the motions with which we are acquainted, in which the construction of the heavens is founded, are effects of the same essential powers of matter.

As the gravitating, or motion of sinking, is a present effect of the attrative powers of the physical bodies towards each other, so are the progressive and rotatory motions the results of the former effects of the attractive powers during the situations of the world long since elapsed. The cause of these two motions is concealed from our senses, as the many detached bodies which once floated in space nearer to one another, and each of which formed a peculiar centre of attraction towards the others, and also influenced their motions, are now combined only in a few. But it is certain that these smaller bodies have at one time existed in the state of abstraction, as the formation of every body, and also of a physical body, pre-supposes that its mass has gradually increased by combinations of dispersed material parts, and of smaller bodies.

The various individual circumstances under which the physical bodies arose from detached matter, were at one time more favourable, at another less so, to the augmentation of their masses. In one place the positions and relations of a generated physical body promoted its combination with the other bodies which floated near it, and in another place they impeded it; and it is visible, that already, in the first periods of the formation of the worlds, their masses must have been very unequal.

Different bodies of unequal masses, attract, according to the law of gravitation, with equal power, the material accumulations round them, from those distances which stand in the same ratio with the square roots of their masses. For, if the masses of two bodies be A, and a, and the distances from them of other material parts which gravitate towards them, be D, and d, consequently, in that place, where the attraction of both bodies operates on the matter around them, A will be $d^2 =$, a D^2, as the power with which the bodies, and their constituent parts, gravitate towards each other, regulates itself in the direct ratio of their masses, and in the inverse ratio of the squares of their distances; consequently A : will be $a =$ D^2 :, $d^2 =$ or D :, $d = \sqrt{A} : \sqrt{a}$:

If now, from the foregoing circumstances, the mass A : of a self-forming physical body, became greater soon after its origin than the mass of another a: the greater at the distance $\sqrt{A}$: attracted the matter around it, according to the law of gravitation, in the same proportion of force as the smaller, at the distance $\sqrt{a}$: If we, therefore, conceive globular spaces about both bodies, in the centre of which they float, and whose diameters are in a direct ratio with the square roots, of their masses; the greater body in the space, whose diameter is $\sqrt{A}$: will have attracted the most distant parts of matter, with the same proportion of force as the smaller, in the space whose diameter is $\sqrt{a}$:

The corporeal capacities of these

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spherical spaces, now stand in the same ratio as the cubes of their diameters, or, as $A\sqrt{A} : a\sqrt{a}$. If we therefore suppose the circumstances to be equally favourable to the gradual augmentation of two generated bodies, whose masses were originally A: and *a*; and, that matter was equally distributed in the spaces about them, consequently the quantity of matter whose most distant parts, the smaller body, as the centre of a spherical space, attracted, according to the law of gravitation with a determined force, stood in the same proportion to the quantity of matter, the most distant parts of which, the greater body, as centre of another spherical space, attracted, with equal force, as $a\sqrt{a}$ to $A\sqrt{A}$:—Now, according to this hypothesis, A : is greater than *a*: consequently $\sqrt{A}$: is greater than $\sqrt{a}$: therefore $A\sqrt{A}$: stands in a greater proportion to $a\sqrt{a}$: than A to *a*, or the quantity of matter, which the body, originally greater, attracted to itself, stood in a greater proportion to the quantity of matter, which the body originally smaller attracted to itself, than the proportion of their masses was, and the inequality of these two proportions increased, as the inequality of both the masses increased.

R. H.

CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

BEAUTIES *selected from the* WRITINGS *of* JAMES BEATTIE, LL.D. *arranged in a perspicuous and pleasing manner, under the following heads:—poetical, moral, philosophical, theological, critical, and epistolary. To which are prefixed, a Life of the Author, and an Account of his Writings. Together with Notes on the First Book of the Minstrel, by* THOMAS GRAY, *LL.B.*

WE have already given our opinion as to the merit of *Beauties* from celebrated writers, when selected with taste and judgment, (See Univ. Mag. for last April, p. 327.) The present volume is not inferior to the one we there noticed. Indeed, from the nature of Dr. Beattie's writings, and from the sources that the compiler had at his command, the present volume might be expected to possess more interest than that which was obtained from the writings of Blair. The arrangement is different, and in some respects preferable perhaps.

There is a life prefixed from which we will extract the introductory paragraphs.

"To the scholar and the poet, whose laurels may be now slowly ripening in obscurity, the Life of Dr. Beattie will present consolation and hope: not perhaps more than the lives of some other literary men, but at least as much. To the obscurity of his birth, were added other impediments in his career of fame, which only genious could surmount. Sequestered in a remote village of a remote province of Scotland, far from the circle of patronage and the opportunities for exertion, ambition found no aliment but what is derived from that inward consciousness of something superior, which is perhaps always united with extraordinary endowments. It is this consciousness which swells the heart with high forebodings; which prompts the soul to o'erleap its present state, and to snatch a brief glance at futurity; which accompanies the youthful genius to his midnight pillow, and gives a colour to the dreams of sleep; which awakens with him in the fresh morning hour, and sheds around his steps the dubious anticipations of that renown which is to give his name to posterity, and to compensate for the cold and comfortless neglect that now envelopes him. The acknowledgement of these feelings would be too nearly allied to repulsive egotism, to expect that they should be displayed by those who have felt them: but can it be doubted that the existence of those lofty powers which constitute the poet and the man of genius, have ever been unaccompanied by the silent conviction of superiority, which, like the rose of

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spring, awaits the fostering sun of public praise to expand it into maturity and beauty? With a rapid, timid, but rapturous eye, the youthful Shakspeare or Milton pierced, perhaps, through the shadows that surrounded the future, and hung with rapture on the glorious scene that glanced upon their sight. Prophetic whispers of imperishable fame soothed their souls; and, proudly eminent in the consciousness of anticipated celebrity, they trod the path, obscure and hidden, which was to terminate in the wide field of renown and glory. These cherished visions of superior minds, serve not only to brighten the immediate course of life, but they act as stimulants by which they are themselves verified: and there can be little doubt that Beattie, who confessed that he has given an adumbration of his own boyhood in the character of *Edwin*, felt all those trembling expectations of future fame which he was destined to accomplish. This ardent, this cheering hope accompanied his progress from the humble privacy of a village schoolmaster, to the more dignified post of a teacher of moral wisdom.

"Of the life of Dr. Beattie not much is recorded. He has been made his own historian, by a plan well suited to supply deficiency of knowledge in the narrator, but which can seldom please equal to a perspicuous and copious detail of facts. Sir William Forbes, who had long been his friend, became also his biographer, but with few qualities for the task. As his communication with Dr. Beattie was more epistolary than personal, he knew little of the man beyond what he learned from his letters; and of these he has not been sparing. The narrative part of Sir William's *Life*, might be comprised within very scanty limits. Neither does he appear to possess the force or discrimination of mind which is requisite to paint the intellectual and moral character of Dr. Beattie. What he has written, any man might have written with the same accumulation of papers before him. His picture is but a copy of Dr. Beattie's self-delineation: such as Beattie describes himself, such his friend describes him: but he who has learned to penetrate the motives of human action, and the principles of human thought, will receive, with cautious deliberation, the opinions each man entertains of himself,—There are two kinds of deception; voluntary and involuntary. A man practises the first when his speech is contrary to his knowledge; and this is criminal. The second is almost every man's error: for who is there that does not persuade himself into the belief of virtues which he possesses only in imagination? But this is venial: it is the inseparable lot of human fallibility; and I am willing to think, with Shaftsbury, that there is more of this innocent delusion than of voluntary imposture in the world. But this may teach us how unfit a man of ordinary faculties is to investigate the character, morally and intellectually, of others. Unless he have penetration of judgment which can pierce through the veil thrown by every man round his actions; unless he can separate apparent from real motives, taking that analogy of incitement for his guide which is found to exist in the general course of human events; and unless he have that perspicuity of intellect which can enable him to argue from effects to causes, he can never hope to scan the recesses of thought, nor consequently to depict the man, except by broad and undistinguishing features."

TALES *of* FASHIONABLE LIFE. *By Miss* EDGEWORTH. 3 vols. 12mo. 1809.

WHOEVER is acquainted with the writings of Miss Edgeworth, knows that they are distinguished by a great display of good sense and a small display of good language. When we say this, we mean that her diction, except when it is dramatic, (and then it is in general very appropriate) is disfigured by barbarisms and colloquial meanness.—Words, which are merely the cant of fashion, are used as strictly legitimate, and phrases which are barely allowable in a literary chit-chat over a cup of tea, are familiarised to the reader by their too frequent use. This negligence of language, this slovenly dress in which she chooses to invest her offspring, is to be reprehended, for it

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adds nothing either in perspicuity or force to the plain, common sense, by which she aims to please and instruct. She endeavours to become familiar, but she is mean.

With regard to the tales now before us, we shall briefly characterise their merits, and present an extract or two for the amusement of our readers.

The first volume is occupied with *Ennui*, in which the character of Lord Glenthorn (outrageously unnatural,) is made to develope the causes, consequences, and cure of that fashionable distemper. The catastrophe is purely the *astonishing* of a novel. It is, however, beyond all comparison the best tale of the whole. It affords Miss Edgeworth an opportunity of delineating, what no living writer can delineate equal to her, the lower Irish character. Lady Geraldine is drawn with great spirit. At p. 23, Heliogabulus is confounded with Xerxes, who was the person that offered a reward, in the satiety of luxurious enjoyment to any one who could discover a new pleasure. The following extract will exhibit Geraldine, and an English tour writer.

"In another point of view, Lord Craiglethorpe afforded her ladyship amusement—as an English traveller, full of English prejudices against Ireland and every thing Irish. Whenever Miss Tracey was out of the room, Lady Geraldine allowed Lord Craiglethorpe to be himself again; but he did not fare the better for this restoration to his honours. Lady Geraldine contrived to make him as ridiculous in his real, as in his assumed character. Lord Craiglethorpe was, as Miss Tracey had described him, very stiff, cold, and *high*. His manners were in the extreme of English reserve; and his ill-bred show of contempt for the Irish was sufficient provocation and justification of Lady Geraldine's ridicule. He was much in awe of his fair and witty cousin; she could easily put him out of countenance, for he was extremely bashful.

"His lordship had that sort of bashfulness, which makes a man surly and obstinate in his taciturnity; which makes him turn upon all who approach him, as if they were going to assault him; which makes him answer a question as if it were an injury, and repel a compliment as if it were an insult. Once, when he was out of the room, Lady Geraldine exclaimed, 'That cousin Craiglethorpe of mine is scarcly an agreeable man: the awkwardness of *mauvaise-honte* might be pitied and pardoned, even in a nobleman,' continued her ladyship, 'if it really proceeded from humility; but here, when I know it is connected with secret and inordinate arrogance, 'tis past all endurance. Even his ways of sitting and standing provoke me, they are so self-sufficient. Have you observed how he stands at the fire? Oh, the caricature of '*the English fire-side*' outdone! Then, if he sits, we hope that change of posture may afford our eyes transient relief; but worse again: bolstered up, with his back against his chair, his hands in his pockets, and his legs thrown out, in defiance of all passengers and all decorum, there he sits, in magisterial silence, throwing a gloom upon all conversation. As the Frenchman said of the Englishman, for whom even his politeness could not find another compliment, 'Il faut avouer que ce Monsieur a un grand talent pour le silence:'—he holds his tongue, till people actually believe that he has something to say—a mistake they could never fall into if he would but speak.'

"Some of the company attempted to interpose a word or two in favour of Lord Craiglethorpe's timidity, but the vivacious and merciless lady went on.

"'I tell you, my good friends, it is not timidity; it is all pride. I would pardon his dulness, and even his ignorance; for one, as you say, might be the fault of his nature, and the other of his education: but his self-sufficiency is his own fault, and that I will not, and cannot pardon. Somebody says, that nature may make a fool, but a coxcomb is always of his own making. Now, my cousin—(as he is my cousin, I may say what I please of him)—my cousin Craiglethorpe is a solemn coxcomb, who thinks, because his vanity is not talkative and sociable, that it's not vanity. What a mistake! his silent superciliousness is to me more intolerable than the most garrulous egotism, that ever laid itself open to my ridicule.

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For the honour of my country, I am determined to make this man talk, and he shall say all that I know he thinks of us poor Irish savages. If he would but speak, one could answer him: if he would find fault, one might defend: if he would laugh, one might perhaps laugh again: but here he comes to hospitable, open-hearted Ireland, eats as well as he can in his own country; drinks better than he can in his own country; sleeps as well as he can in his own country; accepts of all our kindness, without a word or a look of thanks, and seems the whole time to think, that, 'Born for his use, we live but to oblige him.' There he is at this instant: look at him, walking in the park, with his note-book in his hand, setting down our faults, and conning them by rote. We are even with him. I understand my bright cousin Craiglethorpe means to write a book, a great book, upon Ireland! He! with his means of acquiring information—posting from one great man's house to another—what can he see or know of the manners of any rank of people, but of the class of gentry, which in England and Ireland is much the same? As to the lower classes, I don't think he ever speaks to them? or, if he does, what good can it do him? for he can't understand their modes of expression, nor they his; and if he inquire about a matter of fact, I defy him to get the truth out of them, if they don't wish to tell it; and, for some reason or other, they will, nine times in ten, not wish to tell it to an Englishman. There is not a man, woman, or child, in any cabin in Ireland, who would not have wit and *'cuteness* enough to make *my lard* believe just what they please. So, after posting from Dublin to Cork, and from the Giants' Causeway to Killarney: after travelling east, west, north, and south, my wise cousin Craiglethorpe will know just as much of the lower Irish, as the cockney who has never been out of London, and who has never, *in all his born days*, seen an Irishman, but on the English stage, where the representations are usually as like the originals, as the Chinese pictures of lions, drawn from description, are to a real lion, which they never beheld. Yes, yes, write on, write on, my good cousin Craiglethorpe, and fill the little note-book, which will soon, heigh! presto! turn to a ponderous quarto. I shall have a copy, bound in Morocco, no doubt, *from the author*, if I behave myself prettily; and I will earn it, by supplying valuable information. You shall see, my friends, how I'll deserve well of my country, if you'll only keep my counsel and your own countenances.'

"Presently Lord Craiglethorpe entered the room, walking very pompously, and putting his note-book up as he advanced.

"'O, my dear lord, open the book again, I have a bull for you.'

"Lady Geraldine, after putting his lordship in good humour by this propitiatory offering of a bull, continued to supply him, either directly or indirectly, by some of her confederates, with the most absurd anecdotes, incredible *facts*, stale jests, and blunders, such as never were made by true-born Irishmen; all which my Lord Craiglethorpe took down with an industrious sobriety, at which the spectators could scarcely refrain from laughing. Sometimes he would pause, and exclaim, 'A capital anecdote! a curious fact! May I give my authority? may I quote your ladyship?' 'Yes, if you'll pay me a compliment in the preface,' whispered Lady Geraldine: 'and now, dear cousin, do go up stairs *and put it all in ink*.'

"When she had dispatched the noble author, her ladyship indulged her laughter. 'But now,' cried she, 'only imagine a set of sober English readers studying my cousin Craiglethorpe's new view of Ireland, and swallowing all the nonsense it will contain!'

"When Lord Killrush remonstrated against the cruelty of letting the man publish such stuff, and represented it as a fraud upon the public, Lady Geraldine laughed still more, and exclaimed, 'Surely you don't think I would use the public and my poor cousin so ill. No, I am doing him and the public the greatest possible service. Just when he is going to leave us, when the writing box is packed, I will step up to him, and tell him the truth. I will show him what a farrago of nonsense he has collected as materials for his quarto; and con-

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vince him, at once, how utterly unfit he is to write a book, at least a book on Irish affairs. Won't this be deserving well of my country and of my cousin?"

"Neither on this occasion, nor on any other, were the remonstrances of my Lord Killrush of powerto stop the course of this lady's flow of spirits and raillery."

In this character of Lord Craiglethorpe, we shrewdly suspect that our authoress means to ridicule the insignificance of the travelling bookmaker, *Sir* John Carr.

The second volume contains three tales; *Almeria: Madame de Fleury:* and the *Dun*. Of these the second is the best. The Dun exhibits nothing in incident or in sentiment beyond a well told tale in a magazine. Almeria has higher merits, for it developes a more intricate character, and displays with great dexterity, the progress of opinion in rooting up old habits and modes of thought. Miss Edgeworth, however, is ludicrous in all her attempts at the pathetic: let the reader peruse with what gravity he can, the exclamations of Almeria at page 89, when she has her lover's portrait returned to her by his father. In Madame de Fleury there is some trash, such as the child stealing the chesnuts (see p. 190); but it is upon the whole a pleasing narrative.—In the *Dun*, there is a scene described at p. 334, which we should deem wholly unfit for a female pen.

The third volume is occupied with the tale of *Manœuvring*, which is simply an amplification of the character of Young:

Julia's a manager, she's born for rule,
And knows her wiser husband is a fool;
Assemblies holds, and spins the subtle thread
That guides the lover to his fair one's bed;
For difficult amours can smooth the way,
And tender letters dictate or convey.
But if deprived of such important cares,
Her wisdom condescends to less affairs.
For her own breakfast she'll project a scheme,
Nor take her tea without a stratagem.

As we have passed our censure upon the language of Miss Edgeworth, we will, in conformity with our constant practice, produce a few instances of the incorrectness we speak of.

"*Those* who have the least value for their time, have usually the greatest number of watches." p. 10, vol. I. It should be *they* who have, &c.

"Frank, candid, and affable, yet *opinionated*, &c." p. 137, vol. I. It should be *opinionative*.

"I felt my *nascent* ambition," &c. p. 168, vol. I.—Not English.

"The number of bows and curtsies, and the consequence of the persons by whom they are given or received *is*," &c. p. 43, vol. II. A grammatical error.

"To keep a strong line of demarcation between nobility and *mobility*." p. 53, vol. II. A vulgar word; nor is *demarcation* an English one.

LETTERS *from an* IRISH STUDENT *in* ENGLAND *to his* FATHER *in* IRELAND. 2 vols. 1809.

OUR readers must not be deceived by this title page. These letters *may* be *written* by an Irish student: but they have never been sent to Ireland. They are home manufacture, and intended for home consumption. They contain nothing *new*. They consist of anecdotes, bon mots, scraps of information, pretended visits, factitious introductions to literary dinners, imaginary acquaintance with celebrated characters, &c. &c. gleaned from no higher source, in a majority of cases, than newspaper chit-chat. Their origin is to be found in the wish of the bookseller and the writer to make a saleable commodity: their contents are such as we have described them. Yet we do not mean to deny that the book may be read with amusement, and perhaps by some with instruction. It is light and various: such a one as we would wish to take with us into a stage coach, or to find in the parlour of an inn while waiting for dinner to be served up. We will extract one letter as a specimen of the manufacture.

"COURTS OF JUSTICE.

"After having frequently visited our courts of justice in Dublin, I need not say how disappointed I was upon viewing those of this metropolis.—

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Every thing, except women, appears to be valued in this country for the sake of its antiquity. We, on the contrary, care but little for age; upon all occasions, where we can, giving the preference to strength, use, and ornament."

"The courts of Justice at Westminster-hall, are very old, very shabby, and very inconvenient. You would be surprised, too, at the awful distance which is preserved between the judges and counsel, and the latter and the solicitors, whereas with us there is the greatest and most agreeable familiarity. I have heard an Irish judge, whilst the jury were being sworn in, address an attorney from the bench, and ask him whether he was disposed to part with his pony.

"Here even the counsel speak in the rudest manner to the attornies, as if they were really so many sharpers.

"MR. GARROW.

"If Mr. Garrow, one of the principal advocates here, were to dare to address the solicitors of our court as he does those in his own, he would convert his body into a target. This gentleman is the principal advocate. His voice is clear and silvery, and occasionally he is very eloquent. He is most celebrated for his talent for cross-examining witnesses, which he does with great dexterity; but his principal engines are an undaunted front, and a thorough contempt for the feelings of those who are placed under his lash. When I have seen a modest and respectable person, who has delivered his evidence clearly and conscientiously, forced into confusion, if not ensnared into contradiction, by the tricks and terrors of this advocate, I have blushed for my own profession, and reflected, that though the torture is abolished, a still more cruel and erring process for discovering the truth continues. I have been so disgusted with this man, that I am resolved, whatever may be the fate of my practice, I will never adopt the system he pursues: indeed, as you know, if I were, I am sure my life would not be worth one day's purchase in my own country. I am told that he has been challenged two or three times by persons whom he has treated in this manner in public, and that he has always placed himself under the broad shield of the court.

"ANECDOTE.

"I laughed heartily the other day, at the ingenuity and presence of mind by which an English serjeant at law, celebrated for bullying and browbeating witnesses, saved himself from the indignity and corporal pain of a good flogging. He had, it appears, on the western circuit, most grossly insulted a very respectable gentleman in court, in the course of a cross-examination. The next morning, very early, the insulted party proceeded to the lodgings of the advocate, with a good horse-whip in his hand, and requested of the clerk to see his master, alledging that he had business of great importance with him. The clerk shewed the gentleman into his bed-room, where he lay fast asleep, and upon his awaking was addressed by his visitor as follows:—'Sir, I am the person whom you so scandalously treated yesterday, in court, without any reason, and I am come personally to chastise you with this horse-whip, for your insolence.' 'Are you, indeed,' replied the barrister; 'but surely you will not strike a man in bed.' 'No, Sir, I pledge my honour not to do that,' said the gentleman. 'Then, by G—d,' exclaimed the serjeant, 'I will lie here till doomsday.' The humour of the thought disarmed the anger of the affronted gentleman, and bursting into a fit of laughing, he said, 'there, Sir, you may lie as long as you like; I will not molest you this time; but let me recommend you never again to hold up a person of respectability, whose only object is to tell the truth, to the derision of a court of justice;' and left the man of law to console himself.

"Mr. Garrow commenced his legal career at the Old-Bailey; and the practice of that bar is said to impart to its pleader a considerable vulgarity of style, and to render him very much a *fier-à-bras*.

"Sir Vicary Gibbs, the Attorney-General, ranks next to Mr. Garrow as a pleader, whose superior he is by many thought, in profound legal knowledge. Owing to the acerbity of Sir Vicary's manner towards witnesses,

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he is known to the common people by the name of Sir *Vinegar* Gibbs. His mode of treating witnesses is indeed sometimes shockingly coarse and unjustifiable.

"Mr. Dallas is, in my opinion, the most elegant orator at the bar. Unfortunately he has much withdrawn himself from its practice. His voice is exquisitely sweet; his argument solid; and his language very chaste and beautiful. To all these qualities he unites all the polite manners of a gentleman, and never degrades that character by his treatment of witnesses who are adverse to the side he is retained upon. Mr. Dallas is the only advocate who offers some indemnity for the heavy loss which the British bar sustained when Mr. Erskine, now Lord Erskine, was elevated to the seals. How much do I regret that I never heard this distinguished orator before that event, in the early and habitual theatre of his great talents! I know of no other advocate much distinguished for ability in the Court of King's Bench, or in any other court, except Sir Samuel Romilly, in the Court of Chancery, where his practice is very deservedly great. In depth of learning, and on all occasions where the subject will admit, in the effusions of genuine eloquence, this upright and excellent lawyer is unrivalled in the Court of Equity. It is said of him, that, like the late Mr. Pitt, he is very fond of unbending his mind, by the perusal of novels, which afford him so much relief in the hours of relaxation, that he has the reputation, amongst those who know him intimately, of perusing almost every novel that is published.

"The British bar is crowded with votaries for practice and distinction, hundreds of whom, in all probability, will never even have the felicity of making a half-guinea motion. Upon the whole I am much disappointed in the talent I expected to find. The best of the English pleaders would suffer by a comparison with Curran, (whose elevation to the Rolls of Ireland I shall, for many reasons, regret,) M'Nally, and others, whom I could name in our own country.

"WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"From the courts, our party paid a visit to Westminster Abbey. With all the principal features of this august and venerable pile you are doubtless well acquainted, from the numerous descriptions which have been given of them. Our St. Patrick's cathedral would cut as miserable a figure by the side of this stately and stupendous fabric, as the monuments of Doctor Smith, formerly the Earl of Cork, would, if they were within range of comparison, with those of the Duke of Argyle and Mrs. Nightingale. The attendant shews the visitor a great deal of trash, such as the Kings and Queens of England in wax-work! General Monk, in armour, resembles a great stuffed bear.

"HENRY THE SEVENTH'S CHAPEL.

The interior of Henry the seventh's chapel is exquisitely beautiful. The banners and helmets of the Knights of the Bath conduct the mind back to the ages of chivalrous romance. The seats of the stalls are double, and upon the uppermost being raised, I was told, but not till after I had left the chapel, the most abominably obscene subjects appear well carved upon the tops of the lower seats.

"ANECDOTE.

"A very intelligent friend of mine related the following circumstance, respecting this venerable pile, but little known. Many years since, when my friend was enjoying the three days and three nights hospitality which the monks of the rich convent of Affligham, between Ghent and Brussels, extend to all strangers who are disposed to tarry under their roof; the prior ordered one of the brethren to open a large iron-bound trunk, and bring him certain parchments. Upon their being produced, he placed them in the hands of the Englishman, and observed, 'there, Sir, these are the title-deeds of Westminster Abbey, which belongs to us: the priors of this convent are by right the priors of that abbey; and I have no doubt but that we shall one day or another recover our rights.' In corroboration of this curious declaration of the Prior of Affligham Monastery, the same gentleman, who is an antiquarian, assures me, that amongst the antient tombs in Westminster Abbey, there are two that contain the ashes of the like number of priors of that monastery.

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"After inspecting the abbey, which, by the destruction of several old houses, is now finely placed before the eye of the spectator, we adjourned to a coffee-house in the neighbourhood, where we dined; and afterwards proceeded to the House of Lords, in an anti-room of which we were met by Lord M—, who procured us admission into the house."

Our author falls into the common and vulgar error respecting the pronunciation of Mr. Kemble. His authority for this seems to have been no higher than the witless editor of a Sunday Newspaper, who occasionally prates with great solemnity about theatrical matters. The author of the present volumes, following his wise original, tells us that Mr. K. calls beard, *bird*, and virtue, *vurchu:* really those people have most perverse auditory nerves who talk thus, or else they never heard Mr. K. pronounce these words. But our author also tells us that Mr. Kemble calls sovereign, *suvran*, and thee *the*. Wonderful errors! How would he have them called? Perhaps, if he *be really* an *Irish* student, he prefers the dear brogue of Ballynahinch!

There is a great deal of second-hand talk in these volumes about living celebrated characters, which seems to have been picked up at coffee-houses, the servants' hall, and from the newspapers of the day. The author has been diligent; and he deserves such praise as such diligence requires.

TRAVELS *through the* SOUTH *of* FRANCE, *and in the Interior of the provinces of Provence and Languedoc, in the Years* 1807 *and* 1808, *by a Route never before performed, being along the Banks of the Loire, the Isere, and the Garonne, through the greater part of their course. Made by permission of the French Government. By Lieutenant-Colonel* PINKNEY, *of the North American Native Rangers.*

WE have read Colonel Pinkney's book without weariness. He writes without the formality of telling much, but simply narrates such events as happened and such things as he saw.

Our author left America in 1807, and made the best of his way to Calais. When he got there he gave us an early intimation of the amorous particles of his nature: for, he falls in love with the first lady he saw, and squeezes her hand because he did not know the language well enough to tell her how much he loved her for fetching him a quarter of a pound of tea from Calais; and he afterwards informs us, that it is impossible to travel through France without becoming something of a "coxcomb." Heaven keep us from it then!"

We were amused with the awkward eulogium which Colonel P. pays to his American captain, good Mr. Eliab Jones. If honest Captain Eliab should behold his passenger's book, how will he rejoice to find himself so celebrated!

Colonel Pinkney is a determined admirer of the French character. He is never tired of praising their benevolence, their hospitality, their politeness, their &c &c. We meet with these encomiums in every page almost, but we must make large deductions from them. Sometimes, indeed, we admit their truth, as when he eulogises their obsequiousness: we all know, that bid a Frenchman

Go to hell, to hell he goes.

Our author himself allows that they take a blow with great *sang froid*, (p. 13.) Mr. Mangouit, the pert commissary of Calais, is well depicted. But why does our author call France a *Republic?*

We recommend the following to the lovers of physiognomy;

"A small party accompanied me into the village, which was lively, and had some very neat houses. The peasantry, both men and women, had hats of straw; a manufactory which Mons. St. Quentin had introduced. A boy was reading at a cottage door. I had the curiosity to see the book. It was a volume of Marmontel. His mother came out, invited us into the house, and in the course of some conversation, produced some drawings by this youth; they were very simple and very masterly. The ladies purchased them at a good price. He had attained this excellence without a

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master, and Mons. St. Quentin, as we were informed, had been so pleased with him as to take him into his house. His temper and manners, however, were not in unison with his taste, and his benefactor had been compelled to restore him to his mother, but still intended to send him to study at Paris. The boy's countenance was a direct lie to Lavater; his air was heavy, and absolutely without intelligence. Mons. St. Quentin had dismissed him his house on account of a very malignant sally of passion: a horse having thrown him by accident, the young demon took a knife from his pocket, and deliberately stabbed him three several times. Such was a peasant boy, now seemingly enveloped in the interesting simplicity of Marmontel. How inconsistent is what is called character!"

Our author arrives in Paris, and leaves it after a week's residence, to commence his tour, in company with Younge, the confidential secretary of Mr. Armstrong, his wife, and her niece Mademoiselle St. Sillery, a spritely young lady, who catches Colonel Pinkney's heart as soon as he forgot the Calais beauty. While on on his journey he is undeceived in a point of "some importance."

"I had hitherto believed France to have been an open country, almost totally without enclosures, except the pales and ditches necessary to distinguish properties. This opinion had been confirmed by the appearances of the road from Calais to Paris. It was now, however, totally done away, as the country on each side of me was as thickly enclosed as any of the most cultivated counties in England. Hereafter, let no traveller assert that France is a country of open fields; three-fourths of the kingdom is enclosed, even to the most minute divisions. The enclosures, indeed, have not the neatness of those of England; the hedges are rough and open, and there are few gates, and no stiles. The French farmers, however, have already began to adopt much of the English system in the management of their farms. According to the information of Mr. Younge, many of the emigrés having returned to France, have given some valuable instructions to the people in these important points; France is accordingly much better cultivated than hitherto."

The following account of Rambouillet is interesting:

"In this conversation, after a long, but wearisome journey, we reached Rambouillet. The trunk was again brought from the coach, and a table furnished with knives, spoons, and clean linen—a kind of essentials seldom to be seen in a French inn, and more particularly in such inns as we had reason to expect at some of our stages, in the course of our long tour. A servant had likewise been sent before, so that a tolerable dinner was already in a state of preparation. Being informed, however, that we had an hour still good, Mr. Younge and Mademoiselle St. Sillery insisted upon taking me to see the celebrated chateau in which Francis the First breathed his last.

"Nothing can be more miserable, nothing more calculated to inspire melancholy, than the situation and approach to this immense and most disproportioned building. It is situated in a park, in the midst of woods and waters, and most unaccountably, the very lowest ground in a park of two thousand acres is chosen for its site. The approach to it from the village is by a long avenue, planted on both sides by double and treble rows of lofty trees, the tops of which are so broad and thick as almost to meet each other. This avenue opens into a lawn, in the centre of which is the chateau. It is an heavy and vast structure, entirely of brick, and with the turrets, arches, and corners, characteristic of the Gothic order. The property of it belongs at present to the nation, that is to say, it was not sold amongst the other confiscated estates; something of an Imperial establishment, therefore, is resident in the chateau, consisting of a company of soldiers, with two officers, and an housekeeper. One of the officers had the politeness to become our guide, and to lead us from room

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to room, explaining as he went whatever seemed to excite our attention.

"Louis the Fourteenth held his court in this castle for some years; and from respect to his memory, the apartment in which he slept and held his levee, is still retained in the same condition in which it was left by that monarch. This chamber is a room nearly thirty yards in length by eighteen in width, and lofty in proportion: the windows like those of a church. On the further extremity is a raised floor, where stands the royal bed of purple velvet and gold, lined with white satin painted in a very superior style. The colours, both of the painting and the velvet, still remain; and two pieces of coarse linen are shewed as the royal sheets. The counterpane is of red velvet, embroidered, as it were, with white lace, and with a deep gold fringe round the edges: this is likewise lined with white satin, and marked at the corners with a crown and fleur de lys. On each side of the bed are the portraits of Louis the Fourteenth and Fifteenth, of Philip the Fourth of Spain, and of his Queen. The portrait of Louis the Fourteenth more peculiarly attracted my attention, having been mentioned by several historians to be the best existing likeness of that celebrated monarch. If Louis resembled his picture, he was much handsomer than he is described to have been by the memoir-writers of his age: his countenance has an air of much haughtiness and self-confidence, but without any mixture of ill humour. The chief peculiarity in his habit was a deep lace ruff, and a doublet of light blue, very nearly resembling the jacket of the English light cavalry. This portrait was taken when the king was in his twenty-eighth year, and therefore is probably a far more correct resemblance than those which were taken at a more advanced period—so true is the assertion of the poet, that old men are all alike.

"Immediately over that line of the apartment where the raised floor terminates, is a gilded rod extending along the ceiling. When the King held his court at Rambouillet, a curtain only separated his chamber and the levee-room. In the latter room are several portraits of the Peers of France during the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, with those of some Spanish Grandees.

"We visited several other rooms, all of them magnificently furnished, and all the furniture apparently of the same æra. The grand saloon appeared to me to be the largest room I had ever seen; the floor is of white marble, as are likewise two ranges of Corinthian pillars on each side of the apartment. Its height, however, is not proportioned to its length, a defect, which, added to its narrowness, gives it the air of a gallery rather than of a banquetting-room.

"We had not time enough to walk over the gardens; but, from a cursory view of them, did not much regret our loss. They appeared spacious enough, but so divided and intersected into plots, borders, narrow and broad walks, terraces, and flower-beds in the shape of stars, as to resemble any thing but what would be called a garden in England and America. This style of gardening was introduced into France by Le Notre, and some centuries must yet pass away before the French gardeners will acquire a more correct taste. What would not English taste have effected with the capabilities of Rambouillet? A park of two thousand acres in front, and a forest of nearly thirty thousand behind—all this, in the hands of Frenchmen, is thrown away; the park is but a meadow, and the forest a neglected wood."

We are not much surprised that Colonel Pinkney should be unable to resist the impressions excited by Mademoiselle St. Sillery, for she appears to great advantages in the pages of her admirer.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES *on seeing in the Papers the Death of Captain* CHARLES RAND, *of the 25th Regiment of Native Infantry, and Town Major of Seringapatam, who died at Bangalore in September* 1808.

By CLIO RICKMAN.

IF manhood saw thee flourish as in youth,
The child of gay good humour, science, truth;
If riper years, and so thy friends proclaim,
Gave added lustre to thy worth and fame,
Then must those friends have had a loss severe,
Then must thy death have forc'd the general tear;
For when the good and brave are snatch'd away,
To those who are left it is a mourning day;
To friends, relations dear, a day of woes,
And honour'd is the spot where such repose.
Blest shade! receive this tribute, 'tis sincere,
From one who early saw thy worth appear;
Who traced in boyhood what thy future day,
Of great and fair was destined to display;
Who, while he mourns thy death with keener smart,
Feels their sad fate allied by blood and heart,
Who fondly hoped some day from India's shore
To greet their friend, their relative, once more;—
For these my bosom bleeds—the bard was wise,
Who sung this truth,—"TIS THE SURVIVOR DIES!

THE SPANIARD'S WAR-SONG.

ADVANCE to the combat! brave patriots, advance!
In the far-beaming terrors of battle array'd;
Hurl the bolts of revenge on the despots of France,
Till the debt of your wrongs to oppression be paid.

See! Freedom aloft with an aspect sublime,
Waves the bright sword of justice with resolute hand;
And exhorts us to drive from Iberia's fair clime
Vile slavery, and Gallia's unprincipled band!

Hear the grand exhortation! the mandate obey!
For she all our hearts will with courage inspire;
Whose temples are crown'd with the splendor of day,
Whom Virtue invests with her brightest attire.

Let us cleave to our country, our king, and our laws,
As the cubs of the lion so fond and so bold,
And reflect while we bleed in fair Freedom's just cause,
Of our forefather's glory, their triumphs of old.

Tho' home's sweet delights to our bosoms be dear—
Our flocks and our pastures, our children and wives;
Yet the loud voice of honor gives time for no tear,
But calls us to battle while hope still survives.

Then to arms! in your country resolve not to hear
The groans of the captive, the chains of the slave,
And Victory! bright Victory! to heroes most dear,
The struggle shall crown, and our Liberty save!

WILLIAM TUCKER.

Tilshead, Wiltshire Downs, Sept. 1st, 1809.

QUATORZAINS.

No. I.

Written in the first volume of Miss ELIZABETH SMITH'S "*Fragments in Prose and Verse.*"

THE plaintive Muse who strung her simple lyre,
At midnight hour, on *Henry's lowly tomb,
When swiftly rushing with appearance dire,
The lightnings pierc'd the circumambient gloom,
And the loud thunders with portentous roll,
Shook the huge pillars of the triple sky,
Yet once again, with an inspir'd soul,
To Death's cold ear attunes her minstrelsy!
How vain is man, though blest with every charm,
To form the taste and captivate the heart!
How truly vain is even Learning's arm,
When stretch'd against th' inevitable dart!

---

* H. K. White.

But here together Death and Learning smil'd,
While Heaven look'd down and blest its lovely child.

No. II.

AS late I roam'd the tangled grove along,
What time the twilight decks the western sky,
Methought I heard sweet Philomela's song
Burst from the rustling foliage on high:
Then all was silent as the hour of night,
A sullen gloom involv'd the distant scene,
A troops of spirits rush'd upon my sight,
Winding their progress to the neighbouring green:
Anon a sound thrill'd gently on mine ear,
And still it seem'd most equisitely wild;
Then a loud voice seraphically clear,
Exclaim'd above "Behold th'immortal child!"
A sudden splendor broke the lofty skies,
Where blest Eliza charm'd my wond'ring eyes!

Grafton-street, Sept. 1809. J. G.

The following Lines, never before published, were written upon a FAN, *and presented to two young Ladies, by Mr.* WILKINSON, *Surgeon, of Bow, about forty years since. Mr.* WILKINSON *is the Author of a Poem, entitled* WISDOM, *&c. &c.*

EMBLEM of innocence, all spotless white,
How loth the Muse thy purity to stain!
But Sylvia sues, and Mira's smiles invite,
Ah! who can thus be tempted, and refrain?

This graceful toy, for ornament and use,
At every turn attendant on the fair,
Shall from my freedom suffer no abuse,
Nor wait a breath of rude licentious air.

To fan the fire of love within the breast,
And brighten every sweet sensation there,
Or teach fond friendship where to build her nest
Secure from every danger, every snare—

The touch unhallow'd, and the lip profane,
Of him who feels no virtue at his heart,
The voice of Flatt'ry (oft the virgin's bane)
Which boasts of much, yet little can impart;

The gaudy mind, with wit and learning dress'd,
And every grace by art and nature giv'n,
Too arrogant to bless, or to be bless'd,
And scornful of the brighter grace of heav'n;

The ruder joys that vulgar souls partake
In noisy mirth, or dissipating play,
Where sense is sacrific'd for folly's sake,
And wisdom, like an alien, sent away.

These snares to shun, and mark the happier road
Where love, attended by the graces, reigns;
Or point the path to Virtue's bright abode,
Or calm Contentment's pleasurable plains.

This were a task indeed to teach the fair!
And this for ever be the Muses plan—
To draw instruction from a lock of hair,
Or fold up serious caution in a fan.

The man who only knows the trifling strain
Of mirth, and mimic love, and empty joy,
May sport and frolick with the female train,
And please awhile like every other toy.

But let distressful Beauty ask his aid,
And soft ey'd Pity woo him to her side,
Let fond Affection hope to be repaid,
And lo! at once, the trifler starts aside!

Not all the charms that bounteous Nature grants,
Howe'er accomplish'd, or howe'er refin'd,
Are worth your wishes, if the charmer wants
A sentimental soul, a serious mind.

The brightest tints upon the canvas spread
Form not the portraits that would seem to breathe;
E'en your own pictures would be flat and dead,
Without the sober colouring underneath.

If truths like these the young and gay can trace,
And moral melody should chance to please,
My verse this little implement may grace
Better than Indian figures, fruits, or trees.

THE BATTLE OF TALAVERA.

A Song.

BRITONS arise! the voice of glory brings
Illustrious tidings from Iberia's shore!
The Gauls are fled! the land with triumph rings—
Their eagles bathe their broken wings in gore.

CHORUS.

Britons rejoice! your valiant sons have wrought
A mighty deed which breaks the Gaul's decree;
Britons rejoice! your sons have nobly fought,
Have won the cause, and made Iberia free!

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When Gallia sent her lawless bands afar,
To trample laws, or make some throne a prize;
By spoil allur'd, the ravenous hounds of war,
On Spain's rich climate fix'd their greedy eyes.
Britons rejoice, &c.

The guardian genius of Britannia's isle
Frown'd to behold a kindred nation's woe,
On Britons call'd to avenge a deed so vile,
And bade their souls with godlike fury glow.
Britons rejoice, &c.

Soon as brave Wellesley on the shores of Spain
Arrives, and leads to war his dauntless few,
The Gauls, subdued by Albion's valiant train,
Crown'd with disgrace, their backward flight pursue.
Britons rejoice, &c.

When Gallia's guns shall roar in foreign air,
And fate once more present so bright a chance,
For victory's sake, may Wellesley's arm be there,
And Albion's lions crush the wolves of France!
Britons rejoice, &c.

WILLIAM TUCKER.

Tilshead, Wiltshire Downs,
Sept. 1st, 1809.

LOVE LETTERS *to my* WIFE, *By* JAMES WOODHOUSE.

LETTER X.

[*Continued from p.* 138.]

HERE let one wealthy female form the test,
Whose faithful picture may pourtray the rest.
When all the plans her procreant head has hatch'd,
And custom's round of calls are all dispatch'd—
When, haply, in those hours of mock parade,
Full forty visits, punctually, are paid;
With equal expedition, hurrying back
To rouse the sleepy, and wind up the slack,
And every able individual drive
To dress and bring in dinner just by five—
A vulgar hour for fashion, now, to dine,
When whores and princes put it off till nine.
With rich pomatums oil'd, and powder dredg'd,
The graceful groom, in squalid clothes half fledg'd,
With stately mien, and measur'd step, before,
Stalks slowly on to ope her chamber door,
Then, with a speedier pace, retires below,
To finish there th' inimitable beau.
Now, while her tete a tedious hour destroys,
And fawning French frisseur his art employs
To comb, to paper, pinch, and friz the curls,
And o'er them clouds of perfum'd powder hurls,
She feads romance, or play, or sportive rhyme,
Not to redeem, but to beguile, the time.
Impatient Abigail in budoir waits,
And next her complicated task completes,
By exercising all her curious arts
To clothe and ornament remaining parts;
And while she warms the shift, or airs the stays,
Some narrative invents, or trust betrays,
To please herself, and mistress to amuse,
Knowing her hungry eagerness for news—
Or, as she ties the knots and sticks the pins,
Still more to treat, some amorous tale begins;
Which, if time serves not, fully, to recite,
It helps to occupy an hour at night;
With favourite furniture to store her head,
And shut out thoughts of bothering things in bed.
But if her inauspicious genius fails
To forge or fabricate some spurious tales,
Memory imagination's lack supplies,
And mixes up a mass of truth and lies,
Producing anecdotes, with dawning proof,
Against each culprit underneath the roof;
To make suspicion on some rival fall,
Or general jealousy involving all.
Thus with her weak employer's heart she plays,
And gratifies her foible various ways,
Thro' all the time those operations pass;
Then flies to view herself in flattering glass,
So to adorn each limb, each look to shape,
That no male servant's heart can hope to 'scape.

The reeking cook meantime her fires renews
For nameless bakes, and boils, and roasts, and stews.
At greasy kitchen-girl and scullion bawls—
Quick for materials, tools, utensils, calls—
More than in surgeon's shop sad patient seeth,
For bleeding, lopping limbs, extracting teeth—
With dry drugs, fell; and fatal fluid drops,
That crowds apothecaries' poisoning shops;
With what in windows dreadful tints display
For torturing life, or taking it away.

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But different notes the sociable design,
When cooks prepare, and gormandizers dine—
The leech cuts limbs to exercise his knives,
Or mixes simples for curtailing lives;
That cook to plump their parts and make them stronger,
And lengthen worthless lives a little longer;
But neither mankind's welfare much engages,
So they can vend their wares, and get their wages.

Will epicures affirm what facts deny,
Who, daily, such delicious feasts enjoy,
And dwell indulgent on such rich repasts,
That life's more happy, or much longer lasts?
Do they drown sickness, or extirpate pain,
And give the total balance obvious gain?
Or do not both their best endeavours cross,
And make their fancied winnings woful loss?

Nor cooks alone, but every man and maid,
Now meet employ in this momentous trade.
Steward and butler both must bear a part,
To furnish matter for this mighty art.
Nor can housekeeper idly stand aloof,
Her clever nicknacks must be put to proof;
The maids all exercise some useful gift—
Each footman, porter, coachman, lend a lift—
Till time scarce serves to dress out neat and clean
To fill their office in the following scene.

An ignorant clown would gape with wild surprise,
To note the bustle and to hear the noise,
While kitchen, scullery, larder, look as strange
As Bedlam or St. Luke's, at full and change
To small-siz'd understandings it might seem
Enchanted vision, or demoniac dream;
While frantic faces, with confused sound,
Of clattering instruments, afid roars, all round,
With fires, and flames, and heat, and stench, must shew
To nervous wand'rings, shapes, and shades of woe;
Or, smit with terror, timid minds oblige
To think the place preparing for a siege,
And in their phrenzy fancying, ere they sup,
Such dread combustibles must blow them up.
But soon, like any other haunted room,
The kitchen grows as quiet as a tomb,
Nor scarcely gleams one feeble spark of fire
While witchcraft operates strong two stories high'r;
While all the imps, and sprites, and spectres, move
By incantations carried on above.
There all the ghosts that wizard cooks display,
In magic circles soon the conjurors lay;
For while the necromantic weapons clink,
The apparitions in the Red Sea sink—
Not sent to Afric's desert, while they dine,
But wholly overwhelm'd in floods of wine.

[*To be continued.*]

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

WE have been favoured with some interesting particulars concerning the introduction of the growth of madder into this country, under the auspices of that laudable institution, the society instituted at London, A.D. 1754, for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce. Some imperfect statements of this having appeared in various daily papers and periodical publications, we feel particularly glad at being enabled to gratify our readers by the following genuine account of the society's proceedings on that national object.

At a general meeting, held 19th April, 1809, Nathaniel Conant, Esq. V.P. in the chair, a motion was made by Mr. Midgley, that it be referred to the Committee of Chemistry, to consider the extract of madder raised by Mr. W. Salisbury, from seed procured at Smyrna, by John Spencer Smith, Esq. (chairman of the Committee for Colonies and Trade) the extract being made by Mr. Hayward, after Sir H. Inglefield's mode.

At a meeting of the Committee for Chemistry at the Adelphi, 29th April, 1809, present, Henry Coxwell, Esq. chairman, Messrs. Midgley, Gill, and Otorio:

Considered a reference to this committee of a letter to the society from Mr. Salisbury, dated Brompton, 26th April, 1809, stating that he had sent two samples of madder extract, marked A B, whereof A is from the seed presented to the society by John Spencer Smith, Esq. and B from English roots, both prepared in the same manner, by decoction and precipitation with alum and vegetable alkali; that the seeds A were sown in

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the botanical garden, Cadogan-place, in April 1808, in a clayish soil; and Mr. Salisbury had the satisfaction to find, from this experiment, that the culture thereof might be pursued with success; that from calculation upon the quantity grown, he supposes the produce, if sown in drills one foot apart, would not fall short of 15 cwt. of roots per acre; that he believes the culture of it upon a more extensive scale would be of service to the British Empire; as, upon comparison, Mr. Smith's madder was found to be infinitely superior, in its colouring quality, to the Dutch madder, and to other species of English growth; that he had reason to believe a still finer colour may be obtained from the madder A, but that he has limited his experiments, in order to increase, as far as possible, his remaining stock of that quality, having found the seed he had left in the spring would not vegetate; that he will hold the roots when propagated at the disposal of the Society, and any of its members are welcome to make experiments thereon; and further, he will, with pleasure, encourage the growth of any seed which may fall into the Society's hands: finally, Mr. Salisbury declared himself convinced of the national utility of botanical institutions.

Resolved—That Mr. Salisbury's experiment on the growth of madder from seeds procured at Smyrna, is likely to prove beneficial to the public.

Resolved to recommend——That thanks be returned by the Society to Mr. Salisbury, for his communication and offers of assistance.

Resolved to recommend—That Mr. Salisbury's communication be referred to the Committee of Correspondence and Papers, for publication in the Transactions of the Society.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE celebration of the anniversary of his Majesty's birth day was numerously attended. The chair was taken by Benjamin West, Esq. the venerable president, supported by a select and highly respectable company of amateurs, members, students, and exhibitors. After the cloth was cleared, the president gave "The King, our founder and our patron," which was drank with the most enthusiastic applause. After a variety of other toasts, the president's health was proposed to be drank by Caleb Whiteford, Esq. which immediately called up Mr. Flaxman, who begged leave to address the company on this interesting occasion. Our venerable and worthy president, observed Mr. F. has the singular unprecedented fortune of having been one of the greatest supporters to the fine arts, of almost any man, in any age or country; for forty-six years, without a single intermission, he has exhibited in the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy of England. Among which were the celebrated pictures of the Death of General Wolfe—Agrippina following the body of her husband—Agrippina bearing the ashes of Germanicus—the Battles of the Boyne and La Hogue—the Return of Regulus to Carthage—and many other equally celebrated pictures. This venerable man, continued he, is not more noted as an artist, and as the father of the British School of Painting, than he is for his inestimable character in private life, as a husband, a father, and a truly pious man; and from his own knowledge of the state of foreign academies, he could safely say, no other than the British Academy could boast such a president. Mr. Flaxman apologised to the company for intruding himself so long on their attention; but observed, he had three reasons, first, as being a member of the Academy, and not a painter—secondly, as a member of the council, and consequently a steward for the day—and thirdly, gratitude, Mr. West having been his first patron in life. Mr. Flaxman was here so overpowered with his feelings he was obliged to conclude. These are truly noble scenes, worthy of the best ages of Greece or Rome, and as such was this interesting scene contemplated by all present. Mr. West returned thanks in a neat and elegant manner, observing, that for nearly half a century had their friendship lasted, Mr. Whiteford being his first acquaintance in London. In reply to Mr. Flaxman, who had complimented him for his patronage, the venerable President

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observed, that genius, or extraordinary abilities, always excited his attention, and that the surprising genius of the youthful sculptor, first attracted his notice, and as such Mr. Flaxman was indebted only to his own powers. Gentlemen, said he, I have been called the father of the present British school of painting, by my friend opposite (Mr. F.) and I certainly must say, never had a father such a promising progeny. I am sure (as I have in another way stated*) that I know of no people since the Greeks, who have indicated a higher promise to equal them in the refinement of the arts, than the British nation. I was, gentlemen, one of the four artists who presented the plan of the Royal Academy to his present majesty, and truly happy have I been in observing the progress of the fine arts in our country, in defiance of the assertions of foreign writers, that we are placed in too cold a latitude for the refinement of the fine arts, which, I trust, have struck such deep root in Britain, that they never will be eradicated. He concluded with thanking the company for the honour he had just received, and hoped to meet them again that day twelvemonth.

Among other appropriate toasts, were—"The Royal Academy, the Earl of Dartmouth, and the British Institution"—"The Most Noble the Marquis of Stafford"—"Thomas Bernard, Esq. the founder of the British Institution"—"Those gentlemen who, as artists from Ireland and Scotland, had favoured the Academy with their works and company."

The first part of the Artist has made its appearance, and the second is forthcoming. Another number of Academic Annals, for 1805-6, 1807, 1808-9, is also published, and contains the history of the fine arts for these years. Mr. Hayley's Life of Romney the painter, is also published, with engravings, and is likely to excite much interest; it is from a provincial press (Chichester) on which it reflects typographical honour.

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* Letter to the Committee of the Northern Society for promoting the Fine Arts.

FRENCH NATIONAL INSTITUTE.

Substitute for Sugar.

MONSIEUR Parmentier has published a Memoir on this subject, which begins by stating, that the tract of land, throughout France alone, affected to the cultivation of the grape, or the vine, amounts to about one million eight hundred thousand acres; a production, he adds, which, since the French Revolution, in defiance of all discouragements or prohibitions, on the part of the Government, has annually increased, and occupied, from year to year, a larger proportion of the soil. Such has been the fecundity of late seasons, that the proprietors of vineyards were oppressed under the load of grapes which the earth yielded, and have been actually compelled to abandon, in many districts, the wine produced, from want of casks in which to keep it. Under these circumstances, the notification of a discovery, by which a saccharine matter might be extracted from the grape, which would enable the French people to submit to the renunciation of sugar, in all culinary or common purposes of life, was received with enthusiasm. It electrified all the Southern provinces, in particular those extending from the mouths of the Rhone to that of the Adour, the Tarn, the Dordogne, and the countries at the foot of the Pyrenees. All the Societies of Arts, Academies, Prefects, and Public Bodies, from Marseilles to Narbonne and Perpignan, offered prizes and rewards to encourage the attempts. Every family made a provision of it, during the last vintage, for their own private consumption; and the little town of Bergerac, in the ancient Guienne, the wines of which canton or territory are distinguished for their sweetness, actually fabricated or extracted, above 250,000 pounds weight of this syrup, for sale in the Autumn of 1808. Every pound was valued at half a crown, English money. If such was the effect of the first disclosure of this secret, what may not be expected, says Parmentier, from future efforts and ameliorations, aided as they are, and will be, by all the encouragement and protection of Government? On the last anniversary of Bonaparte's Coronation, a splendid entertainment

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was given by one of the municipal public functionaries, in the south of France, where all the pastry, confectionaries, and jellies were made with the syrup, newly extracted; and the guests declared no less their perfect satisfaction at the taste and flavour of these delicacies, than their astonishment at finding that not a particle of sugar had entered into their composition. "The jug of syrup," adds he, "will soon, we trust, supplant the sugar-bason, in coffee, tea, and every infusion of that kind. Already it is adopted in lemonade, as well as in making gingerbread, and every species of pastry."

Nor will its use be limited to these articles. The War Minister, in consequence of a report made to him, by Savarizi, the physician-general to the French armies, who, by order of Napoleon, had undertaken a journey for the purpose of ascertaining the practicability of substituting syrup in the place of sugar, in the compounding of medicines, has commanded it to be introduced into all the hospitals of France and of Italy. Above half the sum, antecedently expended in the purchase of sugar and of honey, annually, for the use of the sick, has been already saved. The physicians and apothecaries attending the hospitals have taken care to second the views of the administration. Various individuals, among the professors of the healing art, have even published reports upon the effects resulting from the prescription of medicines in which the syrup formed an important ingredient; with a view to prove, and to persuade their countrymen, that it is far more beneficial, balsamic, and mucilaginous, than the production of the sugar-cane. In all diseases of the lungs, or of the chest, they affect to give it a decided preference over sugar. Above all, it is pretended that, in the disorder of the hooping-cough, it administers to infants and children immediate relief.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

MR. ROBERT HUISH is engaged in the translation of the sacred Dramas of Klopstock. The first of which, entitled Solomon, will appear in the course of the ensuing month. Mr. Huish has also completed his poem of the Peruvians, in ten cantos, which will be published this year.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Alfieri, the celebrated Italian Dramatist, will appear in the course of the present month. They are written by himself, and interspersed with anecdotes of several distinguished modern characters of this country.

A new Romance from the pen of Mrs. Norris, author of "Julia of England," will shortly be published, it is entitled "Euphronia."

An Italian work, with a French translation, for the purpose of facilitating the acquisition of those languages, is in the press. It is entitled "Il Mbdo di Piacere in Campagna," and consists of conversations on a variety of subjects, expressly written for the instruction of youth of both sexes, in the art of pleasing in company on their introduction into the world.

The author of the Young Mother, or Albinia, has in the press, "Rosa in London, and other Tales," in four volumes.

A new edition of the Village Curate, and other poems, by the late Rev. James Hardie, D.D. will appear in the course of this month.

Mr. Bowyer's splendid work on the Abolition of the Slave Trade will be ready for publication the beginning of next month. It will consist of original poems, written by Montgomery, Grahame, and others, expressly for the occasion; accompanied with engravings from pictures by Smirke, and enriched with portraits of Mr. Wilberforce, Clarkson, and Granville Sharpe.

The Rev. Mr. Hampson, of Sunderland, has in the press an octavo volume of Sermons.

A new miniature edition of the Fairer Reflections for every Day in the Month, being a companion to Pious Thoughts concerning the Knowledge and Love of God, already pub-

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lished, translated from the French of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, will be ready for publication in the course of the month.

Mr. Bagster is printing the Chronicles of Robert of Gloucester and Peter Langtoft, with Glossaries. He intends them as a specimen of the manner in which he proposes to publish the whole of the works of antiquity, edited by Thomas Hearne.—The above chronicles will be followed by Hearne's other high-priced and valuable publications, as fast as particular attention to accuracy, under the care of an able editor, will permit. The number of copies will be limited. Only fifty above the number subscribed for will be printed; and as soon as subscribers for 250 on demy paper and 100 on royal paper are obtained, the works will proceed. Great attention has been paid to the chronicles already in progress, by rendering the style of printing, paper, &c. harmonious with the old editions.

A translation of the Penal Code of China, entitled "Ta Tsing Leu Leu," will shortly appear in an English translation. This body of penal laws, successively promulgated by the Chinese Emperors of the reigning dynasty, which is in full force, must be uncommonly interesting to the statesman, legislator, and philosopher. It is also to contain illustrative notes by the translator, Sir George Staunton.

A new and, for the first time, an entire translation of the life of Apollonius of Tyana, from the Greek of Philostratus, has been completed for publication, by the Rev. Edward Berwick. Of this curious and interesting work no English translation has been attempted since 1680, when Mr. Charles Blount published three only out of the eight books, of which the work is composed.

Mr. Stevenson's Statistical and Agricultural Survey of Surrey, is upon the point of publication by the Board of Agriculture.

Mr. Fosbrooke's Dictionary of Antiquities contains the whole of the curious and valuable matter in the French Encyclopædia of Antiquities, and the famous Glossary of Ducange, besides C. Caylus, Winkelman, Gough, Strutt, the Monkish Chroniclers, &c. &c. Illustrates the classics by the marbles, &c. supplies the superficial account of Andrews, Henry, and other writers by commencing with the classical æras, and the symbols and legends of coins (omitted by Pinkerton) explains the costumes of Greece, Rome, and England in details and plates, as well as houses, temples, statues, arms. The local antiquities contain regular abridgements of Gough's Camden, Grose's Antiquities, and Tanner's Notitia, besides large selections from other writers and travellers, and descends to the minutest particulars.

A second part of the Philosophy of Christianity, by Mr. Pitt, will very shortly appear.

Spence's Polymetis will shortly appear in a handsome quarto.

The Rev. Archdeacon Churton is preparing for publication an edition of the works of Dr. Townson, in two volumes octavo.

Dr. Mavor's great work of Voyages and Travels, in twenty-eight volumes, including all works of importance from Columbus to Lord Valentia, will very shortly be ready for publication.

M. Hoffmansegg is employed upon a splendid work, on the plants of Portugal and Brasil. The author has devoted the sum of forty thousand crowns to the purposes of this publication, each copy of which will cost one hundred guineas. The whole of which, it is said, is nearly provided for by subscriptions. The Emperor of Russia has subscribed for sixteen copies.

Miss Plumptree's Account of her residence in France, during the short interval of Peace, is now announced to be sent to press as soon as one hundred copies are subscribed for. This work is in three volumes octavo, and contains particulars of the French Revolution and the Emperor Napoleon, with other objects which have never appeared in print.

Mr. Chalmers' second volume of his Caledonia is in a state of considerable forwardness, and will soon appear in print.

The Rev. J. Parsons has undertaken to publish the remaining collations of the Septuagint, prepared by Dr. Holmes.

Professor White is printing Symbolæ Criticæ Christianæ, or an expla-

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nation in words, at length of the abbreviations used by that critic in his edition of the New Testament.

A new edition of Tusser's Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry, with notes, by Dr. Mavor, is preparing for the press.

Mr. Clutterbuck is engaged upon a History of Hertfordshire, upon the plan of Chauncey's Herts.

ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

The second public exhibition of paintings in Scotland by artists lately closed. During the short period of six weeks, while the exhibition rooms continued open, nearly five hundred guineas were collected. The society now have in contemplation to build apartments for the express purpose of exhibiting their works in future.—This institution may afford a powerful stimulus to young artists in this quarter, and the most obscure individual will have an equal chance of public notice with the most celebrated, which in times past has been too little the case; but this exhibition being properly conducted, there can be no doubt of the remedy of this evil.

An instrument maker, named Benfote, has discovered a process for preparing a mordant for rust; and a kind of paper for polishing wood and alabaster.

A method of obtaining very elegant and exact Representations of Plants.—Take the plant of which you wish to obtain a representation, and lay it on some sheets of blossom, or blotting paper, and having properly displayed the leaves and flowers, so as to lie in the most advantageous manner, lay some more of the same kind of paper upon it, with a large book, or some other convenient weight, in order to press it with a gentle degree of pressure. In this state let it remain two or three days, then remove the upper paper, and see whether the plant be sufficiently firm or stiff to bear removing; when this is the case, smear over every part of the plant with ink, made by dissolving a quantity of Indian ink in warm water; then carefully lay the smeared side on a piece of clean and strong white paper, and covering it with a piece of the blossom, or soft paper, press with the hand on every part, and rub it uniformly over: after remaining some time longer, remove it from the paper, and a distinct and beautiful impression will remain, far exceeding, in softness of appearance, (if well conducted) and justness of representation, even the most elaborate and highly finished engraving.—It is only to be lamented that, in this method of figuring plants, some of the minuter characters of the flower must unavoidably be expressed indistinctly: these, however, as well as any other minute parts, which may not have been impressed with sufficient sharpness, may be added with a pencil and Indian ink; sometimes a small press is made use of in this process; and various compositions may also be used, as well as Indian ink, viz. a kind of fine printer's ink, composed of lamp-black, with linseed oil, &c. The figures may occasionally be coloured afterwards, in the manner of engravings. The great merit consists in so happily expressing what botanists term the habit, or true general aspect of the natural plants; a particular in which even the best and most elaborate engravings are found defective.

A patent has been recently obtained by a gentleman of Theobald's Road, for improvements on the stove, so as to prevent accidents from fire. This is effected by means of a guard or wire-screen that draws before the grate; and, when not wanted, is pushed behind it, and entirely concealed. By means of a small lever at the time the screen is pushed back, the bottom of the grate turns upon hinges, and lets out all the fire into an iron drawer, or ash-pit; which, however, shuts so close as to prevent either dust or smoke from rising into the room.—The whole of the apparatus is very simple, and not at all liable to accidents, or to be put out of order. Few new inventions combine so many useful, and indeed important properties as the above: besides which it affords, in general with other screens, safety to ladies' light dresses, and will prevent the accidents to which children are frequently exposed from playing with the fire when left to themselves.

Mr. Curwen has, by some late agricultural experiments, thrown consi-

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derable light on the theory of vegetables. The opening of the land by the plough, he has discovered, is attended with another benefit (hitherto unnoticed) than that of merely allowing the extension of the roots in the soil thus loosened: it promotes, in dry seasons, the evaporation of much moisture from the earth, and thereby creates for the plants a pabulum, which, absorbed by their leaves, renders them in a high degree luxuriant and productive. The mode of depositing manure is made subservient to this discovery, by equally good crops being produced with a less quantity of it.

The difficulty of procuring fibres sufficiently fine and elastic for micrometers, has induced a gentleman to use the spider's web, which he found so fine, opaque, and elastic, as to answer all the purposes of practical astronomy. But as it is only the stretcher or long line which supports the web that possesses these valuable properties, the difficulty of procuring it has compelled many opticians and practical astronomers to employ the raw fibres of unwrought silk, or, what is still worse, the coarse silver wire manufactured in this country. For these a substitute has been obtained, in a delicate glass fibre, which enables the observer to remove the error of inflection, while it possesses the requisite properties of opacity and elasticity.

The following is given as an infallible cure for the rot in sheep, viz. Take five grains of calomel with two grains of opium, made into a pill.—The sheep should be removed upon dry land, and, whilst taking the pill, should be fed with malt-coom or good hay. If the first dose should be insufficient, it may be repeated, and an additional grain of calomel may be given with safety. But the only effectual preventive is a perfect drainage of the land.

Persons who take pleasure in drawing flowers, &c. would do well, at this particular season of the year, although not botanists, to direct their attention to the various species of *Funguses*, a class hitherto much neglected, especially as some of them are noxious. The short duration of many of them, and the difficulty of preserving them, renders this the more necessary. If descriptions of these ephemeral productions are added, it will be so much the better. Many valuable additions might be added, through careful attention, even in one season. A garden grass-plot, a shrubbery, or a fir-plantation, might afford many a morning's amusement in the months of September and October, particularly after rain, to those persons who may not possess the enlarged opportunities for searching in woods and other places far distant from home.—N. B. Dr. Smith's volume, which will contain the *Fungi*, and Dr. Hull's last volume (new edit.) of the British Flora, not yet being published, render these investigations so much the more necessary.

France.

M. Malt-brun has issued proposals for commencing a work to contain a general Account of the Progress of Geographical Discovery. It will appear periodically, and consist of a selection of the most esteemed contemporary, or late voyages, translated from all the European languages and unpublished accounts of voyages, both by natives of France and foreigners. A subordinate department will contain a bulletin of all new discoveries, researches, or enterprises, which may tend to accelerate the progress of the sciences, particularly of geography. The work will be illustrated by plates.

M. Denis Santi, professor of architecture at Rome, has been invited to Paris by Cardinal Fesch, who is erecting a palace in the Rue du Mont Blanc. This edifice will be embellished with marble columns wrought at Rome, as well as the beautiful statue representing the immaculate conception, which is to be placed in the chapel.

The exhibition of magnificent ruins in cork, called the Philloplastic Cabinet of M. Stamaty, has been open some time at Paris. Nothing is so favourable for representing ruins as cork; its colour and the inequality of its pores heighten the illusion: but it is so difficult to cut, in that delicate manner in which it has been perform-

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ed by M. Stamaty, that he has been twenty years executing the representation of about forty edifices, including the great pantheon of Agrippa, now the church of the rotunda at Rome; the tower of Pisa, with eight rows of columns; the triumphal arch of Septimus Severus; that of Constantine; the Pont du Gard, the Maison Carrée of Nismes, which excite uncommon attention.

Germany.

M. Gottlob, B. Robenstein, of the Royal Cabinet of Antiquities at Dresden, has published an imitation of Lippert's Collection of Pastes, the impressions of which are not at all inferior in sharpness and elegance to the originals. It consists of three large folio volumes; the first containing one thousand and five mythological subjects from antique gems: the second, one thousand and ninety-five historical: and the third, one thousand and forty nine, partly of the one and partly of the other. The Pastes have yellow borders, gilt on the edges. He has likewise copied *Viscontis* collection in sulphur, consisting of one thousand two hundred and thirty-seven casts.

Adelung's great work, the object of which was to give an analytical sketch of all languages, we find will not be suspended by his sudden death. Fortunately, he had time to chuse a worthy assistant to complete his designs, Professor Vater, of Halle, to whom Adelung's heirs have faithfully transmitted his manuscripts. In the first volume of the *Mineroa*, which has been published, he gives his opinions respecting the origin of the human race and the cradle of civilization, which he places in Upper Asia; the languages of the east, &c.—The second volume is to embrace all that relates to what he denominates *Celtico Gallo-Cimbric*, six sheets of which was printed off before the death of M. Adelung. The third and fourth volumes will contain the languages of America and the South Sea Islands. To supply every deficiency in this part, M. Von Humboldt has generously transmitted to his friend, Professor Vater, all his manuscripts relative to America.

Professor Bredow, of Helmstadt, is engaged upon a new edition of the Authors known by the Appellation of *Geographi Minores*, of whom there is none but Hudson's English edition extant, and that is very scarce and dear. The new work will contain all that has been published by Hudson, collated with the best manuscripts. Thus the Commentary of Eustathius on Dionysius Perigetes will appear with very numerous corrections. The Periphrastes of Dionysius will be, for the first time, published in a correct manner from the manuscript in the imperial library. M. Bredow further intends to include several geographers not comprised in Hudson's collection; as Diciulus, Nicephorus, Blemmydas, Gemisthius, Pletho, Palladius, &c. The whole to be accompanied with geographical maps, successively formed of the world from the times of Homer and Moses to the discovery of America.

M. Riem will very soon publish his new system of *Pasigraphy*, or Universal Writing. The only signs which he uses are Arabic figures, and two lines, one perpendicular and the other horizontal.

M. Bernard Starck has recently found in a research, which he caused to be made near Ratisbon, vases, rings, coins, and a tomb, on which are four figures in relievo, with this inscription: *C J. Donatus Eques.* The coins are chiefly of Antoninus and the Empress Faustina.

Italy.

M. Botta, a member of the Legislative Body, already known by his *Flora Medicale di Corfu*, has completed, in Italian, the History of the American War. This work, which will form about six octavo volumes, is distinguished for perspicuity, fidelity, and impartiality. It likewise possesses the very rare merit of being written in the purest style, and forcibly reminds the lovers of the Italian language of the beauties of the writers who flourished in the age of Leo X.

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MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

Matthew Boulton, *Esq. F.R.S.*

THIS gentleman, son of Matthew Boulton, by Christian, daughter of Mr. Peers, of Chester, was born at Birmingham on the 3d September, (O.S.) 1728, and was principally educated at a private Grammar School, kept by the Rev. Mr. Ansted, who officiated at St. John's Chapel, Deritend. He learned drawing under Worledge, and mathematics under Cooper, &c.—He was above the middle stature, and well built; was exceedingly encouraging to modest merit, and fascinating in his manner and conversation.

So early as the year 1745, Mr. Boulton invented and brought to great perfection, the inlaid steel buckles, buttons, watch chains, &c. Great quantities of these were exported to France, from whence they were re-purchased with avidity, by the English, *as the offspring of French ingenuity!*

Mr. Boulton's manufactory at Birmingham being inadequate to his extensive improvements and further experiments, he, in 1762, purchased a lease of the Soho, at Handsworth, in the county of Stafford, distant about two miles; at that time, a barren heath, on the bleak summit of which stood a naked hut, the habitation of of a warrener. These extensive tracts of common were converted by Mr. B. into the present superb manufactory, which was finished in 1765, at the expence of 9000l. and in the year 1794, he purchased the fee simple of Soho, and much of the other adjoining lands.

Impelled by an ardent attachment to the arts, and by the patriotic ambition of bringing his favorite Soho to the highest perfection, the ingenious Proprietor soon established a seminary of artists, for drawing and modelling; and men of genius were sought for, and liberally patronized, which shortly led to the successful establishment of an extensive manufactory of ornaments, in what the French call OR MOLU; and these ornaments not only found their way into the apartments of his Majesty, but also into those of the nobility and curious of this kingdom, France, and the greatest part of Europe.

Finding that the mill which he had erected, fell infinitely short, even with the aid of horses, of the force which was necessary for the completion of his vast designs, Mr. B. in 1767, had recourse to that master piece of human ingenuity, the Steam Engine. This wonderful machine w yet in its infancy, and did not at fi answer the expectations that had be formed of it. In 1769, Mr. Jam Watt, of Glasgow, obtained a pat for a prodigious improvement in Steam Engine. This induced Mr to form connections with Mr. W and invited him to settle at Soho which the latter consented. In 1 Parliament granted a prolongati the patent for 25 years, and M Boulton and Watt entering i partnership, established a very e sive manufactory of those engi Soho, whence most of the great and manufactories in Englan tinue to be supplied, and th now applied in almost every me cal purpose where great powe quisite.

Amongst the various appli of the Steam Engine, that ing seems to be of considera portance, as by its powers, operations are concentered same spot. It works a nu coining machines with greate and exactness, by a few b 12 to 14 years of age, than done by a great number men, without endangering gers, as the machine itse blanks upon the dye per central with it, and, wh displaces one piece and re ther.

The coining-mill, which in 1788, and has since b improved, is adapted to machines, and each is striking from 60 to 10 money per minute, the si nea, which is equal to be and 40,000 per hour, and blow, which strikes the verse, the edge of the struck, either plain or scription.

"The whole of this expensive and magnificent apparatus, (says Dr. Darwin) moves with such superior excellence and cheapness of workmanship, as well as with works of such powerful machinery, as must totally prevent clandestine imitations, and in consequence save many lives from the hands of the executioner; a circumstance worthy the attention of a great Minister. If a civic crown was given in Rome for preserving the life of one citizen, Mr. Boulton should be covered with a garland of oak."

About the year 1773, the ingenious art of copying pictures in oil colours, by a mechanical process was invented at Soho; and under the patronage of the above Proprietor, was brought to such a degree of perfection, as to be taken for originals by the most experienced connoisseurs. This art was brought to perfection under the management of the late ingenious Mr. F. Eginton, who was no less celebrated for his paintings on glass.

In 1788, Mr. Boulton struck a piece of gold, the size of a guinea, as a pattern, the letters of which were indented instead of a relief; and the head and other devices, although in relief, were protected from wear by a flat border, and from the perfect rotundity of shape, &c. with the aid of a steel gauge, it may, with great ease and certainty, by ascertaining its specific gravity, be distinguished from any base metal.

Previous to Mr. Boulton's engagement to supply government with copper pence, in order to bring his apparatus to perfection, he exercised it in coining silver money for Sierra Leone, and the African Company; and copper for the East India Company and Bermuda.

Various beautiful medals, of superior workmanship to any of the modern money of this country, of our celebrated naval and other officers have, from time to time, been struck here by Mr. Boulton, for the purpose of employing and encouraging ingenious artists, to revive that branch of sculpture.

Since the demise of the late Empress Catherine, Mr. Boulton presented her successor, the late Emperor Paul I. with some of the curious articles of his manufactory, and in return received a polite letter of thanks and approbation, together with a splendid collection of medals, minerals from Siberia, and specimens of all the modern money of Russia. Among the medals, which, for elegance of design and beauty of execution, have never yet been equalled in this or any other country, is a massy one of gold, impressed with a striking likeness, it is said, of that monarch. Our readers will be surprised, when they are told that this unrivalled piece was struck from a die engraved by the present Empress Dowager, who has from her youth taken great delight in the art of engraving on steel.

With a view of still further improving and facilitating the manufactory of steam engines, Messrs. Boulton and Watt have lately, in conjunction with their sons, established a foundry at Smethwick, a short distance from Soho. Here that powerful agent is employed, as it were, to multiply itself, and its various parts are fabricated and adapted together with the same regularity, neatness, and expedition, which distinguish all the operations of their manufactory. Those engines are afterwards distributed to all parts of the kingdom by the Birmingham canal, which communicates with a wet dock belonging to the foundry.

In a national view, Mr. Boulton's undertakings are highly valuable and important. By collecting around him artists of various descriptions, rival talents have been called forth; and, by successive competition, have been multiplied to an extent highly beneficial to the puplic. A barren heath has been covered with plenty and population; and these works, which in their infancy were little known and attended to, now cover several acres, give employment to many more than 600 persons, and are indubitably the first of their kind in Europe.

Mr. Boulton was not only a Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, but likewise of that which bears the Imperial Title of the Free and Æconomical at St. Petersburgh, and many other Foreign Institutions of the highest celebrity in Europe.

For a long time previous to his decease, he had been confined to his

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room by illness, and his dissolution daily expected. His memory will ever remain dear to the British nation, whose glory was advanced in proportion to his own fame. While we commemorate those great men, who have sought their country's honour in the fields of war, we ought not to omit paying a just tribute of applause to those who have promoted arts, industry, and commerce, and diffused plenty and comfort through the realm, by cultivating science, and applying it to the useful arts of peace.

The funeral of this distinguished man, took place, with appropriate solemnity, at Handsworth, about three quarters of a mile from Soho. A hearse and nine mourning coaches attended, but the coffin was carried by three sets of bearers, by hand, in mourning and scarfs; the hearse and coaches, and numberless carriages of the deceased's friends followed. Eighteen singers, in cloaks, preceded, singing appropriate psalms the whole way. All the beadles of Birmingham rode on horseback, and kept the way open. The corpse was followed to the grave by 600 workmen of the manufactory of Soho, who had each a silver medal presented to him, struck for the occasion, they wore hat-bands and gloves, and some mourning. The town was emptied of its principal inhabitants. The workmen were provided, after the funeral, with a dinner at Handsworth, and allowed to regale themselves for two hours. The expence of the funeral is calculated at 2000*l.*

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

LYCEUM, STRAND.

AUGUST 28.—This evening a new comic opera, under the title of *Safe and Sound*, was brought out at this theatre.—The scene is in the Prussian state, and the plot has its foundation in the celebrated law of the Great Frederick against duelling. Two young officers, *Lindor* and *Albert*, intimate friends, quarrel, fight, and the latter, who falls, is supposed to be dead. *Lindor*, flying to escape the punishment of the law, gets into the garden of *Baron Bellmont*, whom he soon learns is the father of his opponent. He contrives a story to account for his appearance there, and as his person is unknown, passes under the name of *Steinback*. *Albert*, who, it at last appears, has recovered from his wounds, returns to the house of his father, and the friends are reconciled. After some escapes from the soldiers, who are pursuing them, the duellists are taken, and about to be carried off. The audience are, however, quickly relieved from all anxiety for the fate of the two heroes. A pardon arrives, it is difficult to tell why, except that it comes in very conveniently to put an end to this scene of distress and the piece. *Lindor* is united to *Annette*, the sister of his friend, and *Albert* has a fair one in his father's house, anxiously waiting his return; and thus they go off in the usual manner in pairs.

This piece is said to be from the pen of Mr. Theodore Hooke, but it is much inferior to the other productions of that gentleman. It bears in some respects the marks of a foreign origin, and is perhaps a version from the French, hastily adapted to our stage. The plot is simple; but it is not conducted with much regard to probability. *Lindor*, in getting over the wall, meets a servant, who at first takes him for a robber: but in a few minutes this servant, without any apparent motive, and even without any solicitation, introduces the intruder to his master's daughter, and another lady, and advises him to make love to them. The ladies on their part are as susceptible of the *tender passion*, as if they had been born in a circulating library, and *Lindor* finds that the trifling circumstance of leaping a wall, or even dropping from the clouds, could be no obstacle in his way to the heart of *Annette*. The dialogue is pretty well written, and occasionally displays humour, though some of the jokes are old acquaintance, introduced under very slender disguises. The love sentiments too are as extravagant as the plot. But notwithstanding these defects, the piece is, upon

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the whole, pleasing. The music is sweet, but, we believe, not all new. It has, however, been selected and adapted with taste and judgment. Many of the airs sung by Mrs Mountain, Mrs. Bishop, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Horn, were encored. The overture too is very beautiful.

The acting also deserves much praise. *Baron Bellmont* by Mr. Dowton, his old steward by Penson, were performed in a way highly advantageous to the piece. Mrs. Orger, Oxberry, and all the other performers did their best. The audience in general seemed much gratified, and the announcement of the next performance was received by a great majority with strong marks of approbation. The house was quite full.

COVENT-GARDEN NEW THEATRE.

At length, after patiently suffering for several years the successive extortions of human meal-worms, maw-worms, and monopolists of every description, in their depredations upon the meat, drink, cloth, &c. used by John Bull; John has shewn that the susceptibility which used to reside in his belly, has been transferred to his diversions, in which he will not tamely submit to any abridgement whatever. In vain has the magnificent exterior of the New Theatre lately burst upon the astonished optics of the gazing multitude. Attic taste and modern elegance have in vain united to divert John's attention from other designs concealed under this magnificent exterior. The sculpture upon the Bow-street front, which at first was all that could be wished, represents the *Ancient Drama*, viz.

In the centre, three Greek poets are sitting; the two looking towards the portico, are Aristophanes, representing the Old Comedy, and (nearest to the spectator) Menander, representing the New Comedy. Before them Thalia presents herself with her crook and comic mask, as the object of their imitation. She is followed by Polyhymnia playing on the greater lyre, Euterpe on the lesser lyre, Clio with the long pipes, and Terpsichore, the Muse of Action or Pantomime. These are succeeded by three Nymphs, crowned with the leaves of the fir-pine, and in succinct tunics, representing the hours or seasons, governing and attending the winged horse Pegasus.

The third sitting figure in the centre, looking from the portico, is Æschylus, the father of Tragedy. He holds a scroll open on his knee: his attention is fixed on Wisdom, or Minerva, seated opposite to the poet. She is distinguished by her helmet and shield. Between Æschylus and Minerva, Bacchus stands leaning on his fawn, because the Greeks represented Tragedies in honour of Bacchus. Behind Minerva stands Melpomene, or Tragedy, holding a sword and mask; then follow two Furies, with snakes and torches, pursuing Orestes, who stretches his hands to supplicate Apollo for protection.—Apollo is represented in the quadriga, or four horsed chariot of the sun. The last described figures relate to part of Æschylus's Tragedy of *Orestes*.

The Modern Drama.—In the centre, (looking from the portico) Shakspeare is sitting; the Comic and Tragic Masks, with the lyre, are about his seat; his right hand is raised, expressive of calling up the following characters in the *Tempest*:—First, Caliban, laden with wood; next Ferdinand, sheathing his sword; then Miranda, entreating Prospero in behalf of her lover; they are led on by Ariel above, playing on a lyre. This part of the composition is terminated by Hecate (the three-formed Goddess) in her car, drawn by oxen, descending. She is attended by Lady Macbeth with the daggers in her hands, followed by Macbeth turning in horror from the body of Duncan behind him.

In the centre, looking towards the portico, is Milton, seated, contemplating Urania, according to his own description in the Paradise Lost. Urania is seated, facing him above; at his feet is Sampson Agonistes chained. The remaining figures represent the Masque of Comus; the two brothers drive out three Bacchanals, with their staggering leader Comus. The Enchanted Lady is seated in the chair, and the series is ended by two tygers, representing the transformation of Comus's devotees.

Two niches in the wings are occupied by statues representing Tragedy and Comedy: the former in the nich-

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nearest to Russell-street hold the tragic mask and dagger: the latter holds the shepherd's crook or pedum, and occupies the pitch in the northern extremity of the building next to Long Acre. On the first view of the exterior of the new theatre, from Bow-street, the massy pillars of the portico strikes the eye, as out of proportion to the capital they support. This must arise from the nearness of position you stand in to view them, the architect, doubtless, having taken care to observe the due scale between them and the main body. The emblematic sculpture on each side the portico being finished, afford an agreeable novelty to the spectators, and a fine specimen of the art. If the relief had been greater, that is, the figures more prominent, the effect would have been more satisfactory: that they are in *basso*, not *alto relievo*, the most uninformed admirer need not be told. But, generally speaking, if we were pleased with the *coup d'œil* of the exterior of this vast theatre, we were more pleased, and equally surprised, with the inside view of it. The stage is finished, and in a style which does the greatest credit to Mr. Saul. It surpasses the old one in space. By means of slides, it can be opened at any part, to admit of sinking the scenes, or for the traps. About ten feet below this is another stage, where the machinery is placed for the working of traps and the wings. Under both these stages is a cellar, sufficiently deep to allow a scene, the whole height of the stage, to be sunk down. Above are two tiers of commodious flies, where the machinery for raising the drop-scenes and borders are placed; and so complete and simple is all this machinery, that a scene the whole extent of the stage will, by the magic touch of Mr. Harlequin's bat, disappear in a moment, either by sinking, rising, or going off at the side. Unfortunately a mixture of meanness in the managers has spoiled all the magnificence of the architect and the ingenuity of the artist. The galleries divided into unnecessary compartments, are so small, and so ill adapted for an advantageous view of the stage, as to merit the name of *pigeon-holes*, which has been given to them by the audience. Boxes or slips, raised almost to an equal elevation, are generally disliked; and the whole design seems to shew an intention in a great measure of doing away the galleries altogether, and forcing the audience into other parts of the house, in which the prices have been openly and avowedly raised.

But to return to the interior of this theatre; the fronts of the boxes are painted of a dove colour ground, with different gold Etruscan borders, of the breadth of the whole pannel, running round each tier. The different tiers are supported by gold pillars, from the top of each of which runs a gilt iron basket, suspending a superb glass and gold chandelier for wax candles. The backs of the boxes are pink, and the doors solid mahogany. The prevailing colour of the theatre is therefore pink, excepting in the tier of private boxes, where the slanting sides of each box, which hinder the back of it from being seen, are of the dove colour.

The ceiling of the theatre is painted to imitate a dome. The proscenium of the stage is a large arch, from the top of which hang red curtains, festooned in the Grecian style, and ornamented with a black Grecian border and gold fringe; on each of these festoons is painted a gold wreath, in the centre of one of which is written in gold letters the motto of the stage, "*Veluti in Speculum.*" The proscenium is supported by pillars, painted to imitate yellow stained marble, of which colour are the sides of the pit; and the stage doors are white and gold. The drop is peculiarly grand. It represents a temple decicated to Shakspeare, in the back of which is seen his statue from Westminster Abbey, supported by Tragedy and Comedy; and between pillars on each side are statues of Æschylus, Plautus, Lope de Vega, Ben Johnson, Moliere, &c. &c.

On the evening of Monday, September 18, the managers first learned that their calculations about raising the prices had been made upon a fallacious ground. *Macbeth* was the piece announced; and the audience having being gratified with the favourite tunes of *God save the King*, and *Rule Britannia*, the curtain was drawn up with the loudest reiterated marks of applause, and Mr. Kemble came forward to speak the address,

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which was very tame: then began the expression of the dislike which a considerable party had taken to the advance of the admission prices; viz. boxes from 6s. to 7s. pit 3s. 6d. to 4s. and so loud and vehement was the displeasure, that not one syllable of the address could be heard. The play of *Macbeth* and after-piece of *The Quaker* followed, but the uproar continued with such unceasing violence, that throughout the whole evening not a single sentence could be caught by any person in the house. The rage of the party seemed directed principally against Mr. Kemble; but not even Mrs. Siddons, with all her impassioned representation of *Lady Macbeth*, could procure a moment's intermission of the clamour. The cry generally was, *No imposition—No extortion—No foreigners—No Catalani.* No other violence was offered, but many persons continued to a late hour after the performance, vociferating for the manager. Two or three magistrates appeared on the stage with apparently the *Riot Act* in their hands, but they were disregarded. The manager, however, never appeared. The overflow was prodigious; before six o'clock every avenue was blocked up. There were but very few females in any part of the house.

On Tuesday evening the *Beggar's Opera* was intended to have been represented, but like the Tragedy of *Macbeth* on the preceding night, it was a mere piece of mummery. From the rising of the curtain till the conclusion of the whole performance, which was over by ten o'clock, there was one incessant clamour. When the curtain was let down, the call for the manager was extremely loud, but nobody appeared. Printed papers with the words "*Old Prices*" were affixed on the front of the boxes, and held up in the pit, but no notice was taken of them. At length there was a cry of "Get on the stage," on which a posse of Bow-street officers appeared, and the stage traps were let down: these proceedings deterred the audience from venturing on that part of the theatre. A gentleman of the name of Leigh, an attorney, then addressed the audience from the boxes, and urged them to persevere in the temperate opposition they had begun, and he would insure them success. This was received with great applause. The people not dispersing, the constables at length began to attempt to clear the pit and galleries, to which considerable opposition was made, and several persons were taken into custody. It was half-past twelve before the house was emptied.

Richard the Third was on Wednesday night as completely spoiled as either of the preceding performances. Printed papers were exalted in several places, with "Old Prices—Resist the imposition every night until abated—No Catalani—Native talents." In addition to all the noises that had before been made, somebody blew a post-boy's horn. A little before the conclusion of the performances, Mr. Kemble appeared, and begged to know what was wanted?—"What affectation!" exclaimed several, and the shouting prevented his being further heard. When the performances were finished, many of the audience kept their seats as on the former night. Mr. Leigh again addressed them. He began by exhorting the audience to persevere in the same line of conduct they had hitherto done, and assured them whilst they did so they were not amenable to the law. They were perfectly justified in expressing their disapprobation of any performance, or on account of the advanced prices of the boxes and pit; but he advised them by all means not to give the officers in waiting a handle to ill use them. He had, himself, witnessed several acts of outrage committed that evening by officers and persons sent into the house by the manager. He had particularly marked the foreman of the workmen employed about the theatre, who had conducted himself with the greatest impropriety. He knew, too, that some hundreds of orders had been distributed, in order to procure a full attendance of the friends to the imposition. Mr. Leigh also adverted to a circumstance which happened at the doors of the theatre; the door-keepers were charged to refuse money, and admit orders in preference; but what seemed to him most surprising was, that Mr. Kemble should express his ignorance of what they had to complain of. Their grievances, he said, were not confined

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to the advance of prices. He hoped that the British stage would never be suffered to be contaminated with Italian depravity and French duplicity. *(Thunders of applause.)* He conjured the public to be firm, and promised to meet them on the following evening.

Mr. Smith, a barrister, next addressed the audience from the opposite boxes. He said, that Mr. Kemble had professed his ignorance of their complaints; he therefore proposed that Mr. Kemble should be required to attend for the purpose of hearing them, provided the audience would promise to listen patiently to him. This was agreed to, and in less than five minutes Mr. Kemble appeared on the stage, and spoke as follows:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—With great respect I wait your demands."—(Here was a cry of "You know them!" and Mr. Leigh added, "I will tell you in three words—*the old prices.*")—Mr. Kemble then proceeded—

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I have *at last comprehended* that the cause of your displeasure consists in the *small* advance of price on the boxes and pit.—(cries of *Yes, Yes.*)—Ladies and Gentlemen, in the reign of Queen Anne the price of admission to the pit was three shillings. One hundred years ago the galleries, Ladies and Gentlemen, were at the same prices as at present. Really I throw myself entirely on your generosity and liberality. For the last ten years the proprietors have not received more than six per cent. for their capital, which is certainly very trifling, considering the great hazard of the property. The proprietors have laid out 150,000*l.* in building a theatre which should be worthy of a British public, and in making it the finest theatre in Europe; besides which, the enormous expense of dresses, &c. and the getting up (as we phrase it) of plays, in a style that shall be worthy of you, is beyond comprehension. The expenses of dresses and scenery have, within these few years, doubled, trebled, quadrupled; and, indeed, there are other expenses, to numerous to mention, and with which I am in fact unacquainted. *(A laugh.)* Suffer me, Ladies and Gentlemen, to speak a few words in reply to a gentleman, who observed *t'other* night, that not one farthing of the advance would ever find its way into the pockets of the performers. Now, in truth, I state to you, (and I am sure that no one will doubt of my speaking the truth before you) that at the last raising of the prices, the performers were also benefited; and I am sure, all the performers are ready to come forward to testify it. Ladies and Gentlemen, I have only to say, that I fully rely on your liberality; and that on mature deliberation, you will not see any thing unreasonable in the proposed regulation of the prices."

The speech was interrupted, and received with a return of the audience's vehement disapprobation; and they did not leave the house till they had encouraged each other with three cheers, and promised to persevere. The house was nearly empty at a quarter before eleven.

On Thursday night *Love in a Village* was given out; but after *God save the King* had been called for and sung by the band, the whole performance was interrupted by a scene of disorder and confusion similar to the preceding nights, with the addition of bells, rattles, horns, and trumpets; and a variety of new placards were exhibited in different parts of the house. Mr. Kemble again came forward, and attempted to repeat his unsatisfactory speech of the night before; but he was obliged to leave the stage. Mr. Leigh and several gentlemen in the opposition addressed the house and were patiently heard. The audience departed about eleven o'clock.

Friday—*John Bull* was the play announced; and if judgment was to be passed by the bellowing, and horns it was certainly most energetically *played* by the performers in the boxes, pit, and galleries. The vocal music, previous to drawing up the curtain, and indeed throughout the evening, was not so great as on former occasions, but this absence of the human *voice* divine was most amply compensated by the great and increased variety of *instrumental* performers. The horns, rattels, catcalls, &c. were more abundant than ever, and were plied incessantly during the time the actors were on the stage. One person in the

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pit produced an octave fife, which he sounded so sharply, that all the bass in the orchestra could not drown his notes, while *God save the King*, *Rule Britannia*, and *Hearts of Oak*, alternately employed his powers. In these tunes, many of the audience fervently joined, and although the cadences were not *fine*, they were decidedly *full* enough.

The play proceeded with unexampled rapidity, and, while "huge uproar *lorded* it wide," in the middle of the second act, Mr. Kemble made his appearance. He was greeted with mingled acclamations of encouragement, and hootings, and revilings. It was long before silence could be obtained, and the fits of stillness were of very short duration, and liable to be interrupted every instant from the most casual occasions. Mr. Kemble was dressed as before, in black, and, while on the stage, exhibited a considerable degree of agitation. He spoke to the following effect:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen—I have a proposal to submit to you, if I may have the honour to have it heard, which I am in hopes will effectually contribute to the restoration of the public tranquillity. Ladies and Gentlemen—the proprietors are willing to submit their accounts and books *(no! no! hear! hear!)* to the inspection of a committee of gentlemen of unimpeachable impartiality and honour, proposed by the public, who, from their rank and characters, must be acknowledged to be above all suspicion. *(Hear! hear!)* To convince the whole world, and shew the state of their affairs, the proprietors are anxious that they should be submitted, for instance, (if he could be prevailed on kindly to undertake the trouble of investigating their accounts) to the Governor of the Bank of England. *(A partial cry of no! no!)* Ladies and Gentleman—I only ask, what I am sure you won't deny me—*Impartial Justice. (Universal applause, interrupted by sounding a horn, at which great indignation was expressed.)* Let the Attorney-General of England—This was answered with disapprobation—"None of your law officers, Black Jack. The Governor of the Bank of England, &c.". The placards of the night were more numerous than ever, and some of them extremely large and long.

Saturday.—The *Woodman* and *Raising the Wind* was attempted, when as usual, cat-calls, rattles, &c. struck up at the beginning of the play, and continued in full chorus nearly the evening. Among the placards struck up was, the exhibition of a coffin with cross bones, &c. and the words, "Here lies the body of New Prices, an ugly child, and base born, who died of the *whooping-cough*, on the 23d of September, 1809, aged six days." Mr. Kemble at length informed the audience, that a committee of *gentlemen* should be appointed to inspect the state of the concern, and decide whether the old or new prices were the most fit and reasonable; and that, until the report of these *gentlemen* could be obtained, the house should be closed; he also stated that Madam Catalani had relinquished her engagement with Mr. Harris. The interruptions to Mr. Kemble's speech were frequent and loud, and he retired amidst a contending storm of applause and disapprobation.—The placards of this evening were still more numerous than the preceding, some of which displayed considerable ingenuity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our correspondent "R. H." complains that his communications have been copied into the *Globe* newspaper, without any acknowlelgement on the part of the editor from what work he took them. The injury, if any, is done to us; for while our correspondent's honours are *multiplied*, we are robbed of the merit of having introduced the subject of those honours to public notice. We should be glad, however, to see such mean practices abandoned.

Our friend "R. T." writes a doleful phillippic against *stinking breath*. We pity his sufferings, but know not how to relieve them.

"William Tucker" has our best wishes, and we hope his muse is more propitious, now that he is in the enjoyment of the *mens sana in corpore sano*.

"J G.'s" confidential communication shall be treated with strict secrecy. Several of his favours have yet to appear.

Numerous communications are deferred for want of room.

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STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

Parturiunt montes!

THE grandest expedition that has ever been sent from the ports of England, has returned home again; and the news it brings with it must make every English heart ready to burst with sorrow and indignation. We have alluded sufficiently often to the profligacy of some of our public papers: and it might have been expected that those, which had endeavoured to raise the expectation of the public to the highest pitch, would have been the first to feel for the disgrace of the nation. But no! they are base enough, if an individual should discover any warmth on the subject of the corruptions of the country, to endeavour, by all means in their power, to ruin him in the nation's esteem. But should the nation be ruined, either by evil councils, or by timid wavering or cowardly execution, they would rather screen the culprits, than endeavour to bring them to justice.

The expedition has been attended with the most melancholy circumstances. We could join in the laughter at its folly,—at the partings of Lord Castlereagh and Alderman Curtis,—at the feasts of the turtle-loving Falstaff,—if the groans from our military hospitals did not destroy every inclination to merriment. We are the laughter and scorn of our enemies. We have put forth all our strength, and what have we effected? We have taken two islands, garrisoned by not a tenth part of the number of assailants:—we have demolished a town, which we might have taken with scarcely any effort:—we have frittered away our time on these two islands; have quitted one entirely, and it is supposed that if we do not speedily decamp from the other, we shall be overpowered by the enemy. The French, indeed, mean to leave us in possession of the place, during the unhealthy season; but, as soon as the cold weather sets in, they will attack the troops, weakened with sickness, and restore the island to its former master.

The Earl of Chatham was the commander of this ill-fated expedition; the brother of Mr. Pitt, the tax-monger, and, we regret to say it, the son of Pitt, the statesman. That the brother of Pitt, the tax-monger, should have acted in this manner, excites in us no surprise: he has been in the field as great as the tax-monger in the cabinet. The two brothers have expended more of English money, to no purpose, than any pair of ministers and commanders in the annals of our history. How would the immortal Chatham have felt upon this occasion! What would he have said to a son, returning to town without a single voice being raised to congratulate his arrival?—He would indignantly have turned away, and the recollection of a Wolfe must have overpowered his feelings.

It is appointed, by nature, that great minds, with small powers, will produce great effects; whilst little minds, with the greatest powers, will only betray the more their insignificance.—Nothing can be said on this expedition to palliate the conduct of those who planned, or those who superintended its execution. The navy and the army were ready to perform every duty. To the army, indeed, little opportunity was offered for distinguishing itself. All that was done was done by the navy and the artillery; and we need not say that the former acted with the utmost skill, promptitude, and bravery. The latter was served with that judgment which marks this excellent corps: a corps, whose officers are not parade gentlemen, but men who know their duties, and study to perform them with diligence and propriety.

With such a force what might not have been effected?—As to the object of the undertaking, the destroying of the French navy in the Scheldt, we have not the least doubt that if it had been left entirely to our ships of war, they would have performed the task with eagerness and facility. As it is, our navy is not involved in any of the disgrace. Our admirals did not form a part of the military council which gave up the undertaking. The Earl of Chatham and his lieutenant-generals must answer to the county for this part

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of the expedition; and we cannot fix culpability on them, till we know on what data their opinion was founded. The time may have been so frittered away, that a force was collected on both sides the Scheldt too strong to be attacked by our army, probably at that time too much enfeebled with sickness. Yet why was such a force permitted to be collected? The planners of the expedition had opportunities of knowing the strength of the Netherlands; but in this the lieutenant-generals will say, that they had no concern; they could answer only for the precise point of time when the Earl of Chatham consulted them; and then they were unanimous that they could not stir a step farther. We lament only that the matter was necessarily referred to such a council:—we wish that the question had been decided by the admirals and captains of the fleet.

But what was the present Earl of Chatham about during his residence in Beveland? How came it that he could not stir from Beveland long before he called this council? What prevented him from making the attack immediately after his landing on this island? This question ought to be decided by a military enquiry. It cannot be doubted that he had sufficient instructions before he went; and, if the plan failed through his mismanagement, his employers are interested in making it known to the public.

The Earl of Chatham, however, may not have been culpable. He may have been active and energetic:—rising at the dawn of day to prepare his troops for action, retiring late to a few hours of disturbed repose; contenting himself with the commonest fare; every moment on the alert, to take every advantage:—if we grant all this, which however is rather difficult, since it does not appear that he ever was within sight or hearing of the enemy, what becomes of his employers? Where was their skill in forming the plan; their sagacity in providing every thing for its execution?—The guilt must be shared between them and Lord Chatham, or lay exclusively on the shoulders of one or other of these parties. Let it fall where it will, it becomes the nation that a notable example shall be made; or our army will continue to exhibit the miserable scenes of the Helder, Buenos Ayres, and the Scheldt.

It is no wonder that, after such a transaction, we should have heard of squabbles in the cabinet, and that some of the ministers have been exasperated against each other beyond the usual bounds of public men's resentment. But a pistol ball is a small satisfaction to a nation; and we do not wish ministers to take into their own hands what would better be performed by the justice of the country. The expedition to Holland is not the only thing to create among them a spirit of discord; and the news from Spain is supposed to have imparted no small degree of acrimony. We closed our last with a supposed triumph at Talavera; and it was natural to expect, after the triumphant details in the Gazette, and the firing of the park and tower guns, that the next dispatches would inform us of the advance of the combined army, and the retreat of the Gallo-Spanish King to the north of the Ebro.

But no such news arrived.——The battle of Talavera was productive of one event, which will stamp it for ever in the annals of our peerage, whilst the unennobled will never think of the title but with scorn and contempt, though the wearer of it is a man of distinguished courage and acknowledged talents. The Wellesley, who commanded the British troops on the plains of Talavera, has been made a peer upon the occasion, receiving the title of Viscount from that ill-fated city. He is now Lord Viscount Wellington of Talavera. The title was conferred upon him as soon as possible after the arrival of his first dispatch; and his next dispatches shewed with what propriety it was conferred. We have seen a British admiral, after having defeated the enemy, and taken two of his ships, degraded for not pursuing farther the advantages of his victory. A general is made a Viscount for repelling the enemy one day: but he had no signs of victory to shew, and the event proved what little claims he had to the rewards of distinguished merit.

Whilst England was congratulating herself on the bravery of the troops,

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and conceiving, from the marks of honour conferred on the commander, that the ministers had sufficient grounds for their conduct, the fatal truth broke out by degrees, and, at last, the letters of the new-made Lord Talavera completely undeceived the nation. Not a step did he advance beyond the field of battle; and, what was worse, he made a most precipitate and hasty flight, leaving behind him the sick and wounded to the mercy of the enemy. It was natural that he should complain of one cause or the other, of any thing, in short, but his own imprudence and indiscretion.—He had before him the example of the unfortunate General Moore; and it was his own fault that he had not taken due care for the provisioning of the army. He knew also the strength of the French in Spain, and what troops he had to oppose them. What then shall be said for him, if he marches into an enemy's country, and, at the moment that he is attacked in front, is ignorant of an army in his rear? We must presume on this ignorance, or he would not in his dispatches of victory have been totally silent on that head: he would not have left us to conclude that he was a conqueror, at the moment that he knew that he was running out of the kingdom that he came to deliver.

This, however, was the case. The combined army had scarcely recovered from the fatigue of the battle of Talavera, when news came that Marshal Soult was at Placentia, and that the Gallo-Spanish King was returning in great force to take them in front, whilst the Marshal attacked them in the rear. There was no time for much deliberation: but difficulties it seems occurred between the Spanish and British general on the troops which were to make the first retrograde movement; that is, not to run away, but to go to the attack of the Marshal. The British troops quitted the ground first, and got safely to the other side of the Tagus: the Spaniards did not approve of being left behind, and they marched in haste to join their beloved companions. They were not, however, so fortunate: the French came up with their rear, slaughtered a great many, made a great number of prisoners, and took a considerable quantity of baggage and ammunition.

The French had now possession of all the north of the Tagus, and almost all the country to Madrid. Yet we had, on that ground, an English hero, whose name for the first time has been mentioned in the Gazette in the history of this campaign, and yet who has signalised himself more than any other commander. Lord Talavera tells us, in plain terms, that he was defeated; yet they, who justly appreciate military exploits, will give to Sir Robert Wilson the praise due to a skilful, enterprising, and brave commander, who did every thing that a man could do in the circumstances in which he was placed. Sir Robert Wilson was at the head of an army of about eight thousand men, consisting of Spanish, Portuguese, and English troops. The confidence of these different nations he had obtained, and had penetrated almost up to the walls of Madrid.—Ordered to retreat by the commander in chief, he was to make his way back in the best manner he could; and whilst he was supposing that the combined army of British and Spaniards would advance, he found that the French were interposed between him and them, and that nothing remained for him to do but to consider in what manner he could best annoy the enemy in his retreat.

The opportunity soon occurred, but fatal necessity placed him in a situation out of which nothing but superior skill and bravery could extricate him. In his retreat he was attacked by Soult's army, and the disparity in numbers was too great to leave him any course to pursue but that of cutting his way through the enemy. With his usual bravery, Sir Robert Wilson made the proper arrangements, and the Marshal had no reason to rejoice at what Lord Talavera is pleased to call the defeat of this brave little army. Sir Robert did all that could be done; and his letter on the occasion shews the brave and generous commander. He makes no complaints; brings forward no insinuations; he tells us plainly what his situation was, and in what manner he extricated himself, namely, by hard fighting, and with considerable loss; but with such loss to the enemy, as must considerably impede his march

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against our retreating army. We should like a fair comparison to be made between Sir Robert Wilson and the new-made Peer. Sir Robert gained his title by the part he took in the valiant charge of the fifteenth, in the last war, in the Netherlands, which saved the Emperor of Germany, who, without it, would have been taken prisoner by the French. He has shewn himself, in every respect, to be worthy of military honours. We may congratulate our country that we have a soldier, who, if he had been in Bonaparte's army, would have been in the list of his favoured generals.

Whilst these things were going forward in the middle of Spain, great rejoicings were made at Seville on the arrival of the Marquis Wellesley, who was to infuse new vigour into the Junta. A grand dinner was given on the occasion; at which were present, all that are, or are reckoned to be, of any importance in the city and neighbourhood. The healths of the sovereign of England, and the ex-sovereign of Spain, were drank with great enthusiasm; and to shew the zeal of all parties in the same cause, the health of the Pope was drank with equal ardour by both protestants and papists. Changeableness of religious opinions has been often imputed to Bonaparte; but what must the No Popery administration think of this dereliction of principle in their ambassador. To wish well to the Pope, to hope to raise him again to his triple throne and crown, are objects surely not grateful to those who hold in abhorrence the thoughts of catholic emancipation. But whatever may have been the design of Marquis Wellesley in drinking this toast, we hold it as a bad presage of his future success. With whatever zeal the Pope's health might be received at the convivial feast, it is far from clear, that the Spanish nation is equally interested in his cause. The toast may be considered as a kind of pledge, that no improvement was to be expected in the religious establishment of the country.

But the Gallo-Spanish King is of a different opinion. He is in no dread of the Pope, and is carrying on his religious reforms with great alacrity. The monasteries are suppressed much in the same way as our Harry the Eighth got rid of the same sort of gentry; and a variety of abuses have been put an end to, which had prevailed in the mal-administration of the preceeding reigns. Thus, to the terror of his arms he adds the encouragement of better times; whilst the junta holds out only the hopes of a Cortez, but has not given the least intimation of a reform, which every good Spaniard knows to be absolutely necessary. In such a state of things we almost despair of any further effectual resistance being made to the French. Our army, by the last accounts, had reached Elvas in Portugal. It is not likely that they will be able again to render any assistance to the Spanish cause. The Spanish armies have retreated to the south of Spain. They are still numerous enough to make a considerable resistance; but when we consider the numbers, discipline, and skill of the French, the apathy of a very great body of the Spaniards, and the wish for a change in another large proportion, we cannot expect that the Bourbon race will ever be again permitted to ruin the energies, and to keep in superstition, ignorance, and sloth, so fine a country.

Its fate will not, however, be completely decided till the peace is established between the two late contending emperors. The armistice still subsists, though the term for which it was first established, has long since expired. In a negociation of so much importance, delay was inevitable; but it does not appear that the French can be losers by it. The only part that remains unquiet is the Tyrolese, which, from the nature of its mountains, must always be a longer time before it submits to any arrangement, than a plain country. However, the armistice has left the French every opportunity of bringing it into subjection; and though it is not known to whom it will belong in future, it is severed from the house of Austria for ever. Many are the conjectures on the state of the negociation, but nothing has transpired on which any dependence can be placed. It is sufficient to observe, that Bonaparte still remains in Austria; that he there celebrated his birth-day. We may be

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certain therefore, that something remains to be done which requires his presence; for he thinks nothing done whilst any thing remains undone.

The state of the Austrian cabinet is worse, probably, than that of our own country; but we do not hear that any of its ministers have fought duels. The emperor must now, to a certain degree, act for himself, and his abilities are less equal to the conflict in the cabinet, than his troops to cope with the adversary in the field. The report is strong, that he is to quit his dominions on the south of the Danube; it is doubted whether he will retain the whole of what is the north. Some have assigned to him only the kingdoms of Bohemia and Moravia; and it is not at all improbable that he will be rendered inferior to Bavaria. Thus the two houses of Austria and Brandenburgh, which, last century, filled all Europe with their exploits, are reduced to a very inferior situation; and the Austrian nobility, the proudest on the earth, will no longer have a splendid court in which to display the folly of their family pedigrees.

In the midst of these changes Bonaparte, the great arbiter, has been issuing some decrees, gratifying equally to his own pride, and to the satisfaction of his army. Annuities are granted to all his wounded, according to the rank which they hold; and provision is made for the widows and children of the deceased. It is no wonder that his army is steadily attached to him, whom fortune has thus befriended, who rewards merit in all ranks, and who provides for the wounded and the relations of the slain. In imitation of the Roman Emperors, he has, by another edict, ordered the erection of a lofty obelisk, in Paris, on which is to be described the principal battles he has lately fought; and the passage over the Danube, and the names of his principal heroes are to be engraved on the pillar. If a similar pillar was to be erected for the feats of our armies during the war, the contrast would be very remarkable.

The part that the Russian Emperor takes in the negociation is not known. He is, without doubt, consulted in it, and his interest will be attended to. Peace is said to be ratified between him and Sweden, with the loss of Finland to the latter power, and with some modifications as to the communication between that country and Great Britain, which relates chiefly to ships of war. The trade between the two countries is not to be interrupted.

The American dispute cannot be expected to have terminated so easily, yet the exasperation on that side of the water seems rather to increase than decrease. It is reported that France will take advantage of the dispute, and enter into terms interesting to both nations. The Brazilians do not seem to get forward so well as could be wished. Already there has been a trial of strength between the court and the country; and the former finds that it cannot govern with the same facility as at Lisbon. The dispute arose respecting some military arrangements. Our intercourse with that country does not communicate much solid information on the nature of its government, the parties sent from this country being too much employed in their commercial speculations to attend to such matters.

But all foreign politics give place to two great domestic occurrences; the most important is the grand agitation at a playhouse, the second the grand agitation in the cabinet, attended by a duel between two of its members. The playhouse agitation puts us in mind of the attachment of the Athenians to the theatre in their fallen and degraded state. Neither the flight from Talevera, nor the retreat from Holland occupy so much the public mind as the grand question, whether the proprietors of a playhouse should set six or seven shillings as the price of a certain commodity, and make arrangements for the accommodation of private persons. Covent Garden Theatre has been rebuilt, and adorned at a great expence. In consequence, the proprietors think themselves entitled to increase the price of admission; the public object to this increase, and their opposition has been manifested in a most decisive manner—no bear-garden exhibiting greater scenes of riot and confusion. The proprietors persisted for six nights with the great-

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est firmness, and the actors recited their parts to an audience occupied in noise and tumult. Here is evidently the want of some arbiter between them; and if the case was not provided for in the patent, it is high time that a regulation should be made. The proprietors cannot be considered as other dealers and chapmen; for if they prevent other people from exhibiting, it is but right that there should be some check to their demands on the public.

But not only the increase of price, but the disposition of their boxes requires animadversion. Our theatres certainly want much regulation; and the disorders frequent there from loose women and ill-bred young men, are a disgrace to a civilized country. But we cannot see the propriety of permitting a considerable part of the house to be devoted to the use of private persons. The theatre is and ought to be public, and the example of the Opera House is no precedent for an English audience. Private boxes afford great encouragement to immorality, and we do not wish to see our theatre in the disgraceful state of an Italian house, where the boxes are filled with people turning their backs on the performers, and annoying their neighbours with their noise. Should the innovation succeed at Covent-Garden, we shall gradually become Italianised; and a worse fate cannot befal a country.

After six nights conflict an armistice took place. The managers have given notice, that the subject in dispute should be referred to a committee, and, till their answer is received, and has been made public, the theatre is to be shut up. Of course the committee must be appointed by themselves, and the documents will be submitted by themselves. The public cannot have any one to plead their cause. This arrangement is, however, far better than the late disturbances in the playhouse; and should the public not be satisfied by the award, they are at liberty to commence their usual offensive operations. But the whole matter shews that the management of our theatres is not on the best footing, and probably the riotous behaviour that takes place in them may call for farther regulations. The whole business, however, brings too strongly to our mind the recollection of the fall of the Athenians; and the triumph over managers is a small compensation in a contest with Bonaparte.

During the agitation of this grand question, the town was surprised with the account of a duel between Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh, in which the former was wounded, but not dangerously, in the thigh. The divisions in the cabinet had been long circulated, but it was not expected that they had been carried to so great lengths. Lord Castlereagh was the challenger; he is an Irishman. They fired a brace of pistols each; the first sensation of the public was, that of pity and contempt at their being so bad marksmen. It is Mr. Canning's first duel. Various reasons have been assigned for it, in which the expedition to Walcheren, and the dispatches from Lord Talavera, were the most prominent features; but the more immediate cause is said to have been the attempt of Mr. Canning to get rid of his colleague, in consequence of the discoveries that had been made in the House of Commons, relative to his conduct. This was combined with the desire of introducing Marquis Wellesley into the cabinet; and it was said that the plan had been in agitation for some time. Lord Castlereagh considered this as a disgraceful underhand dealing; for underhand dealing among these gentry, when their own interest is concerned, is called by them very disgraceful; whilst all the underhand dealing in the traffic for seats of parliament, or any underhand dealing, when the interest of the public are concerned, conveys no disgrace at all. Of course Lord Castlereagh challenged, and Mr. Canning accepted the challenge; the result is a wound, and probably the parties will shake hands, and, like the knaves in the play, cry out, Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong. Every Englishman, however, if any spark of ancient honour remains in his breast, must feel indignant that the councils of his sovereign must have been for so long a time committed to the councils of two men who, by this action, seem to have so little sense of the high trust with which they were invested. Neither of them has any

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longer a seat in the cabinet; and the Duke of Portland has resigned. The filling up of their places occasions great movements in the higher circles. The prospect to the country is melancholy. At a time when the greatest vigour, and the soundest wisdom, are called for, there seems to be either a dearth of talents, or a system which prevents their being called into action.

In this state of confusion at home and abroad, the fiftieth year of his majesty's reign is approaching. A similar event in domestic life calls forth peculiar marks of joy and festivity, and the occasion seemed to demand a demonstration of the public opinion. Some merchants and bankers first took up the question, and obtained the use of Merchant-Taylors Hall, in which a grand dinner is to be given, the tickets of admission being three guineas each, on the day of the accession. A requisition was signed to the Lord Mayor, to summon a Common Council, to take the subject into consideration; and there Alderman Curtis opened the business with a speech in his way, that is, as undignified as can possibly be imagined, and completely unworthy of the occasion, concluding with a resolution for a committee to digest the mode in which the celebration of the event should be conducted. This brought up Mr. Waithman, who, in a very energetic speech, passed in review the public acts of the last half century. Little are they, assuredly, calculated to dignify the page of history; and the orator was not sparing of his censure. If, indeed, those acts could be called the king's acts, little occasion should we have to rejoice; but it was properly contended, that the constitution had separated the personal character of the king from that of his ministers. We lay it down as a maxim, that the king can do no wrong, and when misconduct arises, the ministers are to be impeached. The personal compliment to the sovereign was therefore justly thought due, and a committee was in consequence appointed. It has met, we understand, but its scale of rejoicing is on a very confined plan, and scarcely suited to the occasion; but this will be in the press before the Common Council has received the report. The other cities of England will probably take their clue from the city of London. We shall of course have a variety of loyal addresses, and the day will make an addition to our list of knights and baronets.

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AT his house in Piccadilly, George William, sixth Earl of Coventry and Viscount Deerhurst. His Lordship was 87 years of age, being born on the 26th of April, 1722, and succeeded his father in the honours and estates of the family in 1751: he married, first, March 5, 1752, Maria, eldest daughter of John Gunning, Esq. (by his wife Bridget, daughter of John Viscount Mayo), and sister to the Duchess of Hamilton; by this lady he had issue, George William, now Earl of Coventry, Maria, Alicia, and Anne Margaret—He married, secondly, Sept 27, 1764, Barbara, daughter of John, tenth Lord St. John, by whom he had issue, two sons, John and Thomas, and a daughter, Barbara, who died an infant. The memory of this venerable Nobleman will deservedly be held in high respect by all who had the honour and pleasure of his acquaintance. In the long period of fifty eight years, during which he held the high office of Lord Lieutenant of the county of Worcester, the integrity of his public conduct, ever directed by a sound judgment, active in promoting the public good, and adorned by affability and politeness, ensured universal esteem. Nor was his conduct less worthy of imition as a Peer of Parliament; he well understood the principles of the Constitution, and acted at all times in comformity with them, supporting the government of the country with zeal and integrity; but when, during the American war, he could no longer approve of the conduct of the then Minister, Lord North, he resigned the place of one of the Lords of the Bedchamber, though contrary to his Majesty's wishes, resolving that no private considerations should shackle

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his public conduct. He was a highly polished gentleman, an elegant scholar, and a man of superior taste; that he possessed this latter accomplishment in an eminent degree will be manifest to every one who recollects what the Croome demesne once was, and what it now is; with few natural advantages, it has been laid out and adorned, under his Lordship's immediate direction, with so much judgment, as evidently to shew what art and industry can perform "when science marks the progress of their toil." He was Recorder of Worcester, and ever attentive to its interests for the space of 35 years, being elected and sworn into that office in 1774, in the room of Lord Viscount Dudley and Ward, and was highly respected by the corporation.

Operations *of the* British Army *in* Spain.

[*Continued from p.* 168.]

Downing Street, Sept. 2.

A Dispatch, of which the following is a copy, was received at the office of Lord Viscount Castlereagh, from Lieut.-Gen. Lord Viscount Wellington, K.B.

Deleytosa, Aug. 8, 1809.

My Lord—I apprised your Lordship on the 1st inst. of the advance of a French corps towards the Puerto de Banos, and of the probable embarrassments to the operations of the army, which its arrival at Placentia would occasion; and these embarrasments having since existed to a degree so considerable as to oblige us to fall back, and to take up a defensive position on the Tagus, I am induced to trouble you more at length with an account of what has passed upon this subject.

When I entered Spain, I had a communication with General Cuesta, through Sir R. Wilson and Colonel Roche, respecting the occupation of the Puerto de Banos, and the Puerto de Perales, the former of which, it was at last settled, should be held by a corps to be formed under the Marquis de la Reyna, to consist of two battalions from General Cuesta's army, and two from Bejar; and that the Puerto de Perales was to be taken care of by the Duque del Parque, by detachments from the garrison of Cindid Rodrigo.—I doubted of the capacity of the garrison of Cindad Rodrigo to make the detachment to the latter, but had so little doubt of the effectual occupation of the former, that in writing to Marshal Beresford on the 17th of July, I desired him to look to the Puerto de Perales, but that I considered Banos as secure. —On the 30th, intelligence was received at Talavera, that 12,000 rations had been ordered at Fuente Duenos for the 28th, and 24,000 at Los Santos for the same day, for a French corps, which it was believed was on its march towards the Puerto de Banos. —General Cuesta expressed some anxiety respecting this post, and sent me a message, to propose that Sir Robert Wilson should be sent there with his corps.

Sir Robert was on that day at Talavera, but his corps was in the mountains towards Escalona; and as he had already made himself very useful in that quarter and had been near Madrid, with which city he had a communication, which I was desirous of keeping up, I proposed that a Spanish corps should be sent to Banos without loss of time. I could not prevail with General Cuesta, although he certainly admitted the necessity of a reinforcement when he proposed that Sir Robert should be sent to Banos; and he was equally sensible with myself, of the benefit to be derived to the cause, from sending Sir Robert back to Escalona. At this time we had no further intelligence of the enemy's advance than that the rations were ordered; and I had hopes that the enemy might be deterred from advancing, by the intelligence of our successes on the 28th, and that the troops in the Puerto might make some defence: and that under these circumstances it was not desirable to divert Sir Robert Wilson from Escalona.

On the 30th, however, I renewed my application to General Cuesta to send there a Spanish division of sufficient strength, in a letter to General O'Donoghue; and he did not detach Gen. Bassecourt till the morning of the 2d, after we had heard that the enemy had entered Bejar, and it was obvious that the troops in the Puerto would make no defence. On the 2d

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we received accounts that the enemy had entered Placentia in two columns. The Marquis de la Reyna, whose two battalions consisted of only 600 men, with only 20 rounds of ammunition each man, retired from the Puerto and from Placentia, without firing a shot, and went to the bridge of Almaraz, which he declared that he intended to remove; the battalions of Bejar dispersed without making any resistance. The General called upon me on that day, and proposed that half of the army should march to the rear to oppose the enemy, while the other half should maintain the post at Talavera. My answer was, that if by half the army, he meant half of each army, I could only answer that I was ready either to go or to stay with the whole British army, but that I could not separate it. He then desired me to chuse whether I would go or stay, and I preferred to go, from thinking that the British troops were most likely to do the business effectually, and without contest; and from being of opinion it was more important to us than to the Spanish army, to open a communication through Placentia, although very important to them. With this decision, General Cuesta appeared perfectly satisfied.

The movements of the enemy in our front since the 1st, had induced me to be of opinion, that despairing of forcing us at Talavera, they intended to force a passage by Escalona, and thus to open a communication with the French corps coming from Placentia. This suspicion was confirmed on the night of the 2d, by letters received from Sir Robt. Wilson; and before I quitted Talavera on the 3d, I waited upon General O'Donoghue and conversed with him upon the whole of our situation, and pointed out to him the possibility, that in the case of the enemy coming through Escalona, General Cuesta might find himself obliged to quit Talavera before I should be able to return to him; and I urged him to collect all the carts that could be got, in order to remove our hospital. At his desire I put the purport of this conversation in writing, and sent him a letter to be laid before Gen. Cuesta.

The British army marched on the 3d to Oropesa. About five o'clock in the evening I heard that the French had arrived from Placentia at Naval-moral, whereby they were between us and the bridge of Almaraz. About an hour afterwards, I received from General O'Donoghue the letter and its enclosures, announcing to me the intention of General Cuesta to march from Talavera in the evening, and to leave there my hospital, excepting such men as could be moved by the means he already had, on the ground of his apprehensions that I was not strong enough for the corps coming from Placentia, and that the enemy was moving upon his flank, and had returned to Santa Olalla in his front. I acknowledge that these reasons did not appear to me sufficient for giving up so important a post as Talavera, for exposing the combined armies to an attack in front and rear at the same time, and for abandoning my hospital; and I wrote a letter which unfortunately reached the General after he had marched, and he arrived at Oropesa shortly after day-light, on the morning of the 4th.

The question what was to be done, was then to be considered. The enemy, stated to be 30,000 strong, but at all events consisting of the corps of Soult and Ney, either united, or not very distant from each other, and supposed by Marshal Jourdan and Joseph Bonaparte to be sufficiently strong to attack the British army, stated to be 25,000 strong, were, on one side in possession of the high road to the passage of the Tagus, at Almaraz, the bridge at which place we knew had been removed, although the boats still necessarily remained in the river. On the other side we had reason to expect the advance of Victor's corps to Talavera, as soon as General Cuesta's march should be known, and after leaving 12,000 men to watch Venegas, and allowing him from 10 to 11,000 killed and wounded in the late action, this corps would have amounted to 25,000. We could extricate ourselves from this difficult situation only by great celerity of movement, to which the troops were unequal, as they had not had their allowance of provisions for several days, and by success in two battles. If unsuccessful in either, we should have been without a retreat, and if

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Soult and Ney, avoiding an action, had retired before us, and had waited the arrival of Victor, we should have been exposed to a general action with 50,000 men, equally without a retreat.

We had reason to expect, that as the Marquis de la Reyna could not remove the boats from the river Almaraz, Soult would have destroyed them.—Our only retreat was therefore, by the bridge of Arco Bispo; and if we had moved on, the enemy, by breaking that bridge while the army should be engaged with Soult and Ney, would have deprived us of that only resourse—We could not take a position at Oropesa, as we thereby left open the road to the bridge of Arco Bispo from Talavera by Calera; and, after considering the whole subject maturely, I was of opinion that it was adviseable to retire to the bridge of Arco Bispo, and to take up a defensive position upon the Tagus. I was induced to adopt this last opinion, because the French have now at least 50,000 men disposable to oppose to the Combined Armies, and a corps of 12,000 to watch Vanegas; and I was likewise of opinion, that the sooner the defensive line should be taken up, the more likely were the troops to be able to defend it.—Accordingly I marched on the 4th, and crossed the Tagus by the bridge of Arco Bispo, and have continued my route to this place, in which I am well situated to defend the passage of Almaraz and the lower parts of the Tagus. Gen. Cuesta crossed the river on the night of the 5th, and he is still at the bridge of Arco Bispo.

About 2000 of the wounded have been brought away from Talavera, the remaining 1500 are there; and I doubt whether, under any circumstances, it would have been possible or consistent with humanity to attempt to remove any more of them.—From the treatment which some of the soldiers wounded on the 27th, and who fell into the hands of the enemy, experienced from them, and from the manner in which I have always treated the wounded who have fallen into my hands, I expect that these men will be well treated; and I have only to lament that a new concurrence of events, over which from circumstances I had and could have no controul, should have placed the army in a situation to be obliged to leave any of them behind.

I have the honour, &c.

A. WELLESLEY.

[*To be continued.*]

OFFICIAL DETAILS *of the* OPERATIONS *of the* BRITISH FORCES *in* HOLLAND.

[*Continued from p.* 168.]

DOWNING-STREET, SEPT. 2.

A Dispatch, of which the following is a Copy, was yesterday morning received at the office of Lord Viscount Castlereagh, from Lieut.-Gen. the Earl of Chatham.

Head-Quarters, Baths, Aug. 29, 1809.

MY LORD,—Major Bradford delivered to me your lordship's dispatch of the 21st inst. signifying to me his Majesty's commands that I should convey to Lieut.-Gen. Sir E. Coote, the General and other officers and troops employed before Flushing, and particularly to those of the artillery and engineer departments, his Majesty's most gracious approbation of their conduct: and which I have obeyed with the most entire satisfaction. I had the honour in my last dispatch of acquainting your lordship with my intention of proceeding to this place, and I should have been most happy to have been enabled to have announced to your lordship the further progress of this army. Unfortunately, however, it becomes my duty to state to your lordship that, from the concurrent testimony from so many quarters, as to leave no doubt of the truth of the information, the enemy appears to have collected so formidable a force, as so convinced me that the period was arrived, at which my instructions would have directed me to withdraw the army under my command, even if engaged in actual operation. I had certainly early understood on my arrival at Walcheren, that the enemy were assembling in considerable force on all points; but I was unwilling to give too much credit to these reports, and I was determined to persevere until I

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was satisfied, upon the fullest information, that all further attempts would be unavailable. From all our intelligence it appears that the force of the enemy in this quarter, distributed between the environs of Bergen-op-Zoom, Breda, Lillo, and Antwerp, and cantoned on the opposite coast, is not less than 35,000 men, and by some statements is estimated higher. Though a landing on the continent might, I have no doubt, have been forced, yet, as the siege of Antwerp, the possession of which could alone have secured to us any of the ulterior objects of the expedition, was by this state of things rendered utterly impracticable, such a measure, if successful, could have led to no solid advantage; and the ret eat of the army, which must at an early period have been inevitable, would have been exposed to much hazard. The utmost force (and that daily decreasing) that I could have brought into the field, after providing for the occupation of Walcheren and South Beveland, would have amounted to about 23,000 infantry and 2000 cavalry. Your lordship must at once see, even if the enemy's force had been less numerous than represented, after the necessary detachments to observe the garrisons of Bergen-op-Zoom and Breda, and securing our communications, how very inadequate a force must have remained for operations against Lillo and Liefkenshoeik, and ultimately against Antwerp; which town, so far from being in the state which had been reported, is, from very correct accounts, represented to be in a complete state of defence; and the enemy's ships had been brougt up and placed in security under the guns of the citadel. Under these circumstances, however mortifying to me to see the progress arrested of an army, from whose good conduct and valour I had every thing to hope, I feel that my duty left me no other course than to close my operations here; and it will always be a satisfaction to me to think, that I have not been induced lightly to commit the safety of the army confided to me, or the reputation of his Majerty's arms. It was an additional satisfaction to me to find that the unanimous opinion of the Lieutenant-Generals of this army, whom I thought it right to consult, more out of respect to them, than that I thought a doubt could be entertained on the subject, concurred entirely in the sentiments I have submitted to your lordship.—I am concerned to say, that the effect of the climate at this unhealthy period of the year is felt most seriously, and that the number of sick already is little short of 3000 men. It is my intention to withdraw gradually from the advanced position in this island, and sending into Walcheren such an additional force as may be necessary to secure that important possession, to embark the remainder of the troops, and to hold them in readiness to avail his Majesty's further commands, which I shall most anxiously expect.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) CHATHAM.

[Here follows the copy of a dispatch from Rear-Admiral Sir R. Strachan, dated on board the St. Domingo, off Bathz, the 27th ult. The Rear-Admiral states, that having made the necessary naval arrangements for landing the army near Santfleet, without hearing from Lord Chatham, communicated with his lordship on the 24th, and found him undecided. On the 26th, attended with Rear-Admiral Sir R. Keats a meeting of the Lieut.-Generals of the army, when, for the reasons already stated in Lord Chatham's dispatch, the ulterior objects of the expedition were abandoned. Having offered every naval assistance in reducing the fortresses, and conceiving the subject of the deliberation to be purely military, he withdrew with Sir R. Keats. The Rear-Admiral then states, that the enemy's ships, which were five miles above Antwerp, have come down, and are extended in a line fronting it, except two of the line, which are in the reach above Liefkenshoeik, and four frigates gone to Lillo. An immense number of small gun-boats are on the boom, behind them a crescent of 60 guns, and mortar-brigs, and the battery of 10 guns, between forts Lillo and Hendrich, is finished, though that on the Doel-side is abandoned.]

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SUPPLEMENT to the LONDON GAZETTE, *Tuesday, July* 11.

An Account of the Battles fought near Aspern, on the Marchfield, on the 21st and 22d of May, 1809.

[Continued from p. 169.]

BATTLE OF THE 21st OF MAY.

Second Column.

The advanced guard, commanded by Lieut.-General Fresnel, advanced by Leopoldau and Ragran towards Hirschstetten, and consisted of one battalion of Chasseurs and two battalions of Anton Mitsovsky under General Winzingerode, as well as the brigades of cavalry, Klenau, and Vincent, under General Veesey. It was followed in the same direction by the column from its position near Gerasdorf.

The enemy having been discovered from the eminences near Hirschstetten to be near Aspern and Esslingen, the brigade Veesey was detached against the latter place, and the brigade Winzingerode to dislodge the enemy from Aspern.

The column deployed before Hirschstetten in two lines, in order to support the advanced guard, and leaving Aspern to the right, followed upon the plain, at a proper distance.

The brigade of Winzingerode, however, met with so spirited a resistance in its attempts upon Aspern, that an attack upon the front alone was not likely to be attended with success; the cavalry, therefore, of the advanced guard, was pushed forward from Aspern on the left, in order to support the attack on the flank with the two batteries of cavalry, as well as to facilitate the junction with the third column which was advancing by Breitenlee. At the same time the regiment of Reuss-Plauen was ordered to the right side of Aspern, with a view to an attack on that place, the rest of the corps was formed into close columns of battalions.

Meanwhile the enemy formed his left wing, which he diffused towards Aspern, and his right upon Esslingen. Thus he advanced with columns of infantry and cavalry upon the main army, while an extremely brisk cannonade supported him. A line of twelve regiments of cuirassiers formed the centre of the second line of the enemy, giving to the whole an imposing aspect.

Meanwhile the attack of a battalion of Reuss-Plauen on Aspern was repulsed, and it gave way, being thrown into consternation by the loss of its commander, but it rallied immediately after. Count Bellegarde ordered Gen. Bacquant to renew the attack with the regiment of Vogelsang, and to carry the village at all hazards. The latter obeyed the order with the most brilliant success, and Aspern, though defended by twelve thousand of the best of the enemys' troops, was carried by storm; Bacquant being assisted by the regiment of Reuss-Plauen, by a battalion of Archduke Rainer, and by the brigade of Mair of the third column.

To frustrate this attack, the enemy advanced with two columns of infantry, supported by his heavy cavalry, upon the main army, repulsed the regiments of Klenau and Vincent's light horse, and fell upon the infantry.

The latter expecting him with their firelocks ready, and with cool intrepidity, fired at ten paces distance so effectually, as totally to rout the enemy, upon which General Veesey, at the head of a division of Klenau, attacked the enemies' cuirassiers with such energy, that their retreat was followed by that of the infantry.

Hereby the army along the whole of its line was disengaged from the the enemy, obtained communication on the left with the corps of Prince Hohenzollern, and became possessed of the important post of Aspern. The enemy being in full retreat, attempted no further attack, and confined himself merely to a cannonade. The corps remained during the night under arms. The enemy repeated, indeed, his attacks on Aspern, but they all proved unsuccessful.

Third Column.

This column, according to its destination, had began its march from its position at Seiering, by the road of Sussenbrunn and Breitenlee. Some divisions of O'Reilly's light horse and Chasseurs formed the advanced guard of the column, and at three o'clock in the afternoon met near Hirschstetten, the left wing of the enemy, which consisted mostly of cavalry.

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At about this time the first and second columns advanced intrepidly upon Aspern, and the enemy began to fall back to his position between Esslingen and Aspern. Lieut.-Gen. Hohenzollern, ordered up his batteries, and a very brisk cannonade commenced on both sides.

The first line formed in close columns of battalions, and advanced with the greatest resolution upon the enemy, when his cavalry suddenly rushed forward in such disproportionate numbers, and with such rapidity, that there was scarcely time to save the artillery which had been brought up, and the battalions were left to defend themselves by their own unsupported exertions. This was the remarkable moment in which the regiments of Zach, Joseph Colloredo, Zettwitz, Froon, a battalion of Stein's, and the second battalion of the Archduke Charles's Legion, under the conduct of Lieut.-General Brady, and Generals Buresch, Maier, and Koller, demonstrated with unparalleled fortitude what the fixed determination to conquer, or die is capable of effecting against the most impetuous attacks.

The enemy's cavalry turned these battalions on both wings, penetrated between them, repulsed the squadrons of O'Reilly's light horse, who were unable to withstand such a superior force, and in the confidence of victory, summoned these corps of heroes to lay down their arms. A well directed and destructive fire was the answer to this degrading proposition, and the enemy's cavalry abandoned the field, leaving behind them a considerable number of dead.

This corps, as well as the others, passed the night on the field of battle.

Fourth and Fifth Columns.

These were both composed of the corps of Lieutenant-General Prince Rosenberg, on either bank of the Russbach, and directed their march from their position to the right and left of Deutsch-Wagram.

The fourth proceeded through Roschdorf straight to Esslingen. Col. Hardegg, of Schwarzenberg's Hulans, conducted the advanced guard.

The fifth directed its march towards the left, in order to go a circuit round the little town of Enzersdorf, and drive the enemy out of the place. It was reinforced by Stipsic's Hussars, under the command of Col. Frolich. Lieutenant-General Klenau led the advanced guard of both columns.

As this circuit round Enzersdorf obliged the fifth to describe a longer line, it was necessary for the fourth to advance rather more slowly.

Enzersdorf, however, was quickly taken possession of by a detachment of Stipsic's Hussars, and of the Wallacho-Illyrian Frontier regiment, as it was already for the greatest part evacuated by the enemy, from whom no more than 30 prisoners could be taken.

Both columns now received orders to advance upon Esslingen.

The fourth in close columns of battalions of Czartorisky's, Archduke Louis's and Coburg, who were twice successively attacked by upwards of two thousand of the enemy's heavy cavalry: but these were each time put to flight by our brave infantry with considerable loss.

Of the fifth column, two battalions of Chasteler's advanced directly upon Esslingen, while two battalions of Bellegarde's were ordered to penetrate the left bank of the village, and the small contiguous wood. Two battalions of Hiller's and Sztarray's besides the Archduke Ferdinand's and Stipsic's regiments of Hussars, and two divisions of Rosenberg's light horse, were in the plain in readiness to support them.

These combined attacks were made twice successively with uncommon intrepidity, the enemy's troops were repulsed at all points, and driven into the village of Esslingen which had been set on fire. But as the enemy's army was drawn up in several lines between Esslingen and Aspern, and met each new attack with fresh reinforcements, because the safety of his retreat depended on the possession of this village, our troops were obliged to abandon it at the approach of night, and to await, under arms, the arrival of morning.

The reserve corps of cavalry had marched in two columns, under the command of General Prince Lichtenstein, and advanced upon the New Inn between Raschdorf and Breitenlee. General Count Wartensleben, with Blankenstein's Hussars, conducted the advanced guard.

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No sooner did the enemy perceive the general advance of the army, than he placed the bulk of his cavalry, supported by some battalions of infantry, in order of battle between Esslingen and Aspern, and commenced a brisk cannonade upon the columns of Austrian cavalry as they advanced.

Prince Lichtenstein directed his columns to march forward in two lines, on which the enemy detached four or five thousand cavalry from his position to the right by way of Esslingen, and excited some apprehension that he would impede the progress of the fourth column, or even break through it. The Prince, therefore ordered four regiments to the left, and kept the second column formed in two lines, till he was convinced that the fourth would not meet with any impediment to its march.

During this movement the remainder of the enemy's cavalry, also advanced with the greatest confidence, towards the right wing of the Austrian. They were received with a firmness which they probably did not expect. The intrepidity of the cavalry which had marched up, particularly Maurice Lichtenstein's regiment and the Archduke Francis's cuirassiers, the former headed by its gallant Colonel, Roussel, frustrated the repeated assaults of the enemy by counter-attacks, by which they at length put a stop to his impetuous advance, and completely repulsed him with considerable loss. In these conflicts the French General of division, Durosnel, Equerry to the Emperor, was taken prisoner a few paces from him, as was also General Fouler, Equerry to the Empress, after having been slightly wounded. Notwithstanding the fire of musketry which now ensued, the Prince ordered a general advance, by which the enemy was straitened in the alignement between Esslingen and Aspern, but on account of the flanking fire from Esslingen, could not be pursued any farther. The fire of his guns was answered with spirit by the horse artillery. About seven in the evening, three thousand horse were again detached towards the point of union between the cavalry of the corps of reserve and the left wing of Prince Hohenzollern, and fell *en masse* upon the brigades of cuirassiers of Generals Kroyher, Klary, and Siegenthal; but by the steady intrepidity of the Blankenstein's and Riesch's regiments, who with the utmost gallantry made a sudden attack on the enemy's flanks, his cavalry was again repulsed, and part of it, which had fallen upon some of the regiments of the new levies, placed in the third line, was cut off, and there taken.

Meanwhile night came on, and it was passed by the Prince in the best state of preparation on the ground which he had gained from the enemy.

For the first time Napoleon had sustained a defeat in Germany. From this moment he was reduced to the rank of bold and successful Generals, who, like himself, after a long service of destructive achievements, experienced the vicissitudes of fortune. The charm of his invincibility was dissolved. No longer the *spoiled child* of fortune; by posterity he will be characterised as the sport of the fickle goddess. New hopes begin to animate the oppressed nations. To the Austrian army the 21st of May was a grand and glorious epoch, that must inspire it with a consciousness of its strength, and a confidence in its energies.—Overwhelmed by our irresistible infantry, its proud opponents were extended in the dust, and the presence of their hitherto unconquered Emperor was no longer capable of snatching from the heroes of Austria the laurels which they had acquired.

Napoleon's glory was obviously at stake. New efforts were to be expected the following day; but he was also obliged to fight for his existence. By means of fire-ships sent down the Danube, the Archduke had caused the enemy's bridge on the Lobau to be broken down, and its repairs would take up several hours. Meanwhile Napoleon had already in the evening been joined by the corps of General Oudinot; and all the disposable troops followed from Vienna and the Upper Danube, and were transported across the river in vessels as fast as they arrived. The Archduke on his part, ordered the grenadier corps which had not had any share in the first engagement, to advance from its position near Gerasdorf to Breitenlee; and the short night was scarcely sufficient to complete the respective preparations for the commencement of a second tragedy.—[*To be Continued.*]

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PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

ESSEX.

COLCHESTER WATER-WORKS.—This work of art is now brought from the great reservoir at the bottom of Balkerne-lane, without the walls, to the summit level of the town, at the top of North-hill, from whence the main pipes branch three ways, viz. to Head-street, High-street, and North-hill, for serving the fifteen parishes. The water is forced about 100 feet from the lower to the upper level, by means of a powerful patent *simplified* steam-engine. These are certainly the completest works of this kind in the kingdom, as a slight description will evince.—The great reservoir is principally made with mounds of earth planted with shrubs, containing twelve feet depth of water. Round the tops of the mounds or banks are elegant gravel-walks, thrown open to the public. In the center of the reservoir is a beautiful fountain, which throws the water to a considerable height. The reservoir is fed by seven soft transparent springs, arising from its bottom. The whole of the reservoir can at any time be emptied, by drawing up the considerable valve at the bottom, constructed for that purpose, which lets the water run into the river Colne. The engine-house, which is built with turrets round it, in the castle style, has a very pleasing effect. On the centre turret, nearest the reservoir, stands a figure, excellently carved, in the dress of a London fireman, with a fire-engine branch in his hand, from whence, at pleasure, issues a beautiful jet of water into the reservoir: this device has a most elegant and pleasing effect. Attached to the works below the reservoir, adjoining the engine-house, is formed a spacious cold bath, also warm and vapour baths, with a tasteful cottage, and a reading-room, for the use of company using the baths. Much to the credit of the ingenious Mr. Dood, the designer and executor of the works, the whole has been completed in less than a year.

We should have before observed, that the patent pipes through which the water passes, are manufactured from iron lined with artificial stone; so that the water is kept as perfectly sweet as if passing through glass or china tubes; which is an excellent invention, as serious objections have arisen both to wood and iron pipes for passing water. The wood produces a fungus, which taints and spoils the flavour of the water flowing through them: sulphate of lime, or even calcareous qualities, which most waters, more or less possess, cause iron pipes to oxidate, or rust, thereby occasioning the water to become ferruginous, rendering it not so fit for domestic purposes, and even, in some cases, prejudicial to health.

We hear that a large reservoir is intended to be erected on some high ground near the town, in case of accidents from fire.

KENT.

FORTIFICATIONS.—The immense works erected on that part of the coast of Kent, which cannot be considered under the protection of our shipping in the Downs, and which is immediately opposite to that great rendezvous of the French flotilla, Boulogne, are now nearly completed; they begin with the ancient castle of Dover, which, from its peculiar strength and elevated situation, has long been considered impregnable; Government has, however, been employed in constructing subterraneous works, consisting of three tiers of batteries, casemates, &c. &c. with barracks for 10,000 men. The height opposite the barracks is also regularly fortified by flanking redoubts, bastions, &c. &c. There is also a citadel, with ditch and draw-bridge, and barracks for 5000 men; a shaft of a most beautiful and commodious description, having four different stair-cases (round an open area, which both lights and ventilates) communicates with the town, the height of which is upwards of 300 feet. By this shaft it is calculated that 20,000 men might pass from the height to the town, or, *vice versa*, in half an hour. There are also four other batteries, called Guildford's, Townshend's, Amherst's, and Archcliffe's; so that Dover is now the most completely fortified (excepting Malta and Gibraltar) of any place in the

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British dominions, and forms a most novel and interesting spectacle to the eye of the stranger.

From Dover to Folkestone no works of defence are necessary, as the cliff is inaccessible. From Folkestone to Dungeness, forming an open bay of about twenty miles in breadth, a great number of martello towers are constructed, which are of a circular form, bomb proof, and have one gun of very large calibre on the top; they are so distributed, that no part of the coast which is assailable is without the range of their shot; thirty men in each might defend themselves as long as their provision lasted, in perfect security. The old castle of Sandgate has also been greatly enlarged, and now contains a number of guns.

A redoubt, consisting of bomb-proof towers and very formidable outworks, has also been erected at Brockman's Barn. At Shornecliffe there is a battery, called by that name; and at Hythe, Sutherland, and Moncrief, batteries which, with three others at Dungeness, complete the line of coast. In addition to the above, a military canal has been cut from Shornecliffe to near Rye. Much difference of opinion has arisen as to the utility of this canal, as a defensive military work; but thus much is certain, that it opens an easy communication with a part of the country called the Weald or Wild of Kent, which, from the badness of its roads, and consequent difficulty of getting its produce (consisting of timber) to market, has been cut off from intercourse with the rest of the county, and which this canal will most effectually obviate. It also begins to be of the most essential service for the conveyance of troops and baggage, many regiments having passed from Rye to Hythe, a distance of twenty-five miles, without fatigue; and immediately after landing, a distance of fifteen miles farther by land, without halting, thereby performing a distance of forty miles in one day, saving a great expense to government, and relieving the innkeepers, who are very thinly scattered in that neighbourhood, from an oppressive burthen.

The whole of the works above described are performed in the most substantial and skilful manner, display a great deal of science in the engineer department, and are worthy a great country; indeed, it is matter of pleasing reflection, that many of the roads, canals, &c. unite great commercial advantages with that indispensable defensive preparation, which the politics of Europe now require us to adopt. With a soldiery thus employed AT HOME we have nothing to fear.

LANCASHIRE.

A few weeks since Mr. Roscoe, of Liverpool, received an anonymous letter with information that six black slaves had been thrown into prison by their owner, a Portuguese captain, upon alledged actions of debt, but, in reality, because he found they were free on their arrival in England, and had hit upon this expedient to detain them till his vessel was ready to sail. Mr. Roscoe, however, sent a person to bail all the actions, when an order was accordingly given for the discharge of the prisoners. But it then transpired that the Portuguese captain had mustered about an hundred of his countrymen to seize them by force: but this was happily prevented, by timely application to a magistrate, who took the captain into custody, and bound him over to his good behaviour, which put the poor blacks in the full enjoyment of their newly-acquired liberty.

NORFOLK.

A female school, on the Lancastrian plan, has been established in Norwich, under the direction of a female friend from Bristol, introduced and supported by the females of that family of friends who are always alive to the comfort, morals, and happiness of the poorer classes in this city. The benevolent lady above referred to attended some time at Mr. Lancaster's school, for the purpose of making herself thoroughly acquainted with his system; since which she has assisted in establishing schools at Lynn, Cambridge, and Downham, to promote the intellectual knowledge of many of her own sex, who might otherwise have remained in ignorance. The school at present consists of between forty and fifty pupils, and is daily increasing.

At a special general meeting of the trustees of the charity schools of the same city, it was unanimously resolved

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to new model the girls' schools upon Dr. Bell's and Mr. Lancaster's plan; and a committee of gentlemen were chosen to procure a room, appoint a proper mistress, and to take such other steps as may best carry the designs of the meeting into effect. This plan will enable the trustees to educate double the number of children now taught, at a very little additional expence.

SHROPSHIRE.

The evils arising from the monopoly of farms are numerous, and even alarming to the country. We can mention instances where this monopoly has been the cause of depopulating whole villages.

In Shropshire we have an instance of thirteen farms having been thrown into one, each of which, a few years ago, supported an industrious farmer and his family, and the peasantry of a happy village, which is now deserted. The 13 farm houses were levelled to the ground, and in their stead a stately mansion was erected for the avaricious monopolist, which rears its proud head over a depopulated village, and an unwieldy farm, not half worked. The like instances we could mention, and we could name many farms thus monopolized, in Herefordshire, in Oxfordshire, in Hampshire, in Sussex, &c. where the same system has had the same dire effect.

Another evil arising from it is, that the propagation of the human species has been found to diminish to an alarming degree wherever this monopoly is allowed. Formerly the sons and daughters of small neighbouring farmers (whose families were generally numerous) found it convenient and pleasant to associate with each other; virtuous courtship ensued, marriages succeeded, and population, in those parts, was kept up to a certain point; now we may here and there see a solitary instance of a small farmer, whose lease has not yet dropt, and whose farm borders on that of the haughty monopolist, possessing a family of amiable and industrious daughters, who, from the small neighbouring farmers having been driven away from them, have no equals to associate with; no chance is left them to select a worthy partner for life; but they are doomed either to lead a life of gloomy celibacy, or to marry their father's husbandmen, and sink at once into penury and wretchedness.

Notwithstanding the above alarming system too much prevails, yet we can produce an instance of a contrary nature: A worthy nobleman in Wiltshire, the leases of whose farms have lately dropt, has divided those farms, some into two and some into three; a noble example, which we hope and trust will ere long be followed by all those possessing landed property in the kingdom. The principles of this nobleman may be said to be truly patriotic, and for this deed alone he deserves well of his country.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Died.] At Keyford, Frome, in his 86th year, John Stevens, Esq. who, for more than half a century, carried on the trade of a farmer, and whose active and unremitting industry was amply rewarded in the honest acquirement of a large fortune. He was brother to the late Richard Stevens, Esq. who, a few years since, left 20,000l. to the building and endowing of an asylum for poor girls, and an hospital for poor old men, and other charitable purposes, in the town of Frome. The deceased has contributed to the public charies in his native town, by establishing a fund for clothing and educating ten additional boys in the charity-school.

SUFFOLK.

At a very numerous and highly respectable meeting of the Suffolk Humane Society, lately held at Lowestoft, Lord Rous in the chair, the following very interesting narrative was read. The humanity and prudence shewn will render it worthy of perusal, whilst the success which followed the efforts of benevolence will encourage others to persevere in their endeavours to restore life, when no signs of its return are for a long time apparent:—December 16th, 1808, Edward Ellis, and three other men, were in a small boat, searching for anchors off the shore at Lowestoft; they saw a ship wrecked on the Home Sand; upon observing her, they immediately rowed to her, and found her lying on her side, with the sea breaking over her. Nine persons were on the wreck, who had lashed themselves to her side; among these were two women and a

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child, about seven months old, who were nearly perished with wet and cold. They were all brought to the shore by the assistance of the boat in which Ellis was, and another which was launched in consequence of observing a man on the wreck waving his hat. But the conduct which merits peculiar record, and which was authenticated by the clearest evidence, was, that the child, in order to be extricated from the vessel, was dragged some way through the sea completely naked. Edward Ellis, as soon as he was able, after the child was in the boat, stripped off his own flannel waistcoat and great coat, in which he immediately wrapped the child, and in this covering carried her to the shore. During the time of passing between the vessel and the shore, the child shewed no symptoms of life, and the other persons in the boat believed it dead. As soon, however, as they were landed, James Farrer, jun. carried the child to Martha Longstaff, widow, who resides on the beach at Lowestoft, who, though she considered the child as most likely dead, yet as she had heard that warmth and rubbing were the most effectual methods of restoring suspended animation, she immediately stripped herself, and placed the child close to her own body, in a warm bed. In three quarters of an hour the child shewed signs of recovery, and in a short time after was restored to her friends. She is the daugher of William and Anne Stephen, of Budlington, Yorkshire.

Died.] After a decline of some months, at his seat at Costessey, in the 74th year of his age, Sir William Jerningham, Bart. and (subject to the decision now pending in the House of Lords) Baron Stafford, of Stafford Castle. Of the grief occasioned by this irreparable loss to his numerous family, it becomes us to say nothing; but we cannot permit the death of so distinguished a personage in our neighbourhood to go by without offering the tribute of our sincere condolence. His loss is too recent, and his character too fresh in the remembrance of our readers, to render it necessary for us to expatiate on his merits. In him his tenantry, both in this county, and on his great estates in Staffordshire and Shrosphire, have lost a liberal landlord, the poor a most charitable patron, and the numerous friends to whom his unbounded hospitality offered an ever-open mansion, can never forget his frank and courteous manners, and the extraordinary suavity of his deportment. He was truly a kind hearted man, and we believe that no individual was ever received into his house who did not find himself the happier for the attentions paid him by its hospitable master. Descended from one of the most ancient families in the country, he added to the solid worth of the old English gentleman, the winning courtesy and gracefulness of modern refinement. He is succeeded in his title and estate, by his eldest son, George Jerningham, Esq. of Haughley Park, near Bury.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

AUGUST 23, to SEPT. 23, 1809, inclusive.

[*Extracted from the London Gazette.*]—*The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.*

BLOXAM Sir M. Gracechurch-street, banker, (Ellison and Co. White Hart-court). Bailey J. Long Acre, fringe-manufacturer, (Nailor, Great Newport-street). Berry T. Tooley-street, tailor, (Millward, Size-lane).

Calver J. Brook-street, victualler, (Unwin, High-street). Cleasby W. York, grocer, (Ellis, Chancery-lane). Coward F. Fugglestone St. Peter, Wilts, and Brewer J. Burcombe, in the same county, clothiers, (Blake and Co Essex-street). Carr T. Oxford, grocer, (M'Michael, Finch-lane). Curtis R. Worcester, linen-draper, (James, Gray's-Inn-square).

Dyson J. Liverpool, druggist, (Shephard and Co. Bedford-row.) Deacon J. Baker-street, confectioner, (Shephard and Co. Bedford-row). Dowling H. Castle-street, St. Martin's, linen-draper, (Wadeson and Co. Austin Friars).

Ellis J. Rathbone-place, butcher, (Orchard, Hatton-garden). Elton P. Bolton-le-Moors, innkeeper, (Windle, John-street). Edwards G. Louth, spirit-merchant, (Leigh and Co. New Bridge-street).

Free W. H. Broad-street, merchant, (Kirkham, Shorter's-court).

Gregory J. Eccles, (Foulkes and Co. Gray's-Inn). Godden W. Cranbourn-alley, linen-draper, (Swaine and Co. Old Jewry).

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Giddy W. Truro, chemist, (Shephard and Co. Bedford-row).

Hodgson J. Coleman-street, merchant, (Collins and Co. Spital-square). Hillier J. Bathbone-place, upholsterer, (Mills, Vine-street). Holloway J. Frome Selwood, (Ellis, Hatton-garden). Henshaw C. Tower-street, wine-merchant, (Berridge, Hatton-garden). Hillyer E. Mark-lane, pork-butcher, (Roy, Mincing-lane). Hinds W. and Jones J. Old Ford, dyers and shawl printers, (Jones New-court, Crutched-friars). Harvey C. Monmouth, ironmonger, (Mayo and Co. Gray's-Inn). Hoskyn W. Causand, Cornwall, brewer, (Blakelock and Co. Elm-court). Huson J. Dunstable, victualler, (Hurd, Temple). Hunter W. G. Islington, underwriter, (Courteen, Walbrook)

Johns R. Truro, victualler, Sandys and Co. Crane-court).

King J. King-street, silk-mercer, (Webster and Co. Queen-street). Kinsey W. Oxford-street, coachmaker, (Beckitt, Broad-street). Keighley W. Castle-street, East, stationer, (Dawson and Co. Warwick-street). Kelly J. Shoreditch, cheesemonger, (Wright, Dowgate-hill).

Lowe W. Coventry, soap-boiler, (Mason, St. Michael's Church-yard). Lewis J. Bristol, brick-maker, (Pearson, Pump-court). Lavender W. Old Cavendish-street, japanner, (Dawson and Co. Warwick-street). Lee J. Lewes, linen-draper, (Bennett, Philpot-lane).

Malt, J. Jermyn-street, victualler, (Cuppage, Jermyn-street). Marshall J. Fleet-market, clothes-salesman, (Cook, Austin-Friars). Marson J. Walsall, ironmonger, (Hunt, Surrey-street). M'Cloud J. Woolwich, wheelwright, (Langham, Bartlett's-buildings).

Potter T. Manchester, grocer, (Milne and Co. Temple). Phillips W. Wragley, shopkeeper, (Amici, Sion College-gardens). Pearson G. Friday-street, warehouseman, (Holmes and Co. Clement's-Inn). Past W. Ingram-court, hardwareman, (Mayhew, Symond's-Inn). Pilkington G. W. Bawtry, York, innholder, (Taylor, Southampton-buildings).

Robertson D. Finsbury-square, wine-merchant, (Swaine and Co. Old Jewry). Rogers M. Tooting, victualler, (Bourdillot and Co. Little Friday-street).

Smith H. and Holton J. Charles-street, coachmakers, (Steventon, Chequer-court). Swift J. Liverpool, stationer, (Shephard and Co. Bedford-row). South J. Cardiff, Glamorgan, ironmonger, (Sweet, King's Bench-walk). Smith T. elder, and Smith T. the younger, York, linen-drapers, (Battye, Chancery-lane). Shorte E. H. New Sarum, cutler, (Pearson and Son, Middle-Temple). Sault W. South Moulton-street, callenderer, (Rutherford, Bartholomew-close). Saxelbye T. Derby, merchant, (Lambert, Hatton-garden). Simonds G. Copice-row, baker, (Bennett, Philpot-lane). Serace J. Widcome, builder, (Franks, Hart-street). Stuart Berwick-street, tailor, (Allen, Carlisle-street). Smurfit J. Bell-wharf, Shadwell, spirit-merchant, (Setree, St. Mary Axe).

Thom, W. Leeds, cloth-merchant, (Robinson, Essex street). Towne J. Oxford-market, carcase-butcher, (Turner, Edward-street).

Winter J. and J. Acre-lane, Brixton-causeway, builders, (Saunders and Co. Clifford's-Inn). Watson, A. Walworth, corn-chandler, (Clutton, St. Thomas's-street). Waylen R. Devizes, victualler, (Salmon, Devizes).

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, WATER-WORKS, BREWERY SHARES, &c. &c.

Sept. 21, 1809.

London Dock Stock, 125*l.* per cent.
West-India ditto, 183*l.* ditto.
East-India ditto, 131*l.* ditto.
Commercial ditto, 175*l.* ditto.
East Country ditto, 90*l.* per share
Grand Junction Canal Shares, 190*l.* ditto
Grand Surrey ditto, 80*l.* ditto.
Grand Union ditto. 20*s.* per share prem.
Thames and Medway ditto, 19*l.* ditto
Kennett and Avon ditto, 47*l.* to 49*l.* per share
Globe Fire and Life Assurance Shares, 120½*l.* ditto.
Albion ditto, 55*l.* per share.
Hope ditto, par
Eagle ditto, par
Atlas ditto, par
Imperial Fire Assurance, 60*l.* ditto
Kent ditto, 47*l.* ditto.
Rock Life Assurance, 4*s.* to 5*s.* per share prem.
Commercial Road Stock, 126*l.* per cent.
London Institution, 84*l.* per share
Surrey ditto, par
South London Water Works, 135*l.* pr. share
East London ditto, 200*l.* ditto.
West Middlesex ditto, 137*l.* per share prem.
Kent Water-Works, 30*l.* ditto.
Huddersfield Canal 35*l.* per share.
Wilts and Berks ditto 37*l.* ditto.
Tavistock Mineral ditto. 140*l.* ditto.

L. WOLFE and Co. *Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.*

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AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

SOME of the new wheats have been found to turn out rather thin and light. The red it is supposed will be found to have produced the best samples. Barley in some parts has been considerably damaged by the late rains. Some oats also have lost their colour from the same cause. The latest sown turnips promise most for next spring Pasture in general was never more luxuriant. The wheat particularly in the north promises by no means a despicable crop. From the easy and well known method of preparing the seed, there is no such thing as blacks hardly ever to be seen. Peas and beans are said to be generally good. Potatoes are universally planted; and though they look well above ground, are reported to be rather thin. In the north the crops of hay have been rather deficient. Naturalists in general expect a very severe winter.

Price of meat in Smithfield Market:—Beef, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 4d.;—Mutton, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 4d.;—Veal, 5s. to 6s.;—Pork, 6s. 8d. to 7s.

Middlesex, Sept. 25.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended Sept. 16, 1809.

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d	s.	d.	s.	d	s.	d.
Middsx.	105	4	55	3	41	7	34	9
Surrey	107	0	52	9	44	0	40	0
Hertford	92	8	52	6	41	0	35	5
Bedford	99	5	59	2	44	6	36	0
Huntin.	95	11	——		43	9	33	0
Northa.	96	4	——		47	6	34	0
Rutland	99	6	——		52	0	36	0
Leicest.	94	5	——		52	0	33	10
Notting.	99	0	60	0	48	6	36	4
Derby	105	6	——		——		42	0
Stafford	110	0	——		52	9	38	4
Salop	106	8	75	8	55	6	35	4
Herefor.	106	1	52	0	44	9	38	0
Wor'st.	105	3	51	4	50	9	42	5
Warwic	107	6	——		54	8	41	11
Wilts	99	4	——		42	8	38	8
Berks	103	2	64	0	40	6	37	10
Oxford	101	0	——		43	10	38	9
Bucks	101	4	——		45	8	35	10
Brecon	112	9	78	4	55	11	32	0
Montgo.	101	7	——		——		30	8
Radnor.	111	5	——		47	7	32	9

MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d	s.	d.
Essex	96	4	52	0	41	6	38	0
Kent	97	3	58	0	41	9	35	0
Sussex	99	6	——		——		34	0
Suffolk	85	4	46	6	42	4	33	1
Cambridge	93	2	——		36	0	25	2
Norfolk	84	8	——		36	0	33	0
Lincoln	97	10	58	6	48	5	28	8
York	89	7	65	2	34	11	29	7
Durham	106	0	——		57	11	37	1
Northumberland	95	11	66	4	46	0	34	0
Cumberland	121	0	80	0	58	1	36	0
Westmorland	112	0	72	0	51	2	35	2
Lancaster	104	1	——		48	4	31	9
Chester	97	4	——		——		33	2
Flint	115	2	——		35	2	27	4
Denbigh	120	7	——		70	4	33	7
Anglesea	——		——		44	0	19	0
Carnarvon	103	8	——		52	0	27	0
Merioneth	113	1	——		59	0	30	8
Cardigan	84	0	——		40	0	——	
Pembroke	81	10	——		50	8	18	0
Carmarthen	96	0	——		52	0	18	3
Glamorgan	104	5	——		53	4	26	8
Gloucester	107	6	——		48	11	38	11
Somerset	102	7	——		48	0	30	10
Monmouth	119	4	——		——		——	
Devon	95	9	——		43	1	——	
Cornwall	95	3	——		42	10	27	4
Dorset	107	4	——		47	0	——	
Hants	103	5	——		46	0	35	9

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 101s. 9d.; Rye 61s. 1d.; Barley 47s. 3d; Oats 33s. 4d.; Beans 59s. 3d.; Pease 58s. 6d.; Oatmeal 54s. 7d.

BILL of MORTALITY, from AUG. 23, to SEPT. 26, 1809.

CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
Males	973	1891	Males,	737	1418
Females	918		Females	681	
Whereof have died under two years old					1098

Between					
2 and 5	-	163	60 and 70	-	77
5 and 10	-	65	70 and 80	-	80
10 and 20	-	60	80 and 90	-	30
20 and 30		90	90 and 100	-	6
30 and 40	-	109			
40 and 50	-	137			
50 and 60	-	103			

Peck Loaf, 4s. 11d. 4s. 11d. 4s. 11d. 5s. 4d.

Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb. [5s. 7d.

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PRICE OF STOCKS, from AUGUST 26, 1809, to SEPTEMBER 25, 1809, both inclusive.

Days 1809	Bank Stock.	3 p Cent. Consols.	3 p Cent. Reduc.	4 p. Ct. Cons.	Navy 5 p. Cent.	N. 5 p.Ct	Long Anns.	Omnium.	Imperial 3 p. Cent	Imperial Anns.	Irish 5p.C	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Anns.	India Sto.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	Lottery Tickets		City Freeh. Ticks.		Cons. for Acct.
Aug.																					
26	——	68 68½	68⅛	84¼	99	——	18 13-16ths	⅜ pm.	——	——	——	——	——	——	26s.pm	13s.pm	21	17	8	12	68⅛
28	——	68⅛	68⅞	84¼	99	——	18 13-16ths	⅜ pm.	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	15s.pm	21	17	8	12	68⅛
29	263	68⅛	68⅜	84¼	99	——	18 13-16ths	——	——	7½	——	——	——	——	24s.pm	15s.pm	21	17	8	12	68⅛
30	264	67⅞ 68⅛	68¼	84⅛	99	——	18 13-16ths	½ pm.	67½	——	——	——	——	187	24s.pm	15s.pm	21	17	8	12	68⅛
31	267	68⅛	68⅞	84¼	99⅛	——	18 13-16ths	⅜ pm.	——	7 7-16ths	98¼	——	——	——	24s.pm	15s.pm	21	17	8	12	68⅛
Sep.																					
1	267½	68⅛ ¼	68⅞	84¼	99¼	——	18⅞	⅜ pm.	67⅛	——	7½	——	——	——	24s.pm	16s.pm	21	17	8	12	68⅞
2	holiday																				
4	——	68⅛ ¼	68⅞	shut	99⅛	——	18⅞	⅜ pm.	——	——	——	——	——	——	23s.pm	14s.pm	21	17	8	12	68⅛
5	268½	68⅛ ¼	68⅞	——	99⅛	——	shut	⅜ pm.	——	——	——	——	——	——	23s.pm	17s.pm	21	17	8	12	68⅛
6	shut	68⅛ ¼	shut	——	99¼	——	——	⅜ pm.	67⅛	——	shut	——	——	——	22s.pm	16s.pm	21	17	8	12	68⅛
7	——	68¼ ⅜	——	——	99⅜	——	——	⅜ pm.	——	——	——	——	——	——	22s.pm	16s.pm	21	17	8	12	68⅛
8	——	68¼ ⅜	——	——	99¼	——	——	1 pm.	——	——	——	——	——	188	22s.pm	15s.pm	21	17	8	12	68⅞
9	——	68⅛ ⅜	——	——	99½	——	——	1¼ pm.	——	——	——	——	——	——	24s.pm	15s.pm	21	17	8	12	68⅞
11	——	68⅜ ⅜	——	——	99½	——	——	1 pm.	——	——	——	——	——	——	23s.pm	16s.pm	21	17	8	12	68⅞
12	——	68⅜ ⅜	——	——	99½	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	23s.pm	13s.pm	21	17	8	12	68⅜
13	——	68¼ ⅜	——	——	99⅝	——	——	⅜ pm.	67¾	——	——	——	——	——	21s.pm	14s.pm	21	17	8	15	68⅛
14	——	68¼ ⅜	——	——	99½	——	——	⅜ pm.	——	——	——	——	——	188	21s.pm	11s.pm	21	17	8	15	68⅛
15	——	68⅜ ⅜	——	——	99⅜	——	——	⅜ pm.	——	——	——	——	——	——	20s.pm	11s.pm	21	17	8	15	68⅛
16	——	68¼ ⅜	——	——	99½	——	——	⅜ pm.	——	——	——	——	——	——	20s.pm	10s.pm	21	17	8	15	68⅛
18	——	68⅛ ⅜	——	——	99⅜	——	——	⅜ pm.	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	13s.pm	21	17	8	15	68⅛
19	——	68⅛ ⅜	——	——	99½	——	——	⅜ pm.	67¾	——	——	——	——	——	——	12s.pm	21	17	8	15	68⅛
20	——	68¼ ⅜	——	——	99½	——	——	——	——	——	——	78⅓	——	188	21s.pm	12s.pm	21	17	8	15	68½
21	holiday																				
22	ditto.																				
23	——	68¼ ⅜	——	——	99½	——	——	⅜ pm.	——	——	——	——	——	187¼	20s pm	11s.pm	21	17	8	15	68⅛
25	——	68¼ ⅜	——	——	99½	——	——	⅜ pm.	——	——	——	——	——	——	20s.pm	12s.pm	21	17	8	15	68⅛

N.B. In the 3 per Cent Consols the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks the *highest* only.

FORTUNE and Co. STOCK-BROKERS and GENERAL AGENTS, No. 13, Cornhill.

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THE

UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

N° LXXI.—Vol. XII.] *For* OCTOBER, 1809. [New Series.

"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—Dr. Johnson.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the Universal Mag.

Dear Sir,

The inclosed forms part of a considerable work on languages, and marks the principles by which I have been able to learn with facility all the languages of Europe, and most of those which are used in Asia. If you think it will be amusing to your numerous readers, I shall be happy.

I am, Dear Sir,
Your obedient servant,
Joseph Townsend.

Of the Spanish Language. *By the Rev.* Joseph Townsend, *M.A. Author of Travels in Spain.*

The Spanish is a mixture of a great variety of languages, left either by the first settlers in the country, or by subsequent invaders.

We learn from Strabo and from Pliny, that the Celts were among the most ancient inhabitants of the Asturias and of Biscay.

Agreeable to this report, I found much Galic and some Welch in various parts of Spain, but more especially in the fore-mentioned province. Of Gallicia I can say nothing from personal acquaintance, but the name of this province speaks for itself.

The language of Biscay is Iberian, brought from Africa, and still spoken by the mountaineers of Mauritania. This, according to Mariana, was not confined to the Cantabri, but was common to all Spain.

It is probable, that the Phœnicians sent colonies to the sea coast, and we know that the Carthaginians, their descendants, established themselves in Spain. After these were conquered by the Scipios, Rome acquired dominion, and Spain became subject, in succession, to the Romans, Vandals, Alans, Suevi, Sllinges, Goths, and Moors.

Hence it is that we observe such a mixture of languages in Spain. Cantabric, Carthaginian, Roman, Gothic, and Arabic. But among these the most prevalent is Romance, or corrupted Latin.

From the nature of these corruptions it appears that, after the first irruption of the Romans, the rude inhabitants adopted, as far as they were able, the language of the conquerors, because, as vassals, or as Serfs, they were solicitous to attract the notice and secure the favour of their lords.

Had the Romans been few in number, they would have learnt the language of the vanquished. But, as they were numerous, they disarmed the natives and divided the lands among themselves. Hence the peasantry found a new language necessary to qualify themselves for pleading their own cause in the courts, before which they had occasion to appear.

But when, on the dissolution of the Roman empire, Gothic hordes pressed forward to the south, and passed the Pyrenees, finding the peasants both dispirited and disarmed, they made an easy conquest of the country. Being, however, comparatively few in number, they found it expedient to learn, as well as they were able, the language of their vassals.

Hence in Spain we may refer the corruption of the Roman language to two epochs, and may expect to find it exceedingly depraved.

Of the Spanish in its Derivatives from Latin.

1st. Like the Italian, it takes, for its nominative case, the ablative of Latin. As for instance, *hueve*, ovum; *oro*,

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aurum; *poco*, paucus; *aspid*, aspis; *carne*, caro; *diente*, dens; *ladron*, latro; *negro*, niger; *nieve*, nix; *obre*, opus; *pared*, paries; *padre*, pater; *parte*, pars; *plebe*, plebs; *toro*, taurus; *torpe*, turpis; *virgen*, virgo; *liebre*, lepus. In these examples, attention was evidently paid to the regular declensions of the Latin. But when we observe *cuerpo* for corpore, *tiempo* for tempore, and instead of homine find *hombre*; we instantly discern the rude efforts of a barbarous people to learn a language which was not their own.

It is thus we account for *lumbre*, lumen; *legumbre*, legumen; *mansedumbre*, mansuetudo; *nombre*, nomen; *sangre*, sanguis.

2d. It rejects the aspirate in pronunciation, although pertinaciously retained in its orthography, or even assumes it without authority.

3d. It is fond of abbreviation.—*Baño*, balneum; *beber*, bibere; *benecir*, benedicere; *caer*, cadere; *coger*, colligere; *comer*, comedere; *don*, dominus; *dedo*, digitus; *frio*, frigus; *fiel*, fidelis; *ho*, habeo; *has*, habes; *ha*, habet; *jade*, jaspide; *liar*, ligare; *ayudar*, adjuvare; *oir*, audire; *raiz*, radice; *reir*, ridere; *rio*, rivus; *roer*, rodere; *saeta*, sigitta; *tos*, tussis; *remar*, remigare; *ya*, jam; *auto*, actus; *mas*, magis; *mes*, mensis; *vid*, vitis; *verguenza*, verecundia; *velar*, vigilare; *nueso*, nostro.

4th. It considers *b*, *v*, *u*, *p*, as equivalent, and frequently pronounces the reverse of what is written. *Nabo*, napus; *abierto*, apertus; *abril*, Aprilis; *bagala*, palea; *biuda*, vidua; *bramar*, fremere; *bivora* and *vibora*, vipera; *cabildo*, capitulum; *cabron*, caper; *cubrir*, co-operire; *robar*, rapere; *lobo*, lupus; *sabor*, sapor; *saber*, sapere; *sobre*, super; *soplar*, sufflare; *trebol*, trifolium; *deudor*, debitor.

5th. It considers *c*, *ch*, *g*, *j*, *q*, *y*, as equivalent and commutable. *Agrio*, acris; *amigo*, amicus; *arcilla*, argilla; *lago*, lacus; *fuego*, focus; *agua*, aqua; *echar*, ejicere; *techa*, tegula; *techo*, tectum; *arquear*, arcuare; *arquillo*, arculus; *calidad*, qualitas; *cocer*, coquere; *cocina*, coquina; *cotidiano*, quotidiano; *cascar*, quassare; *queso*, caseus; *gritar*, quiritare; *gastar*, constare; *monge*, monachus; *pregon*, preconium; *jaula*, caula; *juntar*, jungere; *vayna*, vagina; *ayudar*, adjuvare; *ayunar*, jejunare; *proyecta*, projeta; *ya*, jam; *yacer*, jacere; *yelo*, gelu; *yema*, gemma; *yeso*, gypsum; *yo*, ego; *yugo*, jugum; *majada*, magalia; *lenteja*, lenticulus.

6th. It considers *d*, *t*, *z*, as equivalent and commutable. *Aguda*, acutus; *bondad*, bonitate; *caridad*, caritate; *bramido*, fremitus; *mudo*, mutus; *mudar*, mutare; *medir*, metiri; *red*, rete; *rueda*, rota; *rodar*, rotare; *redro*, retro; *salud*, salute; *sed*, sitis; *verdad*, veritas; *turar*, durare; *vida*, vita; *vid*, vitis; *cabeza*, caput; *pozo*, puteus; *razon*, ratio; *vileza*, vilitas; *juzgar*, judicare.

7th. It converts *ce* final into *ez* and *z*. *Eficaz*, eficace; *juez*, judice; *luz*, luce; *mordaz*, mordace; *nuez*, nuce; *nutriz*, nutrice; *paz*, pace; *pez*, pisce; *tenaz*, tenace; *veloz*, veloce; *veraz*, verace; *vez*, vice; *vivaz*, vivace; *voz* and *boz*, voce.

8th. It converts *l* into *j* and *g*, which must be pronounced as a guttural, like *ch* in choir and chorus.—*Consejo*, consilium; *abeja*, *apis*, apicula; *majar*, malleare; *mejor*, melior; *mejar*, mollire; *ojo*, oculus; *oreja*, auricula; *semejante*, similis; *muger*, mulier.

9th. It converts *c*, *f*, *p* into *l*, when they precede that letter, thus forming a double *ll*, as in the Welch. But having performed this operation, it, in conformity to the Italian, converts the second *l* into the vocal *i*, as in *llamar*, clamare, pronounced liamar and llave, clavis, pronounced liave.

In like manner we have *llama*, flamma; *llaga*, plaga; *llano*, planus; *llanto*, planctus; *lleno*, plenus; *llorar*, plorare; *llover*, pluere; *lluvia*, pluvia.

10th. It converts *f* into *h*, which however must not be pronounced.—*Haba*, faba; *hablar*, fabulari; *hacer*, facere; *hacha*, fax; *hado*, fatum; *haia*, fagus; *halcon*, falco; *hambre*, fames; *harina*, farina; *hastio*, fastidium; *haya*, fagus; *haz*, facies; *hebilla*, fibula; *heder*, fœtere; *helecho*, filix; *hembra*, femina; *hender*, findere; *heno*, fœnum; *herir*, ferire; *hermoso*, formosus; *herrar*, ferromunire; *hervor*, fervor; *herren*, farrago; *hiel*, fel; *hez*, fœx; *hierro*, ferrum; *higo*, ficus; *hijo*, filius; *hilo*, filum; *hinojo*, faniculum; *hogar*, focus; *hoja*, folium; *hollejo*, folliculus; *honda*, funda; *hondon*, fundum; *hongo*, fungus; *horado*, foramen; *horca*, furca; *horma*, forma;

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hormiga, formica; *horno*, fornax; *hoya*, fossa; *huir*, fugere; *humo*, fumus; *hurto*, furtum; *huso*, fusus.

11th. It converts *m* into *n*.—*Lindo*, limpidus; *linfa*, lympha; *ninfa*, nympha; *tan*, tam.

Many other peculiarities of this language might have been noticed; but these are the most important to any one, who is solicitous to gain a knowledge of the Spanish.

With this key, and the application of one hour a day for ten days, I am persuaded, a proficient in Latin would find no difficulty in reading the best Spanish historians, whose works are as highly interesting as those of other nations.

Should the Spaniards, either at this crisis, or at any time hereafter, be able to establish their independence, the knowledge of their language will be of the last importance to our commerce, because of their extreme partiality for the English, and the intercourse which will take place between us.

Should they be detached from us, and be compelled at any time to join the enemies of England, a perfect acquaintance with their language will be inestimable to our naval officers.

When Lord St. Vincent was off Cadiz, a register ship, richly laden, passed through his fleet, and hailed in Spanish; but not receiving the expected answer she discovered her mistake, made the best of her way to shore, and landed her cargo on the beach.

By the application of this key to languages, which, for the information of your readers, I have communicated to them, as exemplified in German and in Spanish, the acquisition of French, Italian, and Portuguese will be greatly expedited, and, as they advance in knowledge, they will be pleased to find, that all languages are radically one.

The Errors *of the* Author *of* Nubilia *vindicated.*

Sir,

YOUR correspondent from St. Albans has expressed his surprise at the grammatical errors which I enumerated in my review of Nubilia, and he has endeavoured to prove that they are not errors. I trust I shall be ever open to conviction, nor would I defend my former opinion of those errors if there were any truth in the arguments of Justus, but there is no truth in them, and the premises on which they are built are wholly false.

The following I quoted as a specimen of tautology,—"Or wish to recollect with solemn reminiscence;" but Justus denies it to be tautology, and in his remarks has established a new principle in philology. He says it is not tautology of meaning, for the adjective *solemn* being applied to reminiscence, gives to this last word a signification differing from mere recollection. This is a principle of which I candidly acknowledge my ignorance, and I believe it will be a difficult point for Justus to adduce a single instance in which the adjective has the power of changing the meaning of the substantive. In my opinion, recollection and reminiscence are synonyma; nor can any adjective change their absolute meaning. Johnson defines reminiscence to be recollection; but Justus says, that the passage in question is not tautology in language, because the words are different. Tautology consists in a difference of words, bearing the same sense; and I think it will be granted, that recollection and reminiscence are words which bear the same sense. Therefore, to recollect with reminiscence is, in my opinion, *gross* tautology; nor can the application of the adjective *solemn* give to reminiscence a different meaning than it really possesses. Whether it be a solemn reminiscence or a lively reminiscence, it is still the same as if we said a solemn recollection or a lively recollection. The adjective is applied merely in a relative sense, and signifies the addition of some quality; but it was left for Justus to discover that an adjective altered the established meaning of a substantive.

In regard to the second instance of bad grammar, Justus is not more happy in his strictures; and in vindication of his first position, he quotes a passage from Addison's Travels in Italy. As I am not in possession of the book, I cannot judge of the context of the passage which is quoted,

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but it appears that Justus has mistaken the sense of the passage, for it is the picture of Zetus which represents, and not the group of figures. But, supposing that the sense runs as Justus has quoted it, still my objections are not invalidated. I know that group and number are often used in the singular, and govern the verb accordingly; but I am inclined to think, that the instances which Justus quotes, of the relative pronoun being used in the plural, are of home manufacture. "The meeting was large, and *they* came to several resolutions." Were I to meet with this phrase in our best philologists, supposing they could so commit themselves as to write it, I should not hesitate to pronounce it erroneous, not only in the construction, but its grammar. The construction ought to be, "The meeting was large, and several resolutions were agreed to;" or, if the construction is to stand with the pronoun, it undoubtedly ought to be,—"and it came to several resolutions." Thus Horne Tooke, whose philological powers, I think, no one will be inclined to dispute, says in one his letters to Junius, "But I must protest against the doctrine of any persons pretending to determine when *the parliament is* to exercise *its* (not their) undoubted privilege." Hume, in his History of England, says,—"The meeting was held at Aix la Chapelle, and it may be said with justice, that the resolutions which *it* passed." Again, "The house met at four o'clock, pursuant to adjournment, and having passed the bills in their respective stages, *it* adjourned till Monday." Had the passage in question been thus constructed, "to behold the group that *was* assembled," then no one would have disputed the truth of the remarks of Justus; but as it stands in the text, I believe I shall be supported by the most eminent authorities in denouncing it as ungrammatical.

Respecting the third error, Justus appears to triumph in a false quotation; but as I have not my MS. by me, I cannot say whether the fault is to be ascribed to the printer or myself. At all events the emendation of Justus is liable to the same objection, as if the passage stood in the manner in which I am supposed to have quoted it. A moment's reflection will convince Justus of the incompleteness of the phrase, and I believe he will find it difficult, with all his ability, to metamorphose the superlative of an adjective into a substantive. The passage runs "arts, science, knowledge, polished life, ascend in gradual progress to their *highest*." To their highest what? The reader is left to conjecture. Those are the highest states of improvement, of excellence, of perfection, of beauty, and all the other qualities to which it is possible for those things to attain. Let the passage be altered as follows, and Justus will own that in my condemnation of the passage I was correct: "To observe, that where virtue, truth, and liberty erect their standard, there arts, science, knowledge, polished life attain by gradual progress to *their greatest*." Justus certainly would not defend this mode of expression, and yet one is as equally defensible as the other.

Truth is the aim of Justus, and it is also mine. I believe it falls to the lot of few or none to attain perfection in the science of philology. We ought not therefore to be discomfited when we are detected in an error, nor offended with those who detected it. If Justus has any additional grounds to produce in defence of Nubilia, I am ready to receive them, to refute, or to acknowledge them.

R. H.

Query—Does the author of Nubilia live at St. Albans?

An ILLUSTRATIVE DISSERTATION *upon* EPIGRAMS.

SIR,

IT can be no great proof of puerility to criticise what men of unbounded genius have not deemed it puerile to write. I shall not therefore think it necessary to apologize for the want of profundity in the following pages to you, who know that it is sometimes wise to forget wisdom.

It has frequently appeared to me that our most admired writers have been ignorant of the requisites of an epigram. If we judge from the productions of Swift, Prior, and some

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others, we may readily imagine that they supposed an epigram and a trifle to be synonima. But this is an error. An epigram is indeed a trifle, but a trifle is not necessarily an epigram. To the excellence of the first brevity, poetry and point are requisite. By point I mean that peculiar species of wit which is termed sarcastic.

I will now examine how far the epigrams of our best authors accord with these three rules.

"We fly from Luxury and Wealth
To hardships in pursuit of Health;
From generous wines and costly fare,
And dosing in an easy chair,
Pursue the goddess Health in vain
To find her in a country scene;
And every where her footsteps trace,
And see her marks in every face,
And still her favourites we meet
Crowding the roads with naked feet.
But, oh! so faintly we pursue,
We ne'er can have her full in view."

SWIFT.

This has but one of the features of an epigram, namely, versification. It is tediously long and quite pointless, nor does it possess Swift's usual felicity of expression. The iteration of the conjunction "and" beginning four lines out of twelve is ungraceful.

"The glass, by lover's nonsense blurr'd,
Dims and obscures our sight;
So when our passions Love hath stirr'd,
It darkens Reason's light."

This is a pleasing simile, because it is new; but no one would imagine it to be an epigram without previous information. The second couplet is obscure.

I will instance one other of Swift's to recompence, in some measure, the perusal of the two former:—

"Peut en croire avec bon sens
Qu'un lardon le mit en colere,
Ou que manger un harang
C'est un secret pour luy plaire.
En sa gloire envelopé
Songe til bien de nos soupé."

This, though one of the best of sixteen or eighteen, is not excellent; the pronominal words "le," "luy," "il," are without their antecedent noun "dieu," to whom the epigram is intended to relate. It possesses, however, an odd mixture of gravity of thought, with lightness of expression, which is very pleasing.

Prior is not more successful in his epigrams than the Dean:

"Venus take my votive glass,
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I shall be,
Venus let me never see."

That a female should become disgusted with her features, and resign her glass in consequence, is rather wonderful than witty. The first line is the best; the rest end feebly. The first couplet conveys all that is intended to be conveyed.

"To John I ow'd great obligation,
But he unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation,
So John and I are more than quit.

This is not only a false but a hackneyed idea, and was hackneyed when Prior wrote. There is nothing pointed either in the conceit or the manner of expression.

The one, beginning "On his death-bed poor Simon lies," is full of humour. The following is likewise laughable but unnatural:

"Cries Pontius, enraged, contradicting his wife,
'You never yet told me one truth in your life.'
Vex'd Pontia no way could this thesis allow,
'You're a cuckhold,' says she, 'do I tell you truth now?'"

This is mere prose in rhime. It reminds one of Swift's humorous burlesque of Alexandrines:—

"Well, if ever I saw such another man since my mother bound my head;
You a gentleman! marry come up! I wonder where you were bred."

The following is an unacknowledged translation from Martial. I forget the author:—

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell,
But I don't like thee, Dr. Fell."

This method of making the first and third line rhime to the second, though unauthorised, is not unpleasing. It gives it an air of compactness. Martial writes

"Non amo te Sabidi—non possum dicere quare
Hoc possum tantum dicere—non amo te."

The epigram has little merit. The capricious dislike of no man can be worth recording. The translation is better than the original. In the lat-

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ter, "hoc possum tantum dicere" (one-fourth of the epigram) is mere verbosity.

The following, by Dr. Donne, the satirist, is clever:—

"'I am unable,' yonder beggar cries,
'To stand or go,'—if he says true he lies."

This is a mere pun, but the artful juxtaposition of the apparently contradictory assertions gives it great spirit.

The "Five Reasons for Drinking" is humorous:—

"Good wine—a friend—or being dry
—Or lest we should be by and bye,
—Or—any other reason why."

DR. ALDRICH.

The lines on the famous Anatanaclasis, "Dum vivimus vivamus," written, I think, by Dr. Dodderidge, and so highly extolled by Johnson, are eminently sublime. There is, however, a solemnity in them incompatible with one's ideas of epigram.

Dr. Johnson's trifles are for the most part either panegyrics or parodies, and as such do not come under the denomination of epigrams. His only one is far from excellent:—

"Augustus still survives in Maro's strain,
And Spencer's verse prolongs Eliza's reign;
Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber sing,
For nature *form'd* the poet *for* the king."

He who imagines that asseveration will be taken for proof, or unmannerly abuse for the ebullitions of fancy, deceives himself. The first couplet has an air of pedantry. The three first lines, however, possess more melody than is customary in epigrams: the fourth is disgraced by a slovenly repetition; *and he who makes slovenly repetitions, can expect little praise for the elegance of his expression or the propriety of his diction. His works will soon become obtenebrated by contumelious neglect, or be remembered for the mere excitation of risible emotions.*

Goldsmith has written a variety of trifles, but has termed none of them epigrams. The stanzas on woman are exquisitely beautiful. The first verse of the song on Hope is trite; the second is novel, and happily expressed: the clown's reply is intended for an epigram. To say that one cannot look upon people without thinking of jackasses, though well enough from a country blockhead *in real life*, betrays neither wit nor shrewdness in Goldsmith.

There is a vivacity in the following idea, very closely approximating to epigrammatic point:—

"Weeping, murmuring, complaining,
Lost to every gay delight,
Myra too sincere for feigning,
Fears th'approaching bridal night.

Yet why impair thy bright perfection,
Or dim thy beauty with a tear;
Had Myra followed my direction,
She long had wanted cause of fear."

The person of the verb in this is unnecessarily changed. The first verse is in the third person; the first couplet of the second verse is in the second person; and the last couplet is once more in the third. There is one other trifling deduction from its merit in so far as regards Goldsmith. He stole it:—

"Eglé tremble que dans ce jour,
L'hymen plus puissant que l'amour,
N'enlevé ses tresors sans qu'elle ose s'en plaindre.
Elle a négligé mes avis
Si la belle les eut suivis,
Elle n'aurait plus rien á craindre."

M. DE LA SABLIERE.

From the above examination I think we may conclude that the English are no very excellent epigrammatists. It is, however, some consolation, that they are as happy in these *jeus d'esprit* as the French; this, with your permission, I shall endeavour, in a future letter, to prove.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

J. BROWN.

Palsgrave Place,
Oct. 6, 1809.

The CRIMINAL *from* LOST HONOUR. *By* SCHILLER.

[*Continued from p.* 188.]

THIS second conviction heightened the enormity of his offence. The judges examined the book of laws, but they could not find any case analogous to Wolf's. It was, however, agreed that poaching required a most exemplary punishment; and Wolf was condemned to have the gallows burnt on his back, and to be kept to hard labour for three years in

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the fortress. This period elapsed, and he was liberated from the fortress, but a wholly different man than when he entered it. Here a new epoch in his life commences, and I will copy his own words which he spoke before his judges.

"I entered the fortress (he said) as a vagabond: I left it as a villain. I then had something in the world which was dear to me, and my pride writhed under the shame. On my entrance into the fortress I was confined with twenty-three prisoners, two of whom were murderers, and the remainder reputed thieves. When I spoke of God, I was laughed at, and every art was tried to make me blaspheme my Redeemer. Songs of the most indecent nature were sung to me, which even I, a wanton youth, could not hear without disgust and shame; but my modesty was still more offended by the acts which I saw daily committed. Not a day passed over my head, in which some shameful actions were not committed, or in which some criminal design was not formed. At first I shunned these people as I would the pestilence, and withdrew myself as much as possible from their conversation; but my heart longed for a companion, and my jailors had refused me my dog. The work was hard and tyrannical; my body was sickly; I required support, and, I must be candid, I also stood in need of compassion, and this I was obliged to purchase with the last remains of my conscience. Thus I became by degrees accustomed to the most abominable actions, and in the last months of my imprisonment I surpassed my masters.

"I now longed for the day of my freedom; for revenge was now the darling thought of my soul. The collected race of man had offended me; for all were better and happier than I. I looked upon myself as the martyr to natural right, and as a victim to the laws. Gnashing my teeth, I clanked my chains when the sun arose behind the fortress. An extensive prospect is a double hell for a prisoner. The wind, as it whistled through the air holes of my tower, and the swallow, as it twittered on the iron bars of my window, appeared to mock me with their liberty, and made my imprisonment more hateful to me. Then I swore the most bitter and implacable hatred to every thing which bore the form of man, and I have kept my oath with fidelity.

"The first thought on my liberation was my native town. Although little presented itself there towards my future support, yet I had the prospect of satisfying my hunger for revenge. My heart beat with double violence as, at a distance, I saw the well known steeple rising among the trees. It was no more the secret solemn pleasure which I experienced after my first adventure. The memory of all the hardship and all the persecutions, which I had there formerly suffered, awoke on a sudden as from a state of torpor—all my wounds bled afresh—all my scars burst open. I hastened my steps, for I felt a peculiar gratification in terrifying my enemies by my sudden appearance; and I now thirsted more for fresh humiliation—than in former times I trembled at it. The bells sounded for vespers as I arrived in the market place. The people were hastening to church. I was soon recognised. But every one shunned and turned away from me. I was always partial to little children; and by an almost involuntary motion I gave a penny to a boy who came skipping by me. The boy looked at me for a moment full in the face, and threw my money at me. Had my blood been a little more composed, I should have recollected that my beard, which I retained since my liberation from prison, gave to my features an hideous appearance. Tears, such as I had never shed before, flowed down my cheeks. The boy knows not whom I am, nor whence I came, I repeated loud to myself, and yet he shuns me as a hateful beast. Is there some mark engraven on my forehead, or have I lost the resemblance of man, because I feel that I cannot love a man again. The contempt of this boy pained me more than my three years of imprisonment in the fortress, for I had conferred a kindness on him, nor could accuse him of any personal hatred.

"I seated myself on a bench, opposite to the church. I know not what in that moment I had in view; but I

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know that I rose with anger and indignation, as not one of my acquaintance, who passed by me, thought me worthy of their notice. I left the spot in search of an inn. On turning the corner of a street I encountered my Hanna. "Wolf," she exclaimed, and made a motion to embrace me, "returned at last? God be praised that thou art again amongst us." She was a spectacle of hunger and misery; in her face she bore the remains of a loathsome disease: her look announced the outcast creature to which she had fallen. I soon imagined what had happened. Some royal dragoons, whom I just then met, led me to suppose that the regiment was quartered in the town. "A soldier's prostitute," I cried, and laughing, turned my back upon her. I felt some consolation, that in the rank of the living there was one creature beneath me. I never loved her.

"My mother was dead. My little property had been disposed of to discharge the claims of my creditors. The world was a wilderness to me, in which nor thing nor being blossomed for me. I was shunned as a poisonous reptile, but I at last taught myself to feel no more the compunctions of shame. Formerly I withdrew myself from the sight and notice of men, because contempt was insupportable to me. Now I pressed myself into society, and I was delighted to see my fellow creatures fly from me with terror. I felt a secret pleasure in it; for I had nothing more to lose, nothing more to care for. I stood in need of no good properties, for nobody supposed I possessed them. The whole world was open before me. In another province I should perhaps have been considered an honourable man; but I had lost the courage even to bear the semblance of it. Despair and shame had at last engrafted this mode of thinking on my mind. It was the last refuge remaining for me, to learn to live without honour; for I could lay claim to none. If my vanity and my pride had survived my humiliation, I must have become a suicide. In regard to the resolves which I now formed, I acknowledge I was ignorant of them, but I have still a gloomy recollection that I was determined to commit evil. I was resolved to merit my fate. The laws I imagined were for the benefit of the world; therefore I was determined to transgress them. Formerly I sinned from necessity and thoughtlessness, now I delighted and rejoiced in it.

"The first step I took was to continue my poaching. The chace became my ruling passion, and it was necessary I should have some means of procuring for myself a livelihood. But this was not my only motive. I felt a secret pleasure in transgressing the royal edict, and in committing all the injury in my power to the lords of the manor. No fear of being taken harboured in my mind; for now I had a ball ready for my discoverer, and I knew that in my aim I seldom failed. I killed all the game which presented itself, little of which, however, I converted into money, the major part I left to rot on the ground. I deprived myself of the necessaries of life to afford a greater waste of powder and ball. The devastations which I committed were at last the universal topic of conversation, but no suspicion fell upon me. My very look argued against it. My name was forgotten. I persevered in this mode of life for several months.

"One morning, according to my custom, I had traversed the wood, to trace the track of a deer. For two hours I had sought in vain, and I began to consider my booty as lost, as on a sudden I discovered my prey within reach of my shot. I placed my gun to my shoulder, and was just going to pull the trigger, but I was suddenly withheld by the sight of a hat, which lay a few paces before me on the ground. I stepped forward with caution, and on a sudden I espied the forrester, Robert, who, standing behind an oak, was levelling his gun at the same deer, which it was my intention to have killed. At the sight of this man a cold shiver ran through all my veins. He was the very man, for whom, amongst all created beings, I bore the most deadly hatred; and this man was now within the range of my ball. At this moment it appeared to me as if the whole world lay in the loading of my gun, and that the hatred of my whole

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life had compressed itself into the point of the finger, with which I was to draw the murderous trigger. An invisible terrible hand hovered over me. The hour-hand of my fate pointed irrevocably to this dark minute. My arm trembled as I directed my gun to its unfortunate victim: my teeth chattered as in the frost of death: my breath was almost stifled. One minute the direction of my gun wavered between the man and the beast—another minute—another—and another. Revenge and conscience contended for the victory: but revenge conquered—and the forrester was stretched lifeless on the ground. The gun fell from my hand. Murderer! I stammered slowly. The wood was as silent as a tomb. I heard distinctly that I pronounced the word, Murderer. I crept nearer—nearer still—I saw the last struggles of life. Long I stood speechless before the corpse. At last I broke into a loud laugh. "Ah! my good friend," I exclaimed, "thou wilt tell no more secrets." I stepped boldly to the corpse, and turned the face of the murdered uppermost. Wide his eyes stood open, ghastly staring. I became serious. Words appeared as if denied to me. I began to feel as I never yet had felt. Hitherto I had committed violence on account of my shame. Now a deed was done for which I had not yet atoned. An hour before, I believe no mortal would have been able to convince me that there was a greater reprobate under heaven than myself. Now I began to conjecture that, an hour before, I was even an object of envy. The judgment of God never occurred to me. But I had a confused, indefinable recollection of a halter and a sword, and the execution of a murderer of a child, which I had witnessed when a boy at school. There was something terrible in the thought to me, that henceforth my life was forfeit: then I wished that my victim still lived. I attempted to recollect all the injury which the deceased had done to me in his life: but strange! my memory was as if annihilated: I could not recall to my mind a single circumstance which a quarter of an hour before had driven me to the deed. I could not comprehend by what I was induced to the murder.

R. H.

[*To be continued.*]

The LITERARY ADVENTURES *of* PETER POSITIVE, *of* GOTHAM, *in* NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. *Addressed to the* EDITOR *of the* UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

Mr. Editor,

ON the 1st of April, 1776, I, Peter Positive, was born; and I have been since informed, that certain signs appeared at my birth, which were explained by the old women, to be certain prognostications of the transcendancy of my genius, and that I should stand the foremost in the list of the wise men of Gotham. My father said the old women were fools, but my mother espoused their cause; and, as is generally the case, when words are to decide the question, my mother gained the victory. Every orchard which I robbed, and every mischievous trick which I performed, were indisputable proofs of the existence of that genius which the old women had prognosticated. There being no school in the parish, which my mother deemed capable of doing justice to my dormant genius, she applied to her sister, resident in Nottingham, to consult with her husband, who was to consult with a friend, which friend was to consult with a man of known ability respecting the academies of that town, and to report whether there was one of sufficient merit to be honoured with the education of Peter Positive. Several were reported, but my father pleaded his inability to sustain the expense. He argued the matter systematically, economically, judicially, and prudentially. My mother argued it as women generally argue, that is, she had no reason to give but her own will. My father, though not versed in the knowledge of man, still knew so much of woman, if not in the abstract, yet of my mother, that to oppose her will he knew was only to rivet her stronger to it; that he, for the sake of peace at home, left my education solely to

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my mother, and considering to whom it was left, it was better than nineteen in twenty could rationally have expected.

At the vacations, my mother placed me on a chair, whilst my father was smoking his pipe in the evening, and I spouted my *Propriæ quæ maribus*, or my *Tityre tu patulæ*. My father stared: my mother smiled.—The neighbours were called in, to hear me. "Is he not a clever boy?" asked my mother. "Aye, for sartain he be," answered old Giles, the blacksmith. "Is he not a *genus* already?" asked my mother. "I knows not what that word be," said an old woman; "but lud! how he do but speak gibberish." "Gibberish!" exclaimed my mother, reddening with anger, "why they tells me, it is one of the dead tongues." "Aye, aye," said old Giles, "I have smoked many a tongue in my time, but such a tongue as this be I never know'd before. I should not know how to set about smoking it." When I had finished my oration,—"What a thing it be," said my mother, "to have a son a *genus*. He will one day or other be a parliament man." "Are all parliament men genuses?" asked old Giles. "Sartain they be," said my mother, "or what business have they there?" "How cumes it then," asked old Giles, "that you only hear of most of them at *lection* time, when sartain sure they be all very good and kind? But I might as well be in the parliament house, for all the good—" "Pooh, pooh!" said my mother, interrupting him, "talk about ploughshares, and let the parliament alone: they manage their business very snugly amongst themselves." I do not know how long this conversation would have lasted, had not my father bade my mother replenish his jug of ale, which she rather unwillingly obeyed, for she was in her element in an argument, and never yielded; for, like most females, she considered herself always in the right.

Before I proceed in my adventures I must beg the reader to peruse, with particular attention, what I have already written, or many of the nice touches will escape him, which will elucidate my character more forcibly than if I had written volumes on the subject. As to the character of my mother, I must leave that to explain itself; but, notwithstanding the hints of many people, I am certain my father did not die of the headache. Of what then, pray? Ask his surgeon.

In the opinion of my mother, my education was completed after three years residence in Nottingham, and I was taken from *Selectæ æ profanis*, from Virgil, from Seneca, and from Homer, to handle a dung fork, and stir up *swill** for the pigs. But my genius was not to be depressed by such discouraging circumstances, and thanks to the clerk of the parish: he assisted me in the fulfillment of the plans which I had formed for laying the efforts of my genius before the public. I was now arrived at that age, when the mind may be said to have taken its bias for life; and a fortunate bias it has proved, not for myself, but for generations on generations to come. Literature became my darling theme, and I longed to figure in the world as an author. Instead of attending to the concerns of the farm, I was either spouting scenes from a favourite tragedy, or writing scenes for other people to spout.—The barn was the theatre of my eloquence, and my father once caught me haranguing half a dozen sheaves of corn, which I had placed upright, with all the vehemence of a Cato to the senators of Rome. My mother rejoiced that the prognostications of the old women were verified, and she sounded the fame of my genius over all the country. My father shook his head, smoked his pipe, but, like a wise man, kept a profound silence.

I had just finished a work, in which I have proved, beyond a doubt, that there was no rainbow before the deluge, when, to my unspeakable joy, my cousin, who undoubtedly had heard of my genius, requested my father to allow me to spend a month with him in the metropolis. The request was not refused, and I set off from Nottingham with a light and joyous heart. In your literary course, Mr. Editor, you have undoubtedly met with a certain Parson Adams, who set off on a journey to the me-

* The Nottinghamshire word for food for pigs.

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tropolis, with a view of obtaining a publisher for his sermons, and feasting himself on the road with the emolument and the honour which would be showered upon the author. Now in one point I do not resemble him, which is, that I did not forget my MS. as he did his sermons, but in the second point I am the very type of him. I made an hundred calculations of the manner in which I should expend the enormous sum which, if I might believe my friend the clerk, any publisher would be ready to give me for my MS. I saw the whole host of publishers vieing with each other to become the purchaser, and a city knight the most eager of them all. I saw my name blazoned in the newspapers. I saw my work extolled by all the Reviews and Magazines, and especially by the Edinburgh, which you know, Mr. Editor, is something uncommon, except the author be a Scotchman. I looked upon my fellow passengers in the stage coach as people beneath me. I was certain there was not an author amongst them, for my penetrating mind soon discovered that their ideas did not extend beyond the cultivation of turnips, the stagnant state of trade, and the depression of the stocks; with the latter of which you know, Mr. Editor, an author would be ashamed to hold any acquaintance; and the only stocks with which they are in general acquainted, and whose acquaintance they condescend to acknowledge, are mostly to be found in the market-places and entrances of towns; I therefore sunk into a pleasing reverie, and cheered myself with all the glories of authorship.—O! what fairy visions danced before me. I was enveloped in a seraph's glory. I felt myself pregnant with the fire of Milton, and I am certain something most extraordinary would have been brought forth, had I not been suddenly roused from my reverie by an uncommon motion of the carriage, which, on looking from the window, I found to proceed from our entering on the stones of London.

We passed the Bank—the Mansion House. I did not bestow a single thought on them, for I was informed that we were drawing near to that seat of liberality and the Muses, called Paternoster-Row. How my heart beat with rapture as I beheld its academic gloom. I could have rushed from the coach, and have embraced every bookseller, publisher, shopman, and collector, who trod its solemn shades—from Jones to Hamilton. Happy, happy men, thought I, soon I will be amongst you; soon my name shall sound in every shop, and the work of Peter Positive, of Gotham, be louder called for than either Cœlebs or Nubilia. I will not detain you with a description of the friendly manner in which I was received by my cousin, nor of all the inquiries which he made of his relatives of Gotham, nor will I describe to you my great surprise at all the sights of London, but hasten to those points which are particularly connected with my literary adventures.

One day my cousin proposed to me to walk with him to Hyde Park, to view Rotten Row and all those famous places of which I read so often in the newspapers: but I did not see anything in the park, nor about it, which I would exchange for a single look from Nottingham Castle or from the openings in Clifton Grove. I therefore urged my cousin to return; and, in passing down a long street, which I think he called Piccadilly, my attention was attracted by a number of persons flocking into a house, which, on inquiry of my cousin, I found was appropriated to the use of a debating society. My soul caught fire at the words. The moment was come in which I should have an opportunity of displaying my powers of eloquence, and, without consulting my cousin on the subject, I rushed into the forum: but on a sudden I lost all powers of articulation. I was astounded at what I heard: such a vast display of learning—such elegance of language—such depth of reasoning—such profundity of knowledge. I never before appeared so little in my own eyes. Sleep fled from my pillow the whole of the night; and on the following morning, immediately after my breakfast, I requested my cousin to accompany me to the manager, as I wished to propose a subject on which I would deliver a profound and enlightened oration. I will give you ten days,

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Mr. Editor, or, if you please, as many olympiads, to divine the subject. It was *on the man in the moon.* We found the manager paring some potatoes which were to be placed under the scrag end of a neck of mutton, which stood on the table, only waiting for the potatoes, to be sent to the bake-house. But this very circumstance gave him an additional importance in my eyes, for I had read of a Roman Emperor who was caught in the act of paring turnips. Is it not then praiseworthy in the manager of a British Forum to pare his own potatoes? We were received in the most gracious manner. I stated the subject on which I wished to speak—*on the man in the moon!* The manager looked like a man who is deceived in his expectations. "Yes, Sir," I exclaimed, without being in the least abashed, "I wish to speak *on the man in the moon,* one of the most wonderful, most important, and most mysterious subjects which one mortal ever expounded to another." After overcoming some *weighty* objections of the manager, he granted my request: and in the evening I had the inexpressible satisfaction of hearing the man of the moon announced as the subject for the following night, and as it would be opened by a gentleman, whose abilities were conspicuous in the literary world, the manager anticipated a most crowded assembly. The wished-for hour arrived, and I hastened to the forum.

[*To be continued.*]

Mr. Burdon *in* Vindication *of Mr.* Malthus.

Sir,

THE last number of your very useful Magazine contained a letter from a constant and laborious correspondent, who has taken great pains to produce a melioration in the condition of the poor. His object in that letter is to controvert the doctrine of Mr. Malthus on the subject of population, which he, among many others, has either wilfully misrepresented or ignorantly mistaken. He professes himself the friend and advocate of the poor, and therefore he is unwilling to lay any restraint on their enjoyments. Under the impression of this feeling, he seems to be much offended with Mr. Malthus for having proposed a check for diminishing the tendency of population to encrease beyond the means of subsistence, and he seems to suppose that Mr. Malthus knew of no other, and proposed it as the sole means of restraining a redundant population; whereas he has only proposed it as a substitute for those which are already known to exist in the world, and these are vice and misery, which, to a certain extent, are to be found in almost every collection of men. The basis of Mr. Malthus's doctrine remains yet unshaken; but your correspondent seems to forget that the geometrical progression in the increase of men, and even the arithmetical in the increase of provisions, can only take place under the most unlimited circumstances, and Mr. M. is far from affirming that they ever do take place in the ordinary course of human affairs. The whole bent and object of his book is to prove that vice and misery are ever at work to thin the numbers of mankind, and therefore, as a benevolent man and a Christian, he proposes that the exercise of our reason and the restraints of our appetites should be substituted in the room of those terrible correctors of an excessive tendency to population, which now deform the fair face of civilized society. His intention, no doubt, deserves praise, as well as the industry with which he has collected the proofs of his position: but I doubt his philosophy might as well be addressed to the winds as to those for whom it is principally intended. Mankind are and ever have been wicked and miserable, and that they should be so is, I believe, established by a decree of nature, which no human power can ever reverse. They will go on to "increase and multiply," and they will ever be subject to that destiny which has hitherto rendered them and their progeny the children of misery; for though there is much enjoyment in the world, there will ever be much to damp and diminish our pleasure.

The doctrine and the fact being what I have stated, the elaborate ar-

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guments of your correspondent are a mere work of supererogation. I will therefore spare myself the trouble, which I at first intended, of confuting them singly. They are all answered in this one word—they do not apply to any thing Mr. Malthus has asserted: and did your correspondent thoroughly understand his doctrine, I have no doubt he would join with him in wishing that, since the tendency to population must be restrained, it could be restrained by means less afflicting than those which operate and have operated since the creation of the world; and I should join with them in the same benevolent, yet unavailing wish, were I not convinced, that Nature will not alter the constitution of things for all the philosophers that ever existed.

I remain, &c.

W. BURDON.

Hartford, near Morpeth,
Oct. 7, 1809.

The following is too long for the poetical department, as it would monopolize the space due to our other friends: and it has too much merit to be omitted: we therefore insert it here.

ODE *to* JOY. *By* SCHILLER. *A Freemason's Song.*

JOY from source celestial springing,
Inmate of elysian bowers,
We thy holy temple enter,
We invoke thy heavenly powers.
Tyrant customs, harsh distinctions,
Sink before thy just award,
Beggars are the peers of princes
Where thy magic voice is heard.

CHORUS.

Fellow myriads, far and near,
Hail! and take the proffer'd hand,
Sure a power to mortals bland,
Dwells above yon starry sphere.

He whom happier Fortune favours,
He who boasts a friend that's true,
He whom Love's soft transport kindles,
Let him join the gladsome crew.
But the wretch whose wayward fortunes
Love and Friendship's boons restrain,
Let him quit the joyous banquet,
Weeping quit the genial train.

CHORUS.

Sacred powers of sympathy!
All creation owns thy sway;
To the brighter realms of day
Thou shalt lift thy votary.

All that breathes thro' varied nature
Sips the nectar'd cup of joy,
Good and bad with equal ardour
Fondly croud her roseate way.
Love and wine and Friendship's treasure,
Joy with lavish hand bestows;
Joy the abject reptile gladdens,
While with joy the seraph glows.

CHORUS.

Mortals own the deity,
Own the power of Nature's Lord;
Let the rapt'rous loud accord
Reach the blissful seats on high.

Joy, unceasing source of motion,
Animates the varied scene,
Potent spring of wide creation,
Joy impels the vast machine.
Buds to flowers her influence ripens,
Suns she draws from realms of day,
Rolls the spheres thro' boundless ether
Far beyond the tube's survey.

CHORUS.

Joyous as the rolling sphere,
Wanders thro' ethereal space,
Let us speed our mortal race,
Gaily speed our short career.

Smiling sweet in Truth's bright mirror,
Joy the searcher's toil requites:
Joy, the prize of mild endurance,
Leads to Virtue's steepy heights.
See on Truth's refulgent mountain,
High aloft her banners wave;
Joy pervades the choir of angels,
Joy shall cheer the darksome grave.

CHORUS.

Learn the ills of life to bear,
Check the tear and still the sigh,
Heaven rewards the victory
High above yon spangled sphere.

Nought requites indulgent heaven,
Let us emulate its care,
Sons of Poverty and Sorrow
Haste and find a welcome here.
Fell revenge and bitter rancour
Shun the social gay retreat,
Here be ev'ry foe forgiven,
Pardon every wrong await.

CHORUS.

Jars and broils no more be heard,
Peace her olive wand displays,
He whose eye the globe surveys
Soon will judge as we award.

Sparkling high in flowing glasses,
Flights sublime shall joy inspire
Cannibals inhale soft mercy,
Wild despair—heroic fire.
Now the mantling goblet circles,
Gaily quaff the generous wine;
Wine the gift of bounteous Nature,
Praise the Power who gave the vine.

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CHORUS.

He, whose praise the tuneful spheres
Chaunt in ceaseless harmony;
He who dwells above the sky,
Gave the vine to soothe our cares.

Calmly bear the frowns of Fortune,
Soothe the heart oppress'd with woe.
Sacred keep the plighted promise,
True alike to friend and foe.
Manly Pride display to princes,
Give to modest worth its due,
Cherish Truth and all its vot'ries,
Deprecate the perjur'd crew.

CHORUS.

Closer knit our holy bonds,
Low at Truth's bright altar bow,
Swear to keep the plighted vow,
Swear by him who all commands.

Wide may sacred Freedom triumph,
E'en may pity vice await,
Hope attend life's latest glimmer,
Mercy ward the felon's fate.
Lo! the shrouded dead shall quicken,
Mortals list and heaven adore,
Every crime shall be forgiven,
Death and hell shall be no more.

CHORUS.

Peace at life's departing scene,
Soft repose beneath the tomb,
Looks benign and gracious doom,
From the awful Judge of men.

PHILO GERMANICUS.

The WHIP CLUB: *the* DIGNIFIED ASSEMBLY *of* BRITISH NOBLEMEN!!

Oh Shame! where is thy blush?

[Extracted from Nubilia.]

We have, on many previous occasions, allotted room in our pages to instructive or amusing extracts from contemporary publications: believing, as we do, that it is no objection against what is meritorious that it has been before, though recently, printed. Every reader of a Magazine is not, necessarily the reader of each new or popular work that is published: and under this impression, we now present to our readers an extract from NUBILIA, *which deservedly stigmatizes a worthless society.*

WHILE we were at Keswick my uncle happened to meet with an intimate London acquaintance, who had resorted thither for the *fashionable purpose of seeing the lakes.* His name was Wilson: a man of independent fortune, and eminent among the gay and the dissipated. His exterior was not unpleasing, nor were his manners without that superficial amenity which is caught by habitual intercourse with well-bred and refined persons. His discourse was voluble, and it reminded me of the distich of the poet:

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

If he were to be estimated by the facility which he talked upon every topic, he might be considered as a rival to the *admirable Crichton:* to him nothing was difficult. I was, at first, deceived by his fluency, into a belief of his vast acquirements: but, seizing a moment to examine the tenor of his discourse, I was soon convinced that

"Shallow streams run, dimpling, all the way."

In argument, he hoped to overcome every thing by a gracious smile, much gesticulation, and a constant application of *you may depend upon it,—I assure you—it's absolutely certain,—it's absurd to think otherwise,* &c. &c. If all these failed, he laughed; and if laughing failed, he strove to shield himself behind a pompous silence, undisturbed but by *aye* or *no,* and which seemed to imply that his opponent was wholly unworthy of serious refutation. It was not indeed often that he was induced to enter upon intricate discussions: his conversation consisted of short flights and sudden irruptions: but when wine had dispossessed prudence of her post, it was then that he exhibited himself in all the impotence of mind. At such moments I rather pitied than despised him.

Mr. Wilson was a member of the *associated coachmen.* He was one of those degenerate beings who place their renown in the dexterous management of four in hand: who prefer turning a sharp corner to any rational act; and who glory in their exaltation to a *dickie,* as much as a wise man would, in his exaltation to wisdom or to virtue. I need not add that his language was too often the

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language of the stable, deprived indeed of its grosser qualities, but preserving all its spirit. His dress was so characteristic, so descriptive of the habits of the man, that when he first addressed my uncle, and I perceived them in friendly discourse together, a transient sense of humiliation and debasement crept across me, that a relative of mine should associate so familiarly with what I naturally judged him to be, a coachman. My embarrassment, indeed, was relieved by Sophia, and a mingled sentiment of contempt and indignation succeeded the feelings that were first excited.

It were vain to hope that admonition can reach those who have lost all self-respect. He who can descend to the acquirements of a coachman, will be content with a coachman's importance. He who has chosen the stable for his *palæstra*, can have no ambition beyond a groom. The man whose highest wishes centre in the accomplishments of a postilion, will look for his reward among those who can judge of his merits, and grooms, coachmen, and postilions will, therefore, be his *arbitri elegantiarum*. Could we but teach the world to see with our own eyes, what great personages we should all be: and could these degenerate beings but transform England into one vast stable, and its inhabitants into *jockies*, their renown would then be illustrious and permanent: for, in a nation of blind people, a one-eyed man would be king. This, however, cannot be.

Shew me then a human creature more despicable than the members of the *Whip Club*. I could almost exclaim, in the indignant language of Shakspeare;

> Oh heaven, that such companions thoud'st unfold,
> And put in every honest hand a *whip*
> To lash the rascals naked thro' the world,
> Even from the east to the west.

Will it be said that this is intemperate language? No. It cannot. Who are they that constitute this worthless club? The titled and the opulent. And what *ought* to be their influence and example in society? A corrupt and profligate nobility is a nation's scourge. Private vices respect only the individual; but public ones, (I mean those that are committed under the public eye) communicate infection; they sap the foundations of the commonweal, and lead, in their train, anarchy, rebellion and bloodshed. Can it be expected that a people should feel reverence for gamblers, jockies and cockers? And if that reverence, which rests upon opinion, be annihilated, what other basis will you find, to support the present distinctions of society? Man, simply considered, is co-ordinate with man, and, in society, he is diversified only by wisdom, by virtue, by power, or by VICE. To our superiors in wisdom and in virtue we instinctively submit: but, our superiors in vice alone, we indignantly resist. Here then are the evils which are to be dreaded. The moral distinctions of society are shaking to their centre: they are crumbling into dust: and woe to the land that is purified by fire and blood. In such a crisis, the innocent *may* fall: the guilty *must*: on their devoted heads the first tide of vengeance will flow, and it will sweep them to destruction.

It is lamentable to behold such unawed depravity. Public opinion has lost its wholesome power over the corrupt, and nothing is thought vile enough to be done in secret. We are taught to consider, (and we must consider) our nobility as the hereditary legislators of the country: and we look up to the opulent as our delegated ones. Where then is our safety, if the senate is exchanged for the stable? If the toils of state are bartered for the sordid honours of a jockey? While such events are taking place, what must be the silent progress of opinion?

I do not address myself to individuals. I should be indifferent to the circumstance of thirty or a hundred men, for whom their forefathers have acquired wealth and titles, ascending the coach-box. It may be their proper place: it certainly *is* their proper place, for they give proof of its propriety in their choice. I could behold them there, as I have beheld them, with pity and contempt, and I could easily persuade myself that they perform a public good by keeping away from the senate, and by abstaining from all connexion with public

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transactions. I could, cheerfully, consign them to the ignoble post they had chosen, and thank heaven that he had gifted so many of his creatures with so perfect a knowledge of themselves and their powers. I should account it a blessing that so much folly and so much meanness had selected so adequate a course. But I look farther. I look to the influence which these things have upon men's opinion. I look to the contagion of example: I look to what must be the condition of a nation when its rulers are sunk in the pursuit of sordid pleasures, and when they have destroyed, by their profligacy, the reverence, and with the reverence, the obedience of the people. History will teach us wisdom, here, by example; and if we unfold its volumes we shall find that empires and states have fallen, and will fall, by the enervating influence of degeneracy, corruption, and luxury; and this degeneracy, this corruption, this luxury, have been generated, not among the people, emphatically so called; but among their rulers: it is there that they have taken root, budded and expanded, and from them they have silently and gradually descended, till the whole commonweal has become rotten. These are truths that cannot be refuted. Let me not, then, be accused of exaggerating dangers, or exciting needless alarm. The evil may be distant, but have we not cause to tremble, if it be begun? If a man were told, and if he knew the prediction to be certain, that his house would one day fall upon him and crush him, by the silent undermining of rats, would he not be vigilant to prevent a single rat from sheltering in its foundation?

Perhaps, what I have written may be stigmatized as the vehemence of folly. If it be folly, it is, at least, in a good cause. If I anticipate, what can never happen: if I imagine corruption that does not exist: if I foresee consequences that cannot ensue, I shall rejoice in a conviction of my error, and thank him that produces it. But, if *these things are:* and if the eternal course of events proclaims what *must* be the result of these things: I shall surely be pardoned, if, from an anxiety that is natural and honourable to me, I have enlarged the peril, or aggravated the causes. The precision of truth may, sometimes, be laid aside, when its existence is real. If we can alarm men from their vices by magnifying their danger, who shall condemn the process?

To Mr. J. BROWN, *in Defence of* A. B.

Sir,

AS you have been pleased to inform us of the generous principle which induced you to publish your remark on A. B.'s criticism, permit me to pay my tribute of respect to that scrupulous honesty which prompted you "to pluck the borrowed laurels from his brow." I applaud the diligence with which you have perused your author; and could I view with the same approbation the use which you have made of his authority, I would content myself with simply recording your praises, and leaving you in full possession of the reward of your ingenuity. But when a man thinks proper to intrude in the discussion of a question, not for the purpose of argument, but merely to hold up one of the parties to ridicule and contempt, or to make a vain display of his own acquirements, it is too bold for him to say that "common honesty" was his only motive.

What you have advanced implies two propositions: that A. B. has borrowed the objection from Lord Kaimes; and that he indulges in a criminal self-complacency on account of the applause which he has received. Now, since it does not follow that an author is a plagiarist, because there happens to be a concurrence of opinion on a given subject betwixt himself and another author, it may not be amiss to enquire, how you came to know that A. B. HAD *borrowed* the argument from Lord K. or that he had ever perused his lordship's work. And, as it is no easy matter to penetrate the recesses of the heart, do inform us how you obtained intelligence that he indulged the self-complacency you mention. Truly, Sir, seeing that you wrote your wise letter the very day when you first observed A. B.'s argument, your time has not been ill

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employed in making these profound discoveries.

But the detection, it seems, "had the singular power of at once adding to the weight, and deducting from the merit, of A. B.'s argument "in so far as respects himself at least." I do not deny that the authority of Lord K. would add weight to almost any argument. But A. B. Sir, is content to stand on his own ground; and as long as he exercises his ingenuity in discovering errors in celebrated authors, and thereby preventing the diffusion of bad taste, his opinion will carry with it an intrinsic weight, which will receive but little addition even from the authority of Lord K. and suffer no diminution from the attacks of Mr. Brown.

Your's, &c.

VINDEX.

The ADVENTURES *and* TRAVELS, *in various Parts of the Globe, of* HENRY VOGEL. *Translated from the German.*

[*Continued from p.* 192.]

POCKELSLOH had been hitherto distinguished throughout the whole country for its prosperity, its size, and the number of its inhabitants. For this, however, it had been indebted not to its situation, nor to the extent or fertility of its fields, but solely to the industry and regular economy of its residents. Fifty years before, *Pockelsloh* had obtained the unenviable repute of gluttony and ill manners, but since, labour and frugality had become popular. Hence, the place increased so rapidly in size and population, that the number of children at school, had increased during that period, from 80 to 130. As these grew up and assisted their parents, so the latter increased in wealth.

But now the place underwent a sad change from the influence of the newly arrived family. Virtue and purity of morals, and with them also domestic industry, were openly and fearlessly attacked, and in consequence, much discord was sown in families. What, before, had not been heard of for a series of years, namely, the infidelity of a married woman, or the seduction of a single one, was now become common. The noble gentleman and his servants were so dissolute that it was not easy for a girl to escape their snares. During the remainder of our stay there, we witnessed several melancholy instances of this, and one of the inhabitants lost his life through it. He entertained some suspicion of his wife's fidelity, and he knew well, that among the *nobility*, there are those who think it no disgrace to have an intrigue with a female of low condition, whom they would be ashamed to sit at the same table with, or even in the same pew at church. When he spoke to his wife upon the subject, she did not attempt to assert her innocence by prayers, tears, and looks, by which a woman can sometimes soften the most obdurate heart; but she siezed a large pair of scissars, and, in a violent rage attempted to destroy herself. Her husband, indeed, prevented her, but, unfortunately, there lay also a knife upon the table. This she got hold of, and as he was striving to take it from her by force, the knife, in the scuffle, entered his breast and cut an artery. He lay ill of this wound for six days, and seemed to have some hope of recovery, but on the seventh he expired. The woman vindicated herself upon her trial, in this manner, that his death was to be solely ascribed to the circumstance of his having only six hours before it happened, sought a reconciliation with her, and that the violence of his emotions on that occasion, caused a fresh rupture of the artery, and his death ensued in consequence. As, however, the good man, before he died, had pronounced her free from all intention of killing him, the magistrate declared her innocent.

Another misfortune happened through the children of this *noble* family, which caused many tears to many worthy parents. At the entrance of the village there was a high hill, and on which the children of the place frequently used to play. One day a number of them resorted thither for the purpose of amusing themselves. The sons of the gentlemen were on the hill, and throwing a large stone down it, they killed a most promising youth. The eldest of these

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boys ran immediately into the village, and conveyed to the parents the melancholy tidings that his brother had killed their son. The sorrow of the parents was excessive; and every person in the village pitied the unhappy death of the boy, for he was a pious, good youth.

Such and similar accidents had been quite unknown in our village before, and it was not therefore to be wondered at that every one wished this family had never come to *Pockelsloh*. Even our court of justice, in which heretofore strict equity and law were made to go hand in hand with humanity and kindness, was now quite altered; several crimes were committed that well deserved to be carried before higher tribunals. I will mention one or two which happened during our stay there.

A countryman, during harvest time, had half a dozen pewter plates and some other articles, stolen out of his room, the value of which might be about six dollars. Luckily, as the countryman thought, the theft was discovered, for he himself was present, and he forbad his wife and his servants in the strongest manner to take any notice of the loss sustained, for the lord of the manor, if he heard the slightest report of the matter, would perhaps leave him in costs to twice the amount of the things lost, and this to get his own property again! especially as the thieves were not to be found. What happened? About a quarter of a year afterwards, the thieves were taken up for another offence, and they confessed that they had, a little time before, robbed a farmer in *Pocklesloh* of half a dozen plates and some other things. This was reported to the lord of the manor, the farmer was cited to appear, and he was mulcted in the fine of twenty-eight dollars for concealing a robbery!

Another circumstance which happened will affect the reader still more. During the greatest severity of winter, there came, in the course of their peregrination, two travelling journeymen to our village. As strangers, they either did not know that the high and noble gentleman had forbad all beggars to enter the place, or they thought that necessity has no law. He received information of their arrival, and ordered them to be put in confinement as if they had committ some enormous crime. It may w be supposed that the prison was remarkably well provided against cold, and the man was so brutal, at least so thoughtless and so careles that he never thought of setting poor youths at liberty till the ni was over. It occurred to him, first thing in the morning, that he two men in confinement, and he s to have them liberated. But his m senger found them both frozen death! They had wound their ar fast round each other, and the agonies, as they had the impio morsel which was so embittered, t shared in fraternal love!

During this same winter we experienced the following unkind cumstance. A fire happened to br out in a house. The justice hastene the place, and used his exertions extinguish it. He himself labou indefatigably, ventured into the flam and stimulated the villagers. Me while came the lord with his hun man (a young man four and twe years old) to the fire, called the j tice to him, seized him by the h and struck him with his stick on head, to such a degree, that the p man fell from pain.* The huntsm supported his master during this p ceeding, the cause of which was t the justice had neglected the du of etiquette in not having first formed him that there was a fire the village, and that he had not giv orders to abstain from quenching flames, till his arrival. Such a m must, notwithstanding his situati lose all that respect which wo otherwise have been shewn to him.

As every thing, therefore, became much altered, my parents resolved leave *Pockelsloh*, a place in whi they had so long lived happily, and select such a place of residence wh they might again have the comfort associating with good and wort persons. Their wish was to ha remained in that part of the countr

* What an organized despotis must exist in that country where su a violation of the natural and ci rights of man *dared* to be committe —*Translator.*

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but as no elegible opportunity of so doing presented itself, and as my father had neither the ability nor the leisure to instruct us himself, and my mother perceived that she could no longer educate us as boys ought to be, they resolved to remove to the next town.

They bought a house, therefore, set up a trade, sent us to the best masters, and took every precaution which they could for our instruction and finishing. We had been about three weeks in this place, when I had the misfortune to be bitten by a mad dog in seven different places. The grief and alarm of my parents may be imagined. They sent immediately for the physician and the surgeon, and, until their arrival, continued to wash my wounds with warm white-wine vinegar, and endeavoured to keep them as clean as they could. It was lucky that I fell into the hands of a skilful physician: but for this, I should have become, in a few hours, the most wretched of human beings, for every animal which this infuriate dog had bitten, and even an ox, became mad!

This physician bruised some garlick and rubbed the wounds with it, as long and as much as possible. He then pounded some burdock roots in a mortar, added some common salt to it, made a sort of plaister of it, and applied it to the wounds. By these means I was soon restored to health, nor did I ever, even when in the hottest countries, experience the least inconvenience from the circumstance in any respect whatsoever. This physician had cured, in the same manner, and with some internal medicines, several persons of the hydrophobia. Even sheep, and other kinds of cattle that had been bitten by mad dogs, might be cured in this manner, if used in time, and if every day for a week, a new plaister was applied. I myself healed many in that manner, in the course of my various travels.

My parents had scarcely lived in this place a twelvemonth, when their trade became so much enlarged, that they were obliged to hire a clerk, and as at the same time, their wealth increased, they became more anxious that we should learn every thing that could contribute to our happiness, exclusive of what might be our inheritance. My father was very thankful to our master, and as he had a numerous family to support, with a very scanty stipend, he gave him not only a considerable sum of money for our instruction, but he also promised him, if he lived, to maintain his third son, who was of the same age as myself, at the university.

Such an unusual acknowledgement from a father towards the teacher of his children, could have none but good consequences to myself; and, had schools then been as well conducted as the greater part of them are now, I should have derived still greater benefit from the circumstance. According to the then general custom, about thirty hours in a week were appropriated to public and private instruction; enough, if well employed, too much if ill employed. The fundamental rules of knowledge were entirely omitted; no more time was given to the acquisition of things than what could be subtracted from the acquisition of language without delaying the latter: but it would be better that they should be both conjoined in such a manner, as that they may equally concur to the embellishment of the character, and produce good fruit.

These principles, however, were unknown to the teacher, or rather to the overseer of our school. The two objects were not pursued in common; he did not endeavour that knowledge emphatically so called, and words, should alternately illustrate each other and be mutually acquired. The greater part of the day was spent in Latin and Greek, the authors were read mechanically, without their peculiar beauties being displayed to us. Two hours were given to French; two to theology; an equal number to geography and history; one to philosophy, a little to Hebrew, and one to poetry.

It was lucky for us scholars that our teacher under this schoolmaster, was possessed of adequate knowledge, of a good heart, and of didactic talents. We made, therefore, considerable progress, and were, at least, without the shame, of having let the first half year elapse, unacquainted with the limits of our career, and

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unaptly pursuing that career. This reproach did not belong to us.

As I was not, either by nature or by education, neglectful of, or indifferent to my studies, I very early felt a strong desire within me, to increase my knowledge: what had hitherto been aimless and childish pursuit, now began to turn to things of moment and essential activity. I always brought to my studies, health, vigour, a desire of knowledge, a willing memory, and an eager mind. In the public examinations, which were held every year at michaelmas and easter, I always earned great praise. In my seventeenth year, I made my first speech in a public trial of oratory: the subject was the happiness of the virtuous in this life. It was heard with pleasure by my father, but it was, alas! the last pleasure I was ever able to bestow upon him!

[*To be continued.*]

Upon the Doctrine *of* Deism.

Sir,

I SEND for your use, if you think it worthy, another proof that the doctrine of deism has been that of great and perhaps good men in all ages; and that there is nothing new fangled in either republican or deistical opinions.

The following are a few of the sentiments of a scholar of the university of Glasgow, delivered mostly in, and about, the year 1715.

Who this Glasgow scholar was, and more particulars of him, I cannot now acquaint you, being at a distance from my papers, but I will take an early opportunity to do so.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

Clio Rickman.

The fifth and last year they teach physics in the magistran class. I had no great inducement to study here, for they taught John Clore's physics, and I was reading Samuel Clore's physics, a much better system. All the students in this class are obliged to make a public oration in the common hall, before the professors and the whole college, every one in his turn. When it came to my turn, I chose for my subject *De veritate investiganda*; wherein I asserted, that "no rational creature could believe more than what was consistent with and agreeable to his reason, and that it was absolutely impossible for any rational creature to believe what is contradictory to that reason the Author of nature has given him."

Truth may be concealed for want of capacity to discover it, but of itself it is unalterably the same; as for example, I am told that the square of hypothonuse of a rectangular triangle is equal to the squares of the other two sides: this is truth, but I want capacity to discover it. I consult Euclid, who, by laying down plain axioms, obvious to my senses and agreeable to my reason, and going on from one natural consequence to another, equal to my capacity and agreeable to my reason, demonstrates and convinces me that this is truth: it is so, and cannot possibly be otherwise; but if this Mr. Euclid had began with his axioms, two and three are equal to six; one is three, and three are one, &c. I should have stopped here, and said,—This is contradictory to the reason the Author of nature has given me; for my reason dictates to me, that two and three are equal to five, and one is only one, and three are triple the number.

I likewise asserted in that oration, that "what was more or less beneficial to society was more or less virtuous, and *vice versa*; what was more or less detrimental to society, was more or less vicious: and that this was the only virtue (good) and vice (bad) in the world." I endeavoured, under this cloak, to conceal and excuse my own vices as much as I could, not being detrimental to society.

These must be the dictates of my own reason; for I do now solemnly declare, at that time they were not borrowed either from men or books. However, our gymnasiarcha (principal, as they call him) ordered me to come down from the rostrum, and very angrily took my oration from me, of which I have no copy to insert here, and confined me to my chambers. Next day there was a meeting, (a faculty, as they called it) in order to consult whether or not I should

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be extruded the college? as my oration struck at the holy mysteries of our religion, and was for the encouragement of vice.

My professor sent for me that evening, and told me, my Lord Pollock, rector magnificans of the university, and one of the senators of the college of justice, said, "He knew my parents; that they bred up all their children in right principles, and in the fear of the Lord; so he could not think that I meant any thing against our holy religion." And my professor was pleased to say, that "the ingenuity of the oration made some apology for some odd and out-of-the-way expressions and notions." But our Principal insisted, that I should make another oration, by way of recantation. This made a great noise in the university, and was the subject matter of conversation amongst every body that had the least smattering of learning, which gave me an opportunity of improving my thoughts and digesting them into a new model, in which I divided all mankind into two classes. The first and lowest, but by far the greatest and most useful part, are governed by the first and strongest law of nature, self-love and preservation. They answer this end entirely, by the force of labour and industry, so as to provide sufficiently for the preservation of themselves and progeny; and those creatures we call irrational act on the very same dictates of nature, to provide for the preservation of themselves and young ones.

The second and highest are ambitious to excel the rest of their fellow-creatures; and in this class enter the three grand professions, divinity, law, and physick, which they acquire by improving their genius through education, so as to arrive by a superior judgment and knowledge to be able to discover and distinguish truth from falsehood. This is the origin of the superiority of one over another, and the cardinal points on which all politics, both in church and state, move, in order to keep the world in ignorance and awe, so that the last may prey on the first; and so I went on, to investigate truth and detect vulgar errors. In short, I was to new model a world that I then could not possibly know any thing at all of, and form a religion perfectly new for myself, which I may call natural religion; for I am sure it could not be artificial, because I know of none, but what I read of, amongst the ancient Greeks and Romans, and what I heard at Glasgow. I must own I liked neither, which put me upon this new invention, owing to the fertility of my own brain; and lucky it was for me that my recantation never was heard, or else, I dare say, it would have fared worse for me with our Principal than at first; and if my parents ever heard any thing of these embroils, they were so discreet as never to mention them. I concluded with this infallible maxim:

Magna est veritas et prevalebit;

and then added,

Sed qui vult decipi, decipiatur.

During the whole course of my life-time, I have always had a great aversion and abhorrence to all mysteries in any profession whatever, as a mere imposition on mankind: and I have always opposed, and endeavoured to the utmost of my power, as far as was consistent with my own safety, to expunge them from the professions, and to establish truth in their room, as the only certain rule for rational creatures to govern themselves by.

I remember once Father Burke, an Irish Roman Catholic priest, who was chaplain to the General of the Galleons, one day discoursing about the Reformation in England, it was asserted, that even the clergy were very instrumental in bringing about the Reformation, and that the protestant bishops had made very bold stands for the support of it. "Oh! my faith, then! (said Father Burke) I am greatly surprised that the clergy should be for the Reformation, for I am sure, where they *make* a penny of Jesus since the Reformation, they *made* a pound of him before the Reformation." The holy father spoke great truth. Pope Leo X, says,—*Quantas nobis divitias comparavit ista de Christo fabula?*

I have read Ochinus's History of the Three Impostors, and do not like it at all; but the great mischiefs and direful calamities by dreadful and ho-

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rid persecutions, arising from multiplicity of different opinions, and the disputes about them, have cost the world more blood and treasure than all the whole villanies in the world accumulated, which has obliged me to chuse a Creed of my own. During the whole course of my life-time I have always mortally abhorred and hated all priest-craft, king-craft, state-craft, and all craft, but handy-craft. For priests of all religions are the same! and so are statesmen! only differing in proportion to the power and authority they are invested with: witnessed by the testimonies of Cardinal de Rhetz and Father Paul, and strongly exemplified by the practice of our courtiers and patriots, whigs and tories, whilst in and out of place. The only certain distinguishing mark of mankind, by all that I have learnt in this world, is, "He who does the most good offices and fewest bad, whilst he has it in his power, is the best man;" and *vice versa*. The first is an angelical virtue, and the reverse a diabolical vice. And I am fully convinced, from this and innumerable other observations of the same kind, that self-love is the original source and spring of all actions in human life, good as well as bad.

The whole ecclesiastic history, from the rise of Christianity to the present time, wherein we may learn how the church, by their refined policy in contriving their subtle artifices and intrigues, and in carrying on their consummate villainy and executing their designs, laid the foundation for grasping at overgrown power and authority, and universal dominion and slavery, over the minds as well as bodies and estates of mankind; as wide as the earth could not bound them, they extended their power to the kingdom of heaven, nay, above all, that is God. Vested with the plenitude of power, both spiritual and temporal; and, which is remarkable, never one of them lost or parted with an inch gained by their predecessors, constantly acquiring and adding to their power and grandeur, according to their different abilities and capacities, tying the hands of their successors by the irresistible entail of divine right, interlarded with the most horrid scenes of cruelty, bloodshed, and slaughter in executing their designs, which reflect disgrace on human nature itself, or rather on that religion which had divested human nature of all its humanity, and taught its votaries to thirst after the blood of those who profess any other.

But every man's reason is every man's oracle, and he that follows that guide in the search of truth will have a much better plea to make, whenever or wherever called to account, than he who has resigned himself, either deliberately or inadvertently, to any authority upon earth; for where mystery begins, religion ends, which likewise holds true in all professions; where mysteries begin, professions end in imposture and delusion.

"History is, no doubt, the most instructive and useful, as well as the most entertaining and diverting part of literature, more especially when it is not confined within the narrow bounds of any particular time or place, but extends to the transactions of all times and nations. Works of this nature, as Cicero rightly observe, carry our knowledge beyond the vast and devouring space of numberless years, triumph over time, and make us, though living at an immense distance, in a manner eye-witnesses to all the events and revolutions which have occasioned such astonishing changes in the world. By these records it is that we live, as it were, in the very time when the world was created; we behold how it was governed in its infancy, when mankind were in their primitive state of infancy and simplicity; we see the necessity people were under to form themselves into societies, with the origin, rise, and progress of civil government; how kings and kingdoms have risen, flourished, and decayed; and by what steps they brought upon themselves their final ruin and destruction. By these means we can penetrate into their actions, and easily distinguish the virtuous from the vicious, by seeing what height of happiness mankind arrive at under a regular good government, and abyss of misery they are plunged into by a wicked bad one. From these and other like events occurring in history, every judicious reader may form pru-

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dent and unerring rules for the conduct of his life, both in private and public capacity."

"It is a maxim, founded on truth, and promotive of the happiness of mankind, that whatever is generally useful should be generally known; and therefore he who propagates or promotes the knowledge of the sciences, merits the first rank among the benefactors to society and the republic of letters. And the benefits flowing from literature extend to every individual, from the prince on the throne to the meanest inhabitant of a cottage."

I promised to let you have my creed; now I will give it you.

I believe in the unity of God, the Almighty Author of Nature, creator and sole governor of the whole universe, celestial and terrestrial, and all that is therein; and that there is no certainty in any religion but the religion of Nature. I believe all morality consists in doing as you would be done by, according to the eternal and invariable rule of right and wrong: an inflexible guide for us.—I believe all actions in human life proceed from self-love.

The LITERARY LIFE *and* TRAVELS *of* BARON HOLBERG. *Written by Himself. Extracted from the Latin Edition of Leipsick, in* 1743. *By* W. HAMILTON REID.

BARON Holberg, by birth an obscure Dane, will be found to have been one of the most extraordinary characters which the 17th century has produced. By his own exertions he, at length, became, as it were, the Addison of Denmark, one of her best poets, a good historian, and an excellent moralist.

The life is in the form of letters to a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, at whose request also it seems to have been undertaken. After some apology upon the score of diffidence, the Baron proceeds thus:

It is now time to proceed to the thing itself, in order that the preface may not exceed the size of the book. I cannot, my Lord, as many others have done, present you with a long and tedious detail of my ancestors. Indeed this is a task which, if willing, I could not execute, because my birth-place, Bergen, in Norway, is like Noah's ark, which contained all kind of creatures. People come to Bergen from all parts, and seem to claim it as their common country; here they settle and marry, and at length become one people with the natives. Still I have the advantage over many of my fellow citizens, so far that my grandfather, on my mother's side, was born at Bergen. His name was Louis Munthe, and he was Bishop of the place. He could likewise boast of a noble descent; and heaven also blessed him with so many children, that he might very properly have been placed among the patriarchs of Norway. Respecting my ancestors on my father's side, I must confess I am ignorant. My father, however, rose from a very humble station to the dignity of a colonel in the army. This honour he did not obtain by his birth, but by his merit; and it is also sufficient for me, that he was an upright, brave, and inoffensive man, and was generally beloved for his conduct. In particular, he could boast of the favours of his Excellency Count Ulrich Frederick Guldenlowe, under whom he had served in Norway, and obtained additional reputation.

I lost my father while I was an infant at the breast. He left us a decent patrimony; but we were deprived of nearly the whole of it by an unlucky fire, which broke out at midnight at a neighbour's house. We had nothing left us through this calamity, excepting a few cottages, which my father purchased but a short time before his death. The small revenue they afforded was scarcely sufficient for a family so large as ours: however, frugality and economy repaired this loss in some measure, and ten years after, when my mother died, she left this little inheritance to her children unincumbered and free from debt.

Being now ten years of age, in consequence of the death of my mother, I chose the military life, and was accepted in one of the regiments raised in Upland. The custom was just then introduced into Norway, for allowing pay to the children of commissioned officers; so that

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might be said they were enlisted in their cradles. These officers' children were named corporals; this gave them a little advantage beyond that of private men. When of age these corporals were appointed over parties of ten; and among these I was accepted, upon the condition of its being my future study to make myself acquainted with military affairs. But as my propensity to learning, from my earliest infancy, was not unknown to my superiors in Upland, Otto Munthe, to whom I was related on my mother's side, so far encouraged me to prosecute my study of the belles lettres, as to put me under the tutor to whom the care of his own children had been entrusted.—This tutor, however, seemed to wish to distinguish himself by his severity only. He never appeared to be so happy as when he had some chastisement to inflict upon his pupils. In fact, he was by no means fitted for the office he held; and I afterwards learned that he had taken to some other profession: upon which I could not do otherwise than rejoice, as it appeared to be his intention to disgrace the Latin language by every means in his power. I perfectly recollect one of the embellishments that he intended to add to that tongue. In this it is a rule never to suffer the particle *non* to conclude a sentence; but he, instead of the phrase "Non possum tibi satis facere," would have it "Possum tibi satis facere non;" from whence the strength of his conceit was manifest beyond contradiction. Had I never fallen into his hands, I believe I might have boasted that I should have gone through all the other schools without any correction.

But to pass over several trifling incidents which occured in the schools, I was at length sent by my relatives to a Colonel Krog. This gentleman had three sons, the youngest of which slept with a tutor kept in the house. This tutor's name was Erasmus; for tippling no man in the country could exceed him. In his usual way he came home one night, and not being able to undress himself, he threw himself upon the bed with his clothes on. The young lad with whom he slept, being between sleeping and waking when the tutor came to bed, persuaded himself that he was visited by a ghost, and, without staying to give the matter a thought, sprang out of bed, and came into the chamber where I and two more of the family were sleeping. It seems that creeping to the foot of the bed he had been there about an hour, when by a sudden turn he awakened us, or rather myself, who was the first to spread the alarm that our room was haunted. My companions were in a moment seized with as great a panic as if they had been beset by a legion of devils. The poor lad, perfectly awakened by the alarm we raised, was equally as much frightened as ourselves. In reality he thought himself in so much the more danger as laying at the foot of the bed, and in a manner alone, he would be the first whom the supposed spirit would lay hold of. Under this impression it seems he remained till his fears had so far got the mastery over him, that he was determined at all-events to quit the bed's foot and come up to us at the head. All this having passed without a word being spoken on either side, the nearer he approached us the more were our fears increased, till a cold sweat and all the apprehensions attending it became mutual.—To sleep was no longer possible. I am persuaded that all that darkness could administer to fear, was our portion; and that, if it was possible to have collected all the prayers said on that occasion, they would make a tolerable volume. As for my companions, who had not made any progress in theology beyond the Lord's Prayer and the Belief, to make up the deficiency, they continued repeating their graces before and after meat. Some of us would most undoubtedly have alarmed Erasmus, the regular house tutor, but for the apprehension, from his known manners, that his appearance might be as bad to us as that of a spirit. Morning, however, arrived at length, when our new bed-fellow jumped out calling for Erasmus with all his might, a cry in which we joined most heartily; and notwithstanding Erasmus had hardly got rid of his over night's debauch, he was not long before he made his appearance, crossing himself

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most devoutly. Daylight, notwithstanding, and a little explanation soon cleared up the whole mystery. Consequently, upon this ground, I did for a long time deny the possibility of what are called spirits, and all that belongs to them: at least I am convinced that numbers of people have been brought from a strong belief in them to no belief at all, by similar circumstances. In the mean while, notwithstanding all that Becker and others have written to persuade us that every thing of this nature is false and fabulous, it will not be an easy matter to effect it, unless these writers can persuade us to reject a very great portion indeed of the credibility of history.

Soon after leaving the house of Colonel Krog, my mother's brother, Peter Lemm, took me solely under his care; and with him I remained till the unhappy fire at Bergen, of 1702, laid so many houses and public buildings in ashes. In the course of this year my pastor, M. Severin Lintrup, sent me to Copenhagen, where I had no sooner passed my examination than the want of the means of maintenance obliged me to return to Bergen. Soon after that the Provost at Vos entrusted me with the education of his children, notwithstanding I was uncommonly young for such a situation. But besides this event, which contributed to my rising celebrity, whenever M. Lintrup, the rector, was indisposed or absent, I was called upon to preach and officiate in his place. For a whole year also it was a part of my office to correct the scholars, and to be sent upon the mission appointed to preach to the peasantry. In reality, I succeeded much better as a preacher than a pedagogue; for, in consequence of taking too much pains to excite my mistress' eldest son, of whom she was extravagantly fond, to the love of learning, his mother procured my discharge, and I was again thrown upon the wide world. I took nothing with me indeed, excepting the encomiums which the peasantry had heaped, as it were, upon my eloquence; for they compared me with the late Master Peter, who had formerly been the preacher in this diocese, and who had been looked up to as a second Chrysostom. In reality, my dismissal gave me very little uneasiness, as my patience was by no means calculated for the office of teaching children; besides, I was so much harassed by the night mare, that I was convinced nothing would tend to my recovery so effectually as a change of place.

I proceeded to Copenhagen without loss of time, and next to the French and Italian languages, I endeavoured to make myself better acquainted with divinity; in which I afterwards made such advances in the course of the winter, that I had not the least doubt of passing the public examinations to which divinity students are subjected. I even obtained public commendation for my industry, and had the pleasure of being classed with the *Laudabilem*. With these praises, but with an empty purse, I returned once more to Bergen; when, alas! the low state of my finances again compelled me to submit to the yoke of a pedagogue, which I had so recently shaken off. —Just at that time, Magister N. Schmidt, lecturer in theology and vice-bishop of Norway, was in want of a tutor for his children, and I was so fortunate as to obtain the situation; but which I had not held many months, before it appeared to me that I had fallen into a state of the most abject slavery. The vice-bishop in his youthful days had travelled for a considerable time upon the continent, and had seen most of the kingdoms of Europe; and with some faint idea of following his example, I availed myself of every opportunity which the intervals of labour afforded me to read his journals, in which he had noted all the remarkable things that came under his observation, till, notwithstanding my want of the means, I was so strongly disposed to follow his example, that, without weighing the numerous obstacles that opposed my design, I gave my employer notice of my intention. He expressed his regret at parting with me, and acknowledged that my pupils had profited under my instructions. But nothing that he or my relatives could urge to the contrary could alter my resolution: it was not to be moved by the anger of the one, or the regret of the oth-

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My next business was to turn all my property, moveable and immoveable, into money: but though I could not, with my utmost exertions, muster more than sixty crowns, I remained firm in my purpose, and set out for Holland without delay. In fact, it was upon my learning, and not upon my money, that I reckoned: and as I conceived that being master of the French and Italian languages, I should at all times be able to recruit an empty treasury, I flattered myself nothing more would be wanting; and besides, I never easily altered any resolution that I had once engaged in.

Steering for Amsterdam we had scarcely made the island of Vliet before we imagined we had met with a pirate, who, though he did not attack us, gave occasion to a very laughable incident. The cook of our vessel, being exceedingly alarmed lest this pirate should deprive him of the little money he possessed, threw the whole of it, closely wrapped up in a dirty leathern purse, into a large kettle of soup then upon the fire; but scarcely was the danger over, and the supposed pirate out of sight, when dinner being called for, the cook brought it up, and was the first to inform us of the expedient he had used to save his money, and seemed to expect approbation for such an instance of his prudence. In this, however, the half-simpleton was not a little disappointed. Some swore, some refused to eat, and very few laughed. At length it was proposed, that the cook should be tried for a misdemeanour; but the whole affair passed off, and we arrived in safety at Amsterdam.

The first fortnight, after I arrived here, was occupied in viewing the public buildings and other curiosities; but I was no sooner satisfied with the sights I had seen, than, beginning to turn my attention to my money concerns, it struck me that my treasury would soon be empty. I knew not where to replenish, and therefore I began to repent of my undertaking. I soon found, from observing the turn and temper of the Hollanders, that they set more value upon a Skipper, than a Salmasius, or even a Grotius. Even in the houses at Amsterdam, used by my own countrymen, instead of finding the company make room to give place to a person of my profession, as it is the custom in Norway, I have been obliged to stand, and see others all besmeared with pitch and tar welcomed by the whole company.—Danes as well as natives I found, as if they had agreed together, that I was out of my proper place; and the hints and admonitions frequently given me, rendered my situation very unpleasant. I was as unable to proceed as unwilling to return. My whole supply in money I found would not, with the utmost economy, last me more than a few months: and, at length, being attacked by a continual fever, a medical man, Mr. Ivan Brederock, seriously advised me to try the waters at Aix la Chapelle. Much persuasion was not necessary to induce me to take this step; and I was pleased, notwithstanding my circumstances, to have the shadow of a pretext for seeing a strange place.

I set out for Germany under the idea, that even my temerity might possibly tend to bring me out of my embarrassment. But, contrary to my expectation, the journey there cost me so much, that I could not conceive how it would be possible for me to come back again, especially when I found myself obliged to pay at least four florins for a passport at Ruremonde. When I came to Aix la Chapelle, six rix-dollars constituted all that I was worth in the world, another sorry passport excepted, which I could with difficulty read; for to me it appeared more like a satire than any thing else: it read as follows,—*Laissez passer et repasser, le garcon, Louis d'Holberg, d'Amsterdam*; viz. "Let the lad, Louis Holberg, of Amsterdam, pass and repass." I must confess that my youthful appearance often exposed me to contempt, and also induced my fellow travellers sometimes to expostulate with me upon the impropriety of leaving my country at so early an age. One time, entering an inn, a preacher took it into his head to make an enquiry of this kind, when beckoning me towards him very seriously, he said, loud enough to be heard by all the company, "*Hoer gy well manche! quando deservisti studia tua?*" As this reproach stung me pretty deeply, I interrupted him with such a volley

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of Latin words and phrases, that the poor pastor, not chusing to contend, resigned his office of inquisitor, and, getting hastily up from his seat, he exclaimed,—*Dic heer ist en theologant; ick gratuleere myn heer.* viz. "The gentleman is a divine; I congratulate the gentleman." In respect to my appearance, even two years after this, when I was in England, and used sometimes, as the custom is, to smoke a pipe of tobacco at a better-most kind of public-house, I remember a citizen, who used to sit near me, could seldom refrain from laughing, and once absolutely exclaimed, "Well! this boy, I see, will smoak!" Much the same thing happened to me in France, at a period when at home I ranked as *Professor Extraordinarius*. My landlord was talking with one of the bourgeois, and the latter asking my age, the other answered, *C'est un garcon de dix huit ans.*

But to return. I lived at Aix la Chapelle with such frugality that no one could accuse me of imprudence. However, necessity at length induced me to take a step, which otherwise would never have entered into my head. I privately packed up all I had, and thought to have left the place and my host for the present unpaid; but, to my shame and confusion, I was detected, and compelled instantly to pay the last farthing.—This event likewise, for a long time, made such an impression on my mind, that, sleeping as well as waking, I frequently thought mine host was again in the act of detecting and detaining me in my intended flight.

[*To be continued.*]

VOYAGE *from* PORT JACKSON *to* PRINCE OF WALES'S ISLAND.—*Extracted from the Letters of a Lady.*

[*Continued from page* 194.]

At Sea, July 30th, 1803.
latitude S. 8° 36′ 11″
longitude E. 156° 25′ 38″

ON Tuesday, the 28th, saw land, being two hummocks; distance about seven leagues, which we supposed were the islands called the Brothers. The wind being very fresh, we were very soon abreast of one of them, which proved to be the island of Simboo, in Bougainville's straits. We were uncertain whether they were inhabited till we observed a large canoe coming very fast towards us. We shortened sail to let her come up. There were three men in her, who brought cocoa nuts, bread fruit, and some ornaments made of tortoiseshell and mother-of-pearl, and wanted hatchets and hammers in return; as we had not any of these to spare, we offered nails, knives, and old iron; with the last they were much pleased. We saw several more canoes, but making more sail we passed them, and made close in shore off the end of Simboo. The land appeared very high, and covered with trees of a lively green. We sailed along the weather side of the island, and not finding any harbour, anchored with the best bower in sixteen fathoms water within a quarter of a mile of the shore. The ship was immediately surrounded with canoes, with upwards of an hundred natives: we saw but two women amongst them. These people, their canoes, and the country they inhabited, found a striking contrast to those we had so recently left. The greatest beauty our New Caledonian friends possessed, at least in our opinion, was the unsullied whiteness of their teeth, whereas the whole of these people had their teeth, probably from their constant use of the beetle nut, dyed as black as their skins, which were some shades darker than those of the New Caledonians. It was, perhaps, owing to the same cause that their eyes were all much inflamed. Their stature was considerably below the New Caledonian standard, but their limbs had a roundness that gave a great neatness to their persons, which were very clean. Many of them had their hair powdered. This powder was excessively white, and was supposed to be made from lime; it gave many of them a terrific appearance, by their eyebrows being filled with it, and circles being likewise drawn round their eyes and mouths, made them, at a little distance, look like masks. They also wore small shells strung like beads, as bandeaus, necklaces, earrings, and girdles of the same,

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with bracelets of pearl round their arms and legs. Their weapons were spears and bows and arrows. With these they must do dreadful execution from their having a long barb of the tail of the sting-ray, which has a sharp point, and is jagged on each side with notches like teeth. The island bore the appearance of a garden in high cultivation. The ascents were steep but covered with cocoa nut, bread fruit, and banana-trees down to the water's edge; and the huts of the natives were just discernible in various places in the midst of the trees. A fine aromatic smell came wafted by the breeze from off the land, which we found very reviving; as the weather had been intensely hot for some days. It was extremely mortifying to be so near to such an inviting spot, without being able to take a ramble on shore; but one interview with the natives convinced us that this would be too hazardous to attempt, unless we had some other object besides mere pleasure in view. The activity of these people surpassed every thing I ever saw, and I doubt whether in any other part of the world they are excelled in dexterity in thieving. They fairly run up the sides of the ship without any difficulty, and notwithstanding there were several men, a petty officer, and the second lieutenant on the quarter deck, one of them snatched up two bayonets, jumped upon the railing, and thence over the side of the ship into the water, swam to a canoe that lay a little distance off, deposited the bayonets in her, sprang in, and, with two other men in her, paddled off with incredible swiftness. No boat that I ever saw could overtake one of these canoes; they are long, very sharp, with a prow that has a fine curve at each end, and very high. Many of them are ornamented in a neat style with shells and mother-of-pearl; the sides are studded with the latter like stars, or devices of fish; and birds and human faces appear for figure heads. The paddles which are small and delicately formed, are made of a light wood resembling yellow-wood, with coloured rings.

Soon after day-light the next morning, there were sixty canoes off, containing some hundreds of men. A number of them came on board, and others clung to the sides of the ship. Though the utmost vigilance was observed to prevent any depredation, several things were stolen out of the officer's cabins. One of them having snatched a small spying-glass out of one of the cabins, the window of the port was fixed in, which had six panes of the thickest crown glass; however, they found an opportunity to break one of them, unfasten the window, and snatch a large handsome dirk, with the belt to it, that was hanging up in the cabin. This was so great a prize to make off with, that notice was instantly given to the rest, who all (to the number of two hundred as near as I could compute), sprang at once from various parts of the ship into the water, through which they darted with surprising velocity, and, getting into their canoes, made off.

Amongst the canoes was a war-canoe, with one of their chiefs on a high seat in the centre of the canoe, which had fifty men on board, with several musical instruments made of reeds; and a great quantity of spears and arrows, very few of which they would part with. This canoe, though much larger, was made like the others, and notwithstanding its size, was light and elegant.

I was greatly entertained with the dexterity the natives displayed in the water. They really appeared quite as much at ease in this element as when out of it, and are entitled to the epithet of amphibious. They wrenched some iron work off from one of the boats, pulled a scuttle from its hinges, and in short seemed determined to take whatever they could carry off, even the children they saw; with one of these, a boy of about ten years of age, son to the gunner, one of these fellows would have jumped overboard, had he not been prevented by an officer, who observed him making the attempt. This circumstance prevented me from enjoying a moment's peace of mind, during our stay, which was prolonged till the ensuing morning by its blowing a heavy gale of wind.

Previously, however, to making sail the next morning, in heaving the cable, we carried away the messenger, and the anchor having hooked a rock,

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after having hove a great strain on the cable, we were obliged to cut away, and of course lost the anchor. Here was a prize for the natives could they have raised it; for no doubt, as they so often dive, they would find it; but as it will be an unattainable object, it will cost them much labour without any profit.

We had light airs, and proceeded very slowly along the islands called the Brothers. These islands with some others that lay contiguous, were called by the natives of Simboo, Bellalla, Ganunga, Peteranna, Sappa, and Java. Several canoes came off, exactly of the same construction as the former, and the people resembled the others in size, colour, and costume, but appeared milder in their dispositions. The next morning we saw Solomon's islands, and shortly after Bougainville's. The whole of them were covered with trees, and presented beautiful outlines. About three o'clock P.M. we were alarmed by the water becoming suddenly shoal over a sandy bottom, which could be perceived over the side of the ship, whilst a reef of rocks appeared at no great distance. By good management, however, we cleared this danger, and were in a few minutes out of soundings. At the moment of alarm, one of the men fell from the mainyard into the chains, and was much bruised; had he fallen overboard, he would, in all probability, have been devoured by five large sharks that were passing on that side of the ship just as he fell.

July 2d. Part of Bougainville's island in sight, towering above the clouds apparently as high again as the island of Palma. The next islands we made were Lord Anson's and Sir Charles Hardy's. We sailed abreast of the latter at a very little distance. It is twelve miles long, of equal height, rather low, and entirely covered with trees.

July 5th. On the 3d, we were off ...w Ireland, and the islands of Bour... and Oraison. In the evening ... observed two canoes coming off: ...he largest were nine people, and ... the smallest three. The small ...oe turned back after approaching ... ship within half a mile, and the ...est turned towards the shore ...hin a quarter of a mile, occasioned, I suppose, by its beginning to grow dark. These canoes seemed to be hollowed out of trees like those of New Caledonia. On the beach opposite to the ship a number of natives were observed walking along, and as soon as those in the canoes had joined their companions, two large fires were made on the beach. The next day four canoes came off with six natives in two of them, and four in each of the others. They advanced with great caution, and when within a hundred yards of the ship, the two foremost waited for the others to join them, and then proceeded slowly all abreast. After advancing to within half that distance, they made another halt, all of them continuing perfectly silent. We held out whatever we thought would entice them to come on. A silk handkerchief being thrown to them, they ventured near enough to pick it up, loitered a few minutes, and then returned as fast as possible to the shore. They had come merely to gratify their curiosity, without bringing even a cocoa nut. They were large athletic people, of a dark copper colour, and entirely naked. As we proceeded along, some more canoes came off with natives from Antieve of Dampier and Boucage, two islands of New Ireland, who resemble those just described, in size and colour, are free from timidity, and deal with honour and honesty. I am not, however, without some suspicion of their being cannibals, from the circumstance of there being amongst the curiosities I collected from them, two human bones: one of these, a large arm bone, is fixed as a handle to a spear with six rows of human teeth round it.

We had the company of these islanders almost the whole of yesterday, and I could not help observing that every part of these pretty persons was totally neglected, but their precious heads, on which they bestow a world of pains. Their bushy hair is cut in the form of a helmet: the centre part from the neck to the forehead, is loaded with a red powder resembling brick-dust: the hair on each side is cut close to the head, and on one side is a thick plaister of a yellow composition, and on the other one of white, with long peaks that

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touch the corners of their eyebrows.

We have not seen any place that has a more fertile appearance than New Ireland. It is a thick wood of lofty trees reaching to the summits of the highest hills, and in various places there are patches of some acres, apparently cleared and in cultivation, though I should rather suppose this was done by the hand of nature. In one of the last canoes that came off, there was a native perfectly white, with light woolly hair, but whether he was born so, or that the colour of his skin was changed by any cutaneous disorder, I can not tell: the latter was the general opinion, but the bent of my mind was, that he was born white.

July 8th. We are now off the extreme west point of the coast of New Ireland, where there are numerous islands of various beautiful shapes, and covered with trees, mostly cocoa nuts. None of these islands are laid down in the chart; indeed the plan of the whole of the coast is very inaccurate; but this is easily accounted for, Bougainville having sailed at a considerable distance from it, whilst on the contrary, we coasted the whole length of it within a few miles.

Having thus had the pleasure of conducting you to the end of New Ireland, I shall lay down my pen, with the intention of resuming it when a sufficiency of interesting matter has accumulated in my journal to frame another letter, that I may hope may be acceptable to you.

W.

[*To be continued.*]

Essay *on the first* Human Society, *according to the* Mosaic History.

UNDER the same controul of instinct by which the irrational brute is now guided, man was introduced into life by Providence; and as his reason was not yet developed, Providence acted the part of a watchful nurse over him. By hunger and thirst it pointed out to him the necessity of food; and whatever he required to satisfy that necessity, it spread around him in profuse abundance, and taste and smell directed him in the choice of it. A mild and genial climate atoned for his and his defenceless life was pr by an undisturbed and genera The propagation of his spec provided for, by the innate de planted in him; and thus the compound, man, partaking of getable and brute, was compl His reason now by degrees b unfold itself, and, as Natu thought, provided and acted f his powers could direct the more easy and undisturbed tranquil observation of thing his reason, being emancipate all care, could employ itself turbed on the improvement organs of speech, and regul yet tender association of ideas. the eye of a happy being he s the glorious creation which wa before him: his mind embra its phenomena, and treasured pure and genuine in a faithf mory. Thus the beginning was soft and smiling, and it r to be so to strengthen him contest which awaited him. were now to suppose, that point Providence stopped, man have become the most happy tellectual of all animals; but h would have escaped from the strings of instinct; his actions never have become free and, quently, moral; nor would h risen above the limits of ani In a blissful tranquillity he have lived in an eternal chil and the circle in which he have moved would have be smallest possible from desire joyment, from enjoyment to re from rest again to desire.

But man was destined to a ve ferent state; and the powers were implanted in him excite to happiness of a very differe ture. The task which Natur undertaken to perform for him cradled infancy, now in his a cence devolved upon himself. was to become the creator of hi happiness, and the degree of thi piness was to be determined b participation which he had in it. was excited by his reason to s for the state of innocence whi had lost, and, as a free rational to return to that point from whi

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emerged as a plant and as a creature of instinct. He was to work his way out of a paradise of ignorance and servitude to one of knowledge and freedom; one, in which he would obey the moral laws in his breast with the same fidelity as in the commencement he obeyed the laws of instinct, and as the animals now obey them. What circumstances were therefore inevitable? What events must necessarily happen before he could reach this far distant aim? So soon as his reason had made a trial of its first powers, Nature cast him off, or, to speak with more propriety, he himself, instigated by a particular impulse which he knew not, and ignorant of the great action which he in that moment committed, tore himself from the leading strings of instinct, and with his yet feeble reason plunged into the labyrinth of life, and entered on the dangerous path of moral freedom. If we therefore transmute the voice of God in Eden, which forbade him to eat of the tree of knowledge, to a voice of his own instinct, which made him shun the tree, then his supposed disobedience to that divine commandment is nothing more than a decline of his instinct, consequently, the first display of self-agency, the first exploit of his reason, and the commencement of his moral existence. This decline of the instinct of man, though it produced moral evil in creation, in order to render moral good possible in it, is without contradiction the greatest and most fortunate event in the history of man: from this moment he dates his freedom, and here the foundation stone was laid of his morality. The historian is wholly in the right, when he treats this circumsance as a fall of the first man: but the philosopher is not less in the right, when he congratulates human nature in the aggregate on this important step towards perfection. The first is in the right to call it a *fall*; for man from an innocent being became a guilty one, from a perfect *eléve* of nature an imperfect moral being, and from a happy instrument an unhappy artist.

The philosopher is in the right to call it a gigantic step of human nature, for from a slave of instinct man became thereby a free agent, from an automaton a moral being, and with this step he first entered on the road, which after a lapse of millenaries was to guide him to the dominion of himself. The way which led to enjoyment now became more long and tedious. In the commencement he had only to stretch forth his hand to make function immediately follow desire, but now reflection, industry, and trouble intervened between desire and its enjoyment. Peace was broken between him and the beasts. Necessity now drove them to destroy his plantations, and even to wage war on himself; and he therefore called his reason to his aid, to procure him security, and artfully to obtain that superiority of powers which nature had denied him. He found it necessary to invent arms and weapons, and by strong and well guarded habitations defend himself from his enemies. Nature here indemnified him by joys of the mind, for the common enjoyments of which she had deprived him.

[*To be continued.*]

CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

POEMS, *by Sir* JOHN CARR. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 228. Price TEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE!

WITH the proudest consciousness of our own merits, we demand the approbation of our readers when we inform them that we have, in spite of yawning, laughing, rubbing our eyes, wriggling in our chair, and stretching, absolutely gone through the present volume. This is no mean praise. It is a conspicuous proof of our patience and our benevolence, virtues of rare growth in a critic. Of the first of these virtues no subsequent act of our own can rob us; to the last we shall perhaps forfeit the claim before we dismiss Sir John Carr from our notice.

It is perfectly fair to remark, that we took up the present volume with strong prejudices against its author.

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These prejudices we could no more help than a man can his antipathy to a well known swindler, if he happens to be in his company. The swindler *may* have some virtues, but we should be slow to believe them; and Sir John Carr may have gleams of sense that occasionally illumine the vast expanse of dullness that dwells upon his mind, but we have never found them. These are things of mere possibility, and too much faith is not to be reposed in what is simply possible. We hope we are not without that candour which would have suffered us to rejoice in a discovery, yet unmade, of Sir John's talents. We did not indeed look for them; for who looks for roses on a rock?

To this volume of poems we have every objection to make that can possibly be made to a book. It is printed with a shameful diffusion of paper and type, in order to enhance its price, and in doing which we commend the knight's policy more than his honesty. "If my volume sells for half a guinea," says he, (we make Sir John the interlocutor, because we really do not think that any bookseller would be simple enough to purchase his copyright) "why then, as I cannot hope for many purchasers, they who *do* buy shall make up for those who do *not*." Very well.—Thank heaven, *we* have not to sigh over the loss of half a guinea, and we pity those who have. It is nothing less than a literary fraud to print a volume as this is printed, many of its pages containing nothing more than what the author facetiously pleases to call an epigram, of two lines! Perhaps our knight hopes to soften the reader's indignation by the display of his own face as a frontispiece. We will honestly confess that his countenance is an accurate index of what the contents of the volume *must* be.

Our next objection is, of course, to these contents. They are as various in their nature as can be engendered by vanity upon folly: by vanity that thinks itself equal to all, and folly that proves itself unequal to any.—Sir John's muse is like a train of gunpowder: it takes fire at every thing. If a lady wears a muslin veil, he tells her immediately, that "little stars," meaning her eyes, were never made to shine through "misty skies," meaning her veil. (p. 64.) If he sees a fool in a corner holding a broom, (we do not mean to say that Sir John writes with a looking-glass before him) his muse tells us that his broom is "his wife, his child, his prize," (p. 33), thus ingeniously connecting, at once, matrimony and the "lucky lottery office," and conveying a delicate intimation that marriage is a prize. If a lady wears a diamond cross upon her bosom, he is so enraptured, that his muse ambles through eight lines without any meaning at all. (p. 29.) Nothing can escape him. No, not even Bedlam; for the sight of its dilapidated walls reminds him of a "cracked head," and at that moment a strange, unaccountable sympathy suggested to him that his own might be prefixed to the present volume. Such and so various are the topics of this volume: and now, albeit scrupulous of polluting our pages with mere insipid dullness, we will exhibit a specimen or two.

How sweetly Sir John warbles his elegiac strains let the following declare:—

With horror dumb, tho' guiltless, stood
Beside his dying friend,
The hapless wretch who made the blood
Sad from his side descend!!!
"Give me thy hand; lov'd friend, adieu!"
The gen'rous suff'rer cried!
"I do forgive and bless thee too;"
And, having said it, died!!
And Pity, who stood trembling near,
Knew not for which to shed,
So claim'd by both, her saddest tear—
The living or the dead!

Sir John has a charming felicity in writing what he calls epigrams and impromptus. Ex. Gr.

EPIGRAM.
On the Author and Eliza frequently differing in Opinion.

To such extremes were I and BET
Perpetually driven,
We quarrell'd every time we met,
To kiss and be forgiven.

EPIGRAM,
Upon seeing the dilapidated state of Bethlem Hospital.

Well with the *purpose* does the *place* agree;
For e'en the very house is *crack'd*, you see.

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IMPROMPTU,
In reply to a Lady, who asked the Author what Childhood resembled.

How like is childhood to the lucid tide
That calmly wanders thro' the mossy dell,
Sweeps o'er the lily by the margin's side,
And, as it kisses, murmurs out, Farewell!

EPIGRAM
On the Grave of Robespierre.

Nay, passenger, don't mourn his lot;
If he had liv'd, why you had not.

EPIGRAM,
On winning a young Lady's Money at Cards.

How fairly Fortune all her gifts imparts;
We win your money, Ann, and you our hearts.

JEU D'ESPRIT,
Upon a very pretty Woman asking the Author his Opinion of Beauty.

Madam! you ask what marks for beauty pass:
Require them rather from your looking-glass!

Our readers should be informed that *each* of these epigrams occupies a page to themselves! Whether this be done as illustrative of their own emptiness; or whether, from a high and proud belief on the part of the author, that even his *own* poetry placed in juxtaposition with such bright and dazzling irradiations of wit would but obscure their glory, it is not for us to decide. Certain it is, that they stand alone: and so standing, they reminded us of a pig in a flower garden; more conspicuous in their deformity from their singleness.

At p. 14, there is a story of a certain maiden, called *Rebecca*, who, as was very natural to maidens, and very much like all young maidens, wished to know who her husband was to be. What did she do to find it out?—Why

Rebecca heard the gossips say,
"Alone from dusk till midnight stay
Within the church-porch drear and dark,
Upon the vigil of St. Mark,
And, lovely maiden, you shall see
What youth your husband is to be."

Well, she did so. And what happened? Oh! something very horrible. What was it? Patience, and you shall hear. There was a "roguish scout," ycleped *Paul*, who slyly guessed what she was going to do at "St. Stephen's church;" so, when poor Rebecca had stood till midnight, and had undergone a reasonable quantity of "wild fears," "cold blood," "fast pulses," and had heard a sufficient number of "screech owls" and "bats," *Mister* Paul, dressed like a ghost, "all so grim," did rise up from a grave

"unlucky knave," and cried,

"Fair maiden, come with me,
For I your bridegroom am to be."

Of course no maiden would like a ghost for a husband, so she

"Sent forth a hideous shriek, and died!"

And then comes the moral, which is,

"Fright not, fond youths, the timid fair;"

and so ends the story of Paul and Rebecca.

We have often heard, that a poet's visions are very unlike those of common men; and it must be so, for Sir John has seen, *mirabile dictu!* the sea "in a *flutter*." (p. 50.) How pleasant it is to observe great things compared with small: and what a lively image a cockney must have of the ocean, if he has even seen his own mother in a flutter at the unexpected arrival of a guest to dinner just as the family were sitting down to suet dumplings and sugar sauce. It is this happy art of illustrating the vast which bespeaks the true poet. But Sir John abounds in these felicities of diction. At p. 2, he tries to "*rear* a feeling" in the mind of a nymph: at p. 5, "every bosom *thrills* colder than marble:" at p. 6, the moon is converted into a lamplighter, for she "*trims* up her waning lamp:" at p. 101, the nightingale is called a "dark warbling bird;" but whether the author means to say that she warbles in the *dark* when the *moon shines*, (for the first line says that this luminary "bespangled the murmuring wave,") or whether he would express a very singular, but no doubt a poetic idea, that she *sings dark*, is really beyond our comprehension. At p. 209, Sir John indulges his philological erudition with the use of "*captivations*."

Thus far we have done due honour to Sir John's language: let us now consider his sentiments. He wanted to picture a lady's modesty and beauty. What did he do? Read and learn:

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I look'd the fragrant garden round
For what I thought would picture best
Thy beauty and thy modesty;
A lily and a rose I found,—
With kisses on their leaves imprest,
I send the beauteous pair to thee.

N.B. These occupy a page to themselves!

He saw a fool in a cottage. It was a tempting subject, and down he sat to write as follows:—

LINES

Written in a Cottage by the Sea-side, (in which the Author had taken Shelter during a violent Storm) upon seeing an idiotic Youth, seated in the Chimney-corner, caressing a Broom.

'Twas on a night of wildest storms,
When loudly roar'd the raving main,—
When dark clouds shew'd their shapeless forms,
And hail beat hard the cottage pane,—

Tom Fool sat by the chimney-side,
With open mouth and staring eyes;
A batter'd broom was all his pride,—
It was his wife, his child, his prize!

Alike to him if tempests howl,
Or summer beam its sweetest day;
For still is pleas'd the silly soul,
And still he laughs the hours away.

Alas! I could not stop the sigh,
To see him thus so wildly stare,—
To mark, in ruins, Reason lie,
Callous alike to joy and care.

God bless thee, thoughtless soul! I cried;
Yet are thy wants but very few:
The world's hard scenes thou ne'er hast tried;
Its cares and crimes to thee are new.

The hoary hag,* who cross'd thee so,
Did not unkindly vex thy brain;
Indeed she could not be thy foe,
To snatch thee thus from grief and pain.

Deceit shall never wring thy heart,
And baffled hope awake no sighs;
And true love, harshly forc'd to part,
Shall never swell with tears thine eyes.

Then long enjoy thy batter'd broom,
Poor merry fool! and laugh away,
'Till Fate shall bid thy reason bloom
In blissful scenes of brighter day.

After all, here was a subject which a mind possessing true genius might have made something of. It is Sir John's praise, that he can make nothing of any thing.

* It is generally believed by the peasants of Devonshire, that idiotcy is produced by the influence of a witch.

Some encomiastic lines to a young lady begin thus:

Oh form'd to prompt the smile or tear,
At once so sweet and so severe! p. 212.

But the following is in Sir John's happiest vein of humour:—

LINES,

Written en badinage, *after visiting a Paper-Mill near Tunbridge Wells, in consequence of the lovely Miss W——, who excels in Drawing, requesting the Author to describe the Process of making Paper, in Verse.*

Reader! I do not wish to brag;
But, to display Eliza's skill,
I'd proudly be the vilest rag
That ever went to paper-mill.

Content in pieces to be cut;
Tho' sultry were the summer-skies,
Pleas'd between flannel I'd be put,
And after bath'd in jellied size.

Tho' to be squeez'd and hang'd I hate,
For thee, sweet girl!—upon my word,
When the stout press had forc'd me flat,
I'd be suspended on a cord.

And then, when dried and fit for use,
Eliza! I would pray to thee,
If with thy pen thou would'st amuse,
That thou would'st deign to write on me.

Gad's bud! how pleasant it would prove
Her pretty chit-chat to convey,
P'rhaps be the record of her love,
Told in some coy enchanting way.

Or, if her pencil she would try,
On me, oh! may she still imprint
Those forms that fix th'admiring eye,
Each graceful line, each glowing tint.

Then shall I reason have to brag,
For thus, to high importance grown,
The world will see a simple rag
Become a treasure rarely known.

There is more than jest in this; and our knight has had proofs of being "cut up," both in literary and other courts. At p. 94, he presents us with a translation of a German song, from which we easily gather that he does not know the language. The following lines,

Und wüsten wir, wo jemand traurig läge,
Wir gäben ihm den wein.*

he translates, with spirited elegance, which deserves admiration, thus,

If any one is mournful found,
One sip shall make him dance!!! p. 94.

* The literal meaning of these lines is,—

"And knew we where one sorrowing lay,
To him we'd give some wine."

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We have three reasons for believing that Sir John will consider us as having unfairly treated him: and heaven defend us from an action at law! These reasons are, first, his vanity; secondly, the epigraph to his volume; and, thirdly, his preface.—For his vanity, all who have read him are acquainted with that; for his epigraph, it is as follows:

> Non ulla Musis pagina gratior,
> Quam quæ severis ludicra jungere
> Novit, fatigatamque nugis
> Utilibus recreare mentem.

And for his preface, it plainly shews, that he thinks the present volume something very good. It is written with rank affectation of timidity: but the cloven foot is perceptible. We, however, have done what we felt to be our duty; and we have expressed our real and unbiassed opinion of the author and his book.

THE SONS, *or* FAMILY FEUDS. *A Tragic Play. In Five Acts. By* T. JONES. 1809.

THERE is nothing which surprises us more in the course of our literary function than that perpetually recurring phenomenon, an author pertinaciously writing without one qualification for composition. A man who knows nothing of painting, never attempts to present a picture to the public; nor does he, who is ignorant of the gamut, presume to compose an air: but an author is restrained by none of these delicacies of mind. They who can, and they who cannot write, all strive

> and do their best
> To make as much waste paper as the rest.

Mr. Jones, who has heard, we presume, of a certain Shakspeare, thought he could write a play. It was a most unlucky thought for himself, and for us too. That it was unlucky for himself we have little doubt he will confess when he gets in his printer's bill: and that it was unlucky for us, need not be told, for we have read his book. One specimen will suffice for a display of Mr. Jones's powers of writing tragedy.—A lady, called *Almira*, has an inclination to poison herself; so in she comes with a cup of poison in one hand and a taper in the other, necessary, we imagine, to light the cup to her mouth. But Madam *Almira* is far from greedy, and she is very anxious to share this delicious coffee-cup of arsenic with a friend of hers called *Olivia*, who however has no partiality to such drams, and therefore is not to be found. It was very allowable, therefore, in *Almira* to drink it all herself, since she could find no friend to drink with her.—Who would not do the same? Before she swallows this delightful dose, she talks a little to herself; our author herein shewing his deep knowledge of human nature, by making a *woman talk* even at the point of death. Thus she bursts forth:

> "Ha! my soul would burst its
> Very confines!—gone! Olivia fled!—Oh!
> Almira is undone.—Two brothers lost
> MAYHAP!" p. 90.

Mayhap as how it may be so: but then you should have waited to see, and not be in such a hurry. Well. After she drinks, she exclaims,

> "I yield, my heart is *clog'd:*
> 'Tis over now."

Faith, and its time we think: but it was not all over, for she goes on, (a woman will talk to the last, if it is to nobody but herself,

> "I faint; my *head runs round,** My eyes grow dim, and every object fades;
> Now may the demon of destruction long pursue
> Oh—" *(Dies.)*

And when the demon catches *Oh*, we shall be glad to meet with Mr. Jones again. Success to the race.

SOLOMON: *a Sacred Drama. Translated from the German of Klopstock. By* ROBERT HUISH. 1 vol. 8vo. 1809.

THE writings of Klopstock are less known in this country than they deserve to be. In Germany he is regarded with great veneration, and he is justly considered, among them, as the father of their epic poetry.

* What an amusing thing it must be to see the lady's head describing a circle, and the lady herself running after it!

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His Messiah is a great, though an unequal poem, and this is what may be said of every human production. Perhaps, indeed, it is what ought to be said, for it is only by inequality that we can derive pleasure from the productions of genius. Inequality does not necessarily suppose defect. We should rejoice to see an able translation of the Messiah in the English language. A translation which should retain not simply the meaning (for that is an humble merit) but the spirit, the energy, the very rhythm of the original. Such a translation should be undertaken with the same noble consciousness as animated a Dryden and a Pope, when they sat down to transfuse the thoughts and manner of Homer and Virgil into their native tongues. He who undertook it must labour slowly: he must not translate it as a thing of the moment: he must fill himself with the feelings and conceptions of his author, and write, as he would imagine Klopstock himself would have writtten had he been an Englishman.

With regard to the present volume, we scarcely think that Mr. Huish has selected the most interesting of Klopstock's sacred dramas: but this objection has the less force as the translator has announced his intention of presenting the public with the sacred dramas of the *Death of Adam*, the *Death of Abel*, and *David*, in the course of the ensuing month. Perhaps it would be better, if in his future labours, he were a little more attentive to the quantity of his lines; and to the punctuation, which, in the present volume is so very defective, as often to obscure the sense.

In the preface to the book we noticed one or two errors of construction, and at p. xii. there is the following unacccountable one. "M. de Toureil in his preface to his translation of the two harangues of Demosthenes and *D'Eschines*, says, &c." Surely Mr. Huish does not suppose Eschines to have been a Frenchman! The following errors in the translation may also be rectified in a future edition.

"Art thou alone, O Seer, the friend of him,
Who in the lap of bliss, its comforts tastes?
And not of him, whom constant mis'ry stings,
And thence our pity, and our pardon *claim*." p. 19.

It should be *claims*, the nominative being *who*.

"And were it not in me a *madlike* thought." p. 226.

This is a compound epithet unauthorised by any classical English writer.

The following specimen will exhibit the translator's skill:—

SIXTH SCENE.

SOLOMON—DARDA.

SOLOMON.

Thou art alone! of all my friends now left,
The only one, in whom I trust can place;
Were not all joy now banish'd from my soul,
And every source of bliss exhausted,
Were not the light within me chang'd to night,
I should rejoice to meet thee here alone,
But then ——

DARDA.

I would speak, yet must be silent,
Now do thou direct me.

SOLOMON.

Be not silent,
I come to ask thee to pronounce a word.

DARDA.

Speak it Solomon——

SOLOMON.

Death!—O wish me dead,
Thou will'st not?—speak it with the solemn tone
Of one with God's authority invested;
O wish me dead,—thee, perhaps fate will hear,
But to my pray'rs a deafen'd ear is turn'd,
And I am sicken'd with continual toil,
Weary of groping in the maze of thought,
And still no outlet gain. For thee, there's truth,
For me there's none, or 'tis hidden from me;
But to convince thee of my trust in thee,
And that thou now my wretchedness may'st know,
So hear the dismal doubt, which racks my mind,
And like a stormy cloud pursues my steps,
Leaving me gasping in the throes of death.
Yet thou shalt not hear it, for how could I,
Of hope bereft, of thee assistance ask?
And in my sufferings involve my friend?

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DARDA.

When thou art silent, I do suffer more,
Than when thou speakest, and if my pity
Thee no aid can grant, 'tis yet consoling.

SOLOMON.

Hear it then, my friend, and all ye spirits,
Who with melancholy my heart oppress,
Which once with joy and purest gladness beat;
Ye gods around me hover, and behold
Me your victim, by you in mis'ry plung'd.
That God, whom Abraham and Moses own'd,
And all our people, He is the wisest,
And the mightiest, and the best of Gods;
He is the father of all other gods,
But he is far too great, and too exalted,
To take concern of such a world as this,
And be the Lord of man.

DARDA.

O cease, my friend,
A chilling horror creeps o'er all my frame.

SOLOMON.

O wish me dead, but do not curse thy friend.
For what I now have said may not be true,
But truth it seems. For after weary nights
Of contemplation deep, and racking thought,
I nought discover'd which that truth defies,
When I beheld the virtuous suffer,
And the wicked flourish.

DARDA.

O God of gods!
Do thou forgive me, if I unworthy,
Of thy wisdom speak. Is there not a state
In future promis'd, where, in endless bliss,
The good shall live, and all the ungodly,
In the dread torments of a hell be plung'd?
Is not this life then, but the spring of life,
That the soul in future may for ever live?
And has not He, the best, and mightiest,
And the first and the wisest of all gods,
He who is the father of all other gods,
Has he not call'd himself the Lord of man?
And is not that with certain truth combin'd,
Which of himself the God of gods reveals?

SOLOMON.

Thou mak'st me fear, and ah! if I have err'd,
T'is an abyss most deep and horrible,
In which I've fallen. But hear me, Darda,
Nor curse thy friend; by whom hast thou been taught,
That there's another, and eternal life?
When this, which thou hast call'd the spring of life,
Has run its time? Did Moses teach it thee?
Nor do I deny, our fathers ever
The belief enjoyed, that the Creator
From the high state of heav'n's king descended,
To be the Lord of this most abject world,
And chose our people as his favor'd race;
But say, who this doctrine to our fathers taught?

DARDA.

Who but the Lord, the great Creator's self.

SOLOMON.

Then let him also teach it unto me.
How could he ever teach it unto him,
Who doubts its truth?

DARDA.

Was David then not good,
Because he once did err?—

SOLOMON.

Thou convinc'st me not.

DARDA.

Were all our friends now here together met,
Would they be able to convince you more?

SOLOMON.

To thee would I now only full expose
All that my heart dismays, then be silent—

DARDA.

A number sooner can direct a man,
Than he direct a number.

SOLOMON.

Thou should'st say
Mislead him more,—do thou thy speech restrain,
And sacred be to thee the trust of friendship.

DARDA.

Great was my joy, that thou at last again,
Thy bosom open'd to thy faithful friend,
Nor more conceal'd, whate'er thy soul confus'd,
But now my joy to painful grief is turn'd.

SOLOMON.

Joy did'st thou feel? O tell me what it is,
To feel that joy within your bosom dwells.

DARDA.

Thou now wilt feel it, for thy early friend,
This day from distant Ophir is return'd,
Thy faithful friend, thy Sarja.

SOLOMON.

Sarja return'd?
From Ophir did'st thou say?—knowest thou him?
I ever held him number'd with the dead,
From Ophir's golden streams, he comes not now,
But from the vale of death to me returns,
From that deep night, impenetrably dark,
From which no soul has ever yet return'd,
From which my Darda will not to me return,
Nor to my friend shall I. Where is Sarja?

DARDA.

He now with Chalkol to his father's gone.

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SOLOMON.

The joy already from my breast is flown,
Caus'd by my friend's return,—short was the joy,
And like the sun beam on the desert plain,
Shone but to make the after gloom more deep;
This was the only joy my heart has felt,
For heavy have my days with grief been weighed,
But now 'tis flown, for he will Nathan hear,
And from him learn, who on the Olive Mount
This day prepares the solemn sacrifice;
Go, bring Nathan here, and Sarja too.

SEVENTH SCENE.

SOLOMON.

Is now my Sarja from the grave return'd?
And to the grave must now my Heman go?
Soon will the youngest of the queens appear,
Leading the children to the altar's flames,
They before Heman go!—and shall they die?
God hears me not, nor yet my death I seek.

The expression "*by God* I pray you," p. 94, is ludicrous if not irreverent. It is a German idiom.

The work is dedicated to Hannah More in a most exuberant address.

The TRAVELS *of Captains* LEWIS *and* CLARKE, *from St. Louis, by way of the Missouri and Columbia Rivers, to the Pacific Ocean; performed in the years* 1804, 1805, *and* 1806, *by order of the Government of the United States. Containing Delineations of the Manners, Customs, Religion, &c. of the Indians, compiled from various authentic Sources, and original Documents, and a Summary of the statistical View of the Indian Nations, from the official Communication of* MERIWETHER LEWIS. 1 vol. 8vo. 1809.

THE public expectation has been long excited respecting this work; and now that it has made its appearance, we no not think that expectation will be disappointed. Captains Lewis and Clarke have collected much curious information, both with regard to the manners and customs of the American Indians, and the commercial advantages that may be derived from a closer intercourse with them. By the way, we cannot too highly commend the moderate price, (nine shillings) and unassuming form of this volume. Had it fallen into the hands of a certain bookseller, it would have made its appearance in quarto, *illustrated* with tawdry plates, printed upon hot pressed paper, and published for *two guineas* at the least.

From a work like the present, we cannot but persuade ourselves that we shall perform a more acceptable service to our readers by presenting them with some interesting extracts, than if we were to gratify our *own* pleasure by inditing our *own* thoughts. When a book is barren, there is some excuse for neglecting its contents: but when it is valuable and instructive, it is the peculiar office of a reviewer to pay more attention to it than to himself.

The introduction contains some useful commercial details:—

"The benefits that arise from the discoveries of unknown regions, are too numerous to be here mentioned.

"From the knowledge of geography are derived many intrinsic advantages. It not only feasts the imagination with the amusement of novel descriptions; but is the life of commerce, whence the arts and sciences receive succour, and a reciprocal benefit.

"It cannot fail of giving pleasure to the philanthropic mind, to behold implements of agriculture put in the hands of the uncivilized barbarian, to provide and protect him from the precarious reliance on the chase for a scanty sustenance. The time is not far distant, in all moral probability, when the uncultivated wilds of the interior part of the Continent, which is now only inhabited by the tawney sons of the forest, and the howling beasts of prey, will be converted into the residence of the hardy votaries of agriculture, who will turn those sterile wildernesses into rich, cultivated, and verdant fields.

"It may be suggested, that the sufferings of the Aborigines, from the importation of foreign diseases, and the more baneful influence of spirituous liquors, more than counterbalance the benefits they receive from civilization. These objections, it must be frankly confessed, are very powerful. But it is hoped, that vigilant measures will be pursued, by a

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government professed to be founded on the principles of humanity and wisdom, to prohibit the introduction of spirituous liquors among them.—The small-pox has raged, when little or no communication was held with them. Provisions are already made to introduce vaccine inoculation among them, which will prevent those horrid ravages that are mentioned in the course of the work.

" It may be thought matter of surprise, that regions, upwards of three thousand miles in length, bordering on a country inhabited by an inquisitive and enterprising people, who could avail themselves of the benefit of a lucrative fur trade, should remain so long unexplored. Many impediments have retarded the tour, that has laid open to view a country hitherto hidden from the knowledge of the civilized American.

" Attempts have been made by the great discoverer, Capt. Cook, to find a communication by water in the northern regions between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Whether the two great oceans are joined together in those regions remains an uncertainty; but the rigours of a frigid zone evinced that, though they joined, it was impracticable to navigate from one to the other.

" To travel among the Indians, is but too often thought the road that inevitably leads the unfortunate adventurer to an untimely death. The barbarity of the Indians in war is proverbial; but, in time of peace, hospitality and humanity are traits justly due to their character. It is a judicious saying of an eminent traveller among them, that 'in time of peace no greater friends, in time of war no greater enemies.'

" Before the acquisition of Louisiana by the United States, the jealous disposition of the Spaniards debarred all adventures for discoveries from that quarter.

" These impediments would compel the discoveries of the western part of the continent, to be made by a voyage by the way of Cape Horn, which would be too long, arduous, and expensive to entice the enterprize.

" In the year 1789, the celebrated traveller, Alexander Mackenzie, embarked from Fort Chepewyan, in latitude 58 deg. N. longitude 110 deg. W. from Greenwich, and with the greatest fortitude, under embarrassing and perilous circumstances, he explored with assiduity the northern region to nearly the 70th degree of north latitude, where obstruction by ice compelled him to return to Fort Chepewyan. Thence he ascended the Peace River to its source, and and thence to the Pacific Ocean; making many discoveries, which he judiciously narrated in his journal.

" The following statement of the commerce of the Missouri is made by a gentleman, which will sufficiently shew the advantages that arise from it.

" 'The products which are drawn from the Missouri are obtained from the Indians and hunters in exchange for merchandise. They may be classed according to the subjoined table.

			d.	*c.*	*dols.*	*cts.*
Castor	12281 lbs.	at	1	20	14737	20
Otters	1267 skins		4	—	5068	—
Foxes, Pouha Foxes, Tiger Cats	802 skins		0	50	401	—
Raccoons	4248 skins		0	25	1062	—
Bears, black, grey, and yellow	2541 skins		2	—	5082	—
Puces	2541 skins		2	—	5082	—
Buffaloes	1714 skins		3	—	5142	—
Dressed cow hides	189 skins		1	50	283	50
Shorn deer skins	96926 lbs.		0	50	38770	40
Deer skins, with hair	6381 skins		0	50	3190	50
Tallow and fat	8313 lbs.		0	20	1662	60
Bears' oil	2310 galls.		1	28	2472	—
Muskrats	——		——		——	—
Martens	——		——		——	—
					S. 77971	20

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" 'The calculation in this table, drawn from the most correct accounts of the produces of the Missouri, during fifteen years, makes the average of a common year 77,971 dollars.

" 'On calculating, in the same proportion, the amount of merchandise entering the Missouri, and given in exchange for peltries, it is found that it amounts to 61,250 dollars, including expenses, equal to one-fourth of the value of the merchandise.

" 'The result is, that this commerce gives an annual profit of 16,721 dollars, or about 27 per cent.

" 'If the commerce of the Missouri, without encouragement, and badly regulated, gives annually so great a profit, may we not rest assured that it will be greatly augmented, should government direct its attention to it. It is also necessary to observe, that the price of peltry fixed by this table is the current price in the Illinois: if it were regulated by the prices of London, deducting the expenses of transportation, the profit, according to our calculation, would be much more considerable.

" If the Missouri, abandoned to savages, and presenting but one branch of commerce, yields such great advantages, in proportion to the capital employed in it, what might we not hope, if some merchants or companies with large capital, and aided by a population extended along the borders of the river, should turn their attention to other branches of the trade, which they might undertake (I dare say) with a certainty of success, when we consider the riches buried in its banks, and of which I have endeavoured in these notes to give an idea.'

" *An estimate of the produce of the several Mines.*

'Mine a Burton..550,000 lbs. mineral, estimated to produce 66⅔, is 336,666⅔ lbs. lead, at 5 dollars, is.....	18,333 33
To which add 30 dollars, (on 120,000 lbs. manufactured) to each thousand, is.....	3,600 —
	21,933 33
'Old Mines..200,000 lbs. mineral, estimated to produce 66⅔, is 133,333⅓ lbs. lead at 5 dollars, per cwt. is.....	6,666 67
'Mine a la Mott..200,000 lbs. lead, at 5 per dollars cwt. is..	10,000 —
'Suppose at all the other mines 30,000 lbs. lead, at 5 dollars, is	1,500 00
	18,166 67
Total amount is....Dollars	40,30

" When the manufacture of white and red lead is put into operation, the export valuation will be considerably augmented on the quality of lead."

Our travellers embarked on the 14th of May, 1804, from St. Louis, on the expedition, " providing themselves with every thing requisite for the prosecution of the voyage, particularly with large quantities of ammunition and fire arms, for the purpose of protecting them from the hostile attacks of the natives, and for procuring food." They also took a large quantity of medals, trinkets, &c. for the purposes of barter and conciliation. The party consisted of forty-three, and it was generally divided into two companies; the one for hunting, who travelled by land; the other to remain in the water conveyance, which consisted only of two small perogues and a batteau. Larger vessels would have obstructed them in ascending the Missouri near its source.

The following account of the Missouri and the inhabitants on its banks is interesting:—

" The Missouri is already ranked among the greatest rivers. It is an object of astonishment to the whole world. The uninformed man admires its rapidity, its lengthy course, and the salubrity of its waters, and is amazed at its colour; while the reflecting mind admires the innumerable riches scattered on its banks, and, foreseeing the future, beholds already this rival of the Nile flowing through countries as fertile, as populous, and as extensive as those of Egypt.

" The Missouri joins the Mississippi five leagues above the town of

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St. Louis, about the 40th deg. of north lat. It is necessary to observe, that after uniting with the Mississippi, it flows through a space of 1,200 miles before it empties itself into the Gulf of Mexico. As this part of its course is well known, I shall speak of the Missouri only.

"I ascended about 600 leagues, without perceiving a diminution either in its width or rapidity.—The principal rivers which empty into the Missouri are, as you ascend, the Gasconade, the river of the Osages, the two Charaturns, the Great river, the river Des Canips, Nichinen, Batoney, the Great and Little Nimaha, the river Plate, the river De Sioux, the L'Eau Qui Court.

"As far as twenty-five leagues above its junction with the Mississippi, are to be found different settlements of American families, viz. at Bonhomme, and Femme Osage, &c.; beyond this, its banks are inhabited only by savage nations—the Great and Little Osages, settled one hundred and twenty leagues on the river of that name; the Canips, the Ottos, the Panis, the Loupes or Panis Mahas, the Mahas, the Poukas, the Ricaras, the Mandanes, the Sioux: the last nation is not fixed on the banks of the Missouri, but habitually goes there to hunt.

"The banks of the Missouri are alternately woods and prairies: it is remarked, that the higher you ascend this river, the more common are these prairies; and they seem to increase every year by the fires which are kindled every autumn by the savages, or white hunters, either by chance, or with the design of facilitating their hunting.

"The waters of the Missouri are muddy, and contain throughout its course a sediment of very fine sand, which soon precipitates; but this circumstance, which renders them disagreeable to the sight, takes nothing from their salubrity.

"Experience has proved, that the waters of the Missouri are more wholesome than those of the Ohio and the upper Mississippi. The rivers and streams, which empty into the Missouri, below the river Plate, are clear and limpid; above this river, they are as muddy as the Missouri itself. This is occasioned by beds of sand, or hills of a very fine white earth, through which they take their course.

"The bed of the Missouri is obstructed with banks, sometimes of sand, and sometimes of gravel, which frequently change their place, and consequently render the navigation always uncertain. Its course is generally west by north-west.

"To give a precise idea of the incalculable riches scattered on the banks of the Missouri, would require unbounded knowledge.

"The flats are covered with huge trees; the *Liard*, or poplar. The sycamore, out of one piece of which are made canoes, which carry nearly 18,000 cwt. The maple, which affords the inhabitants an agreeable and wholesome sugar. The wild cherry tree, and the red and black *walnut*, so useful in joiners' work. The red and white *elm*, necessary to cartwrights. The *Triacanthos*, which, when well trimmed, forms impenetrable hedges. The water-willow, the white and red mulberry tree, &c. &c.

"On the shores are found in abundance the white and black oak, proper for every kind of shipwrights' and carpenters' work; the pine, so easily worked; and, on the stony mountains, the durable cedar.

"It would be impossible to detail all the species of trees, even those unknown in other countries, and the use that can be made of them, of which we are still ignorant.

"The plants are still more numerous. I will pass lightly over this article, for the want of sufficient botanical knowledge. The Indians are well acquainted with the virtues of many of them; they make use of them to heal their wounds, and to poison their arrows; they also use various kinds of *Savoyanues*, to dye different colours; they have one which is a certain and prompt cure for the venereal disease.

"The lands on the borders of the Missouri are excellent, and when cultivated are capable of yielding abundantly all the productions of the temperate, and even some of the warm climates; wheat, maize, and every species of grain, Irish potatoes, and excellent sweet potatoes. Hemp seems here to be an indigenous plant: even

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cotton succeeds, though not so well as in more southerly countries. Its culture, however, yields a real advantage to the inhabitants settled on the banks of the Missouri, who find in the crop of a field of about two acres sufficient for the wants of their families.

"The natural prairies are a great resource, being of themselves excellent pasturages, and facilitating the labours of the man who is just settled, who can thus enjoy, with little labour, from the first year a considerable crop. Clay, fit for making bricks, is very common. There is also *Fayance clay*, and another species of clay, which, in the opinion of intelligent persons, is the real koaolin to which the porcelain of China owes the whole of its reputation.

"There are found on the borders of the Missouri many springs of salt water of every kind, which will yield more than sufficient salt for the consumption of the country, when it shall become inhabited.

"Salt petre is found here in great abundance, in numberless caves, which are met with along the banks of the river.

"The stones are generally calcareous and gates. There is found one also, which I believe to be peculiar to the banks of the Missouri. It is of a blood red colour, compact, soft under the chisel, and hardens in the air, and is susceptible of a most beautiful polish. The Indians use it for their calumets; but from the extent of its layers, it might be easily employed in more important works. They have also quarries of marble, of which we only know the colour; they are streaked with red. One quarry is well known, and easily worked, namely, a species of plaster, which we are assured is of the same nature as that of Paris, and of which the United States make a great use: we also found volcanic stones, which demonstrate the ancient existence of unknown volcanoes.

"We were confirmed in the belief, that there were volcanoes in some of their mountains, by the intelligence that we received from the Indians, who informed us, 'that the Evil Spirit was mad at the Red People, and caused the mountains to vomit fire, sand, gravel, and large stones, to terrify and destroy them; but the *Good Spirit* had compassion on them, and put out the fire, chased the *Evil Spirit* out of the mountains, and left them unhurt; but when they returned to their wickedness, the *Great Spirit* had permitted the *Evil Spirit* to return to the mountains again, and vomit up fire; but on their becoming good, and making sacrifices, the *Great Spirit* chased away the Evil Spirit from disturbing them, and for forty snows* he had not permitted him to return.'

"The short stay we have generally made among the savage nations, has prevented us from making those researches which would have supplied us with more extensive information, respecting the various mines found on the borders of the Missouri. We know, with certainty, only of those of iron, lead, and coal; there is, however, no doubt, but that there are some of tin, of copper, of silver, and even of gold, according to the account of the Indians, who have found some particles or dust of these metals either on the surface of the earth, or on the banks of small torrents.

"I consider it a duty at the same time to give an idea of the salt mines and the salines, which are found in the same latitude on the branches of the river Arkansas. At about 300 miles from the village of the Great Osages, in a westerly direction, after having passed several branches of the river Arkansas, we find a flat, of about fifteen leagues in diameter, surrounded by hills of an immense extent: the soil is a black sand, very fine, and so hard that the horses hardly leave a trace. During a warm and dry season, there exhales from this flat, vapours, which, after being condensed, fall on this black sand, and cover it with an incrustation of salt, very white and fine, and about half an inch thick; the rain destroys this phenomenon.

"At about eighteen miles from this flat, are found mines of genuine salt near the surface of the earth. The Indians, who are well acquainted with them, are obliged to use levers to break and raise it.

"At a distance of about fifteen leagues from the flat, of which we have just spoken, and in a southerly

* Forty years.

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direction, there is a second mine of genuine salt, of the same nature as the other. These two mines differ only in colour: the first borders on a blue, the second approaches a red.—Much further south, and still on the branches of the Arkansas, is a saline, which may be considered as one of the most interesting phenomena in nature.

"On the declivity of a small hill there are five holes, about a foot and half in diameter, and two in depth, always full of salt water, without ever overflowing. If a person were to draw any of this water, the hole would immediately fill itself; and about ten feet lower, there flows, from this same hill a large stream of pure and sweet water.

"If this country were peopled, the working of these genuine salt mines would be very easy, by means of the river Arkansas. This species of salt is found, by experience, to be far preferable to any other for salting provisions.

"Should these notes, imperfect and without order as they are, but in every respect founded on truth, and observations made by myself, excite the curiosity of men of intelligence, capable of investigating the objects which they have barely suggested; I do not doubt, but that incalculable advantages would result to the United States, and especially to the district of Louisiana.

"It is impossible to give an exact account of the peltries which are brought down the Mississippi, as they are all immediately transported to Canada, without passing any port of this country: we can obtain a true statement only from the settlements on the lakes. It is but a short time since the Red River has been explored.

"After leaving the river Des Moens, the fur trade from the Upper Missouri is carried on entirely by British houses, and almost the whole of the fur which is obtained from the other Indian traders is also sent to Canada, where it commands much higher prices than at New Orleans; where, in fact, there is no demand. It is also necessary to observe, that the further north we go, the greater is the value of the peltries. It is but a few years since peltries have been exported from America by way of the Ohio. It is to be desired, that the eastern part of America should encourage this exportation, by raising the prices of peltries to nearly those of Canada.

"The countries at the head of the Missouri and of the Columbia rivers bear a great similarity; being cold and very sterile, except in pasturage only. At the foot of the mountain, at the head of the Missouri, lives a tribe of Indians called *Serpentine* or *Snake Indians*; who are the most abject and miserable of the human race, having little besides the features of human beings.

"They live in a most wretched state of poverty, subsisting on berries and fish; the former they manufacture into a kind of bread, which is very palatable, but possesses little nutritious quality. Horses form the only article of value which they possess: in these the country abounds; and in very severe winters they are compelled to subsist on them, for the want of a better substitute for food. They are a very harmless inoffensive people. When we first made our appearance among them they were filled with terror; many of them fled, while the others who remained were in tears, but were soon pacified by tokens of friendship, and by presents of beads, &c. which soon convinced them of our friendly disposition.

"The Snake Indians are in their stature crooked, which is a peculiarity, as it does not characterise any other tribe of Indians that came within the compass of our observation. To add to this deformity, they have high cheek bones, large light coloured eyes, and are very meagre, which gives them a frightful aspect.

"For an axe we could purchase of them a good horse. We purchased twenty-seven from them, that did not cost more than one hundred dollars; which will be a favourable circumstance for transporting fur over to the Columbia river.

"At the head of the Columbia river resides a tribe by the name of *Pallotepallors*, or *Flatheads*. The latter name they derive from an operation that renders the top of the head flat, which is performed while they are infants, when the bones of the cranium are soft and elastic, and are

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easily brought to the desired deformity. The operation is performed by tying boards, hewn to a proper shape for the purpose, which they compress on the head. In performing this eccentric operation, many infants, I think without doubt, lose their lives. The more they get the head misshapen, the greater do they consider its beauty.

"They are a very kind and hospitable people. We left in charge with them, when we descended the Columbia river, our horses, which they kept safe. They likewise found where we had concealed our ammunition in the earth; and had they not been an honest people, and preserved it safe, our lives must have been inevitably lost; they delivered up the whole, without wishing to reserve any, or to receive for it a compensation.

"They, like the Snake Indians, abound in horses, which subsist in the winter season on a shrub they call *ever green*, which bears a large leaf, that is tolerably nutritious; they likewise feed upon the side of hills out of which gush small springs of water that melt the snow and affords pasture. In this manner our horses subsisted while going over the rocky mountains.

"The country inhabited by the Snake and Flat-headed Indians produces but very little game."

Our travellers thus describe the reception they met with from the natives:—

"The treatment we received from the Indians, during nearly three years that we were with them was very kind and hospitable; except the ill treatment we received from the Sioux tribe, who several times made attempts to stop us; and we should have been massacred, had we not terrified them from their murderous intention, by threatening them with the small-pox, in such a manner as would kill the whole tribe. Nothing could be more horrible to them, than the bare mention of this fatal disease. It was first communicated to them by the Americans, and it spread from tribe to tribe with an unabated pace, until it extended itself across the continent.

"'This fatal infection, spread around with a baneful rapidity, which no flight could escape, and with a fatal effect that nothing could resist. It destroyed with its pestilential breath, whole families and tribes; and the horrid scene presented to those who had the melancholy and affecting opportunity of beholding it, a combination of the dead and dying, and such as to avoid the horrid fate of their friends around them, prepared to disappoint the plague of its prey, by terminating their own existence. The habits and lives of those devoted people, who provide not to-day for the wants of to-morrow, must have heightened the pains of such an affliction, by leaving them not only without remedy, but even without alleviation. Nothing was left them, but to submit in agony and despair. To aggravate the picture, if aggravation were possible, may be added the sight of the helpless child, beholding the putrid carcase of its beloved parents dragged from their huts by the wolves (who were invited hither by the stench), and satiated their hunger on the mangled corpse. Or, in the same manner, serve the dog with food, from the body of his once beloved master. Nor was it uncommon for the father of a family, whom the infection had just reached, to call his family around him, to represent their sufferings and cruel fate from the influence of some *evil spirit*, who was preparing to extirpate their race; and to invite them to baffle death with all its horrors, with their own weapons; and, at the same time, if their hearts failed in this necessary act, he was himself ready to perform the deed of mercy with his own hand, as the last act of his affection, and instantly follow them to the chambers of death.'* The Indians being destitute of *physicians*, living on *animal food*, and plunging themselves into *cold water*, on the first discovery of the disease, rendered it generally mortal.

"While we were at Fort Mandan the Sioux robbed several of our party when they were returning to the fort, with the fruits of an excursion after game; and murdered several of the Mandan tribe in cold blood, without provocation, while reposing on the bosom of friendship. On hearing of

* A western traveller.

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this massacre, Captain Clark and the greater part of us volunteered to avenge the murder; but were deterred by not receiving succour from the Mandan warriors; who declined to avenge the outrage committed on them. The probable reason of their not enlisting was, that they were too much afraid of the superior number of the Sioux to venture an engagement.

"Soon after this massacre, we received authentic intelligence, that the Sioux had it in contemplation (if their threats were true) to murder us in the spring; but were prevented from making the attack, by our threatening to spread the *small pox*, with all its horrors among them. Knowing that it first originated among the white people, and having heard of inoculation, and the mode of keeping the infection in phials, which they had but an imperfect idea of, a bare threat filled them with horror, and was sufficient to deter them from their resolute and bloody purpose. This stratagem may appear insignificant to the reader, but was of the greatest consequence to us; for to it alone we owed not only the fate of the expedition, but our lives.

"Most of the tribes of Indians, that we became acquainted with (except the Sioux), after being introduced by our interpreter; and having found that our intentions were friendly towards them; never failed of greeting us with many tokens of their friendly disposition. Soon after our interview, we were invited to smoke the calumet of peace, and to partake freely of their venison. The women and children in particular, were not wanting in shewing tokens of friendship, by endeavouring to make our stay agreeable. On our first meeting, they generally held a council, as they term it, when their chief delivers a 'talk,' in which they give their sentiments respecting their new visitors; which were filled with professions of friendship, and often were very eloquent, and abounded with sublime and figurative language.

"When we departed, after taking leave, they would often put up a prayer; of which the following is a sample, which was put up for us by a Mandan:—'That the great spirit would favour us with smooth water, with a clear sky by day, and a bright star-light by night; that we might not be presented with the red hatchet of war; but that the great *pipe of peace* might ever shine upon us, as the sun shines in an unclouded day, and that we might be overshadowed by the smoke thereof; that we might have sound sleep, and that the bird of peace might whisper in our ears pleasant dreams; that the deer might be taken by us in plenty; and that the *great spirit* would take us home in safety to our women and children.' These prayers were generally made with great fervency, often smiting with great vehemence their hands upon their breast, their eyes fixed in adoration towards heaven. In this manner they would continue their prayers until we were out of sight."

There are some curious traits of the Indian character in the subsequent extract.

"They are extremely circumspect and deliberate in every word and action; nothing hurries them into any intemperate wrath, but that inveteracy to their enemies, which is rooted in every Indian's breast, and never can be eradicated. In all other instances they are cool and deliberate, taking care to suppress the emotions of the heart. If an Indian has discovered that a friend of his is in danger of being cut off by a lurking enemy, he does not tell him of his danger in direct terms, as though he were in fear, but he first coolly asks him which way he is going that day, and having his answer, with the same indifference tells him, that he has been informed, that a noxious beast lies on the route he is going, which might probably do him mischief. This hint proves sufficient, and his friend avoids the danger with as much caution, as though every design and motion of his enemy had been pointed out to him.

"This apathy often shews itself, on occasions that would call forth the favour of a susceptible heart. If an Indian has been absent from his family for several months, either on a war or hunting party, and his wife and children meet him at some distance from his habitation, instead of the affectionate sensations that naturally arise in the breast of more re-

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fined beings, and give rise to mutual congratulations, he continues his course without looking to the right or left; without paying the least attention to those around him, till he arrives at his house: he there sits down, and with as much unconcern as if he had not been absent a day, smokes his pipe; those of his friends who followed him, do the same; perhaps it is several hours before he relates to them the incidents that have befallen him during his absence, though perhaps he has left a father, a brother, or a son dead on the field, (whose loss he ought to have lamented) or has been successful in the undertaking that called him from his home.

"If an Indian has been engaged for several days in the chase, or any other laborious expedition, and by accident continued long without food, when he arrives at the hut of a friend, where he knows that his wants will be immediately supplied, he takes care not to shew the least symptoms of impatience, or betray the extreme hunger that he is tortured with; but, on being invited in, sits contentedly down, and smokes his pipe with as much composure as if his appetite was cloyed, and he was perfectly at ease; he does the same if among strangers. This custom is strictly adhered to by every tribe, as they esteem it a proof of fortitude, and think the reverse would entitle them to the appellation of old women.

"If you tell an Indian, that his children have greatly signalized themselves against an enemy, have taken many scalps, and brought home many prisoners, he does not appear to feel any strong emotions of pleasure on the occasion; his answer generally is, 'they have done well,' and makes but very little enquiry about the matter; on the contrary, if you inform him that his children are slain or taken prisoners, he makes no complaints, he only replies, 'it is unfortunate,', and, for some time, asks no questions about how it happened.

"This seeming indifference, however, does not proceed from a suppression of the natural affections; for, notwithstanding they are esteemed savages, I never saw among any other people greater proofs of filial tenderness; and although they meet their wives after a long absence with the stoical indifference just mentioned, they are not, in general, void of conjugal affection.

"Another peculiarity is observable in the manner of paying their visits. If an Indian goes to visit a particular person in a family, he mentions to whom his visit is intended, and the rest of the family immediately retire to the other end of the hut or tent, and are careful not to come near enough to interrupt them during the whole conversation. The same method is pursued when a young man goes to pay his addresses to a young woman; but then he must be careful not to let love be the subject of his discourse, whilst the day-light remains.

"They discover an amazing sagacity, and acquire with the greatest readiness any thing that depends upon the attention of the mind. By experience, and an acute observation, they attain many perfections, to which Americans are strangers. For instance, they will cross a forest or a plain, which is two hundred miles in breadth, so as to reach with great exactness the point at which they intend to arrive, keeping during the whole of that space in a direct line, without any material deviations; and this they will do with the same ease, let the weather be fair or cloudy.

"With equal acuteness they will point to that part of the heavens the sun is in, though it be intercepted by clouds or fogs. Besides this, they are able to pursue, with incredible facility, the traces of man or beast, either on leaves or grass; and on this account it is with great difficulty a flying enemy escapes discovery.

"They are indebted for these talents, not only to nature, but to an extraordinary command of the intellectual faculties, which can only be acquired by an unremitted attention, and by long experience.

"They are in general very happy in a retentive memory. They can recapitulate every particular that has been treated of in council, and remember the exact time when they were held. Their belts of wampum preserve the substance of the treaties they have concluded with the neighbouring tribes, for ages back, to which

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they will appeal and refer, with as much perspicuity and readiness, as Europeans can to their written records.

"Every nation pays great respect to old age. The advice of a father will never receive any extraordinary attention from the young Indians; probably they receive it with only a bare assent; but they will tremble before a grandfather, and submit to his injunctions with the utmost alacrity. The words of the ancient part of their community are esteemed by the young as oracles. If they take, during hunting parties, any game that is reckoned by them uncommonly delicious, it is immediately presented to the eldest of their relations.

"They never suffer themselves to be overburdened with care; but live in a state of perfect tranquillity and contentment, being naturally indolent. If provisions, just sufficient for their subsistence, can be procured with little trouble, and near at hand, they will not go far, or take any extraordinary pains for it, though by so doing they might acquire greater plenty, and of a more estimable kind.

"Having much leisure time, they indulge this indolence to which they are so prone, by sleeping and rambling about among their tents. But when necessity obliges them to take the field, either to oppose an enemy, or to procure food, they are alert and indefatigable. Many instances of their activity on these occasions, will be given when we treat of their wars.

"The greatest blemish in their character, is that savage disposition, which impels them to treat their enemies with a severity, that every other nation shudders at. But if they are thus barbarous to those with whom they are at war, they are friendly, hospitable, and humane in peace. It may with truth be said of them, that they are the worst enemies, and the best friends, of any people in the world.

"They are, in general, strangers to the passion of jealousy, and brand a man with folly that is distrustful of his wife. Among some tribes the very idea is not known; as the most abandoned of their young men very rarely attempt the virtue of married women, nor do these put themselves in the way of solicitations: yet, the Indian women, in general, are of an amorous disposition; and, before they are married, are not the less esteemed for the indulgence of their passions.

"The Indians, in their common state, are strangers to all distinction of property, except in the articles of domestic use, which every one considers as his own, and increases as circumstances admit. They are extremely liberal to each other, and supply the deficiency of their friends with any superfluity of their own.

"In dangers they readily give assistance to those of their band who stand in need of it, without any expectation of return, except those just rewards that are always conferred by the Indians on merit. Governed by the plain and equitable laws of nature, every one is rewarded according to his deserts; and their equality of condition, manners, and privileges, with that constant and sociable familiarity which prevails throughout every Indian nation, animates them with a pure and patriotic spirit, that tends to the general good of the society to which they belong.

"If any of their neighbours are bereaved, by death or by an enemy, of their children, those who are possessed of the greatest number of prisoners, who are made slaves, supply the deficiency: and these are adopted by them, and treated in every respect as if they really were the children of the person to whom they are presented."

We cannot conclude without strongly expressing the degree of satisfaction and instruction which we have received from the perusal of the present volume.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Rhapsody.

As thro' the grove I took my careless way,
Along the skies a sullen meteor pass'd;
The infant moon withheld her silver ray,
The stars grew faint and sadly roar'd the blast:
Yet, ere I gain'd the borders of the wood,
With pleasant sounds the hollow caverns rung;
Commingling measures died upon the flood,
And thus some spirit exquisitely sung;—

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" Her blessed lips in silence clos'd,
No more shall glow with numbers sweet;
Upon this bank she oft repos'd,
Or roam'd at eve yon green retreat;
There oft I saw her musing wild,
Immortal Fancy's blooming child:
'Twas there her coral harp she strung,
And to its tones sublimely sung:
There have I seen her wrapp'd in thought,
Fast in the arms of Genius caught;
Or, wand'ring down beside the stream,
At midnight watch the meteors gleam!

" But, ah! no more shall I behold
Her eyes serene with pity flowing;
Nor hear her magic lyre unfold
Its music nervous-wild and glowing.

" On yonder mountain's hoary height,
That mocks the circumambient sky,
Amid the shadowy forms of night,
She watch'd the rolling orbs on high:
Hence much I ween she lov'd to shroud
Remote from Mammon's selfish crowd;
And with her harp's seraphic sound,
To wake the slumbering worlds around!

" One night I view'd her when the clouds
Ingulph'd the moon's unwarming ray,
Rock'd on a vessel's swelling shrouds,
Of whirlwinds and of waves the prey!

" But, ah! no more shall I behold
Her eyes serene with pity flowing,
Nor hear her magic lyre unfold
Its music nervous-wild and glowing!"

Charm'd with the strain the spirit sung,
Nature resign'd her sullen gloom,
The lamps of heav'n sublimely flung
Their beamings where the cowslips sprung,
Urania bright
Burst on my sight,
And pointed to her fav'rite's tomb!

It stood beside as pure a stream
As Genius ever lov'd to view;
As ever nurs'd a poet's dream,
Or rapt imagination drew:
The modest stone this line supplies,
" Here, stranger! Anna Seward lies!"

Grafton-street, Aug. 1809. J. G.

Extempore on the INVASION *of* WALCHEREN. *By* CLIO RICKMAN.

FIRE the guns,—illume the streets,
Ring the bells,—the bonfires raise;
Sing of Chatham's glorious feats,
Roar around the land his praise.
Immense the train he took to sea,
Wond'rous heroes, wond'rous men!
Immortal must these armies be,
They have taken Walcheren!

Let the tales of other times
Never more be sung or said;
Higher subjects meet our rhimes,
Than e'er knew the mighty dead.

Flushing, town of *gin* and *slush*,
Far renown'd for *fog* and *fen*,
The conq'ring hosts of England crush,
And take—O wond'rous! Walcheren!

Bonaparte's rush light see,
Castlereagh will sure blow out;
And the land of Zuyder Zee,
He'll be taking by the snout.
Ministers beyond all praise,
Senders forth of valiant men,
Who their monuments shall raise,
Conquerors of Walcheren!

Every good to Britain now
Must extend from side to side,
And surrounding nations vow,
She's of the universe the pride.
Immortal Chatham! great's the deed,
Greater never told the pen,
For every blessing must succeed
Now thou hast taken Walcheren!

Sleep not now the deed is done,
Invaders bold of *bogs* and *sand*;
With open eyes each mother's son,
Guard the captur'd, valued land.
So of *mud*, and *Sluys*, and *Scheld*,
You'll be call'd the conquering men;
And to future times upheld,
Your wond'rous works at Walcheren!

Downs, August 1809.

STANZAS *from the German of* FRIEDRICH WILHELM GOTTER.

I ONCE was free from Cupid's might,
Nor could the cheeks and sparkling eyes
Of Daphnis take me by surprise,
Ah! then thro' each revolving night,
I own'd a tranquil soul!

But Daphnis, with *fictitious scorn*,
Said, " Follow not my devious feet
Along the garden's dark retreat!"
I follow'd;—and the light of morn
Illumin'd all my soul!

As late she 'neath the roses lay,
I ventur'd to disturb her reign;
I kiss'd her lips, she kiss'd again!
Ah! then it was meridian day
In my enchanted soul!

Grafton Street, 1809. J. G.

LOVE LETTERS *to my* WIFE. *By* JAMES WOODHOUSE.

LETTER X.

[*Continued from p.* 226.]

SHOULD then Apollo's uninvited ray
Thro' refectory pour the vulgar day,
Fashion forbids his loath'd obtrusive light,
While vanity creates a novel night;
That no such common, clownish, stupid stare,
Should interrupt the rites performing there.

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Wealth, pomp, and pride, his friendly offerings flout,
And pertly shut his proffer'd bounties out;
While, that he may not peep within the place,
They push the shutters in his gawkey face;
And lest his eye thro' crack or cranny blink,
Each curtain's dropp'd to close up every chink.
Tho' long he waits, and still presents his claim, [shame,
They seem to think it neither sin nor
But let him wander o'er the hills and plains,
As only fit to visit nymphs and swains,
Who seldom deem he's too much fire or phlegm,
Or starts or stops, too soon or late, for them.
At such ingratitude, such gross disgrace,
With blushing features and full bloated face,
Down to the goal, chagrin'd, his race he runs, [suns,
While numerous waxen lights, like mimic
Shed brilliant lustre o'er the radiant room,
Not giving scentless glare, but pour perfume; [plate,
Redoubled bright from heaps of polish'd
On tables pil'd as proofs of mighty state!
Tureens and covers, waiters, plates, and jars,
And myriads more, like planetary stars;
While girandoles and lustres, glittering gleams, [beams,
Scatter around ten thousand sparkling
And moony mirrors arrogantly gaze,
Reflecting fondly all their borrow'd blaze.
Must not so glorious and so gay a sight
Yield ostentation high and dear delight,
While seated on her self-sufficient throne,
And not expos'd superior pow'r to own?
While looking round on all the shew and shine,
Fancy must fond exclaim "the glory's mine,"
Or, mindless of Chaldean monarch's guilt,
"This is great Babylon that I have built!"
Meanwhile, the God, with anger crimson'd o'er,
Withdraws his radiance from our shameless shore,
And spreads it o'er the west on rustics rude,
Who hail his influence with fond gratitude,
Rejoicing, with his warmth and brilliance, blest,
Till he withholds his rays and sinks to rest.
Behold, my Hannah, here an emblem bright, [night!
How mortals hate the day and love the
Love their own fancied merits, and despise
Each boundless blessing, scatter'd from the skies!
Shut out the sacred Sun of Righteousness,
And boast self-lighted fires their souls will bless. [hoist,
Their own weak lamps and haughty lustres
With creature-worship, still excluding Christ!
Tho' all their image-matter, light of dark,
Their body's beauty, spirit's kindled spark—
Each burnish'd substance and superfluous flame,
That glare and glitter to their owner's shame,
Are all deriv'd from Him—by Him bestow'd,
To comfort man in this abridg'd abode;
To strengthen soul and body, not destroy,
In seeking mere imaginary joy;
Nor to be spent in waste or sportive whim,
But helping Penury's wants, while honouring Him!
Thy friend, heav'n's votary! ridicul'd and poor!
Oft saw the sunshine begging at her door.
Beheld, chagrin'd, the poet's God disgrac'd,
And all his wond'rous bounty burnt in waste—
While with a pitying yet prophetic look,
Tho' scouted both by custom and the cook,
Foresaw his other sons would soon be sought,
And all their skill and care be dearly bought!
With glittering garniture the table grac'd,
And round the board the chairs in order plac'd—
"All ready," then announc'd, a dazzling throng,
In solemn silence slowly swims along—
Not to perform religious rite before,
On such occasions now observ'd no more!
But pick respective seats and seize their plates,
Eager to gormandize the smoking cates—
To cut and slice, to mangle and devour,
And prosecute fierce carnage near an hour;
Till sated appetites no longer call—
But still forget the God that gave them all!
They think the process long, and tedious too,
Till each temptation stands in open view;
Looking like eager, hungry, longing lovers,
Till slaves unliveried each rich cate uncovers,
Which rapidly appear to eager sight,
Exciting keener every appetite,
By multifarious hues, and scents, and shapes,
And scarce an individual dish escapes.
These, like Pandora's teeming box, disclose
In friend's seducing forms the sorest foes;
Yet while the worst effects these votaries find,
Still fascinating Hope appears behind:
Just like the flattering guests their looks beguile,
In future, stab; at present, soothe, and smile—
A moment gratify deluded lust,
But oft for years give griefs and deep disgust!

[To be continued.]

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TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ASYLUM FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

THE fifth of October was fixed upon for celebrating the event of finishing a spacious and well-adapted building for the reception of the numerous claimants on the society's bounty, and for returning thanks to the Almighty, and by inviting the subscribers and friends to dine together on the occasion.

Previous to the dinner, a discourse, adapted to the event, was delivered in the parish church of St. Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey, (in which parish the institution began in 1792) by the Rev. S. Crowther, Vicar of Christ Church, Newgate-street, when a handsome collection was made. In the afternoon, upwards of 300 gentlemen dined at the City of London tavern, the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor in the chair.—After the cloth was removed, *Non Nobis Domine* was sung: the King, Queen and Family were afterwards toasted, and the Lord Mayor gave "Success to the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb."

Nearly seventy children, male and female, now pupils in the new Asylum, were afterwards introduced and conducted round the room, shewing specimens of their progress in writing, arithmetic, and knowledge of language, written and articulate. Some of them also stood upon the table and pronounced, to the best of their ability, the following lines:—

Ill can a tongue, so lately mute,
Express the joy we feel;
Yet, bless'd with utterance, though slow,
We can't our joy conceal!

The Deaf and Dumb afar and near
Would hail this happy day,
If we to their desponding hearts
The tidings could convey—

That, now, a new Asylum's rais'd,
Where all may find relief—
'Twould stem the stream of many tears,
Ease many a parent's grief!

Then how could we our lips refrain
From uttering thanks to you,
Whose bounty has bestow'd the boon?
Unbounded thanks are due?

But here we're taught to look above
And own "the great First Cause;"
From whom man holds his life and breath,
And every comfort draws!

A sum between six and seven hundred pounds, it is understood, was collected on the occasion. That its royal patron, his Highness the Duke of Gloucester, was not present at this meeting, was mentioned as the only subject of regret.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS IN SCOTLAND.

SINCE the recent close of the second exhibition, it has transpired that, during the short period of six weeks, while the rooms were open to the public, nearly 500 guineas were collected. It is now in agitation, among the society, to build apartments for the express purpose of exhibiting their works in future. An institution of this kind, in this part of Great Britain, will afford a powerful stimulus to young artists to exert themselves to the utmost in obtaining a knowledge of their art, by shewing that merit and distinction will be constantly united, and that the most obscure individual will have an equal chance of public notice with the most celebrated. This, in times past, had been too little the case in Scotland, and many a young artist of promising talents has had his efforts cramped, and "the genial current of his soul" frozen, by the langour and despondency which arose from disappointed prospects, and ineffectual exertions. That this new exhibition, if properly conducted, may remedy this evil is obvious; and we hope, before another year is ended, its good effects will appear from the vigour and spirit with which the artists will prosecute their studies.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF HOLLAND.

Improvement of Nurseries and Fruit-Gardens.

M. VAN MONS, a member of this body, has undertaken, under the patronage of this Institute and that of France, to complete the publication of a "Theoretical and Practical System of Fruticulture, or Instructions for the work of the Nursery and Fruit-Garden in the Order

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of the Months." The extensive correspondence of the author, having made him acquainted with all the most recent improvements in this branch of science, by a great number of persons distinguished for their education and talents, who had withdrawn themselves from the fatigues of war, or the toils of politics, or who, grieving at public or private calamities, had retired to forget their sorrows in the quiet enjoyment of their gardens, he conceived he should be rendering a service to many, by making these discoveries more generally known. The work, which commenced in January last, will finish with December next. It is conducted on the convenient principles of a gardener's calendar, and will include every thing relating to the culture of fruit. It will give in detail, among many other particulars, the whole management of fruit-trees in the nursery and in the garden—*not from books*, but from the author's own experience, and the communications of his friends.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

MR. NICHOLAS CARLISLE has made such progress in his Topographical Researches in Ireland, that his Description of that part of the United Kingdom will be ready for the press about Christmas.

Mr. Cromek (the proprietor of the cabinet picture representing The Canterbury Pilgrimage) will shortly publish a whole length historical portrait of Mr. Walter Scott, from the admired picture, painted by Raeburn for Mr. Constable of Edinburgh, which appeared at the last exhibition of Scottish paintings. The print will be 20 inches by 14.

Onesimus is preparing for publication the second volume of The Pulpit, or a Biographical and Literary Account of Eminent Popular Preachers, interspersed with occasional Clerical Criticism.

An Account of the Ferroe Islands, translated from the Danish, will shortly be published in one volume 8vo.

Miss Stockdale is preparing for the press a considerable number of Poems, to be published as early as possible in the ensuing year.

The Letters of the late Miss Anna Seward are announced as in the press. They will be published in five vols. post octavo, with portraits and other plates.

The Rev. James Parsons has undertaken to publish the remaining Collations of the Septuagint, prepared by Dr. Holmes.

The fourth part of Hints to the Public and the Legislature, on the Nature and Effects of Evangelical preaching, by a Barrister, will be published in February.

A gentleman of Bristol is printing a Selection of Poems, from the Hesperides of Robert Herrick, in one volume, with an engraving of the poet.

A Selection from the Works of George Wither is also printing at Bristol, to consist of pieces from his Juvenilia; his first and second Remembrances; the Hymns and Songs of the Church; and a manuscript copy of his version of the Psalms, supposed to have never been printed, though he had a patent granted for them from King James.

Tales of Other Countries, is in the press. These tales are founded on circumstances relating to the author, in his travels through some of the continental states.

A History of the County of Cardigan, by Mr. Merrick, is in considerable forwardness.

Dr. Carpenter's Reply to Mr. Veysie's Preservative against Unitarianism, entitled "Unitarianism the Doctrine of the Gospel," is in the press. These letters contain an examination of all the passages of the New Testament which are generally thought to oppose the Unitarian Opinion respecting the Person of Christ; and the chief of those respecting the ends of his death.

The Rev. T. Stone, late Rector of Cold Norton, whose Visitation Sermon has attracted so much notice, has

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in the press "Memoirs of his Life," which will speedily be published.

Mr. Bradley, of Wallingford, has prepared, under the sanction of Dr. Valpy and other distinguished preceptors, a Series of Grammatical Questions, adapted to Lindley Murray's Grammar, with copious Notes and illustrations. The idea was suggested by Morgan's very useful book, the Grammaticæ Questiones.

Dr. Mavor is about to produce a Series of Catechisms on popular Subjects.—The Mother's Catechism; a Catechism of Health, and another of general Knowledge, will be followed in succession by others on English History, Universal History, Geography, Animated Nature, Botany, the Laws and Constitution of England, the Bible, &c. They are intended to sell separately, or to form, when collected, two very neat pocket volumes.

ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

It may not be improper to inform the curious in seeds, roots, &c. that all seeds and roots of foreign plants, and other objects of natural history, may be imported, if regularly entered and landed at the custom-house, and the duties paid upon them; no prohibition, by law, existing on the above articles.

The valuable application of the long white moss of the marshes, to the packing of young trees for exportation, by Mr. Wm. Curtis, of the Botanic Garden, Brompton, is done by squeezing out part of the moisture from the moss, and laying courses of it about three inches thick, interposed with other courses of the trees (shortened in their branches and roots), stratum above stratum, till the box is filled, when the whole must be trodden down, and the lid properly secured. The trees will want no further care during a voyage of six, seven, or twelve months, as the moss is wonderfully retentive of moisture, whilst its antiseptic quality prevents fermentation or putrefaction. In fact, vegetation proceeds even in this confined state, and blanched and tender shoots are formed, which must be gradually inured to the external light and air. This white moss is very common in most parts of Europe and America, which renders the application more easy, and the discovery more important.

A fossil palm tree has recently been found above the strata of plaster at Bagnolet, near Paris. It was deposited in the earthy strata, about twelve or fifteen feet above the first stratum of plaster. A tree of the same species was discovered a few years since at Montmartre, in a similar situation.

The following is a new method of preserving grapes.—Take a cask, or barrel, inaccessible to the external air, and put it into a layer of bran dried in an oven, or of ashes well dried or sifted. Upon this place a layer of bunches of grapes well cleaned, and gathered in the afternoon of a dry day, before they are perfectly ripe. Proceed thus with alternate layers of bran and grapes, till the barrel is full, taking care that the grapes do not touch each other, and to let the last layer be of bran; then close the barrel, so that the air may not be able to penetrate, which is an essential point. Grapes, thus packed, will keep nine or even twelve months. To restore them to their freshness, cut the end of the stalk of each bunch and put that of white grapes into white wine, and that of black grapes into red wine, as you would put flowers into the water to revive or keep them fresh.

In America, the acetate or sugar of lead has lately been found particularly efficacious in several diseases, particularly in profuse hæmorrhage, and in cases of salivation. The author of the discovery is also of opinion that it is worthy of trial in dysentery, at least after evacuants have been used.

France.

M. Cuvier has published a brief description of a bird produced by a swan and a goose. She laid nine eggs and began to hatch them, but only one living bird was obtained. On quitting the shell, the young one differed very little from a gosling: it was covered with a yellowish down, with a dark olive tint on the back, neck, and head. Excepting the point, the upper mandible of the bill was white, and the lower one orange-coloured. The feet were also of the latter colour, and beyond all proportion large; the circle

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of the iris was brown, and the eye-lids yellow. It has since grown much larger than the mother, and continues to bear a greater resemblance to her than the swan.

M Fournier has invented an apparatus for determining, with precision, the quantity of spirit contained in any liquid, which he calls an alcohometer. It is composed of a glass tube, six or seven inches long, and placed vertically upon a cap of copper, having a graduated bar of the same metal attached to its centre. At the place where the bar enters the tube, adjusted to its base, there is a screw, by which it is hermetically sealed, which prevents the liquor which is to be analized from spilling. At the foot of the apparatus is a lamp with spirit of wine, placed under the copper cap, directly beneath the bar, to heat it quickly. On one of the legs is a moveable ferrule with a damper to moderate the heat of the flame at pleasure, and thus also prevent the liquor in the tube from running over.

M. Parmentier has made public a new method of preparing the extract of opium, far superior to any other hitherto known. It takes from the substance the smell by which it is distinguished, and which is always in proportion to its malignant qualities. The manner of preparing 24 ounces of opium is as follows:—Macerate in rain water for five days; then boil for a quarter of an hour with two pounds of pulverised charcoal; strain and clarify with white of egg, and by a suitable evaporation you will obtain twelve ounces of extract.

Potatoes converted into Truffles.—M. Favier, having remarked that black truffles are principally met with near oak and chesnut trees, besides observing this species in soils that were formed almost entirely of the fragments of these astringent vegetables, was induced to try the experiment of planting potatoes in trenches prepared with tan and earth, disposed in alternate strata of about two inches each. These potatoes, when dug up, were black, and tasted very much like truffles. He imagines that, in this manner, the quality of these roots might in two or three years be so far changed as to give them the exact taste and appearance of truffles.

Mr. Denon, the well-known writer of "Travels through Egypt," has lately been entrusted by Bonaparte with a considerable sum of money, to be equally divided among the authors of twelve paintings of large dimensions on the following given subjects:—1st, Bonaparte addressing the Bavarians before the battle of Abensberg; 2d, The attack of the bridge at Ratisbon; 3d, The capture of Ratisbon; 4th, The attack of the bridge at Landshut; 5th, The bombardment of Vienna; 6th, The attack of the bridge at Ebersburg; 7th, The battle of Wagram; 8th, The French Emperor's bivouac on the field of Wagram during the night of the 5th and 6th of July; 9th, A view of the Island Napoleon (Inder Lobau) at the time when his Imperial Majesty re-entered it after the battle of Essling; 10th, A second view of the same island, when Napoleon embraces Marshal Lasnes mortally wounded in that battle; 11th, A view of Ebersdorf, and the bridges over the Danube; 12th, A view of the gardens of the Palace of Schoenbrunn. A small number of marble busts, and, among others, one of Marshal Lasnes will also be executed by skilful French sculptors.

In the Champs Elysées, near the ancient chapel of St. Bardulph, several fragments of large earthen urns have been lately found, with some smaller, and two beautiful lachrymatories; a fine sepulchral lamp of earth in good preservation, upon which is a winged genius; a priapus of bronze with a ring, to which it was suspended; a small bracelet for a child, in bronze, to which is fastened a medal of the colony of Nismes, the impression much effaced; twelve glass beads upon wire; two of red glass joined together, &c. &c. with a small drum, a larger bracelet, and a head of Medusa of blue glass, thick, and in relievo.

Germany.

M. Bozzini has announced in several journals, the invention of a machine intended to throw light into the interior of the animal body. It is composed of a recipient containing the light; of tubes which direct its rays to the cavities which it is wished to enlighten; and of reflecting tubes which transmit the luminous rays to the eye of the observer.

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M. Hiernke has invented a new kind of bellows, in which the current of air may be increased or diminished at pleasure, without interrupting its action.

Baron Grimm, the Nestor of Diplomatists who lately died at Warsaw, is said to have had among his voluminous correspondence several letters in the hand-writing of the Empress Catherine II. A secretary of the Russian embassy was extremely anxious to get this correspondence into his possession; but the whole of the late Baron's papers have been sent to Petersburgh.

The Archduke Palatine has published the plan of the intended National Museum of Hungary. It will be composed of a library, a cabinet of medals, of antiquities and curiosities, a collection of ancient armour, a cabinet of natural history, and a pantheon, containing busts and portraits of the most celebrated Hungarians; and, lastly, a place destined for the exhibition of the productions of national industry. Pest is the place intended for this establishment.

A German author has lately published a work, in which he states a very curious fact.—"A person," says he, "having an artificial magnet suspended from the wall of his study, with a piece of iron adhering to it, remarked, for several years, that the flies in the room, though they frequently placed themselves on other iron articles, never settled on the artificial magnet; and even that if any of these insects approached it, they in a moment again removed from it to some distance."—"It is worth the trouble," says Professor Voigt, who repeats the same circumstance in his Journal, "to make farther observations on this phenomenon; and, were it confirmed, magnetised iron might be employed to preserve it from being dirted by flies. Perhaps it might be employed also for other purposes."

Holland.

M. Van Braam has published the second volume of the Voyage of the Dutch Embassy to China, in 1794, &c. It contains a description of several parts of that empire, hitherto unknown to Europeans.

A new translation of the Bible from the Hebrew into the Low Dutch, has lately been authorised by a royal decree published at Amsterdam, to supersede all others hitherto used in schools, &c. It is thought some of the learned Hebrews who distinguished themselves in the New Sanhedrin, which assembled at Paris by order of the French Emperor, in May 1807, will be employed upon this work.

Dr. Van Marum has discovered a very simple method, proved by repeated experiments, of preserving the air pure in large halls, theatres, hospitals, &c.—The apparatus for this purpose is nothing but a common lamp, made according to Argand's construction, suspended from the roof of the hall, and kept burning under a funnel, the tube of which rises above the roof without, and is furnished with a ventilator. For his first experiment he filled his large laboratory with the smoke of oak shavings. In a few minutes after he lighted his lamp the whole smoke disappeared, and the air was perfectly purified.

Italy.

The celebrated Canova, who is to receive 100,000 crowns for a colossal statue of the Emperor Napoleon in bronze, has engaged the assistance of the German artists at Vienna who cast the statue of Joseph II, under the direction of the celebrated Professor Zauner.

The celebrated *Last Supper* of Leonardi Da Vinci, at Milan, has been so much damaged by damp and other circumstances, that as it cannot subsist much longer, Bossi is taking a copy of it, from which it is afterwards to be executed in Mosaic.

It has now transpired that on the 22d of August, 1808, when M. M. Andreoli and Brioschi ascended in a balloon at Padua, about the height of three miles and a half, the mercury having fallen to 15 inches, M. Brioschi began to feel an extraordinary palpitation of the heart, without any painful sensation in breathing. When the mercury was down to 12, four miles and a half, he was overpowered with a pleasing sleep, which soon became a real lethargy. When nearly six miles high, M. Andreoli was

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swollen all over and could not move his left hand. When the mercury had fallen to 8.5. (about six miles and a quarter) the balloon burst with a loud explosion, and began to descend rapidly with such a noise as awakened M. Brioschi. It fell about twelve miles from Padua, without any injury to the aëronauts.

The subterraneous passage by which the Roman Emperors went privately from the palace of the Cæsars on Mount Celius at Rome, to the Flavian Amphitheatre has lately been discovered, besides a number of architectural fragments, capitals, cornices, and vases, the remains of its splendid decorations. Some fine torsos have also been found, and a head of Mercury, which appears to have belonged to the statue in the garden of the Pope, and now in the Chiararmonti Museum. Several pipes and gutters for carrying off water were also discovered, and twenty rooms of very small dimensions, lighted only from the top.—These are presumed to have been the *fornices*, frequently alluded to by Martial, Seneca, and Juvenal.

Sweden.

M. Aurivilius has published a complete account of the Greek and Latin manuscripts in the library of Upsal. Out of 16 Greek manuscripts, nine are copies of the New Testament and of the Alexandrian translation of the Old. The ten first books of Livy and a complete Horace are among the Latin M.S. Among the Catalogues of Books, &c. given to the library are those by the High Chancellor, Lagardie; that of the Arabic, Persian, and Turkish M.S. given in 1705 by J. G. Sparrenfeld; and, lastly, that of ninety-three Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic M.S. sent to the library by J.J. Bisernstael, 1785.

MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

The Marquis D'Argens.

THE late revolutions upon the continent, having in a great measure stripped off the little remaining dignity of the *old race* of Kings, and exposed their secrets and the lives of their favourites, the French Biographers in particular, are unusually interesting. From this source we have here before us some of the strange practices of the philosophers of *Sans Souci*; still with that vanity which it has been said is peculiar to a Frenchman, the late Marquis D'Argens wrote the Memoirs of his own Life, which contain very pointed facts, and an easy narrative. But though he enters on his subject without acquainting us with the place of his birth, or the condition of his parents, information collected since, supplies that deficiency. He was born at Aix in Provence, in 1704. His father M. Boyer, Marquis D'Argens, was Procureur General of the Parliament of that city; and young D'Argens preferring the profession of arms when he was scarcely fifteen, served first in the marines, and then in the regiment of Richelieu, after having been received as a Knight of Malta. About this time his connections with the lady he calls the handsome Sylvia commenced.

The petulance and impetuosity of his youth were subjects of much discontent and unhappiness to his father, who, in the end disinherited him; but Mons. D'Eugilles, his younger brother, President of the Parliament of Aix, annulled the deed of inheritance, by making an equal division of the property, and by adopting a natural daughter of the Marquis, and restoring her to the name and rights she derived from her father. At first he would by no means consent to this arrangement, fearful of doing what might displease the family; but the reasons and the principles of justice which the Magistrate advanced soon found their way to his heart, and Mademoiselle Mina became Marchioness D'Argens.

On his return from a journey to Spain, where he left his mistress Sylvia, he became reconciled to his family; but he soon left France, and departed for Constantinople along with Mons. D'Andreselle, ambassador to the Ottoman Porte, of whom he speaks in his memoirs. A judgment may be formed of his character and of his extravagant conduct in that

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city, by the following anecdote, which M. Thieubault furnishes in his Recollections, and which might have been wrought up to advantage in a theatric representation.

On his arrival at the Capital of the Turkish Empire, he conceived the design of witnessing the ceremonies used in the mosques. Nothing could dissuade him from undertaking this dangerous enterprize, in which, if he had been discovered or betrayed, he would only have escaped the scaffold or the bow-string, by assuming the turban, or, in other words, becoming mussulman: he applied to the Turk who kept the keys of the mosque of Santa Sophia, and by dint of bribery succeeded in gaining him to his purpose. It was agreed between them at the next great day of public worship, the infidel should introduce the Christian in great secrecy by night, and that he should conceal him behind a painting which was placed, a long time back, at the bottom of a tribune, which was in front of the gate. The Marquis would be the safer in this place as it was seldom opened; and, besides, it was situated at the west end of the mosque, and the Mahometans always in their prayers face to Mecca, which lies east of Constantinople, and never turn their heads without giving cause for scandal; a point on which they are so scrupulous, that they never turn when they quit the mosques, but always go backward to the gate.

The Marquis D'Argens, seated at his ease, beheld the whole of the ceremonies of the Turkish religion; yet he gave frequent cause of alarm to his guide—almost every minute he quitted his hiding place, and advanced to the middle of the tribune, in order that he might have a better view of what was passing in the mosque. Then the poor Turk, who knew he ran no less a risk than that of being impaled alive, intreated him, by the most expressive signs and gestures, to retire quickly behind his picture. The terror of the man was a subject of the highest amusement to the Knight of Malta, who played the more upon his fears.

But they were a hundred-fold, if possible, increased, when he took a flask of wine and a piece of ham from his pocket, and offered him share of both. The disciple of Mahomet was in absolute despair; but what could he do?—he must bear all in order to conceal his guilt, and save himself from punishment. The Marquis threatened him; and the Turk was compelled to drink of the wine, and eat of the ham, and thus profane himself, his religion, and the mosque. The miserable man was for some instants like one petrified: he thought he beheld the avenging arm of the prophet raised above his head; by degrees, however, he became more calm: he even began to be familiar with his guilt: and when the devotees had all left the mosque, and he saw himself alone with the Christian dog, they finished their breakfast with a good grace, laughed at the danger they had run, and parted most excellent friends.

The Marquis D'Argens, in his Mémoirs, exposes with great candour the advertures of his journey, and the motive which induced him to return to France. His father anxiously wished him to study the law; but the ardent character of the young man could not be persuaded by his sage advice. He again re-entered the service, and in 1733 he was appointed to the cavalry: he was at the siege of Behl, where he was slightly wounded: in 1734, after the siege of Philipsbourg, he got a fall from his horse, which so disabled him, that he was never able to mount afterwards, and he was obliged in consequence to renounce the service.

It appears, that it was at the time of his refusal to embrace the profession his father wished him, when he returned from Constantinople, that his father disinherited him, not being able, owing to the smallness of his fortune, to sustain with credit the expensive life his son led.

He was compelled, when he retired from the service, to go to Holland to seek resources from his pen. The liberty of the press, which then existed in that country, allowed him to make choice of any subject his fancy suggested. He published successively, the "Jewish, Chinese, and Cabalistic Letters." They were admired, and brought him some money; most of them turning on subjects of morality, politics, manners, religious customs

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and ceremonies, and the events of nations. The lively manner in which they were written, the boldness of some of the ideas, and the singularity of the style, caused them to be much read, and generally approved.

Immediately after the death of old Frederick the Second, he repaired to Berlin.—Matters were then so much changed that the new Monarch wrote thus to the young Marquis, whose "Jewish Letters" he so highly esteemed. "No longer, my dear Marquis, be afraid of the battalions of guards—come, and brave them even on the parade at Potzdam."

When he received this letter, he was at Stutgard, in the service of the Duchess Dowager of Wirtemberg: she had a wish to visit Berlin, and see Frederick. The opportunity being favourable, they set out together.

The King received him in the most flattering manner; he invited him to dinner every day; their conversation was lively and agreeable; nothing in appearance was more flattering, or more likely to satisfy the wishes, and flatter the ambition, of a philosopher: but weeks rolled on, and no mention was made of fulfilling the promises which had led the new guest from a situation less brilliant, but sufficient for his wants.

The Marquis having vainly endeavoured to discover the cause of this neglect, and having waited six weeks, lost all patience; and, on returning home one day immediately after dinner, he sent a note to the King, couched in the following terms:—

"Sire! For six weeks that I have had the honour to be near your Majesty, my purse has suffered so rigorous a blockade, that if you gain so many battles, take so many fortresses, and do not speedily come to its assistance, I shall be obliged to capitulate, and re-cross the Rhine within a week."—The King had his friend Jordan with him when the note was brought to him—"See here," said he, "what that fool D'Argens has written; he wishes to leave us."—Jordan esteemed the Marquis, and for that reason said to his master, after having read the note—"I know the Provençals, and their impatience; but I particularly know the Marquis, while uneasiness torments him, and his mind is at a stand, he will never rest, and after having threatened to take his departure within eight days, he will be off in two or three days at the farthest." The King was alarmed lest Jordan should have prophesied too truly, and he returned these few words in answer to his note.—"Be satisfied, my dear Marquis, your fate shall be decided to-morrow by dinner-time" and, in fact, the next morning, the Marquis, on his arrival at the palace, received the key of office as chamberlain, with a salary of six thousand francs, and was also appointed director of the class of belles-lettres of the Royal Academy, which gave him an additional annual increase of eight hundred francs.

This generosity on the part of Frederick soon changed the resolution of the Marquis. He settled at Berlin: he cultivated literature and the friendship of the Great Prince, who so well knew how to reward those who made it their occupation. He was constantly one of the King's social and private parties.

At first, Algarotti, Voltaire, and Maupertius, were the principal favourites of Frederick.

It was chiefly at the supper parties of Frederick, that he assembled these literary characters, and where those scenes of gaiety and wit passed, which, for near thirty years were the objects of the attention, and sometimes the satire, of the rest of Europe. They bore no resemblance to the orgies of the Regent of France. There was more real wit, a varied conversation, and obscenity and impiety were particularly banished; but the freedom of discourse was sometimes carried too far, as at the suppers of the Duke of Orleans, so much so as to become displeasing to the master.

In one of these supper parties, (said M. Thieubault,) which even till the Seven Years' War were often prolonged to a very late hour, Frederick asked each of his companions, How he would govern if he were a King? There was a lively argument between them, in order for each to establish their different maxims. The Marquis, however, listened, and said nothing: the King at last observed his silence, and asked him, What would he do were he in his place? "Sire"

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answered the Marquis, "I would immediately sell my kingdom, and purchase a good estate in France." This pleasantry, by means of which he escaped the ridicule of advancing and supporting any misplaced doctrine, obtained the King's approbation, and put an end to the discussion. It was after some disputes of a similar nature, that Frederick, in a moment of spleen or ill nature, wrote, that if he wanted to punish a province, he would send philosophers to govern it.

During the Seven Years' War, that is, from 1756 to 1763, when Frederick beheld his dominions invaded, and taken from him, by the Russians, the Austrians, and the French, and that no hopes of safety remained, it was to the Marquis D'Argens that he imparted the design he had formed of putting an end to his existence.

It was on this occasion that he addressed a long epistle in verse to the Marquis D'Argens on this subject, the misfortunes of his life, and the principles of stoicism: however trifling this resolution may appear, and however singular the manner which Frederick made use of, to disclose it to one of his courtiers, it results however from it, that the Marquis D'Argens held a most distinguished place in the esteem of the Prince, since it was to him that he addressed himself in the agony of his soul.

The happy events which so quickly succeeded, drew Frederick out of his embarrassment, and the necessity of putting his resolution into practice, by compelling his enemies to enter into conditions of peace, which secured to him his dominions.

The Marquis at length marrying Madamoiselle Cochois, an Opera dancer, with whom he had cohabited before, it gave the King great offence.

Madamoiselle Cochois had made a present to the Marquis of a very fine morning loose dressing-gown or wrapper—this was before their marriage. Delighted with this present, he put it on immediately, and found it so much to his taste, that he did not put it off the whole evening. The King, however, sent to let him know he expected him to supper. The same answer was returend, that he was ill.

The Monarch, in order to disturb the felicity of the Marquis's little party, took it into his head to send him word, that having heard of his ill state of health, fearful of the fatal consequences of so dangerous a disorder as that with which he was attacked, and anxious he should die like a good Christian, he had commanded two catholick priests to administer the sacrament of extreme unction to him, and that they would visit him that very evening to fulfil this pious duty. —The Marquis knew not what to think of this intimation. He well knew the King was capable of giving similar orders to the catholick priests, but he doubted much whether he would dare to be guilty of such a scandal within the walls of his own palace. The most essential thing for him was, to make it appear as if he were really ill. He, therefore, wrapped up his head, and counterfeited the appearance of a man quite unwell.

The King covered himself with a surplice and a stole, put two or three persons who were in his confidence, into black cloaks, and the whole party descended in a solemn procession, as if they were bearing extreme unction to the Marquis, whose apartments were below the King's. The person who went first carried a small bell, which was heard in all the apartments, as soon as they got upon the staircase. No one had any doubt, but that it was the sacrament going to a person dangerously ill. La Pierre, the Marquis's servant, went to see the procession, and soon saw what it was. In order not to be found out, and consequently pass for a liar, the pretended sick man hastened to get into bed without undressing, or even taking off his fine dressing-gown with gold flowers. The procession immediately after entered the chamber in a slow and solemn manner, and ranged themselves in order before the bed. The King, who closed the procession, placed himself in the middle of the circle; and addressed the Marquis, telling him, that the church, always a tender mother, and full of anxiety for her children, had sent him that assistance the most proper to fortify him in the critical situation in which he was placed. He exhorted him strenuously to resign himself; and then raising the counterpane of the bed, he poured a whole flask of

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sweet oil over the fine dressing-gown, telling his dying brother, that this emblem of grace would infallibly give him faith and courage, necessary to pass in a proper manner from this world to the next. After which the procession retired in the same grave and solemn manner as it entered.

At length the *profligate* giving place to the *penitent*, D'Argens passed much of his time in reading ancient books and authors, particularly the Holy Fathers, from which he made several extracts, which he applied to the subjects he treated of, either in his writings or conversation.

The King of course was fond of contradicting him on his taste for this species of erudition—he used frequently to say to him, "Don't talk to me of your Fathers: they are bodies without souls."—When he allotted him apartments in the new palace of Sans Souci, he himself conducted the Marquis and his Lady, and pointed out to them their agreeable situation and their convenience: he had given orders to have a handsome book-case, whereon folios handsomely bound appeared in large letters—"The Works of the Holy Fathers."—"Here Marquis," said the King, as they entered the room, "you will find here your good friends in all their glory." When they got to the bed-chamber—"It would be wrong," said he "to stay here long; we must not disturb the Marquis, but leave him to his ease and his night-cap"—so saying he withdrew.

The King had no sooner retired, than the Marquis in eager haste, flew to the bookcase to examine the works with which it was filled—he quickly opened one of the volumes of the "Holy Fathers:" But in place of the homilies of St. Chrysostom, he found nothing but blank paper; and the same was the case with all the it.

One evening that he was at supper h Frederick, that Prince said to m—"Marquis I have made a purase for you near this, of a very neat use and garden—here is the deed; may take possession of it when please." The Marquis was not sible to this mark of favour; he med home full of impatience, anxiously wished the night were over, that he might go and take a view of this new acquisition. Next morning, notwithstanding his laziness, he rose very early, and was driven to his new mansion—he ran over the garden, examined the apartments, found every thing charming, and in the neatest taste; he went into the saloon, which was a very handsome room, and full of pictures; but what was his astonishment, when, on looking at them, instead of landscapes, battle, or sea-pieces, he beheld the most humorous scenes, and most comic anecdotes of his life.

Here, the Marquis, as an officer, found himself drawn at the siege of Philipsbourg, and expressing strong symptoms of fear—there he was on his knees to his handsome comedian—a little further, his father disinherited him—another painting represented him at Constantinople—in another, a surgeon was seen performing an operation, which his adventures of gallantry had rendered necessary—again, nuns were seen pulling him up by night in a basket through the window of their convent. In all these pictures the Marquis, who was easily recognized, was represented in the most ludicrous and comic attitudes.

This unexpected spectacle put him into the most violent rage—he examined them all, and then sent for a house-painter, and made him efface them.

The King informed of this scene, was highly delighted with it, and related it to every one who would have patience to hear it.

In spite, however, of the species of warfare which the Monarch carried on, and the sarcastic jokes he passed upon his lazy habits, and his imaginary illness, still he loved him not the less. He one day wished to give him a fresh proof by augmenting the pension he had settled on him; but D'Argens answered him in presence of several persons, "Sire, I have enough: your Majesty has many poor but deserving officers; let it be given to them."—The King, charmed with this honourable and disinterested reply, esteemed him the more, without however ceasing from time to time to joke with and play tricks on him.

But his own weakness and folly particularly in respect to fear of poison

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and his superstition rendered him an object of sport.

In 1768, he renewed his entreaties for permission to leave Berlin, and imagining that the King might not, perhaps, like him to take away the original letters which that Prince had written to him, he sent them to him, ranged in chronological order, and accompanied by the following letter:—

"Sire! I have kept till this moment a precious pledge of the confidence with which your Majesty honoured me. I give them into your hands, because I do not think it right to take them with me into a strange country. My continued ill health, and a complication of disorders, put it out of my power any longer to be useful to your Majesty; and I am convinced that, under a milder climate, my infirmities might be borne. I therefore entreat your Majesty to grant me my dismissal, assuring you, at the same time, that my heart shall be eternally devoted to you."

The Marquis obtained permission to pass six months in Provence, and set off in 1769, on the express condition of returning at the appointed time; at the same time he received the packet of original letters, which the King returned to him, assuring him that he possessed his entire confidence, and that consequently he neither could nor would keep the letters. The Marquis, however, would not take them with him, but left them in the charge of one of his most particular friends.

It appears, that the King was much displeased at his departure, and that he even refused to see the Marquis. In vain several persons endeavoured to persuade him, that the Marquis would return; he would not believe them. He was indignant that a man whom he had loaded with his benefits, should quit him for such trifling causes, and which in no way diminished the proofs of his attachment and esteem; but the Marquis had very good reasons to give on his side likewise—to pass the remainder of his days under a milder climate, and near a brother, to whom he was attached by strong ties of affection.

He had, however, other motives for discontent, which he was anxious that the King should know without loss of time. Scarcely had he arrived at Dijon, when he wrote him a very bold letter, such as no one who had ever any disagreement with Frederick would have ventured to address to him. In order to excuse himself for this freedom, he said, "It is not now to the King that I write, but to the Philosopher, and in the name of Philosophy"—a distinction which the Monarch himself had given the example of in their suppers at Sans-Souci, where they freely conversed in *the absence of the King*, although at the same table with him. And he concluded his keen, yet guarded, reproaches, with that inimitable fable of the "Town and Country Mouse."

Yet, notwithstanding this appearance of resentment, the Marquis D'Argens resolved to return to Frederick at the expiration of the stated period; but it cost him a severe struggle to determine on leaving Aix, to return to Berlin—it was to expose the remainder of his days to new scenes of vexation and disappointment, and shorten their duration. The agitated state of his mind, which this situation involved him in, produced the very effect he wished to have avoided, and he died without being able to fulfil his promise.

"In the midst of all these sufferings," says M. Thieubault, "he was detained at Bourg-en-Bresse by a long and very dangerous illness. The Marchioness, whose whole care was devoted to him, never once thought of writing to the King, although the time of his leave of absence had expired. Frederick suspected him of wishing to deceive him. He sent to the Marchioness's sister, and to all the Members of the Academy, with whom he was connected as the Director, to know if they had not heard from him; and as he was informed, that no person had received any news of him, and that several months had passed without a letter either from the husband or the wife, the King's doubts were soon changed to certainty. His anger and his indignation were extreme. He dispatched orders that very day to the different offices at which the salaries of the Marquis were paid, strictly injoining them to erase his name out of the public books, and

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forbidding them to pay him any thing for the future.—Sulzer, who received this order at the Academy, thought it his duty to acquaint D'Argens, and in consequence of this determination, he privately gave a letter to a person who was going that way, and who promised to inquire for the Marquis, and give him the letter if he should chance to meet him; if not, to address it under cover to the President D'Eguilles. The traveller found him at Bourg-en-Bresse, in a state of convalescence and preparing to set off for Berlin. The letter produced an effect which might be expected. The old Courtier was more irritated than afflicted. He wrote another, which was never made public, but its contents may easily be guessed at, and immediately returned to his beloved retreat, from which he seldom went, except to make some few slight journies through parts of Provence. It was in one of these excursions that he died at Toulouse, of an indigestion, on the 11th of January, 1771.

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

LYCEUM, STRAND.

ON Saturday evening, Oct 7, Mr. Cumberland's Comedy of *The West Indian*, was brought forward for the immediate purpose of introducing Mr. Wrench, to the notice of a London audience.

Mr. Wrench is well made, and of a genteel deportment. He was gay and agile, as he should be, in the personification of a volatile young gentleman like *Belcour*; and frequently exhibited instances of feeling and judgment, which lead us to hope that he may become a valuable appendage to a metropolitan theatre. Yet he, like most actors from the country, has something to unlearn; he was too apt to walk up to the lamps, and by declaiming with his face towards the audience, evidently seemed to make them a party in the scene. This procedure (though too common), we must take the freedom of saying, is highly absurd, and altogether destroys the required effect of the drama, which should be a course of action calculated either to delight or amend us, but in which we had no participation whatever, excepting what resulted from the agency of the senses, and even that agency should undergo a revision from the judgment, to make its operation morally healthful.

In *Belcour's* interviews with *Miss Dudley*, we did not think him sufficiently delicate or respectful; for it must not be supposed that a gentleman, even on occasions like those, can forget the tenderness that is uniformly due to the sex, and without which no success can be obtained, except among the lower and coarser classes of life. In the acting of Miss Boyce, who played the character of *Louisa Dudley*, Mr. Wrench could find nothing that was tinged with vulgarity or insensibility; and her address to him, on their reconciliation in the fifth act, embracing an expectation, that when, in future, he might pursue other objects of passion, not similarly protected to herself, was delivered with a pathos, that touched the heart.

Saturday, the 14th, presented at this Theatre two performers, for the first time, to a London audience, with the most prosperous *debut*, in the sprightly comedy of *The Soldier's Daughter*; viz. Mrs. Edwin, from the Theatre Royal Dublin, in the character of the *Widow Cheerly*; and Mr. Knight, from the theatre Royal York, in that of *Timothy Quaint*. Their entrance was hailed in the most encouraging manner, and the applause increased as they proceeded in the parts they so well sustained. Mrs. Edwin's person is agreeable, and her manner easy and engaging, as well as that her voice is clear and captivating. Her countenance, at once animated and expressive, is, nevertheless, so much under the direction of her judgment, that she gave a character and expression to one of the scenes in this play quite novel and delightful. We have scarcely ever witnessed a more successful and flattering essay by any performer. In the part where she says from the author, "This is my first visit to London," she was greeted with thundering plaudits and

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bravos for minutes together; as also when she added, "I purpose to stay the winter." An occasional conclusion was given to the play, which had a most appropriate and happy effect.

Mr. Knight possesses great advantages as a performer in the cast of characters he has adopted. His features are distinct and prominent, giving great interest to his acting. His voice is clear, strong, and articulate; but he certainly pitched it too high for so small a theatre. In the character of *Robin Roughhead*, in *Fortune's Frolick*, which he performed to admiration, the key was more natural. To be brief, and not enter into the details of the excellence of the several parts of these and the other performers, it was, on the whole, a *gem* which deserved to be *set*, as it was by the fullness of the house, in a *cluster of diamonds*.

Mrs. Edwin has since performed *Violante* in Mrs. Centlivre's *Wonder*, and is generally allowed to be a most charming Actress.—*Beatrice*, it is thought, will be one of her next characters.

COVENT-GARDEN NEW THEATRE.

On Wednesday, Oct. 4, after this house had been shut up a week by the Managers, in order that John Bull might come to his own natural temper, it opened again with the *Beggar's Opera*, when the gathering storm again burst forth on the rising of the curtain, notwithstanding the public knew that Mr. Kemble had gotten the sanction of a committee of monied men, to make his gains appear very moderate. The rattles, whistles, and bugle horns commenced, and placards with "John Kemble, let your monopoly cease," "No private boxes for intriguing, &c. were exhibited as before. In fact, that populace that could not be brought to bow to "the honour of a Prince" have decidedly shewn that they hold that of a *Player*, lower still: for ceasing to threaten them with the decisions of the Attorney General, it was in vain that Mr. K. adopting the more civil epithets of "Ladies and Gentlemen" said also, "I throw myself upon the candour of the most liberal and enlightened metropolis in the world. I cannot afford to lose three-fourths per cent, by this concern."

The house afterwards adjourning till Friday, the 6th, the play of *John Bull*, though calculated to soothe the popular prejudices, was brought forward like another scene of the Bear Garden. The whole time seemed to be divided between hissing and hooting, rattling, howling, battling, and speechifying.—One orator very pointedly observed, with respect to the *private boxes*, that "The Society for the Suppression of Vice," ought to present them to the Parish of St. Paul Covent Garden, as a public nuisance.

But neither the subsequent introduction of Jews and Pugilists of the lowest description, for the purposes of beating and terrifying the audience, nor even the vast numbers of orders issued on the part of the managers, have yet been able to obtain for the performers, a patient hearing of any one piece brought on for nearly a fortnight past. On the contrary, placards have been exhibited, and every species of disapprobation shewn on the part of the audience who pay. We have no room, for a fourth of the wit and humour, produced on this occasion. The following, however, are among the most prominent examples.—

Last Night of Performance at the
NEW PRICES.

NEW THEATRE, COVENT-GARDEN.

This evening will be presented for the last time, an Operatic Farce, in One Act, called

IMPOSITION.

Avarice, Mr. KEMBLE!
Pride, Mr. KEMBLE!!
Affectation, Mr. KEMBLE!!!
Insolence, Mr. KEMBLE!!!

Being his last appearance before the Public.

Fool Hardy, Mr. HARRIS.

Noodle, Doodle, &c. The other Proprietors.

Oath-Taker, JEMMY BOX-OFFICE.

Informers, Long Gibbons, Count Snip, of Castle-street, the Blind Boy, the Battersea-fields Baron, &c. &c.

New Price, as Old Prices, (with the Song of "Many a true word is spoken in jest") Bully Raymond.

Between the Scenes,
Slight of Hand and Legerdemain Tricks, By the Proprietors.

After which, as an Interlude,

RAISING THE WIND, otherwise RAISING THE DEVIL;
Or, DIDDLER DIDDLED.

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Including the Bilking Scene between Diddler and Sam.

Diddler, Mr. KEMBLE.—"You haven't got such a thing as Eighteen Pence about you, have you?"

Sam, JOHN BULL.—"Yes: and I mean to keep it about me, do you see!"

In the course of the Interlude, Mr. KEMBLE will recite, as on a former equally suitable occasion, when it was received with unbounded approbation and applause, by a highly gratified audience, his celebrated Address of

"WHAT DO YOU WANT!"

Immediately following the Interlude, will be presented, for the Benefit of the Proprietors, the last Scene of the Farce of

THE CONFEDERATES.

Being a Capital Deception by the following inimitable Performers, hired for the occasion—Le Chevalier ap Rice, Le Sieur Thomaso Le Plume, Gallows Black Jack, of the Old Bailey, M. Witless, from Threadneedle-street, and Mynheer Pharisee Ankerstill, the well known publick subscription Actor.

The former scenes of the Confederates are acted, in conjunction with the Proprietors, in private, behind the Curtain, for the Benefit of the Publick.

Afterwards will be performed for the last time, the first Act of a Grand unfinished Tragic Ballet of Action, called

JOHN OX; OR,

The cruel Attempt to despoil John Bull of his Noble Parts.

The whole being arranged under the Management of Mr. JEW KEMBLE.

The representation will take place in the Audience Part of the House, the following most numerous Corps de Ballet being distributed in the Boxes, Pit, and Galleries for that purpose

First Drover, DANIEL MENDOZA, at the head of 150 fighting Jews and hired Bruizers, as Constables.

Second Drover, BILL SOAMES, with his Gang of House-breakers, and Pickpockets, as keepers of the Peace.

Third Drover, The fighting Waterman, leading a Band of Desperadoes and Ruffians, in the Dresses of Bow-street Officers.

Grand Mob of Drovers. By all the Thieves, Bullies, and Blackguards of the Metropolis, that can be prevailed on by the "Managers' Orders" to perform.

Slaughtermen. Parson Ayres, Mr. Ede, Mr. M'Barney, &c &c.

Head Slaughterman. Mr. GRAYMAN, burnt out from the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane.

The Proprietors, after various and unsuccessful attempts, not having it in their power to conclude the above striking representation agreeable to their wishes, it will be withdrawn.

We have only to add a few original remarks on the new theatre in general, extracted from "*The Jubilee, or John Bull in his Dotage. A grand National Pantomine; as it was to have been acted by his Majesty's Subjects, on the 25th of Oct.* 1809."—The author, whose strong talents as a satirist have long been acknowledged by the publick, has thrown the part we allude to into the form of a dialogue between *Asmodeus* and *Commis*.

Asmodeus.—That is the massy pile which the inhabitants of London have been taught to call magnificent.

Commis.—You surely mistake in calling it a theatre; it must be some solemn temple dedicated to the gods.

Asmodeus.—Your supposition is fully justified, as the principal front is borrowed from an Athenian Temple, and bears no more analogy to the other side, than the portico of St. Martin's Church does to the heavy walls of Bedlam!

One basso relievo is presumed to be illustrative of the ancient drama. Aristophanes and Menander are anxiously looking towards the entrance, to implore some counsellor, who understands Greek, to favour them with a *Habeas Corpus* that they may be carried back to Lacedemon without delay. The other is an attempt to illustrate the modern drama. That is the inimitable Shakspeare, who had the singular privilege from Jove, to unlock the human bosom, and examine its tenantry.

Now we will enter the *vestibule!* This is the grand stair case (as they phrase it) flanked and gloomily lighted with antique lamps, as if we were ascending the tombs of the Scipios, or a Roman council at midnight, and not the mart of publick pleasure.

We are now in the auditory, and the *coup d'œil* is not unexceptionable. The drop scene yonder, is supremely whimsical. There are Eschylus, Plautus, Lopez de Vega, and other poets, looking glumly at each other, like strangers suddenly flanking a *Table d'Hote*; while the Bard of Avon in the centre, looks as if he had become so splenetick at the abominations practised upon his genius, by modern arrogance, that he was retiring and fading into oblivion, like the ærial puppet of a phantasmagoria!

The *private boxes* are not only an

encroachment upon *popular right*, but so constructed that the subscribers may even economise in the prosecution of voluptuousness, with an adequate security against the danger and impertinence of witnesses. The dome is too sacerdotal in its character, and the isolated instrument in the middle, which the painter intended for a lyre, looks at a distance, like a Cremona fiddle in purgatory.

That gallery which is so elevated, that it strains the optic nerve to perceive it, is the appropriated reception for the *ci devant* gods. But they are no longer of the true Olympian breed, they have been metamorphosed into *pigeons*, who are allowed to peep from their holes in small battalions, as volunteers fire: and their power of *thundering* is abridged for ever!

That gloomy recess yonder, where the human visages appear as through the medium of a mist, is called the *basket*; but it is so abominably contrived, that it looks like a continuity of Bail Docks, where the vile and the vicious are huddled together, to await trial for their misdemeanors, and spit and foam, stew and melt, in adverse contact like Antipathies, dissolving in a crucible.

The avenues to the pit are frightfully intricate, and remind me of the catacombs near Naples. I am impressed on passing them with the chilling idea of entering the damp and horrible dungeon of an Inquisition; or the vaults of a cemetry, to mingle with the dust of martyrs, and be locked up in silent seclusion from the light of the blessed sun."

The keen sighted author also censures the lion and unicorn supporting the king's arms, *couchant*; as if they were fatigued, or sick of supporting the royal emblems, rather than as the *vigilant*, *invincible*, and *proud* guardians of the rights and honours of the House of Hanover!

It seems however, that this satirical poet has not made any observations upon the scenes of all this sombre magnificence being apparently converted into a perpetual *bear-garden*. We hope for the credit of those who have occasioned these tumultuous proceedings, that at least by the Christmas Holidays, the boarding school misses and their delicate attendants may be effectually secured from the rude alarms, and interruptions of an enraged multitude, and the clamour of the contending parties.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE last month is one of the most extraordinary that has occurred in this country. Events on the continent, important as they are, excited scarcely any curiosity. All were occupied on domestick occurrences; and the theatre divided with a pair of duellists nearly the whole of the public attention. The length of the present king's reign gave rise to another scene; and the jubilee, which would have been celebrated with universal satisfaction if proper preparations had been made for it, was so managed, that individuals were at a loss to know whether a public demonstration of joy, or private acts of beneficence, were the most acceptable.

But of all the great features of the month the theatre of Covent-Garden claims the pre-eminence. In our last its tumults were noticed; but little was it thought that, in a civilised country, a contest of such a nature could have been carried on at all, much less with those asperities which seem to indicate a determination to brutalise the mind, and to make those who ought to be, and to know themselves to be, the servants of the public, alike indifferent to public censure or applause. The theatre of Covent-Garden, it is well-known, was burnt down last year; and, if it had not been burnt down, it would, there is reason to believe, have been taken down.—The managers lost no time in rebuilding it, and a very elegant and far more commodious structure has been erected on the scite of the old theatre. The opening of the new house was attended with a very impolitic measure—an advance in the prices of admission; and, instead of entering with satisfaction to examine and enjoy the beauties of the new building, the public were put into very ill humour, and all the decorations and splendid

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appearances of novelty were entirely lost. Had the managers opened the house at the old prices, it would have been crowded every night with multitudes, gratified with the very pleasing sight afforded to them: and after a time, after they had had full opportunity of examining and judging of the expence, the managers might have intimated the intention of raising the price next year; and their plan would then probably have met with no opposition. At any rate, they would have received the profits of numerous full houses; and the beauty of the building would have raised a considerable fund to pay for its erection.

When the audience, after paying the increased prices, had begun to vent its spleen on the imposition, another circumstance was laid hold of, which added, and with just cause, to the popular resentment. A tier of boxes was appropriated to the use of private persons: and thus an odious distinction was introduced into the house. The impropriety of these boxes it is not necessary to dwell upon: but they gave occasion to allusions of a very indecent nature, and it was hinted that they had conveniences which ought not in an English theatre to be suspected. We disapprove of these boxes, even when there is not the slightest ground for these insinuations; much more should we abominate them if they have any tendency to afford privacy where nothing ought to be permitted unworthy of the public eye. At any rate, after the remarks that have been made upon them, a lady must have more courage than modesty to be seen in them, unless she is surrounded with a number of her sex to keep her in countenance.

The campaign opened under these inauspicious circumstances to the managers, who were by no means ready to acquiesce in the first symptoms of popular resentment. After very considerable riots, the house was shut up, in order that its affairs might be laid before a committee: and this committee, after a short interval, delivered their report, from which the managers thought themselves justified in their measures, and expected public acquiescence. This report was printed in the play-bills of the day, which announced the opening of the theatre at the new prices. But the public was by no means to be so deluded.—Their resistance was stronger than before, and the voice of the actors was completely drowned in their clamours.

The theatre now presented a new appearance.—On the stage, actors to whom no one attended; and before the stage, an audience turning its back upon those actors, and indulging in every species of tumult. If the raising of the prices produced clamour without end, the mode attempted to quell it increased it beyond measure. A number of Jews and boxers was sent into the pit to support the new prices, and the Bow-street runners were on the alert to seize the advocates for the old prices. The measure was ill judged: for a few nights the Jews seemed to triumph; but the exasperated public, both within and without doors, put an end to this atrocious insult on the nation. At last affairs came into a regular plan. Scarcely any persons went to the former part of the play, but those who had orders or tickets of free admission; but at half-price the house was completely filled, and from that moment nothing on the stage was to be heard, and the sounds of the orchestra were drowned in the overpowering efforts of the human voice.

The managers, however, persisted, and these nightly tumults became regular, producing, on the one hand, a very degrading situation to the unfortunate actors, and, on the other, exposing a number of individuals to confinement in prison. Nothing could be so painful to the feeling mind as to see the performers go through their parts of the play just as if no audience was before them, and thus accustoming themselves to look no longer for any reward in public applause for their labours. What can these poor men hereafter think of public approbation or disapprobation? If they could stand the brunt of such a mortifying scene, if they could go through their parts merely as a task which they were hired to perform, they must lose all sense of that dignity which we would wish to be preserved in every profession.

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But the feelings of the actors are trifling compared with what was experienced by the public, on the indignities offered to various persons for the expression or supposed expression of their sentiments in the theatre. Scarcely a night passed, but some were seized, and carried to Bow-street, where the police magistrates were sitting to receive informations; and many were committed to prison, who, from the hour of the night, and the distance of their friends, were unable to procure the exorbitant bail demanded of them. Notorious as was the tumult excited by the Jews and boxers on the part of the managers, it does not appear that one was ever seized and carried to Bow-street; though the runners of that place could hurry to prison a poor girl for springing a child's rattle, and follow to a distant coffee-house a man, who, instead of creating a tumult in the house, really afforded a respite from the noise by the oration which he delivered.—This did not however avail him before the Bow-street magistrates, whose conduct upon this and other occasions of the like kind, we sincerely hope and trust will become a matter of serious discussion in parliament. The nature of the bail required, and of the magistrates interference in so partial a manner, are questions of great importance. If, upon these tumults, they had called upon the Lord Chamberlain to put a stop to the performance of plays till order could be restored, every one must have applauded their conduct: but they seem to have forgotten that there may be as much riot in favouring as in the censure of the managers.

The two duellists occupied a great share of the public attention, as their contemptible conduct affected either themselves or the public. A vulgar proverb tells us, that there is honour among thieves: and on this ground the question was, whether Mr. Canning could in any way be vindicated.—Lord Castlereagh's letter to him, charging him with duplicity, was given to the public soon after the duel was fought; but it was a long time before any thing came out on the part of Mr. Canning to rebut the charge. At last a statement appeared, by which the main points in Lord Castlereagh's letter were clearly settled. It was evident that Mr. Canning had intrigued against Lord Castlereagh, and played a part not unknown in some foreign courts, but totally contrary to the old principles of English honour. In short, we cannot but say, that, at present, Mr. Canning does assuredly appear to have acted, as we say in plain English, like a paltry fellow: and, unless he vindicates himself clearly, he is unworthy any longer to be admitted into gentlemen's company. This vindication we may expect at the meeting of parliament, when all that led to the impudent and atrocious insult offered by these two ministers of his majesty's councils to their king and country, will undergo public investigation.

It was expected, that the king would himself, at the first meeting of the privy council, have struck out of the list these two members, and thus afforded a striking example that such disgraceful conduct could not pass unnoticed. But no such event took place, though, it is said, that the king expressed in very strong terms his disapprobation of the men who could give such occasion, in these difficult times, of triumph to the enemy.—Whilst Bonaparte's officers were at their posts, assiduous in promoting his measures, these two men were in the field, not warring against enemies, but firing against each other: they were proclaiming to the world how ill they must have filled, for some time previously, their respective departments. But both have ceased to be ministers of the crown; and the formation of a new ministry has been another object of great curiosity, as well as of public embarrassment.

The Duke of Portland's illness compelled him to resign. The two duellists resigned on account of the insult they had offered their king and country, by the bad example they had set to his subjects, and the proof that they could not both sit in the same councils. The whole management of public affairs rested then with the two lawyers, Mr. Perceval and Lord Eldon, the one a second-rate in the common law, the other well versed in the subtleties of the Chancery bar.—The first thing done was to send letters by express to Lord Grenville, in

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Cornwall, and to Lord Grey, in Northumberland, requesting them to assist in the new ministry, which the resignations had made necessary. Lord Grenville came up to town; but Lord Grey contented himself with returning back a very spirited and proper reply, that he would not condescend to act in concert with men whose measures were in his opinion fraught with mischief to the kingdom. Lord Grenville came up to town, but had no other intercourse with ministers than by letter: for, finding that he was not to have access to the king, but that all was to be managed between him and the two lawyers, he declined any farther discussion, and left them to manage the business by themselves.

Disconcerted in this attempt to strengthen themselves from the quarter of opposition, the ministers sought for assistance in every hole and corner. At last Mr. Perceval became First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Eldon and Lord Hawkesbury and Lord Chatham retained their places, and the vacant departments were filled up as well as the urgency of the case permitted. If such a ministry stands, weakened as it is by the secession of its two ablest members, Canning and Castlereagh, pressed by the inquiries into the business of Talavera and Walcheren, and threatened by the new vigour of Bonaparte, we must lament the decline of all the maxims which tend to make a nation great; and still more lament, that there is such a dearth of talent and of spirit in the country. We see now the effects of Mr. Pitt's administration.—We are come to the legacy that he has bequeathed his country.—Instead of cultivating talent, he brought forward those meagre abilities, which could only serve as a foil to his superior talents.

Thus was the jubilee of this reign brought in, a reign whose complicated events will form a striking period in future history. The city of London, we observed in our last, had a meeting to consider in what manner the event was to be celebrated, and the question was to be referred to a committee. The report renewed the discussion, and the meeting was tumultuous. At last it was agreed, that there should be neither dinner nor illumination; but that the Lord Mayor and court should go in procession to St. Paul's, and the city bestow a thousand pounds for charitable purposes. In consequence of this determination, there were various wardmotes and meetings of parishes, in which illuminations were discountenanced, and charity encouraged; and the same fashion ran through the country. But, as the day drew near, individuals were put to no small inconvenience: they had paid the charitable subscriptions required in lieu of illumination, but they were not without dread that lights would be required in their windows, and the resolutions put it out of their power to make the previous preparations.

At last, the frames placed upon the bank, the mansion-house, the India-house, and other public offices, proved the intention of public offices to illuminate on this occasion; and here and there an emblem was to be seen in preparation in private houses.—The day itself was ushered in by the ringing of bells; the middle of the day was occupied in looking at the preparations for the evening, or in viewing the grand procession of the Lord Mayor to St. Paul's, or the three regiments of guards drawn up in St. James's Park, who fired three vollies upon the occasion, which were followed by three old English huzzas. Regiments of volunteers were out, and there was sufficient bustle and employment. At night, the streets were crowded to see the illuminations, in which the city far surpassed the west end of the town; and shewed what might have been done if no check had intervened to stop the effusions of loyalty which such a day could not fail of producing. In point of taste, little new was shewn, except in the houses of Messrs. Blades and Co. on Ludgate-hill, and Hancock and Co. Cockspur-street. These houses pointed out what elegant dispositions may be made of glass, which, on a future illumination, will we doubt not decorate many private houses.—Though the streets were crowded, no injury was done to the many houses that were not illuminated. The Lord Mayor gave a dinner at the mansion-house; but the ministers of state went

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to an anomalous dinner made by subscription, at three guineas a head, of several persons engaged in trade in the city.—The king proclaimed a pardon on this day to all deserters from army and navy; and this is the first only of the good acts which will immortalise the year.

France, it is said, anticipated our illuminations. Previous reports had reached the country of a peace being made between France and Austria; and as such an event was naturally to be expected, the farther rumour that illuminations in France had been seen, and reports of cannon heard at Dover, established the opinion. But nothing decisive has at this time of writing appeared, though probably the treaty will soon arrive in England. Conjectures state very harsh terms to Austria; and some assert, that, instead of a peace, it is only to be a truce for twenty years, during which time each party is to retain what it has got. This would sever from Austria the best part of its territories; and, in fact, whether peace or truce be the result of the late negociations, the power of Austria is for ever broken, and it is reduced to the rank of a secondary kingdom.

The French papers amuse themselves and their readers with their accounts of the expedition to Walcheren, and the battle of Talavera, and the subsequent flight of the new-made lord from the latter place. On the former subject, they lay the blame rather on the planners of the expedition than on those appointed to execute it: but it is to be observed, that Bonaparte has instituted a military inquiry into the conduct of the commander of Flushing. However flattering the French accounts may be to Lord Chatham, we cannot say that any thing has reached us from our own army that agrees with these commendations. The French make a great parade of the preparations they had made to receive us: our accounts state only most unaccountable delay on the part of the assailants, at the time when the utmost vigour was wanting. It is sufficient to observe, that had one of Bonaparte's generals acted in the same manner, long before this time there would have been an inquiry into his conduct.

On the battle of Talavera the French papers give the British troops due encomiums on their bravery: but their censures on the general are evidently written by men well versed in military affairs. They accuse, and apparently with great reason, our commander of the want of all the qualities which constitute a great general. He is, in their eyes, a mere dasher; fit only to head a body of disciplined Europeans against Mahrattamen or Lascars, but totally unqualified to cope with those who have been brought up in the school of Bonaparte. They laugh at his complaints of want of provision for so small an army, when the whole country of Portugal was open to his rear, with the ocean at his command; and biscuit might have been brought from the ships in three days to him. Whilst the English were in such distress, plenty reigned in the French army, simply because they are as attentive to the care of their soldiers before and after, as they are eager to train them for the day of battle.

They despise our general also for his total want of foresight and information. Who, say they, would think of advancing into a country, without informing himself with what troops he might expect to cope? Who would not have made previous inquiries of the enemy likely to fall on his rear, as well as those he was to meet in his front? They prove him to be totally unacquainted with the nature of the warfare, and to have fallen into disgrace from his own ignorance, incapacity, and temerity. But melancholy as it is to read those triumphs of the enemy over us, it is some subject of consolation, that the sick and wounded, left at their mercy, have been treated with the utmost kindness and humanity: so that they, who remained on the field of battle, have, in the end, been better off than those who fled with Lord Wellington from Talavera.

Of Spain we know little more than that Lord Talavera still hovers on the confines of Portugal: that frequent contests take place between the French and Spaniards, but the whole is confined to the *petite guerre*; that the main armies of France have not yet entered the south of Spain, which still is subject to the Junta at Seville.

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But, alas! of this Junta at Seville we can augur little good. At this time it is said that it is to be superseded; and its powers are to be vested in a regent, the Prince Archbishop of Toledo. From him we cannot form great expectations; and, in fact, the whole of their plans shew the want of a decisive and commanding mind to direct the energies of the country with success. A perfect contrast is seen at Madrid. There the sovereign is in full action, making laws that are beneficial to the country, suppressing convents, and restraining the power of the priests. Religious toleration is proclaimed in its fullest extent; and the censorate of books, which formerly belonged to the inquisition, is abolished. This effect of the French arms we may observe every where.—At Vienna they had a number of trifling laws on the subject of books; and the works of the best authors of this country were prohibited. The whole is now changed, and the only restraint is on political writings, as far as they relate to the present state of the country, in which the conqueror maintains his rights, and will not suffer his title to be invaded.

The war between Sweden and Russia is certainly at an end, and the articles of peace have been published. The former now rues the day that gave her up to the chivalrous king, to that king, whose follies found so many advocates in this country, who achieved not a single action worthy of a soldier or a sovereign, and whose conduct lost to Sweden its best territories.—Finland is now the property of Russia, and the territory of Sweden is confined within the limits formed by the western side of the Gulph of Bothnia, the Baltic, the eastern borders of Norway, and the frozen regions of the north. Of the deposed king we know nothing. A liberal allowance is made to him: and the present king is endeavouring to repair the mischief committed by his predecessor.

Russia speaks vauntingly of its new conquests and the glory of its arms. Finland is indeed a valuable acquisition, and its natives may meliorate the slaves who are sent to govern them. The Russian soldier will here learn new principles, both in religion and politics; and, by degrees, his brutish mind may be elevated above its present sphere. What part Russia took in the peace with Austria is not known. Peace without doubt is established also between these powers; and the war, which has been carried on with languor against Turkey, will be more brisk, and the tottering throne of the Ottoman will be again shaken to its centre.

Our ambassador is landed in America, and been received with due honours by the sovereign, but with some not very civil speeches from the publick. A negotiation is begun which may be of long duration. An awkward circumstance has, however, arisen. Part of a boat's crew of one of our ships deserted, and a demand was made by our consul to the magistrates, that they might be seized and delivered up to the ship. The sailors were, in consequence, seized, and the consul was called upon to shew his claim. The case was argued by counsel on both sides; and the result was, that the magistrates, having no fault to find with the men, and no breach of the peace being alledged against them, did not feel themselves authorized to hold them in custody. They were of course liberated, and carried away in triumph by the people. This is a difficulty which must frequently occur, unless altered by positive law: and a question arises, whether, if an American leaves his vessel in the Thames and loiters about Wapping, the master of the vessel can call upon a justice of the peace to issue a writ for him, and send him afterwards in custody of the constable aboard his ship? Here the master might complain of a breach of contract: but if, in the case of the British seamen, there was no contract, they were pressed men, that plea is lost; and the Americans must be satisfied, that it is the law of our country to interfere with ships' crews before they make any change in their own laws.

In the south of America a doubtful government exists. Buenos Ayres knows scarcely whom to obey, and it is said to have asserted its independence. To this probably it will soon be brought, and no one can be sorry for it: and if the Peruvians follow the same example, it will be better for the world. Of the Brazilians we cannot

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say that they are improved by an European court settling amongst them. An edict has been issued on the liberty of the press, worthy of the times of the deepest ignorance. A Brazilian has, however, spoken freely his sentiments on the decree: and if his countrymen participate but in a small degree in his vigour and energy, they may be preserved from that yoke of ignorance and superstition which made the Portuguese the most degraded nation in Europe.

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HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

OFFICIAL DETAILS *of the* OPERATIONS *of the* BRITISH FORCES *in* SPAIN.

[*Continued from p.* 253.]

Dispatches, of which the following are copies and extracts, were this day received at the office of Viscount Castlereagh, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, from Lieutenant-General Viscount Wellington, K.B.

Truxillo, Aug. 20, 1809.

MY LORD,—I wrote some days ago a letter to the French commander-in-chief, which I sent to him by Lieut.-Colonel Walters, to request his care and attention to the wounded officers and soldiers of the British army, who had fallen into his hands, in return for the care and attention which I had paid to the French officers and soldiers, who had fallen into my hands at different times; and that he would allow money to be sent to the officers; and that officers, who should not be deemed prisoners of war, might be sent to superintend and take care of the soldiers, till they should recover from their wounds, when the officers should be sent to join the British army.

I received a very civil answer from Marshal Mortier, promising that every care should be taken, and every attention paid to the British officers and soldiers who were wounded; but stating, that he could not answer upon the other demands contained in my letter, having been obliged to refer them to the commander-in-chief.

Since the receipt of this letter, Mr. Dillon, the assistant commissary, has arrived from Talavera, having been taken prisoner near Cevolla on the 27th of July, previous to the action, and having been allowed to come away. He reports that the British officers and soldiers, who are wounded, are doing remarkably well; and are well fed and taken care of; indeed he says preferably to the French troops.

I propose to send Colonel Walters with another flag of truce, to-morrow morning, and a letter to the commander-in-chief of the French army, requesting that a sum of money, which I shall send, may be given to the officers; and I shall endeavour to establish a cartel of exchange, as soon as possible.

I have the honour to be, &c.

A. WELLESLEY.

Lord Viscount Castlereagh, &c. &c. &c.

Truxillo, Aug. 21, 1809.

MY LORD,—When I marched from Talavera on the 3d inst. with a view to oppose the French corps which we had heard had passed through the Puerto de Banôs, and had arrived at Placentia, Sir Robert Wilson was detached, upon the left of the army, towards Escalona; and before I marched on that morning, I put him in communication with the Spanish General Cuesta, who, it had been settled, was to remain at Talavera. I understood that General Cuesta put Sir Robert in communication with his advanced guard, which retired from Talavera on the night of the 4th.

Sir Robert Wilson, however, did not arrive at Valada till the night of the 4th, having made a long march through the mountains: and as he was then six leagues from the bridge of Arco Bispo, and had to cross the high road from Oropesa to Talavera, of which the enemy was in possession, he conceived that he was too late to retire to Arco Bispo, and he determined to move by Venta St. Julien and Centinello towards the Tietara, and across that river towards the mountains which separate Castile from Estremadura.

Some of Sir Robert Wilson's dispatches having missed me, I am not aware by which of the passes he went through the mountains, but I believe by Tornavacas. He arrived, however, at Banôs on the 11th, and on the 12th was attacked and defeated by the French corps of Marshal Ney, which, with that of Soult, returned to Placentia on the 9th, 10th, and 11th; that of Ney having since gone on towards Salamanca.

I inclose Sir Robert Wilson's account of the action. He has been very active, intelligent, and useful in the command of the Portuguese and Spanish corps, with which he was detached from this army.

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Before the battle of the 28th of July, he had pushed his parties almost to the gates of Madrid, with which city he was in communication; and he would have been in Madrid, if I had not thought it proper to call him in, in expectation of that general action which took place on the 28th of July. He afterwards alarmed the enemy on the right of his army; and throughout the service, shewed himself to be an active and intelligent partizan, well acquainted with the country in which he was acting, and possessing the confidence of the troops which he commanded.

Being persuaded that his retreat was not open by Arco Bispo, he acted right in taking the road he did, with which he was well acquainted; and although unsuccessful in the action which he fought (which may well be accounted for, by the superior numbers and description of the enemy's troops,) the action, in my opinion, does him great credit.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) A. WELLESLEY.

Miranda de Castenar, Aug. 13, 1809.

SIR,—I have the honour to acquaint you, that I was on march yesterday morning on the road of Grenadelia from Aldea Neuva, to restore my communication with the allied army, when a peasant assured us, that a considerable quantity of dust, which we perceived in the road of Placentia, proceeded from the march of a body of the enemy.

I immediately returned, and took post in front of Banôs, with my pickets in advance of Aldea Neuva, selecting such points for defence as the exigency of the time permitted.

The enemy's cavalry advanced on the high road, and drove back my small cavalry posts; but a picket of Spanish infantry, which I had concealed, poured in on the cavalry a steady and well-directed fire, that killed and wounded many of them.

The two hundred Spanish infantry in advance of Aldea Neuva, continued, under the direction of Colonel Grant and their officers, to maintain their ground most gallantly, until the enemy's cavalry and chasseurs à cheval, in considerable bodies, appeared on both flanks, when they were obliged to retreat.

The enemy's chasseurs à cheval and cavalry advanced in great numbers in every direction, and pushed to cut off the legion posted between Aldea Neuva and Banôs; but, by the steady conduct of officers and men, the enemy could only advance gradually, and with a very severe loss, from the commanding fire thrown on them.

The Merida battalion, however, having given way on the right, a road was laid open, which cut behind our position, and I was obliged to order a retreat on the heights above Banôs, when I was again necessitated to detach a corps, in order to scour the road of Monte Major, by which I saw the enemy directing a column, and which road turned altogether the Puerto de Banôs, a league in our rear.

At this time, Don Carlos Marquis de Estragne came up with his battalion of light infantry, and, in the most gallant manner, took post along the heights commanding the road of Banôs, which enabled me to send some of the Merida battalion on the mountain on our left, commanding the main road, and which the enemy had tried to ascend.

The battalion of light infantry, and the detachment of the legion on its right, continued, notwithstanding the enemy's fire of artillery and musketry, to maintain their ground; but, at six o'clock in the evening, three columns of the enemy mounted the height on our left, gained it, and poured such a fire on the troops below, that longer defence was impracticable, and the whole was obliged to retire on the mountains on our left, leaving open the main road, along which a considerable column of cavalry immediately poured.

The battalion of Seville had been left at Bejar, with orders to follow me next day, but when I was obliged to return, and the action commenced, I ordered it to Puerto Banôs, to watch the Monte Major road, and the heights in the rear of our left.

When the enemy's cavalry came near, an officer and some dragoons called out to the commanding officer to surrender, but a volley killed him and his party, and then the battalion proceeded to mount the heights, in

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which movement it was attacked and surrounded by a column of cavalry and a column of infantry, but cut its way and cleared itself, killing a great many of the enemy, especially of his cavalry.

The enemy is now passing to Salamanca with great expedition; I lament that I could no longer arrest his progress; but, when the enormous superiority of the enemy's force is considered, and that we had no artillery, and that the Puerto de Banôs, on the Estremaduran side, is not a pass of such strength, as on the side of Castile, especially without guns, I hope that a resistance for nine hours, which must have cost the enemy a great many men, will not be deemed inadequate to our means.

I have to acknowledge the services rendered me on this occasion by Col. Grant, Major Reiman, Don Fermen Marquis, Adjutant-Major of the dragoons of Pavia, Captain Charles and Mr. Bolmon; and to express the greatest approbation of two companies of the Merida battalions, advanced in front, and of the commanding officer and soldiery of the battalions of Seville, and the Portuguese brigade. I have already noticed the distinguished conduct of Don Carlos, and his battalion merits the highest encomiums.

I have not been able to collect the returns of our loss. From the nature of mountain warfare, many men are missing, who cannot join for a day or two, but I believe the enemy will only have to boast that he has achieved his passage, and his killed and wounded will be a great diminution of his victory.

I have the honour to be, &c.

ROBERT WILSON.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, &c. &c.

Truxillo, Aug. 21, 1809.

General Cuesta moved his head-quarters from the neighbourhood of the bridge of Arcobispo on the night of the 7th inst. to Peraleca de Garbin, leaving an advanced guard, consisting of two divisions of infantry, and the Duke D'Albuquerque's division of cavalry, for the defence of the passage of the Tagus at this point.

The French cavalry passed the Tagus at a ford immediately above the bridge, at half-past one in the afternoon of the 8th, and surprised this advanced guard, which retired, leaving behind them all their cannon, as well as those in the batteries constructed for the defence of the bridge.

The General then moved his head-quarters to the Mesa d'Ibor, on the evening of the 8th, having his advanced guard at Bohoral. He resigned the command of the army on the 12th, (on account of the bad state of his health,) which has devolved upon General Equia. The head-quarters of the Spanish army are now at Deleytosa.

It appears, that a detachment of Venegas's army had some success against the enemy, in an attack made upon it in the neighbourhood of Aranjuez, on the 5th instant. Gen. Venegas was then at Ocana, and he had determined to retire towards the Sierra Morena; and, after the 5th, he had moved in that direction. He returned, however, towards Toledo, with an intention of attacking the enemy on the 12th; but, on the 11th, the enemy attacked him, with Sebastiani's corps and two divisions of Victor's, in the neighbourhood of Almoracid.—The action appears to have lasted some hours; but the French having at last gained an advantage on Gen. Venegas's left, he was obliged to retire; and was about to resume his position in the Sierra Morena.

On the 9th, 10th, and 11th, large detachments of the French troops, which had come from Placentia, returned to that quarter; and, on the 12th, they attacked and defeated Sir Robert Wilson in the Puerto de Banôs, on their return to Salamanca.

It appears now, that the French force in this part of Spain is distributed as follows: Marshal Victor's corps is divided between Talavera and La Mancha; Sebastiani's is in La Mancha; Marshal Mortier's at Oropesa, Arco Bispo, and Navalmoral; Marshal Soult's at Placentia; and Marshal Ney's at Salamanca.

Distress for want of provisions, and its effects, have at last obliged me to move towards the frontiers of Portugal, in order to refresh my troops. In my former dispatches, I have informed your lordship of our distress for the want of provisions and the means of transport. These want

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which were the first cause of the loss of many advantages, after the 22d of July, which were made known to the government, and were actually known to them on the 20th of last month, still exist in an aggravated degree; and, under these circumstances, I determined to break up, on the 20th, from Jaraicejo, where I had had my head-quarters since the 11th, with the advanced posts on the Tagus, near the bridge of Almarez, and to fall back upon the frontier of Portugal; where I hope I shall be supplied with every thing I want.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) A. WELLESLEY.

GALLANT ACTION.

His Majesty's sloop Bonne Citoyenne, Halifax, 1st Aug. 1809.

SIR,—I have the honour to acquaint you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that on the 18th day of June, having sailed from Spithead in company with his Majesty's ship Inflexible, and the Quebec trade, on the 2d of July, in latitude forty-four degrees north, longitude twenty-seven degrees west, I had the misfortune to lose sight of the convoy in reconnoitring a strange suspicious sail astern, and by traversing between the parallels of forty-three and forty-four degrees north, edging to the westward in proportion to the distance I supposed they would sail with such winds, in order to regain the fleet; I had the good fortune, on the 5th, at three P.M. in latitude forty-three degrees forty-one minutes north, and longitude thirty-four west, to fall in with a French frigate in the act of taking possession of a large English merchant ship, which they shortly relinquished on our approach, and steered to the northward under a press of sail. Finding they did not answer the private signal, I immediately bore up in pursuit, and, after a chace of eighteen hours, at twenty-five minutes past nine A.M. on the 6th, had the satisfaction to lay his Majesty's sloop along-side within pistol-shot of the enemy, who had brought-to to engage us.

A brisk cannonade with round and grape immediately commenced, and the combat continued with unabated fury, gradually closing until sixteen minutes past four P.M. when our powder being nearly all expended I determined to carry her by boarding with all hands, and at the instant of laying her aboard for that purpose, they called out they had surrendered, and struck their colours to his Majesty's sloop. Thus ended a conflict obstinately maintained for six hours and fifty minutes, during which the enemy fired away more then seventy broadsides, whilst his Majesty's sloop not less sparing, discharged one hundred and twenty-nine destructive broadsides, alternately from the starboard and larboard sides, as circumstances would permit me to change her position with advantage, so as to avoid the necessity of slackening our fire from the guns being over heated, three of which were dismounted and rendered useless early in the action.

She proved to be La Furieuse, a French frigate of the largest class, that escaped from the Saintes on the 1st of April, commanded by Captain Le Marant Ker Daniel, pierced for forty-eight guns, but having only twelve forty-two pound carronades and two long twenty-four pounders on the main deck, with six of smaller calibre; forty soldiers at small arms, her full proportion of officers, and a complement of two hundred men, besides the colonel, two lieutenants, and a detachment of the 66th regiment of the line; partly loaded with sugar and coffee, and sailed from Basse Terre the 14th June, bound to France; is seven years old, and sails very fast.

After a hard contested action a most arduous duty still remained to be performed. On taking possession we found the frigate in a most perilous state, with fourteen shot holes between wind and water, and five feet water in her hold. Her top masts, and all her yards (except the cross jack and sprit-sail) shot away, and her lower masts so badly wounded as to render it almost impossible to prevent them from falling, with more than seventy men killed and wounded, whilst his Majesty's sloop was reduced to a mere wreck, having all her lower masts badly wounded in several places, as well as the fore and main topmasts and mizen topmast shot away, nearly

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all the standing and every part of the running rigging, sails, boats, &c. cut to pieces. After securing the prisoners (the weather being very favourable during the night) by the exertion of Mr. Sandom, second lieutenant, and Mr. Atwater, the carpenter, several of the most dangerous shot holes were stopped, so as to enable them to keep the ship free: but all their efforts to save her masts proved ineffectual, as the main and mizen masts went over board the next day, leaving the bare foremast standing wounded in three places.

The indefatigable exertions of every officer and man in the Bonne Citoyenne in fishing and securing her masts, so as to be able to take the frigate in tow, and surmounting every other difficulty, merit my warmest praise and admiration; and I feel highly gratified in reporting to their lordships, that nothing could exceed the animated zeal and unwearied intrepidity of the officers, seamen, and royal marines, whom I have the honour to command, in a contest with an enemy apparently of so great a superiority of force; indeed the patience with which all hands have borne the extreme fatigue and privation of being constantly on deck for twenty-five days and nights, does them infinite credit, and urges me to so long a detail.

Thus circumstanced, I was induced to make the best of my way to this port, where I arrived with the prize on the 1st instant. The Bonne Citoyenne requiring three lower masts, &c. to enable her to proceed in the prosecution of their lordships' orders.—I am happy to say our loss has been inconceivably small, which I can attribute only to the lowness of the Bonne Citoyenne's hull, and being so close under the enemy's guns.

I have the honour to be, &c.

W. MOUNSEY.

Vice-Admiral Sir J. B Warren, K.B.

SUPPLEMENT *to the* LONDON GAZETTE, *Tuesday, July* 11.

An Account of the Battles fought near Aspern, on the Marchfield, on the 21st and 22d of May, 1809.

[Concluded from p. 257.]

BATTLE OF THE 22d OF MAY.

Corps of Lieutenant-General Hiller.

WITH the morning's dawn the enemy renewed his attacks, which far surpassed in impetuosity those of the preceding day. It was a conflict of valour and mutual exasperation.—Scarcely had the French Guards compelled General Wacquant to abandon Aspern, when the regiment of Klobek again penetrated into the burning village, drove back the choicest troops of the enemy, and engaged in a new contest in the midst of the conflagration, still, at the expiration of an hour, it was also obliged to give way. The regiment of Benjovsky now rushed in, and at the first onset gained possession of the church-yard, the walls of which Field-Marshal Lieutenant Hiller immediately ordered the first division of pioneers to pull down, and the church, together with the parsonage, to be set on fire. Thus was this regiment, supported by some battalions, commanded by General Bianchi, at length enabled to maintain itself at the entrance of the village, after overcoming the resistance, bordering on despair, opposed by the flower of the French army.

Neither could the enemy produce any farther effect upon the bushy meadow, after Lieutenant-General Hillier had ordered the force there to be supported by two battalions of Anton Mittrowsky's and a battery; on which the Jagers, St. George's, and two battalions of Vienna Volunteers, drove him from his advantageous position, which he never afterwards attempted to recover.

As about this time the left wing of the corps was likewise placed in security by three batteries sent by the Lieutenant-General, to support the General of Cavalry, Count Bellegarde, and the latter maintained his ground against the most desperate attacks of the enemy: the Lieutenant-General Hillier kept his position on the left flank of the enemy, and the victory was decided in this quarter. The corps was therefore again formed in two lines, and thus awaited the approaching events.

Corps of the General of Cavalry, Count Bellegarde.

Count Bellegarde, having received a message from General Wacquant

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that the enemy was assembling in force before Aspern, towards the Bushy Meadow, and apparently had in view an assault upon that point, was just going to throw a fresh battalion of Argentean's into Aspern, when the enemy, in heavy columns of infantry and cavalry, supported by a numerous artillery, began to advance upon the centre of the corps in the plain.

The troops stationed at Aspern, exhausted as they were with the incessant fire kept up during the night, were unable to withstand the impetuosity of the attack: their ammunition both for artillery and musquetry began to fail, and General Wacquant retreated in good order to the churchyard. This post, gained at so dear a rate, was again taken from him, after several attacks sustained in conjunction with Lieutenant-General Hiller: the place was alternately taken and lost, till at length the superiority of our fire obliged the enemy to abandon the houses, and a last assault of Hiller's corps prevented all farther attempts.

From the moment of the retaking of Aspern it became possible to oppose an offensive movement to the enemy advancing upon the centre, and to open upon his left flank and communication. The defence of Aspern was therefore left entirely to Hiller's corps, and while Count Bellegarde applied his right wing on Aspern, he formed his left and the centre in the direction of Esslingen, in such a manner that, by degrees, he gained the right flank of the enemy, compelled him to retreat, and, by the complete effect of the artillery, brought to bear upon the left wing, which commanded the whole space from Aspern to Esslingen, gave him a most severe defeat.

Corps of Lieutenant-General the Prince of Hohenzollern.

The dawn of morning was with this corps also the signal for the renewal of the gigantic conflict. The enemy's infantry was drawn up in large divisions, and between it the whole of the heavy cavalry was formed in masses. The General of cavalry, Prince Lichtenstein, on observing this order of battle, perceived the necessity of keeping up a close communication with the infantry placed near him; he therefore drew up his right wing *en echequier*, behind the corps of infantry, but kept his left wing together, with reserves posted in the rear.

A prodigious quantity of artillery covered the front of the enemy, who seemed desirous to annihilate our corps by the murderous fire of cannon and howitzers. Upwards of two hundred pieces of canon were engaged on both sides, and the oldest soldiers never recollect to have witnessed so tremendous a fire.

Vain was every effort to shake the intrepidity of the Austrian troops. Napoleon rode through his ranks, and according to the report of the prisoners, made them acquainted with the destruction of his bridge, but added, that he had himself ordered it to be broken down, because in this case there was no alternative, but victory or death. Soon afterwards the whole of the enemy's line put itself in motion, and the cavalry made its principal attack on the point where the corps of cavalry of Prince Lichtenstein communicated with the left wing of Lieutenant-General the Prince of Hohenzollern. The engagement now became general; the regiments of Rohan, D'Aspre, Joseph Colloredo and Stain, repulsed all the attacks of the enemy. The Generals were every where at the head of their troops, and inspired them with courage and perseverance. The Archduke himself seized the colours of Zach's, and the battalion, which had already begun to give way, followed with new enthusiasm his heroic example. Most of those who surrounded him were wounded; his Adjutant-Gen. Count Colloredo, received a ball in his head, the wound from which was considered dangerous: a squeeze of the hand signified to him the concern of his sympathizing commander, who, filled with contempt of death, now fought for glory and for his country.

The attacks of our impenetrable corps, both with the sabre and the bayonet, so rapidly repeated and so impetuous, as to be unparalleled in military annals, frustrated all the intentions of the enemy.

He was beaten at all points, and astonished at such undaunted intre-

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pidity, he was obliged to abandon the field of battle.

About this time Lieut.-Gen. the Prince of Hohenzollern observed on his left wing, near Esslingen, a chasm, which had been formed during the heat of the engagement, and afforded an advantageous point of attack.—French's regiment, commanded by Colonel Mecsery, was ordered thither in three corps, and repulsed four regiments of cavalry, accompanied with infantry and artillery. The corps remained in the position which they had taken, till the grenadiers of the Reserve, which the Archduke had ordered forward from Brietenlee, arrived to relieve the battalions exhausted with the sanguinary conflict, and continued the attack upon the centre of the enemy's position. Lieut.-Gen. D'Aspre penetrated with the four battalions of grenadiers of Pizerinshy, Putrony, Scovaux, and Scarlach, without firing a shot, to the enemy's cannon, where he was flanked by such a destructive fire from Esslingen, that nothing but the presence of the Archduke, who hastened to the spot, could have induced his grenadiers to maintain their ground. Captain Count Dombbasle had already reached the enemy's battery, when he was wounded by two balls, and quitted the field.

About noon the Archduke ordered a new assault upon Esslingen, which was immediately undertaken by Field-Marshal-Lieutenant D'Aspre with the grenadier battalions of Kirchenbetter and Scovaux on the left, and Scarlach and Gregory in front. Five times did these gallant troops rush up to the very walls of the houses, burning internally and placed in a state of defence; some of the grenadiers thrust their bayonets into the enemy's loopholes; but all their efforts were fruitless, for their antagonists fought the fight of despair. The Archduke ordered the grenadiers to take up their former position, and when they afterwards volunteered to renew the assault, he would not permit them, as the enemy was then in full retreat.

Corps of Field-Marshal Lieut. Prince Rosenberg.

Both divisions of this corps, which, in advancing to the engagement, had composed the fourth and fifth columns, were formed before break of day for a new attack, for which the enemy likewise made preparation on his side, but with a manifest superiority in numbers.

Prince Rosenberg resolved to attack the village of Esslingen with the Archduke Charles's regiment of infantry, to push forward his other troops in battalions, and in particular to go and meet the enemy, who was advancing in the open country between Esslingen and the nearest arm of the Danube.

The village was already gained, and battalions advancing on the left, obliged the enemy, drawn up in several lines, to yield. The most violent cannonade was kept up incessantly on both sides, and it was sustained by the troops with the greatest fortitude.

Favoured by a fog, which suddenly came on, the enemy's heavy cavalry ventured to attack on all sides the corps formed by Sztarray's and Hiller's regiment of infantry. These brave fellows received him with fixed bayonets, and at the last moment poured in their fire with such effect, that the enemy was compelled to betake himself to flight with considerable loss. Five times were these attacks on Sztarray's and Hiller's regiment repeated, and each time they were repelled with equal courage and resolution. The cavalry contributed all that lay in their power to the pursuit of the enemy and the support of the infantry.

Coburg's, the Archduke Louis's, and Czatorisky's regiments belonging to the division of Lieutenant-General Dedovich, stationed on the right, renewed the exertions of the preceding day with the same distinction and the same success. After this severe conflict, the enemy seemed to have no inclination to expose himself to any fresh disaster, and confined himself merely to the operation of his superior artillery.

About eleven *a. m.* Prince Rosenberg received orders from the Archduke, commander-in-chief, to make a new attack upon Esslingen, and a message to the same effect was sent to Lieutenant-General Dedovich, who commanded the right division of this corps.

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Prince Rosenberg immediately formed two columns of attack under the conduct of Lieutenant-Generals Princes Hohenlohe and Rohan, while Lieut.-General Dedovich advanced against the citadel of the place, and the magazines surrounded with walls and ditches.

The attack was made with redoubled bravery, and our troops rushed with irresistible impetuosity into the village. Still, however, they found it impossible to maintain this post, into which the enemy kept continually throwing new reinforcements, which was of the utmost importance for covering his retreat, which he had already resolved upon, and which he defended with an immense sacrifice of lives. Prince Rosenberg therefore resolved to confine himself to the obstinate maintenance of his own position, to secure the left flank of the army, and to encrease the embarrassment of the enemy by an incessant fire from all the batteries.

In the night between the 22d and 23d the enemy accomplished his retreat to the Lobau, and at three in the morning his rear-guard also had evacuated Esslingen and all the points which he had occupied on the left bank of the Danube. Some divisions pursued him closely, and took possession as near as possible of the necessary posts of observation.

Thus terminated a conflict of two days, which will be ever memorable in the annals of the world, and in the history of war. It was the most obstinate and bloody that has occurred since the commencement of the French revolution.

It was decisive for the glory of the Austrian arms, for the preservation of the monarchy, and for the correction of the public opinion.

The infantry has entered upon a new and brilliant career, and by the firm confidence it has manifested in its own energies, has paved the way to new victories. The enemy's cavalry has seen its acquired but hitherto untried glory dissipated by the masses of our battalions, whose cool intrepidity it was unable to endure.

Cavalry and artillery have surpassed themselves in valour, and in the space of two days have performed achievements sufficient for a whole campaign.

Three pieces of cannon, seven ammunition waggons, 17,000 French muskets, and about 3000 cuirasses fell into the hands of the conqueror. The loss on both sides was very great: this, and the circumstance that very few prisoners were taken by either party, proves the determination of the combatants either to conquer or die.

The Austrian army laments the deaths of eighty-seven superior officers, 4199 subalterns and privates.

Lieutenant-Generals Prince Rohan, Dedovich, Weber, and Frenel, Generals Winzingerode, Grill, Neustadter, Siegenthal, Colloredo, May Hohenfeld, and Buresch, six hundred and sixty-three officers, and 15,651 subalterns and privates were wounded. Of these Field-Marshal-Lieut. Weber, eight officers, and 829 men were taken prisoners by the enemy.

The loss of the enemy was prodigious, and exceeds all expectation. It can only be accounted for by the effect of our concentric fire on an exceedingly confined field of battle, where all the batteries crossed one another, and calculated by the following authentic data.

Generals Lasnes, D'Espagne, St. Hilaire, and Albuquerque are dead; Massena, Bessieres, Molitor, Bouder, Legrand, Lasalle, and the two brothers Legrange wounded; Durosnel and Fouler taken.

Upwards of 7000 men, and an immense number of horses were buried in the field of battle; five thousand and some hundred wounded lie in our hospitals. In Vienna and the suburbs there are at present 28,773 wounded; many were carried to St. Polten, Enns, and as far as Linz; 2,300 were taken. Several hundreds of corpses floated down the Danube, and are still daily thrown upon its shores; many met their death in the island of Lobau, and since the water has fallen in the smaller arms of the river, innumerable bodies, thus consigned by their comrades to everlasting oblivion, have become visible. The burying of the sufferers is not yet over, and a pestilential air is wafted from the theatre of death.

His imperial Highness, the Gene-

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ralissimo, has indeed undertaken the duty so dear to his heart, of acquainting the monarch and the country with the names of those who took the most active share in the achievements of these glorious days; but he acknowledges with profound emotion, that, amidst the rivalship of the highest military virtues, it is scarcely possible to distinguish the most valiant, and declares all the soldiers of Aspern worthy of public gratitude.

His Imperial Highness considers the intelligent dispositions of the chief of his staff, Gen. Baron Wimpffen, and his incessant exertions, as the foundation of the victory.

The officers commanding corps have rendered themselves deserving of the highest favours by uncommon devotedness, personal bravery, warm attachment to their sovereign, and their high sense of honour.

Their names will be transmitted to posterity with the achievements of the valiant troops who were under their direction. Colonel Smola, of the artillery, by his indefatigable activity in the proper application of the ordnance, and his well known bravery rendered the most important services.

[Here follows a very long list of the officers of all ranks, who had distinguished themselves; to which some achievements of a corporal and a few privates are added. Relative to the artillery it is also observed, "there are few but what highly distinguished themselves by deeds of the noblest daring, and contempt of every danger."]

FRENCH ACCOUNT *of the* ENGLISH EXPEDITION *to* FLUSHING, *&c.*

Remarks of the *Moniteur* on some Extracts from an English Newspaper of the 19th August, 1809.

STATE OF EUROPE.

"We cannot consider either the Austrian Monarchy, its armies, or its Sovereign, as humbled or crushed in the same degree as they were after the battle of Austerlitz.—No interviews in a windmill are mentioned."—(*Globe.*)

Note by the Moniteur.—If there has been no interview, it is because the Emperor Napoleon would have none. The first interview, in which the Emperor Napoleon gave peace to his enemy, having left no remembrance of gratitude in the breast of the latter, it became evident that a fresh interview would be to no purpose.

With regard to the difference between the situations of Austria, after the battles of Austerlitz and Wagram, it is this:—After the battle of Austerlitz, Russia was still allied with Austria; she had upon the Vistula a second army, which she might march; Prussia, who had signed the convention of the 2d of November, might take part in the war; in short, the army of Prince Charles was still untouched, and the whole of it might march. On the other hand, the important fortress of Raab, and the circles of Hungary, had not been occupied; Saxony did not yet form part of the confederation; and the position of Dresden must be considered as of some importance; in fine, the Dutchy of Warsaw belonged to Prussia, and the army of Gallicia, which now menaces Moravia, did not exist. At present, on the contrary, all the Austrian armies, all the Austrian fortresses, have been attacked and vanquished. There are hardly any vestiges remaining of the army which the Archduke John brought from Italy; and if it can still muster ten thousand men under arms, most of these men are only recruits. The grand army of Prince Charles being beaten at Eggmulth, at Ratisbon, at Esling, and at Wagram, has lost its best soldiers; and he himself, frightened at the spirit of intrigue and division which reigns in the Cabinet, has thrown up the command, and retired. The difference is not less great in the internal situation of the Monarchy: After the Peace of Presburgh, the French had only passed through the hereditary states; upon the present occasion, they have already made a stay in them of upwards of four months. At that time Austria had not made the last efforts; her population was still entire; at present many provinces have been so much depopulated by the levies in mass, that no other inhabitants are to be found in the villages than women and children. At that time all the revolutionary means, which had been taken, existed,

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and might be employed; at present they have been taken, and have been taken in vain. The country is exhausted of men as well as of things.

"Meanwhile, an armament, formidable from its numbers (would we could say from the recognised talents and activity of its Commander!) sent from this country, has landed in Zealand. Had it fortunately been fitted out and dispatched six weeks earlier, such an invasion, directed against countries so near to France, and against rivers or fortresses, in which Napoleon has been collecting the materials for invasion, during many years, might have powerfully operated on the Danube."—(*Globe.*)

Note of the Moniteur—The expedition against Zealand could not have any result for England. It might occasion some embarrassments, some fresh burdens to the people of France; but these they do not calculate, when any proofs of zeal or devotedness are to be given to the country; it could give the English nothing but shame; it could be attended with no other result than to make them lose an army, whilst it would procure a new army to the Emperor. These prognostics have been perfectly verified.

We say that the expedition could not be attended with any result, because it was necessary to begin by making the siege of Flushing. Flushing, provided the island of Walcheren be inundated, must be considered, by every sensible officer, as a place impregnable by a regular siege, or at least as presenting difficulties which the labour of four months would be unable to vanquish. In this instance, the wisest calculations were baffled. Flushing, when the besiegers' trenches were still 800 paces from the body of the fortress, when there was no breach, when the body of the fortress was untouched, surrendered by the sole effect of the terror of a bombardment. Is this cowardice; Is it treason? The sequel of the enquiry will prove which.

Thus, then, the sole opposition of Flushing, which detained the English expedition only twenty days, ought to have detained it three months.

Of all the chances of succeeding, certainly the one least expected by the English must have been such a success obtained by a bombardment; they required twenty days for that. Now, twenty days spent in the island of Walcheren, in the month of August, must have occasioned a number of sick, which cannot be computed at less than one in four soldiers; and to calculate otherwise would betray a total ignorance of the effects of that climate. When we say that twenty days spent in the island of Walcheren must cost the quarter of the troops which land in it, we may add, that the health of the other three quarters must be essentially impaired, and that all the weakened men are on the point of falling sick. It is, therefore, a most senseless attempt to land brave soldiers in that fatal country, and we must consider the English army as destroyed, or, at least, what remains of it, as unable to do much duty for several months to come.

But, in fine, after the siege of Flushing, we had to expect the siege of Fort Batz, which, communicating by water with Bergen-op-Zoom and with Fort St. Martin, which the French have built opposite to it, could in like manner not be taken, but after works and trenches carried on in a country, the climate of which is as fatal as that of Walcheren.—It is true, that the English were fortunate! A Dutch General, called Bruce, the shame of the military name, and whose head the nation must have to fall upon the scaffold, evacuated this fort, through an unexampled panic, six hours before the English arrived. Here, then, we again behold the English enjoying a good fortune upon which they could not rely—but these fortunate events, purchased with the ever-increasing diminution of their army, whither could they carry them? To burn the French squadron. To effect this, it was necessary to take Antwerp. But, in fine, the French squadron being taken and burned, it remains to be known, whether such an operation was worth what it has cost? and whether it be very prudent to go to an expense of many men, and of forty or fifty millions, in order to occasion one's enemy a loss of between fifteen and twenty millions?

But the ships at Antwerp could not

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be taken. They did not depend upon the occupation of Flushing, upon that of Walcheren, nor of any island: they depended upon the continent. It was necessary to take Antwerp! The English, who, for this long time past, have not travelled upon the Continent, consulted information collected six years ago, and imagined that Antwerp was still an open town, as it was when it was only a trading port; they did not take into their calculation the works of these latter years, especially those which the Emperor has caused to be raised, since his journey to Antwerp. Upon establishing a dock-yard in that town, he ordered its fortifications to be again raised; it is now surrounded with a bastioned rampart. The ditch, filled with water, which covers this rampart, has been repaired; the left of the town is covered by an immense inundation, which removes the approaches upwards of 1500 fathoms; the right is supported by the citadel, which is a fine piece of fortification; upon this front several works have been established; among others, a fine half-moon, with its counterscarp. Upon the left banks of the Scheldt there are no houses, but the Head of Flanders has been re-established, and its works are protected by an inundation of two thousand fathoms in extent. The English could not, therefore, take Antwerp without besieging it, without methodically opening the trenches, without working on through the inundations and marshes, in short, without having invested the town; and if they must invest it on both sides, they would require to have two armies: 1st, One between the Head of Flanders and the town of St. Nicholas, opposite to Brussels and to the road of France: indeed, we know no General bold enough to take this position with less than eight thousand infantry, and between eight and ten thousand cavalry, since he must have to withstand the army which should arrive from France; and the troops should stretch out from the Head of Flanders, that is to say, the whole garrison of Antwerp, which is a combined attack, would sally out on that side. 2d, On the side of the town, the investment could not reasonably take place with an army of less than 40,000 men, having in front a corps of observation, to keep in check the army of the Duke of Valmy, assembled at Maestricht, which would draw near Antwerp, and having another corps towards Bergen-op-Zoom, against the Dutch. It would therefore have been easier for Lord Chatham to take Brussels, to march against Ghent, and to advance as far as Flanders, leaving Antwerp and the French army behind him, than to undertake to invest Antwerp and besiege it.

This much with regard to the same side.

[*To be continued.*]

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

CORNWALL.

DIED.] Lately, at Falmouth, Mr. Nathaniel Hingston, a merchant and contractor, of the first respectability. This gentleman was of such great bulk and stature, that a part of his house was obliged to be pulled down, to permit him to be carried from his chamber. He was inclosed in three coffins—the external one of lead; which was 6 ft. 6 in. long, 2½ ft. deep, and 2 ft. 2 in. wide. He was drawn about ten miles, to the place of interment, on very strong wheels, (for no hearse could bear him,) and put into the grave by tackles fixed to a large tree, which overhung the spot. Although the day on which he was interred was extremely unfavourable, thousands of persons attended the funeral, and every chaise, within 50 miles, was put in requisition on the occasion.

CUMBERLAND.

The Free Grammar School at St. Bees, near Whitehaven, founded by Archbishop Grindal, in the year 1597, has not undergone any material change since that period, until the present time. Occasional repairs were indeed found absolutely necessary, for the support of the buildings; but no improvement seems ever to have been attempted. Through the munificence of the Earl of Lonsdale, this long-respected seminary is now put into complete order, and made more suitable to the purpose intended by the

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pious founder, than it has been at any time since its erection. Exclusive of what has been done at the spacious school-room, the library is rendered more commodious. The master's house (which adjoins the school,) has been enlarged; some parts of it rebuilt; a good garden walled round; and the whole made a very comfortable and eligible residence.

KENT.

The Earl of Dundonald has engaged Mr. Callaway's worsted-mill, near Canterbury, where his lordship purposes to introduce a new manufactory, the intention of which we cannot better explain, than by inserting the following copy of an address from the noble Earl, which has been circulated amongst those who are concerned in the worsted-hosiery trade:—

"Kent produces the *best* wool for the worsted and hosiery trades of any county in England, and yet there are none of those branches established in the county: indeed, few manufactures of any kind.

"The worsted-hosiery trade has hitherto been confined principally to the counties of Leicester, Nottingham, part of Warwick, and Derby; to each of those counties the Kent wool is sent at a *considerable expense* in carriage, besides *other charges*: the author of this short statement, begs leave to call the attention of the inhabitants of the county of Kent to the manufacturing, *in the county*, the wool which is grown, thus finding employment for all ages and sexes.

"Next to food, clothing, in this *northern climate*, must be deemed an *article of primary necessity*. The writer of this, who has for a considerable time past made the proper spinning of worsted and all kinds of wool his particular study, and has improved the worsted machinery, so that he spins *twice as fine* and *double the quantity* that has hitherto been spun by the *common* worsted spinning machinery, has engaged Mr. Callaway's worsted-mill, for some years, late in the possession of Messrs. Follows and Myers in London, in order to *lead the way* and to *introduce* a spirit of *manufacturing industry* into the county of Kent; (although he is a Peer) he is convinced, that no man of sense will think the worse of him because he is a mechanic and a manufacturer, and he shall ever be happy to communicate his ideas and improvements to persons desirous of adopting them."

NORFOLK.

At the late Sessions for the city of Norwich, leave was obtained, on the part of Major Turner, to exhibit articles of the peace against Mrs. Sinclair Sutherland. These articles, after a recital of the former charges, and the decision of the Court upon them, further stated, that Mrs. S. Sutherland had, at the last Sessions, given her own recognizance, which was of no effect, she being a married woman; that only seven days after entering into this recognizance, she came again upon Major Turner's premises, at Buckenham, in this county, whilst he was there present, looking into his parlour windows, and using offensive and provoking language, and that this conduct she repeated on several occasions afterwards, staying for one or two hours at a time; that Major Turner having, in order to avoid her, retired into an upper apartment of his house, Mrs. S. Sutherland procured a ladder, which, setting against the wall of the said apartment, she mounted, and looked in at the window; that within these few days last past, Major T. received a letter, written by Mrs. S. containing expressions liable to construction injurious to his character. To the truth of these articles Major T. swore in presence of the Court, who determined that Mrs. Sinclair Sutherland should find two sureties in 100l. each for keeping the peace towards Major Turner for one year. On the lady not being prepared to comply with this decision, she was committed to the Castle; whence, however, she was released the same afternoon, two gentlemen, one an inhabitant of this city, and the other of New Buckenham, having agreed to be bound for her in the penalties above mentioned. The court decided upon the question, when there appeared—Ayes 24—Noes 10; there being 34 Magistrates present who voted.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Died.] At Bath, Mrs. Franks, daughter of Capt. Russell, aged 52 years; her loss is extremely regretted by the afflicted; her whole life was a

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pattern, as a christian, a wife, and a mother.

At Bristol, aged 19, John Dawes Worgan. He was a Hebrew, Greek, and Latin scholar; had added the acquirement of the French, Italian, and other modern languages; and was a poet of no mean order. He had been for some time domestic tutor to the sons of Dr. Jenner, who discovered his brilliant talents, but whose sagacity always predicted an early grave to this specimen of premature genius. He was a sincere Christian, of amiable manners, and unimpeachable morals.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Smradiatka, a bathing-place in Moravia, died lately the *Howard* of Austria, Count Von Berchbold, a victim of his humane efforts. He travelled in Europe for 13 years, and four years in Asia and Africa, in order to become acquainted with the happiness and wretchedness of mankind, and every where to promote the former, and mitigate the latter. He was the founder of the Moravian Humane Society and of the Establishment of Preservation at Prague and Brunn. Not one hour of his life passed unprofitably. At this period he had converted his fine Castle of Buchlowitz, in Moravia, into an hospital for sick and wounded Austrians, in attending whom he caught an epidemic fever, which terminated his life.

At Philadelphia, aged about 86 years, James Pemberton, Esq. of the society called Quakers; by which, no less than by the community at large, he was eminently distinguished for the upright discharge of his religious and civil duties. He was long the colleague of Dr. Benjam Franklin, in representing that (his native) city, in the general legislature of Pensylvania, previous to the revolution; and after it, he succeeded the philosopher as president of the society, instituted for promoting the interests of the enslaved Africans; which, with various other benevolent objects, engaged a large proportion of his time more than half a century. On the 18th, at the interment of his remains, the respect felt for his memory was manifested by a very numerous attendance of his fellow citizens, of all ranks and denominations. His temperature, and regular habits, contributed to preserve, almost to the last, the unimpaired enjoyment of his intellectual faculties, with a capacity for exerting them; and his closing moments evinced the peaceful retrospect of a well-spent life.—"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

At Cronroe, I. Ambrose Eccles, Esq. a character of the highest respectability. A profound scholar, a perfect gentleman, he was an ornament to society. As a critic, he was distinguished amongst the commentators on Shakspeare. On the qualities of his heart, it is not, at present, intended to expatiate. Perhaps a better husband, a better father, and, in every respect, a better man never existed. After a regular course of education, in the college of Dublin, he went to the Continent. Here his stay was not long. From France he proceeded to Italy, but ill health limited his tour in that inreresting country. From Rome he returned to Florence, where he studied the Italian language, with great assiduity and success, under a celebrated professor. But he was soon compelled, by the state of his health, to return home. On his way, he paused in London, where he contrived to reside sometime, associating with some of the remarkable literary characters of the day. With the late Dr. Johnson, he boasted no intimacy, but he had met him at Tom Davies's, and paid the most respectful attention to his conversation. Some of his opinions and remarks, which had impressed themselves deeply upon his memory, he used to take pleasure in repeating. Revering Tillotson, he was surprised to hear the Doctor call him "a pitiful fellow." But he was still more astonished to hear him acknowledge, "long after he had been employed in preparing his Shakspeare for the public eye, indeed a very short time before it issued from the press, that he had never yet read the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher." During his residence in London, the theatre engaged much of his attention, and his passion for that elegant amusement grew with his years. He followed the best performers from

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theatre to theatre, and studied the best dramatic writers. From an admirer he became a critic. Idolising Shakspeare, he often lamented that his dramas had suffered in their structure, from the ignorance or carelessness of the first editors. This determined him to attempt a transposition of the scenes, in a few places, from the order in which they have been handed down by successive editions. "This," he continues in the modest preface to his edition of *Lear*, "will doubtless be thought by many a hardy innovation; but if it be considered in what a disorderly and neglected state this author's pieces are reported to have been left by him, and how little certainty there is that the scenes have hitherto preserved their original arrangement, the presumption with which this attempt is chargeable will admit of much extenuation; and it were, at least, to be wished that no privilege of alteration more injurious to Shakspeare, had ever been assumed by any of his editors." What he attempted, he has accomplished with great ingenuity and much taste in his editions of the following plays:—*Lear and Cymbeline*, Dub. 1793, and the *Merchant of Venice*, Dub. 1805. To each play he has assigned a separate volume, containing not only notes and illustrations of various commentators, with remarks by the editor, but the several critical and historical essays that have appeared at different times, respecting each piece. To *Cymbeline* he has added a new translation of the ninth story of *Second Day of the Decamerone*, and an original air, which accompanies the words of the elegy on *Fidele*'s death, composed on purpose for his publication, by Sig. Giordani. These editions will yet be considered as a valuable accession to the critical labours of the commentators of our immortal bard. According as they are better known, they will rise in estimation. The praise bestowed on them by the author of an Essay on the revival of the drama in Italy, note 8, p. 270, is only justice to their merit. "*As you like it*" was prepared for the press upon the same plan, but it sleeps with the editor.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

SEPT. 24, to OCT. 24, 1809, inclusive.

[Extracted from the London Gazette.]—The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.

ALDERSON T. G. jun. Bury St. Edmund's, printer, (Giles, Great Shire-lane). Alcocks J. Nettlebed, victualler, (Attwood, Ensham, Oxford). Arton J. Great Driffield, grocer, (Rosser and Son, Bartlett's-buildings).

Browne J. and Powell J. Liverpool, merchants, (Blackstock, London). Ball R. East Brent, Somerset, mercer, (Blake, Cook's-court, Carey street). Brown T. Leeds, flax-spinner, (Exley and Co. Furnival's Inn). Bryan T. Mincing-lane, broker, (Owen and Co Bartlett's-buildings). Brewer T. Baldwin's-gardens, tin-plate-worker, (Parton, Walbrook). Birt J. Leckhampton, Gloucester, farmer, (Price and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Buck G. Cockspur-street, tailor, (Smith, Charles-street).

Chetham J. Heaton-Norris, Manchester, check-manufacturer, (Lingard, Heaton-Norris). Chadwick A. Bredbury, widow, (Edge, Inner-Temple). Chadwick J. Bredbury, hat manufacturer, (Edge, Inner-Temple). Chadwick J. Lower Thames-street, victualler, (Popkin, Dean-street). Chase D. Dean-street, leather-factor, (Kirkman, Cloak-lane). Comfort M. Brighthelmstone, carpenter, (Fourle and Co. Doughty-street). Cuming T. Castle-court, merchant, (Gregson and Co. Angel-court). Chadwick A. and Chadwick J. Bredbury-green, hatters, (Milne and Co. Temple).

Dean D. sen. Dean D. jun. and Dean J. St. John's-street, cheesemongers, (Willet, and Co Finsbury-square). Dindale J. Kingston-upon-Hull, dealer, (Pierce, Kirby-street). Duchatelay, L. D. Great Scotland-yard, distiller, (Popkin, Dean-street). Drury J. F. Clerkenwell-green, brass-founder, (Meredith and Co. Lincoln's Inn).

Favell E. and J. Cambridge, painters, (Sandys and Co. Crane-court). Francis J. Leather-lane, leather-seller, (Kirkman, Cloak-lane) France S Liverpool, butcher, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court). Fuller J. Lewes, butcher, (Turner, Bouverie-street).

Greaves B. and J. Moseley, Lancaster, merchants, (Battye, Chancery-lane). Gosling S. Stockport, cotton-dealer, (Avison, Liverpool). Gale J. New London-street, merchant, (Oakley, Martin's-lane). Garnons C. Holborn, trunk-maker, (Popkin, Dean street)

Harrison J. Southwick, ship-owner, (Hartley, New Bridge-street). Hollis R. Reading, grocer, (Jenkins and Co. New-Inn). Hale H. and H. H. Birchin-lane,

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merchants, (Alliston, Freeman's-court). Hunt, R. Nottingham, mercer, (Kinderley and Co. Gray's-Inn-square). Halliday T. Baildon, York, worsted-spinner, (Evans, Hatton-Garden). Hey M Cateaton-street, warehouseman, (Bourdillon and Co. Little Friday-street). Hewett J. West Bedfont, Staines, farmer, (Phillipson and Co. Staple-Inn). Houson J. Doncaster, victualler, (Bigg, Hatton-garden).

Knowles T. York, shopkeeper, (Nettleship, Grocers'-hall).

Leroux H. J. otherwise Leroux H. Canonbury-square, builder, (Denton and Co. Gray's-Inn). Lucas J. P. Birmingham, auctioneer, (Frowd, Temple).

Mullens, W. Cheam, Surrey, builder, (Fowler, Basing-lane). Mather T. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, oilman, (Edge, Inner Temple). Metcalf J. New London-street, merchant, (Oakley, Martin's-lane). Mitchell J. New Sleaford, grocer, (Wilson, Greville-street). Moore J. New Surrey-street, ironmonger, (Elstob, Catherine-court). Mather W. Dudley, tailor, (Turner and Co. Bloomsbury-square).

Niner A. Totnes, Devon, grocer, (Williams, Austin-friars). Norris J. Portsmouth, baker, (Howard, Portsea). M'Neal N. London, merchant, (Nind, Throgmorton-street).

Pierce T. Canterbury, brazier, (Nethersole and Co. Essex-street). Prynn A. A. St. Columb, mercer, (Hewlett, Roll's-buildings, Fetter-lane). Parkinson G. Bracklersbury, warehouseman, (Welch, Nicholas-lane). Perrin J. Portwood, cotton-spinner, (Newton and Co. Stockport). Pratt W. Bromley, victualler, (Popkin, Dean-street). Parker W. Bucknall Ironworks, Stafford, ironfounder, (Pritchard, Broseley, Shropshire).

Roberts R. Liverpool, merchant, (Wartand and Co. Castle-court). Robson T. Bishop-Weremouth, builder, (Blackiston, Symond's-Inn). Roscoe, J. Liverpool, grocer, (Cooper and Co. Southampton-buildings). Rouse W. Cheltenham, watch-maker, (Vizard and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Redfern J. Bury, Lancaster, baker, (Windle, John-street). Riley H. Somerhons, Halifax, cotton-spinner, (Hurd, King's Bench-Walks).

Stevenson J. Oxford-street, dealer and chapman, (Allen Berner's-street). Shaw D. Barnsley, York, mercer, (Wilson, Greville-street). Stratton G. Piccadilly, ironmonger, (Popkin, Dean-street). Seccombe J. Walkhampton, Devon, yarn-manufacturer; Hore, W. Grampound, woollen-manufacturer; Burley C. woollen-manufacturer; and Serle R. Saint Stephen's, Cornwall, woollen-manufacturer, (Fairbank, Ely-place). Shillibeer H. B. Plymouth-dock, auctioneer, (Williams and Co. Prince's-street).

Taylor W. White Horse-lane, Stepney, broker, (Latimer, Gray's-Inn-square). Timson J. W. and Baxter J. Leicester, linen drapers, (Bleasdale and Co New-Inn). Tigwell J. Gosport, linen-draper, (Syddall, Aldersgate-street). Taylor R. Blythe's-yard, Whitecross-street, chair-maker, (Russen and Co. Crown-court). Thompson H. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, woollen draper, (Lockwood, jun. Easingwold).

Williams W. Liverpool, dealer and chapman, (Hulme, Russel-square). Windle E. W Rotherhithe-street, ironmonger, (Noy, Mincing-lane). Wood T. Stockport, tailor, (Newton and Co. Stockport). Woodman C. Chesham, wine-merchant, (Tilbury and Co. Bedford-row). Williams J. Cadoxton, near Neath, Glamorgan, ironmonger, (Williams and Co Lincoln's-Inn).

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, WATER-WORKS, BREWERY SHARES, &c. &c.

Oct. 21, 1809.

London Dock Stock, 131*l.* per cent.
West-India ditto, 183*l.* ditto.
East-India ditto, 128*l.* ditto.
Commercial ditto, 175*l.* ditto.
East Country ditto, 90*l.* per share
Grand Junction Canal Shares, 220*l.* ditto
Grand Surrey ditto, 80*l.* ditto.
Grand Union ditto. 6*l.* per share prem.
Thames and Medway ditto, 22*l.* ditto
Kennett and Avon ditto, 45*l.* per share
Globe Fire and Life Assurance Shares, 121*l.* ditto.
Albion ditto, 55*l.* ditto
Hope ditto, par
Eagle ditto, par
Atlas ditto, par
Imperial Fire Assurance, 64*l.* per share.
Kent ditto, 47*l.* ditto.
Rock Life Assurance, 4*s.* to 5*s.* per share prem.
Commercial Road Stock, 126*l.* per cent.
London Institution, 84*l.* per share
Surrey ditto, par
South London Water Works, 137*l* pr. share
East London ditto, 226*l.* ditto.
West Middlesex ditto, 136*l.* per share
Portsmouth and Farlington ditto, 10*l.* per share prem.
Kent ditto, 30*l.* ditto
Huddersfield Canal 41*l.* per share
Wilts and Berks ditto 46*l.* ditto.
Croydon ditto, 50*l.* ditto.
Auction Mart, 36*l.* ditto.

L. WOLFE and Co. *Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.*

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AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE late favourable state of the weather has been peculiarly serviceable for getting in the rest of the harvest, particularly in the northern districts.

The situation of the wheat crops, especially in low and wet situations, has been much mended; and the dibbling system seems generally taking place of the drill practice. It is generally agreed, that the potatoe crops have turned out well, both in quality and produce; but the continued rains in the month of September, have injured large tracts of turnip, and other green crops beyond recovery.

The quantity of grass, as might have been expected, has been unusually great in the midland and southern districts; a circumstance which has contributed to the late high price of lean stock: the after grass, particularly in Middlesex, has been abundant.

The hop plantations in Sussex and some part of Mid-Kent are more productive than east Kent, but they all fall short of the quantity at which they have been estimated.—The Farnham plantation, with the exception of about twenty or thirty acres near the town, is very unproductive. Worcester, Essex, and the north clays, are also much blighted. Weyhill fair is expected to produce a very small supply of hops; but as the buyers last fair purchased sufficient for two years' consumption, the demand cannot be great.

Price of meat in Smithfield Market:—Beef, 4s. 0d. to 5s. 0d.;—Mutton, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.;—Veal, 5s. to 6s.;—Pork, 5s. 8d. to 6s. 8d.

Middlesex, Oct. 25.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended Oct. 14, 1809.

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Middsx.	112	0	60	1	50	8	37	5
Surrey	115	0	58	0	52	0	40	10
Hertford	100	6	59	6	46	0	36	8
Bedford	100	9	60	5	49	0	36	10
Huntin.	102	4			48	8	33	6
Northa.	104	0	72	0	52	8	35	6
Rutland	109	6	75	0	58	8	37	6
Leicest.	106	10	67	9	56	10	36	11
Notting.	108	4	63	0	58	0	37	4
Derby	105	8					40	4
Stafford	121	4			61	5	39	7
Salop	106	8	74	0	63	11	37	10
Herefor.	108	2	54	4	50	10	38	4
Wor'st.	116	9	56	10	65	10	48	0
Warwic	119	4			72	10	43	8
Wilts	105	4			53	0	38	8
Berks	109	9	65	0	49	3	35	10
Oxford	113	0			49	9	39	6
Bucks	111	0			48	3	38	6
Brecon	121	7	72	0	57	0	28	8
Montgo.	106	4			62	5	29	7
Radnor.	119	6			52	2	32	0

MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d	s.	d.
Essex	112	4	56	6	51	4	36	8
Kent	106	0	60	0	45	9	37	0
Sussex	106	8			51	0	35	0
Suffolk	95	3	54	9	46	11	33	10
Cambridge	104	1	68	0	46	0	27	5
Norfolk	97	4	55	0	44	5	31	8
Lincoln	107	3	64	10	53	5	29	1
York	94	7	67	3	48	0	29	3
Durham	98	8					31	6
Northumberland	91	2	68	0	48	0	31	0
Cumberland	103	4	69	8	51	0	32	6
Westmorland	113	4	76	0	51	2	32	6
Lancaster	102	2			48	3	34	1
Chester	100	3			65	8	42	9
Flint	121	6			59	5		
Denbigh	116	5			59	1	34	1
Anglesea							27	0
Carnarvon	105	4			50	4	27	0
Merioneth	108	4			56	0	30	2
Cardigan	92	0			48	0	16	0
Pembroke	91	10			44	7	18	6
Carmarthen	100	8			51	4	18	0
Glamorgan	101	6			53	8	24	0
Gloucester	115	1			64	2		
Somerset	111	11			58	0	29	8
Monmouth	117	11			56	3		
Devon	99	9			47	8		
Cornwall	96	1			42	7	24	5
Dorset	113	10			50	0	36	0
Hants	111	4			51	4	35	5

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 106s. 7d; Rye 64s 5d.; Barley 51s. 1d.; Oats 33s. 4d.; Beans 62s. 1d.; Pease 62s. 8d.; Oatmeal 53s. 8d.

BILL of MORTALITY, from SEPT. 27, to OCT. 24, 1809.

CHRISTENED.

Males 765, Females 735 } 1500

BURIED.

Males, 565, Females 527 } 1092

Whereof have died under two years old 330

Between:

2 and 5	127	60 and 70	75
5 and 10	52	70 and 80	58
10 and 20	37	80 and 90	16
20 and 30	87	90 and 100	2
30 and 40	106		
40 and 50	115		
50 and 60	87		

Peck Loaf, 5s.8d. 5s.8d. 5s 5d. 5s.5d.

Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb.

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PRICE OF STOCKS, from SEPTEMBER 26, to OCTOBER 25, 1809, both inclusive.

Days 1809	Bank Stock.	3p Cent. Reduc	3 p. Cent. Consols.	4 p. Ct. Cons.	Navy 5 p. Cent.	Long Anns.	Omnium.	Imperial 3 p. Cent	Imperial Anns.	Irish 5p.C	Irish Ann.	S. Sea Stock.	S Sea Anns.	India Sto.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	Lottery Tickets		City Freeh. Ticks.		Cons. for Acct.
Sep.																					
26	Shut	Shut	68⅛ ⅜	shut	99⅛	shut	1 pm.			shut	shut			188¼	21s pm	11s.pm	21	17	8	15	68⅜
27			68¼ ⅜		99⅛		1 pm.	67¾							21s.pm	11s.pm	21	17	8	15	68⅜
28			68¼ ⅜		99⅛			67¾	7½						22s.pm	12s.pm	21	17	8	15	68⅜
29	holiday																				
30			68⅛ ¼		99¼										23s.pm	12s.pm	21	17	8	15	68⅜
Oct.																					
2			68⅛ ¼		99¼			67⅝							23s.pm	12s.pm	21	17	8	15	68⅜
3			68⅛ ¼		99¼				7½					187½	21s.pm	11s pm	21	17	8	15	68⅜
4			68⅛ ¼		99¼			shut	shut						20s.pm	11s.pm	21	17	8	15	68⅜
5			68⅛ ⅜		99⅜										20s.pm	8s.pm	21	17	8	15	68⅜
6			68¼ ⅜		99⅜									188	20s pm	12s pm	21	17	8	15	68⅜
7			68⅜ ⅜		99⅜										22s.pm	12s.pm	21	17	8	15	68⅜
9			68½ ⅜		99½									186½	22s pm	12s.pm	21	17	8	15	68⅜
10			68⅜ ½		99½		1 pm.							188¾	22s.pm	12s pm	21	17	8	15	68⅜
11	260½	67¾	68⅜ ½	82¼	99¼	18 7-16ths								188¾	24s.pm	14s.pm	21	17	8	15	68⅜
12	260½	67⅞	68⅜ ½	82⅞	99⅜	18⅜									26s.pm	15s.pm	21	17	8	15	68⅜
13		67⅞	68½ ⅝	82⅞	99⅜	18 7-16ths	1 pm.							190	27s.pm	15s.pm	21	17	8	15	69
14		67⅞	68½ ⅝	82⅞	100	18 7-16ths									27s.pm	16s pm	21	17	8	15	69
16		67⅞	68½ ⅝	82⅞	100	18 7-16ths									27s.pm	16s.pm	21	17	8	15	69
17		68	68⅝ ¾	83	100¼	18 7-16ths	1¼ pm.							191	27s.pm	17s.pm	21	17	8	15	69⅛
18	holiday																				
19	264	68⅛	68¾ ⅞	83⅛	100⅜	18½	1¼ pm.							192	27s.pm	16s.pm	21	17	8	15	69¼
20	265	68	68¾ ⅞	83	100⅜	18½	1 pm.								26s.pm	16s.pm	21	17	8	15	69¼
21	267½	68¼	69⅛	83¼	100⅜	18 9-16ths						68¼		194½	26s.pm	17s.pm			8	15	69¼
23	268¼	68¼	69⅛ 69	83¼	100⅜	18 9-16ths									26s.pm	16s.pm			8	15	69¼
24		68¼	69⅛	83¼	100⅞	18 9-16ths	1¼ pm								24s.pm	14s.pm			8	15	69¼
25	holiday																				

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THE
UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

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"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—Dr. Johnson.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Two original Letters *from* **M. Campomanes,** *of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid, and Dr.* **Robertson,** *the Historian of America.*

Sir,

Dugald Stewart, in his account of the life and writings of Dr. Robertson, p. 78, speaking of his History of America, says,—

"The Spanish nation were not insensible to what they owed to Dr. Robertson for the temperate spirit with which he had related this portion of their story. On the 8th of August, 1777, he was unanimously elected a member of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid; in testimony of their approbation of the industry and care with which he has applied to the study of Spanish history, and as a recompence for his merit in having contributed so much to illustrate and spread the knowledge of it in foreign countries. The Academy, at the same time, appointed one of its members to translate the history of America into Spanish; and it is believed, that considerable progress had been made in the translation, when the Spanish government, judging it inexpedient that a work should be made public, in which the nature of the trade with America and the system of colonial administration were so fully explained, interposed its authority to stop the undertaking."

Authentic copies of the letters written on the above occasion by M. Campomanes to Dr. Robertson, to communicate his election, and by the latter in reply, having lately fallen into my hands, I transmit them to you in the original Spanish, together with translations, judging them not unworthy of preservation in your valuable miscellany. It was not one year after the date of Dr. Robertson's reply, namely in the month of January 1779, that the Spanish government deemed it right to prohibit the work which had procured him an admission into the Royal Academy of History at Madrid. Strict orders were sent to all the sea-ports and custom-houses to prevent the introduction of the History of America into the kingdom in any language whatsoever; and the Academy were directed to nominate two of their members to impugn and criticise Dr. Robertson's book. This was not, however, done, the Academy having pertinently replied, that they would willingly accede to the desire of the government, provided they were also at liberty to appoint two others to defend the work. Don Ramon de Guevara's translation, which was almost ready for the press, was, of course, included in the proscription.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

Nov. 1, 1809. S. H. W.

Letter from M. Campomanes, in Behalf of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid, to Dr. Robertson.

Mui senor mio, seria inutil estender me en manifestar a V. S. quanta estimacion hacen los Espanoles literatos de sus obras, y los motivos que me obligan a escrivir esta carta. Despues de haver escrito a V. S. la historia de su patria con tanta concision y acierto, emprendrò la de Carlos V, en la mas delicada crisis de Europa; desempeno la V. S. con admiracion comun, penetrando los mayores arcanos de la constitucion de nuestra monarchia Espagnola. Però que mucho a vista de su excellente discurso sobre el gobierno feudal desde la décadencia del

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imperio Occidental hasta el tiempo del mismo Carlos? En el se ven desembueltas por otro aspecto aquellas particulares costumbres que mesclaron la Barbarie Tartara con un desprecio alto de los vencindos; y un descuido de todas las clases de los pueblos, a excepcion de pocas privilegiadas. Ningun verdadero amor a las artes, y un general abandono de las investigaciones utilos, substituyendo en su lugar las sutilezas escolasticas, dictadas en las celdas de los solitarios o cenovitas, y trasladadas despues a las universidades literarias. Es cierto que los nuevos descubrimientos del Oriente, y del Occidente, fueron parte para sacar la Europa del espiritu feudal. V. S. da a estas descubrimientos en sus dos primeros tomos de la America aquella serie, y enlace de la historia antigua y moderna, a que pueden alcanzar pocos hombres. Yo he leydo el primerlibro con admiracion, y un gusto indecible. El mismo he advertido en la celebre contraversia del obispo dè Chiapa, cuya disputa resuelve V. S. con un juicio superior. Yo pensava escrivir a V. S. por mas estenso; ahora me reduzco a remitir a V. S. el titulo de academico que la real Academia de la Historia, con universal acclamacion, me ha encargado de dirigirle por mano de Mylord Grantham. Espero en breve, y segun lo permitan los muchos negocios que me rodean, remitir a V. S. algunas observaciones; y la primera acerca de si el derecho y espiritu feudal han tenido propiamente lugar en Espana. La traducion que se esta haciendo por don Ramon de Guevara de la historia de los descubrimientos de America, a vista de la Academia, tiene una fraze que parece original; y al parecer exprime con mucha propriedad la fluidel, y la elaquente diccion del autor original. Yo, en mi particular, doy a V. S. gracias por las honras que me hace en sus escritos. Mis occupaciones son tales que no me dejan tiempo para vacar seriamente a quellas detinidas comparaciones de las edades, de las costumbres, de la diversidad de los goviernos, y de las causas que han influido en las catastrofes politicus de las naciones mas dignas. Esto es lo que save desempenar V. S. desde su gavinete, como si estubiera entre nosotros, sin declinar en parcialidad. Yo me ofresco a V. S. con todas veras, y puedo asagurarle sin lisonja que pocos libros han podido grungear una estimacion tan solida entre las gentes de letras de este pays entre tanto. Pido a Dios guarde su vida muchos anos. Madrid y Septrembre 29 de 1777.

Translation of the above.

Sir,—It appears almost unnecessary for me to bear testimony to you of the estimation in which all intelligent Spaniards hold your works, as well as of the motives which impel me to write to you. After having composed the history of your own country with so much accuracy and acuteness, you undertook, in that of Charles V, a description of the most important crisis of Europe. In this arduous undertaking you have acquitted yourself so as to excite universal admiration, penetrating into that most profound arcana of our Spanish monarchy. But what shall I say on the subject of your excellent discourse on the feudal government from the fall of the western empire till the age of Charles V? We there behold, developed and placed in a new point of view, the peculiar manners which were introduced by those barbarian Tartars, in their proud disdain for the vanquished, and in their total disregard of all the classes of the community, save a few privileged orders. Thenceforward all true love of science was lost; all useful disquisitions were abandoned, and in their stead arose the subtleties of the schools, engendered in the solitary cells of monks and hermits, and afterwards transferred into universities of literature. It is certain that the new discoveries, both in the east and in the west, constituted one of the causes which emancipated Europe from the feudal system. In the two first volumes of your America, you place those discoveries in an order, a series, interlacing and combining so naturally with them the events both of ancient and of modern history, that few men could have succeeded in. I have perused the first volume in particular with a degree of admiration and pleasure that is not easy to express; and I can say the same with

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respect to the celebrated dispute relative to the Bishop of Chiapa, which you decide with superior judgment. I had intended to have written you more at large, but I find myself compelled for the present to confine myself to the transmission to you of the title of Academician, which the Royal Academy of History have, with unanimous acclamation, charged me to convey to you, through the medium of Lord Grantham. In the mean time I hope, if the many occupations which call for my attention permit me, to transmit a few observations to you; the first of which will relate to the question, whether the feudal system, and the rights derived from it, ever existed in Spain. The translation of your History of America, which is making, under the eyes of the Academy, by Don Ramon de Guevara, is in a style of originality, which appears to convey with spirit and propriety the fluency and the eloquent diction of the author. On my own part, I have to render you my thanks for the honour you bestow upon me in your writings. My occupations are such, that they do not leave me sufficient leisure to reflect, as seriously as I could wish, on the comparative effects of the various ages, manners, governments, and other causes which have influenced the political catastrophes of the most celebrated nations. It is this which you so well know how to do from the interior of your closet, as accurately as if you lived in the ages and places you describe, without being biassed by prejudice or partiality. I sincerely affirm, and can assure you, without any flattery, that few books have obtained amongst the literati of this country a more solid reputation than yours has acquired. I pray God to preserve your life for many years.—Madrid, the 29th September, 1777.

Dr. Robertson's Answer was written in Spanish, and the following is an exact Copy of it:—

En el Collegio de Edimburgo, a 3 de Enero de 1778.

Mui senor mio, Milord Grantham ha tenido la bondad de remetir me la carta que V. S. illustrissima se tomò la molestia de escrivir me, participando me la singularissima y inesperada honra que se ha servido dispensar me la real Academia de la Historia. El concepto favorable de los hombres de discernimento; y candor, es una de las mas gustosas recompensas que puede conseguir un autor por sus tarcas literarias; quanto mas lisonjera y apreciable sera una senal de aprobacion de un cuerpo tan justamente distinguido por el merito y talento de sus individuos!

Quando me fue necessario representar en mi historia de Carlos V la antigua constitución de la monarquia Espagnola, y despues quando me he aventurado a bosquejar la planta, y govierno interior de las colonias de Espana en el nuevo mundo, he reconocido plenamente las muchas desventajas con que por necesidad trabaja un estrangero en semejantes investigaciones. Però procurè compensar las buscando con prolixa diligencia là verdad en los autores originales, y en las leyes publicas de este pays; precediendo con mucha cautela, y precaviendo cuidadadosamente contra las preocupaciones faciles de formarse en el espiritu de un hombre oriado bajo una forma de gobierno, y un systema de religion mui distintos de los de la nacion que emprende descrivir. El haverse dignado la real Academia autorizar con su aprovacion mis obras, me hace esperar que ò avre incurrido en menos errores de los que recelava, o que los sugetos respectables que me han favorecido con admiracion en su gremio, avran mirado mis faltas con ojos indulgentes, en consideracion al esmero con que trabaje por evitar las.

Si V. S. illustrissima tuviese la benigdidad de indicau me de que modo podre contrebuir en algo a los loables e importantes fines del instituto academico, me gloriare de cooperar a ellos con semejantes compaheros, y me tendre por dichoso en conseguir nuevas oportunidades de manifestar mi celo por el honor de una nacion que yo he respetado mas que algunos escritores estrangeros, por lo mismo que me dedique a conocer la mejor.

Permita me, V. S. illustrissima, manifestarle quata satisfaccion esperimento, reflexionando el honor que disfruto ahora en haver contraido tan immediato enlace con V. S. illustrissima, y en hallar me bajo la im-

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mediata direccion de una persona cuyos talentos admiro, tiempo hace, y de cuyos escritos he sacado muchas instrucciones.

Sirvase, V.S. illustrissima, anadir a sus demas finezas la de comunicar a todos los miembros de ese real cuerpo, los ardientos afectos de respeto, estimacion, y gratitud que les profeso.

Tengo el honor deser con la devida atencion illustrissimo senor, el mas obediente, y rendido servidor de V.S. illustrissima.

GUILLELMO ROBERTSON.

Translation.

College of Edinburgh,
the 3d January, 1778.

SIR,—Lord Grantham has had the goodness to hand me the letter which you have taken the trouble to write me, communicating to me the distinguished and unexpected honour which the Royal Academy of History have conferred on me. The favourable judgment of men of discernment and candour is one of the most grateful rewards which can be bestowed upon an author for his literary labours; how much more flattering and valuable must be a testimony of approbation from a society so justly distinguished by the merits and the talents of the individuals who compose it!

When it became necessary to me, in the course of my History of Charles V, to delineate the ancient constitution of the Spanish monarchy; and afterwards when I adventured to develope the settlement, and interior government of the colonies of Spain in the new world, I felt most forcibly the disadvantages which must necessarily attend a foreigner in similar disquisitions. I endeavoured to counteract them, by searching with persevering diligence, both the original authors and the public acts of the country; proceeding with much caution, and endeavouring carefully to guard against the prepossessions which naturally would exist in a man born and educated under a form of government, and in a system of religion, widely different from those of the nation whose acts he had undertook to recount. The honour which the Academy have done me, in sanctioning my works with their approbation, makes me hope that I have incurred fewer errors than I expected, or perhaps inclines me to believe that the respectable gentlemen who have favoured me with an admission into their society, have looked upon my faults with eyes of indulgence, in consideration of the exertions I have made to avoid them.

If you would have the goodness to instruct me in what manner I can in any thing be able to contribute to the laudable and important purposes of the Academy, I shall glory in the means of co-operating with such associates, and thereby procuring further opportunities of manifesting my zeal in favour of a nation, whom I have learnt to respect more than other foreign writers have done, only because I have applied myself to become more intimately acquainted with it.

Permit me, Sir, to express to you individually, the satisfaction I experience in contracting a new connection with you, and in finding myself in immediate correspondence with a person whose talents I have long admired, and from whose writings I have largely drawn both information and pleasure.

Please to add another obligation to those for which I am already bound to you, by communicating to all the members of the Academy, the warm sentiments of respect, of esteem, and of gratitude, which I profess for them.

I have the honour to be, with due respect, Sir, your most obedient, humble, servant,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

An HISTORICAL ACCOUNT *of the* ORIGIN *and* PROGRESS *of* COMMERCE *between* FRANCE *and* GREAT BRITAIN: *Finishing the Descriptive Series of the different Branches of* FRENCH COMMERCE *which has appeared in the* UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

THE inhabitants of the British Islands, for a considerable period subsequent to the civilization of the Gauls, lived in a rude and barbarous state. At the present day, however, England bears away the palm from France, not only as a civilized, but as an agricultural, and commercial na-

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tion. At the end of the 13th century, when Philip le Bel, in order to support the French manufactures, prohibited the importation of wool, the rulers of Great Britain, fearing that they should in consequence be deprived of the profits which they derived from the duties laid on the article, prevailed upon the Belgians to take wools in exchange for the various stuffs, with which they supplied England. After a lapse of more than 200 years, namely at the commencement of the 16th century, the English were absolutely ignorant of the art of making soap* an article indispensable in woollen manufactories, as well as in many others. Now, it is not only certain that the use of soap was known in France from the time of Charlemagne, but it is well ascertained that the wools of Amiens, Rheins, Beauvais, and Arras, were in much repute during the 13th and 14th centuries. By what means has France, then, forfeited her superiority over England in point of natural industry? is a question that may reasonably be asked.—Whether Colbert already dreaded a rivalship on the part of the English as well as the Dutch, in their manufacture of woollens, or that he feared the latter, with whom the French were then at war, might send their wools into France by way of England, certain it is that by the decree of 1667 he doubled the duties laid upon foreign wools. This step evidently induced the English, in 1669, to solicit a commercial treaty with France, the plan of which was imparted to some of the principal French merchants; but the project miscarried, in consequence of Colbert's demands being rather too exorbitant. In 1678, the English parliament stopped the current of commerce between France and Great Britain. Hitherto the intercourse had been conducted with facility, except with regard to the payment of the duties imposed by the respective nations. The freedom of commercial intercourse was re-established in the reign of James II. in 1685; but in 1687, France having doubled the duties on broad-cloths and serges, William III. retaliated, and in his declaration of war, (*anno* 1689) complained of the heavy imposts laid upon English manufactures by Louis XIV. At the peace of Riswick, England diminished nothing of the heavy duties imposed upon several sorts of French merchandize, particularly wines. France endeavoured to return like for like, but Holland obtaining signal advantages by this proceeding, indirectly shared her profits with the English. The duties upon Dutch woollens were reduced by nearly one half in virtue of a decree passed in 1699, and the consequence was, that vast quantities of English goods were introduced into France, under the name of Dutch stuffs. With the design of counteracting this evil, the French order of council, of 1701, prohibited English manufactures of every description from being brought either directly or indirectly into France. At the peace of Utrecht, in 1713, the English ministry consulted the true interests of the community, by effecting a treaty of commerce and navigation between the two nations. By the clauses of this treaty the regulations of 1664 were renewed: to the exclusion, however, of four kinds of goods, namely woollens, sugar, salted-fish, and the produce of the whale, the duties upon which were submitted to the adjudication of certain commissioners. In less than a month the duties upon these articles were placed on a footing with those laid upon Dutch commodities in 1669. The duties were rather higher than those of 1664, and more moderate than those of 1667. France steadily refused receiving the merchandize of the Levant and the East Indies, or any part of them, through the medium of England. Amongst other demands, made on the part of France, and which were favoured by the English ministry, were the following: viz. That the wines and brandy of France, should only be subject to the same duties as similar articles im-

* "Soap was made at Marseilles, before the conquest of the Gauls by the Romans. The Marseillese learned the art of making it from the Celts; but the produce of this manufacture would bear no sort of comparison with the soap now made in any part of Europe."—(*Marseille Ancienne ab Moderne, par M. Guys.*)

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ported into Britain from other parts of Europe; that one half of the additional duty of 8*l.* per ton should be revoked, and the French wines be thus placed on a par with the Portuguese; that the importation of theadlace should be permitted, the article to be subject only to the same duties as similar articles brought from other parts of Europe; and that the duties of 25 per cent. on all sorts of French merchandise should be annulled. A bill was brought into parliament, framed in exact conformity to those demands, but was rejected by a large majority. Such was the state of affairs between the two powers at the end of Louis XIV's reign. At this epoch, the exports of England to France, amounted to the sum of nearly 578,118*l.* annually, viz. 1st, wools, cottons, dressed hides, ironmongery, and other manufactured goods, to the amount of 250,000*l.* 2d, raw materials, 170,840*l.* 3d, animals and vegetables, 154,180*l.* Various other articles made up the sum total. There is no doubt that in consequence of the treaty concluded in September, 1786, the exports of England to France were infinitely greater than on the conclusion of Louis XIV's reign. But before we proceed to ascertain this fact, it will be necessary to see how affairs stood between the two countries, shortly after Colbert's death. This research will elicit a triple comparison, from which much useful information may be derived. During the year 1686, as has already been stated, and under James II. the freedom of commercial intercourse was re-established between the two nations. The exports of England to France then amounted to about 750,000*l.* viz. 1st, manufactures, 350,000*l.* 2d, raw materials, 262,500*l.* 3d, animals, vegetables, &c. 133,440*l.* At the end of Louis XIV's reign, England imported from France, goods to the amount of 333,440*l.* viz. 1st, silks, cambricks, and lace, 5000*l.* 2d, raw materials, cochineal, and indigo, 41,670*l.* 3d, wine, fruit, &c. 241,670*l.*

Shortly after the death of Colbert, in 1686, those imports amounted to nearly 970,830*l.* viz. 1st, manufactures, 487,500*l.* 2d, raw materials, 83,330*l.* 3d, wines, &c. 400,000*l.*—Hence it will appear that the traffic between the two nations was of greater importance at Colbert's decease, than at the end of Louis XIV's reign, and that the balance of commerce was about 220,800*l.* in favour of France; whereas at the end of Louis XIV's reign, it was about 244,678*l.* against France. Upon this scale the whole commerce which has long subsisted between the two nations, may be estimated; particularly that of 1716, when, in consequence of regular communication being impeded between France and England, contraband trade alone existed. The commercial system experienced no material change from this period till the peace of 1783. The eagerness which mercantile men invariably evince to re-establish a trade that has long lain dormant, in addition to the progress of luxury, and the increase of wealth, had such an influence upon the commerce of France and England that in 1784, their reciprocal exports amounted to more than 1,000,000*l.* sterling. We say above a million sterling, because, in making this computation, we have had an eye to the probable amount of the contraband trade. As to the trade of France with regard to England, the exports were usually carried on freely, the government of the former not wishing to lay any restraint upon national industry. This circumstance considered, it will not appear that we have exaggerated in stating the above to be the result of our computation. A French author has, with a considerable share of ingenuity, endeavoured to prove, that at this epoch in question, the contraband trade amounted to 11,000,000 francs, or nearly 416,640*l.* sterling, and the regular exports (on the part of France), as appeared by the books of the customs, to 21,000 francs, or about 875,000*l.* Whether the French government conceived the nature of this commerce, or whether it wished to better the state of the nation's trade with regard to England, we know not, but that it made an experiment once more in the commercial treaty-line is certain. The regulation of the month of July 1785, was renewed, and the ancient prohibitions with respect to foreign merchandize in ge-

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neral, but especially that of England, was put in full force. This proceeding, as it was intended, produced expostulations on the part of England, and a demand for a new treaty. A treaty for 12 years was accordingly concluded in September 1786, and carried into effect on the 10th of May, 1787. Matters being thus situated considerably augmented the imports and exports on both sides, at the time of the revolution. The amount of English exports at this epoch was 2,437,500l. viz. 1st, manufactures, 1,379,180l. 2d, raw materials, 688,320l. 3d, vegetables, 375,000l. Thus it appears that the exports of England were doubled subsequently to the treaty. In 1788, the increase was still greater: the exports then amounted to 2,625,000l. In 1789, their amount was nearly the same as in 1787. It is, however, to be observed, that the sale of English manufactures languished during the two last years. Their value in 1787 was, as we have already stated, 1,379,180l. whereas, in 1788, it was only 1,125,000l. and in 1789, no more than 958,340l. But even the least of these sums far exceeded the value of English manufactures exported to France, prior to the treaty, which, contraband trade included, did not exceed 666,670l. For the rest, the exports of Great Britain to France, were not so considerable with respect to quantity during the second and third years of the treaty; for, prior to 1788, we supplied the French with timber, coal, coke, butter, and salt-provisions for the use of their navy and colonies. It is also observable that the purchases of grain and vegetables made in England, amounted to more than 750,000l. constituting no inconsiderable part of the total value of that year's exports. As to the exports of France for England, their value at the time of the revolution was 38,000,000 francs, viz. 1st, manufactures, 7,300,000; 2d, raw materials, 11,100,000; two-thirds of which were the amount of cotton the produce of the French West-Indies; 3d, wine, brandy, &c. 13,500,000; 4th, animals, vegetables, and minerals, 5,500,000 francs. Hence it will appear, that, at the most, the exports of France for Great Britain increased by no more than one half subsequently to the treaty, while those of Great Britain were nearly doubled. In order to ascertain completely what advantages both or either of the nations derived from the treaty of 1786, we shall take a general view of the French exports during the second and third years of the treaty. In 1788, they amounted to 34,000,000 francs; and in 1789, to 36,000,000 francs.

We have thus traced the origin and progress of commerce between France and Great Britain, to the latest epoch at which it is possible to form a fair judgment of its nature and extent; since the revolution no clew has appeared to guide us in our researches: and although some contraband trade has been carried on within this period, it has been so trifling as to be hardly worth the trouble of investigation, were it even in our power so to do. At the period in which we write, it is almost needless to observe, that every trace of commercial intercourse between the two nations, whether direct or indirect, is obliterated.

A Second historic Vision.

Sir,

YOU indulged me, a short time back, by inserting a vision of a peculiar nature, which occurred during one of those light slumbers which frequently take place after an attentive perusal of heavy authors. I have been lately tempted to resume my historical researches, and uniformly find myself prone to dream after the hours of study. Nor is this altogether so remarkable a circumstance as the cursory reader may be led to apprehend. The productions of historical penmen are of so visionary a nature, that the student dreams by sympathy. Nay, it may not be going too far to conjecture that some historians actually wrote, like your present correspondent, nothing but such legendary memoranda as they gathered from the ramblings of nocturnal slumbers. From this class, however, must be excepted such composers as possessed a palpable interest in traducing the *Dramatis Personæ* of national

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second. From the malignity common to such writers, it appears doubtful whether they were ever able to sleep at all; but, to a certainty, every man had better take a nap than meddle with their productions.

On this my second admission to the shadowy tenements of departed greatness, I was hastening to a groupe of modern heroes with whom I particularly wished to promote an acquaintance, but was stopped by the dignified summons of Philip the Second of Spain. I had heard so unfavourable a character of this monarch, that I should not have attended to his mandate, as King of Spain; but Philip spoke in English, and the recollection of his having occupied a portion of the throne of my native island, induced me to make a pause and listen to what he might be pleased to say. It was some time before he spoke (for your Spaniard ever weighs his words when he has to deal with a heretic.) In this interval I examined the appearance of his Catholic Majesty, and found him to be a man of a gracious aspect, though reserve and dignity were expressed in every line of his countenance. He was attended by a numerous company, who waited on him with smiles of respectful tenderness. The idea I had entertained of Philip led me to expect that his retinue would be composed of priests and executioners. How agreeable was my disappointment on perceiving that his numerous band consisted of men eminent during their day in every walk of art and science! Among these the most conspicuous, in point of number, were architects and painters:—Titian was close to his right hand.

"Your looks," said the King, at length, "bespeak a sentiment of internal dread. Dismiss your fears. View in me neither the gaunt tyrant of your English legends, nor the faultless monster of the historians of Spain. I have those at hand who could, perhaps, vouch for my candor; but ——" Here the architects and the painters, the poets and the philosophers, were all going to speak in a breath; but Philip waved his hand, and they were silent. "Peace, my friends!" said he;" "artists are too often suspected of flattery in the other world: *Here* let their characters stand unimpeached, at any rate.—"England," continued Philip, addressing me, "was in no very erudite a state when I visited that country, and the few who had skill to draw my character wanted integrity to do me justice. Your writers style me morose, haughty, unsocial, bigotted. These failings they do not impute to me as a Spaniard of the sixteenth century, but as a man. They have not liberality to attribute any trait to circumstances or education, but decisively ascribe my imputed errors to the depravity of my temper. Are such the men who should sit in judgment on the moral pretension of others?—The court of Spain, in my period, placed the reputation of wisdom in grave looks. A smile they supposed symptomatic of weakness; and my nobles would have contemned the sovereign, as derogate and mean, who had not dignity of demeanor sufficient to keep them at an awful distance. Are those habits that are imbibed in infancy, and nurtured in manhood, to be thrown aside on the instant? How fantastic a mode of appreciating manners is it to judge of them by local ideas of excellence! Suppose an English prince, bred to jocose familiarity with his courtiers, had married the infanta of Spain, and mixed at Madrid in social intimacy with the nobles of old Castile? He would have been slighted, decried, despised. And why? Because he retained the original manners of his country. His frank affability would have implied, in itself, neither merit nor defect; it would have been the result of education. The illiberality of Spain must have been execrated by the English; but is not the conduct of England, in regard to myself, of a nature precisely similar?

"The sanguinary cast of my temper the English historians deduce from the regal care with which I encouraged the inquisition. But that is a shallow reason for denying me the graceful feelings of humanity. They ought to know that I acted in obedience to the wish of my whole nation. The Moors had but lately been expelled from Granada. Numerous individuals of that race still secretly re-

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pained; and the jealousy of the Spaniards supplicated tenfold vigilance and rigour in the members of the inquisition. The dignity of that court was likewise considered by the nation at large, in the sixteenth century, as an honorary proof of the prosperity of the Catholic faith. I did not encourage the growing power of the inquisition as grateful to my own views, at the expense of national affliction, but supported the idol of the people in acquiescence with the general wish. Those who tax me with habitual cruelty should be reminded of the fervour with which I knelt down, after the battle of St. Quintin, and thanked heaven for bestowing on my arms so comparatively bloodless a victory. Circumstances led me into a warfare with England. It is natural to dislike our enemies, but it is base to carry our enmity into the private closet of a foe. Nor could a brave people be induced to stigmatise an opponent with traditional invective, were there not historians so ignorant or illiberal as to copy the aspersions of exasperated contemporaries, and hand them about as watch-words for posterity. Rebuke these unjust chroniclers, when you return to the impassioned precincts of the "breathing world;" and let the first you chastise be one *Signor* Pennant, who, in a book* abounding with proofs of his own gross superstition, has presumed to brand me with the appellation of bigot; and who terms me" (Philip's indignation caused him to appear three inches taller than usual as he spoke) "coward!" while he certainly exhibits no trait of genuine bravery in his own person, by levelling invective at a monarch long since departed to the land where resentment speaks in a language incomprehensible to mortal ears, and therefore little dreaded by the unthinking. Tell, likewise, your compeers, that my hours of retirement at the Escurial were not passed in the society of gloomy or enthusiastic monks, but in converse with men the most renowned for a proficiency in every art that ennobles or decorates existence. The work-room of my favourite painter immediately adjoined my own customary apartment. It was in this closet that I spent the greater part of the time devoted to my pleasures. Ask your contemporaries if a monarch, who made so innocent a use of privacy, was likely to be compounded of such fanatical and tyrannous propensities as it is the fashion, in your country, to ascribe to *me?*"

I bowed and promised to obey his majesty's wish, which bow Titian (who had never quitted the king's right hand) returned, and said "by so doing I should confer on him an eternal obligation."

I had not proceeded far, when I stopped to contemplate a *jolly*, good-looking lady, who supported herself with crutches. The marks of many cares were evident on her forehead, and her locks were grey, though the bloom of youth yet struggled for supremacy with the wrinkles of sorrow and contrition. By her regal investments, I perceived she had occupied a throne, though her sceptre was shattered close to the handle, and her crown was grievously out of repair.

While forming conjectures as to the former connexions of this illustrious figure, a man in splendid habiliments, whom I immediately knew to be David Rizzio, shook me by the hand, and said in a mellifluous voice, "Wondering stranger, that is Mary Queen of Scots!" Perceiving I was about to emit an interjection of disbelief, "offend me not," continued he, "by doubt; I grant the real appearance of the queen is sadly different from the popular picture with which you probably are familiar; but that is, in truth, the fallen majesty of Scotland. Long before the last dreadful scene of Mary's life she had become extremely corpulent, and a rheumatic affliction had nearly deprived her of the use of her limbs. Judge then of the fidelity of painters and historians! Those who designate on canvas the form of the queen, as exhibited at the solemn close of her eventful tragedy, present the spectator with a figure, thin and airy as the sylph-like contour of sixteen; while the authors who narrate that distressing scene, inform you that the unhappy princess (infirm through disease, as you behold her)

* Pennant's London.

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ascended the scaffold with expedition and alacrity."

As my companion seemed in a mood for conversation, and delivered himself in the sweetest tones that ever issued from human lips, I ventured to propose several questions. He assured me that he was not, as some affirm, murdered in the presence of his mistress. His assassins, he said, to give them their due, were too well-bred for such an action. Not a blow was inflicted till they had dragged him into an adjoining closet. He likewise candidly mentioned some particulars which I cannot in honour disclose. Suffice it, they were of a nature to overturn, in an instant, all that Dr. Robertson has advanced, concerning the probability of Mary's admiration being confined to the musical powers of David Rizzio.

I had still several questions to submit, when the queen (who was now seated) beckoned, and we drew towards her, Rizzio warbling, as he advanced, one of those sweet Scots airs which he composed for her entertainment. I recollected that I was in the presence of misfortune, and fell on one knee; but Mary wiped a tear from her cheek, and bade me rise. "Ah, Stranger!" said she, "mock me not with undeserved homage. As a woman, I bow self-condemned. One circumstance may, in some measure, alleviate my errors as a queen. —I allude to a fatal impropriety in those who were entrusted with my education. Forgetful of the extensive duties of a sovereign, my preceptors sedulously cultivated in my youthful bosom, a bigotted attachment to *one exclusive opinion in* religion. Hence proceeded the leading troubles of my public life. I question not the honesty of my teachers; undoubtedly they were persons of most pious meaning; and the sentiments they instilled might have operated to my advantage, had I not been destined to the task of governing a nation. But when once I was led to believe that my individual opinion was a fit standard for society at large, intolerance, and all its inevitable horrors, crept on my reflections with insidious celerity.—Oh! should you be acquainted with a country likely to be one day subject to female sway, counsel that country, good stranger, as you value intestine peace, and national security, to refrain from suffering any particular sect to plant its doctrines in the ductile mind of the embryo sovereign. Princes are born for activity, and their religious professions should be reflected from the practice of the majority of their people. Do not suffer them, therefore, to be persuaded, that an attention to polemic argument, and a perpetual attendance to the rituals of religion, form their most important duties. The views of any individual sect are too circumscribed for the adoption of a sovereign. Had I been taught to regard the religions of all persuasions as the equal children of my tenderness, a partiality to one portion of my kingdom had never found its way to my opinions. Let not the zealots make a lay ecclesiastic of your prince. The business of the state requires a different character. Should you wish a proof of this, and not deem my own example sufficiently in point, view that misguided monarch, and sigh for nations subject to polemic governors."

I looked as the queen directed, and beheld Henry VI. who was walking with his hands crossed on his breast, and lamenting the hours he had passed in the cloister, while those temporal interests of the people, which it was his peculiar duty to protect, were utterly neglected, because he had not time to attend to them.

Quitting the *antiques* of historical anecdote, I approached a groupe of modern monarchs who were in close confabulation. They received me courteously, and were abundant in discourse. Indeed, I invariably observed that persons who had flourished in the later periods of our history were more prone to prolixity in conversation than the *dramatis personæ* of distant periods. The cause of this was explained to me by Mr. Hume (whom I encountered in a sequestered walk bordering on the regal mansion). The antients, he said, would always perform an action while the moderns were talking about it! I much regret that I received a prohibition which prevents my dis-

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closing exactly at present the information I received. The time, however, may come. I was *only* desired to be silent for half a century. At the expiration of that period you may rely on my transmitting to you a tale of wonders, unless my memory should then prove defective.

For the present I rest contented with mentioning a few observations that occurred in a minor apartment of the aerial territory. I took a cup of coffee with Admiral Lestock. The admiral seemed "nothing loth" to confess the errors of his sublunary proceedings. "You may recollect," said he, "the circumstances of the event that introduced me to public animadversion; if not, suffer me to remind you that the combined fleets of France and Spain fought the British armament under myself and Admiral Mathews, and came off upon at least equal terms, though their force was much inferior. Mathews and myself were tried by a court-martial. Mathews (my superior) was dismissed the service, while I was acquitted with honour. Alas! I confess the inaccuracy of the decision! A pique existed between us. In consequence, I did no more than imperious duty demanded; though had myself and the Commander-in-Chief been friendly, our unanimous exertions might have insured victory. I take shame to me! Tell my countrymen (should a similar disagreement occur between the first and second in command, whether *on land* or at sea) that the man does not merit the acquittal of a court-martial who is not ready to sacrifice *private feeling* at the shrine of *public exigency*. Should you know an officer of my character, follow him to the manor of his ancestors, and whisper in his ear that an observance of the punctilios of discipline is not a sufficient exertion for a man of honor, entrusted with command in the hour of danger."

On an elevated spot, at some distance from Lestock, stood Marshal Saxe, in a military dress. This gallant soldier I recollected to have risen entirely by merit, though his birth (as natural son to Augustus, King of Poland, by the famous Countess of Koningsmark) entitled him to expect the advantage of patronage. Intrepidity is admirable even in an enemy. I remembered the coolness with which Saxe was accustomed to contemplate the fervour of action, and made my obedience to him accordingly. The Marshal entertained me with a long account (for old soldiers are prone, even in the shades, to talk of the sieges and battles in which they had a share) of his campaign in the Netherlands, and closed his oration by asking how the military government of my country was conducted at present?

On my informing him that the command in chief was vested in the hands of an individual, the Marshal shook his head, and said, "Sir, that will never do. A committee, selected from the most experienced officers of your staff, should supplant that individual, be he whom he may. Independent of the vast business of internal regulation, reflect on the deliberate care with which every candidate's pretensions should be examined, and then determine whether any one man is adequate to so weighty a task! When I was young (though not unused to arms), and a mere soldier of fortune, I offered my services to the commander-in-chief of the English forces. He was too busy to attend to my representations! Sir," continued Count Saxe, taking a pinch of snuff, "I believe your country would have avoided many evils, had I possessed a commission in its service; and there may be some other instance of a youth of genius and enterprize, wandering about the world in search of employment, that has presented himself to a partial commander-in-chief, and been rejected, whose retention would have saved your country a waste of blood and treasure, and have preserved Europe in a resemblance of tranquillity."

While pondering on this observation, I was returning through the avenue by which I had entered, when a touch on the shoulder induced me to pause, and I beheld a man in an antient dress, who introduced himself as Walter Tyrrel, the supposed assassin of William Rufus. With much appearance of real innocence, Tyrrel assured me that he had no hand in murdering that prince, for that a

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band of William's disgusted courtiers had shot him from behind a tree, and had then thrown the odium on Tyrrel, who in the terror of the moment had imprudently gallopped from the scene.

A light, fantastic damsel likewise nodded familiarly, and begged me, with a laugh, to undeceive those who imagined that fair Rosamond was concealed *in a labyrinth* at Woodstock. "I am Rosamond," said she; "my recess at Woodstock palace was termed a *bower*, (so chambers were usually designated at that day): it is by a poetical license that your historians represent this bower as a rural labyrinth."

I remain, Sir, your's, &c.

TIM. SLEEPWELL.

On the SUPERIORITY *of our* ETHICS *over those of the* ANCIENT PHILOSOPHERS.

[*Concluded from p.* 184.]

ACCORDING therefore to the principles of the infidel, the most venal transgression, the most monstrous ingratitude, deserve not the name of crimes, provided they satisfy his necessities. Whenever he finds his advantage in it, he may secretly purloin the property of his neighbour, and poison the husband to obtain possession of his wife. Imposition, treason, and perjury become sanctioned and legitimate; the ties of blood and of friendship are no more than antiquated prejudices. The wife whom I adore may be snatched from me by the impassioned hand of lust: on my name and reputation may be heaped the most unfounded calumnies: my daughter, who forms the delight of my life, may be dishonoured: my son, the hopes of my family, made to rebel against me, converted to a villain, to an impious blasphemer. There is nothing then which I can say, in truth, belongs to me. There is no safety to be expected, but from means of violence and artifice, for self-interest appears to be the supreme law. And is it in this society, of impostors, assassins, atheists, of ungrateful, incestuous, and perjured men, that life can be enjoyed? O ye enemies of God and men, the felicity with which you flatter me in this world, is sufficient to make me curse the hour of my birth. Ought not this picture of the morality of the infidels render that virtue more respectable which is preached to us by reason, conscience, and religion? I do not, however, mean to assert, that all the enemies of revelation adopt a morality so monstrous and licentious.—The circumstances of their condition, their personal character, and even those fortunate impressions which the first ideas which they received of religion made on their heart, although they may be unwilling to confess it, preserve them within certain limits, according to each particular case.—But it is not the less true, that this morality is that of many great geniuses, and that it has led, if not all at once, yet by degrees, to infidelity. Is not this sufficiently proved by the writings of a number of deists? If we be not guided in the road of duty by revelation, the corrupt propensities of the heart soon solicit us to accept them for a guide, and to urge us on by fascination and bland allurements to overstep the limits of duty. It is at least exposing ourselves to most imminent danger; for even amidst the most vivid knowledge of revelation, rather than seek for the assurance of its cause, we rather espouse the side of deism. The dangerous principles of infidelity have now for some time spread their infection from the throne to the cottage. It is the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noon day. The virtuous and reverend Saurin, speaking of certain able men, says, "I do not know one, not a single one, who at the hour of his death did not recant the principles of his life:" and a number of instructive examples of this kind will be found, related by the learned and pious Danish Bishop, Pontoppidan, in a work entitled, "*Pontoppidans Krafft der Wahrheit unglauben zu besiegen.*" Without doubt, in the vigour of uninterrupted health, in the tumult of the passions, in the midst of dissipation and pleasure, elevated by the fumes of wine, and initiated in the mysteries of irreligion, when nothing is heard but the most pro-

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fine invectives against the Bible, it is possible that we may not have been able to defend our reason against the attacks of impiety, by which the greatest extravagancies lose their revolting nature; and the conscience, as if cauterised, is deprived of feeling. But when attacked by a dangerous malady, in the absence of those pleasures from which the sensual man cannot restrain himself, he is then left to himself, and obliged to acknowledge that things appear to him in a different light. His conscience, awakened from its torpor, yields to the force of reason, and is obliged to do homage to truth. The terrors of death, the thought of eternity, the idea of a God, which the most inveterate infidel cannot wholly banish from his heart, act forcibly upon him, inflict torture on his soul, and extort the confession of his revolt from God, and of the misery to which he is doomed.

How many advocates for infidelity are known in these times? And independent of those who are born amongst us, particular care is taken to appropriate to ourselves the doctrines of foreigners, who are made to declare their sentiments in the most seductive and pleasing manner, and to whose most dangerous opinions an extraordinary value is attached. All connection with men of that description should be studiously avoided, and the perusal of their works shunned as a contagious malady. On the entrance into life, we are in the greatest danger of familiarising ourselves with the principles of the infidels: and what renders the danger still more great is, that the man who is not deficient in abilities nor knowledge, who is well versed in the manners of the world, whose society is sought for and enjoyed, who is invested with authority, and whose protection is necessary to us, is able to disseminate his impieties more profusely, and they obtain a greater influence on our minds.

If it be the lot of any one to meet with an infidel, and he be on the throne, who insults the faith of Christians, place in opposition to him the virtuous Marcus Antoninus, although he were not illuminated with the light of the Gospel. If in the palaces of the great you meet with a Rochester, a Hobbes, a Bolingbroke, or a Shaftesbury, who made religion the subject of their mockery; then think on a Bacon, an Addison, a Lyttleton, or a West, who maintained the honour of religion by their writings and their conduct. The minister, who to superior talents and a capacity requisite for administering the affairs of the state joins the sentiments of piety and virtue, is the most respected at those courts in which even religion is but faintly cherished. If you be seduced by the sophisms of a Bayle, who displays all the subtilities of his mind, and who makes a parade of all his erudition to establish them; recal to your memory how many great men sacrificed the desire to make an ostentatious display of their learning and knowledge to reason, and reason itself to faith. An Erasmus or Melancthon ought to possess greater weight with you than a Bayle. And what is the mind of a La Methrie, who sneers at whatever is sacred, compared with the genius of a Haller, who consecrated his mind to the defence of the rights of reason and religion. Compare the soul of a Mosheim with that of the author of "*Du Trait de la Vie heureuse,*" and you will confess that one is an intelligence divine, the other a spirit impure.—Peruse the excellent works which a Squire, a Noesselt, a Jerusalem, have written in defence of the truth and the divinity of religion, and you will blush for those who can deny them. It is certain, for experience has convinced me, that painful and rugged as may be the road to virtue, it is nevertheless the most proper and advantageous for a man to pursue; an invisible and succouring hand guides and supports him on it, provided he is not suddenly led aside by folly, and rejects the hand which is held out to save him. Experience proves the truth of what one of the wisest heathens has affirmed, that "a single day passed in the exercise of virtue, and wisely employed, is of greater value than an eternity passed in vice."*

R. H.

* Unus dies bene et ex præceptis sapientiæ actus peccanti immortalitati anteponendus est.

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The LITERARY LIFE *and* TRAVELS *of* BARON HOLBERG. *Written by Himself. Extracted from the Latin Edition of Leipsick, in* 1743. *By* W. HAMILTON REID.

[*Continued from page* 291.]

THIS circumstance threw my finances into such a state, that it was necessary for me to commence my return to Holland on foot: this, however, I performed, as my usual manner was, pretty cheerfully. My health was likewise restored, but whether this was to be ascribed to exercise, or to my use of the warm baths, I cannot say. I however experienced, that the body is generally sound when the mind is cheerful; and though my treasury was exhausted, and I knew of no means to replenish it, I still preserved my mental tranquillity. I perambulated through all the streets and corners in Amsterdam, and made use of all my eloquence to obtain some money of the exchange brokers. I was ready to promise them any interest they might be disposed to ask; and, at length, I met with one who advanced a sum sufficient to take me home. Now I was at once divested of all my cares, and determined upon returning to Norway; I was only doubtful whether I should go to Bergen or some other place. It is true I had there some relatives who might have been helpful to me, but I foresaw that the silly journey which I had made to Holland would expose me to their censure; for the observation of the poet is never felt so severely as in one's own country;

> Nil habet paupertius durius in se,
> Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

In any other place I should not have had this to fear. So, having maturely considered the whole, I at length resolved to go to Christiansand. Here I soon established a confidential connection with a student of Drontheim, named Christian Brixen.—Through his means I was introduced to some of the principal burghers and inhabitants, who entrusted me with their children in great numbers to instruct them, particularly in the French language. About that time a little pamphlet came under my reading, in which the author adduces sixty reasons to prove that the female sex could not with propriety be included in the class of human beings. This singular production tickled my fancy to such a degree, that by frequent reading, I could almost repeat the whole. Of course, as I was continually bringing it forward on all occasions, my heresy in this respect was spread all over the place. At first it served for little more than diversion, but when it was observed that it was an opinion which I defended with the utmost seriousness, and propagated even with zeal, the publick feeling was sensibly altered. My strongest opponent was the son of the late Bishop of Christiansand.—His sister was a very handsome woman: and as he took it into his head to suppose that I had wronged her in particular, in excluding her from the class of human beings, he defended her with the greatest warmth imaginable.

I soon learned that I was getting the worst name that could be thought of all through the city, and I was not long before I had an opportunity of seeing a maid servant point me out in the street, exclaiming, "There goes the fellow that wants to shut women out of Paradise." As I then found it absolutely necessary to do away the impressions which this reverie had occasioned, I eagerly availed myself of every opportunity for spreading the reputation of the fair sex in general. By so doing I not only weakened the efforts of my enemies to injure me, but, as I understood musick, I found means to recommend myself to some of the first families in Christiansand, many of whom, the ladies in particular, seemed to discredit the former reports which they had heard to my prejudice altogether.

After I had been some time in Christiansand, a preacher, a relative of mine, took me into his house, where I remained the whole winter. Here, by way of remunerating my host, I taught him the rudiments of the English language. The reputation that I then enjoyed, merely from possessing a smattering knowledge of three or four foreign languages, was incredible in Christiansand. Once walking through one of the streets, I heard two lads in discourse, and one saying to the other, "That is the

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learned man that understands so many languages; he can speak French, and Italian, and Polish, and Russian, and Turkish." In fact, I thought myself like another Mithridates, King of Pontus, of whom history mentions that he could readily speak two and twenty languages.

The number of persons who wished to be taught by me increased daily; indeed I had the honour to have some of the first rank among them, for instance, M. Von Nosstiz, the commandant of the place, who afterwards engaged in the Russian service, and became one of the greatest Generals of his time. By these means I was soon extricated from all my debts, and in the beginning of the Spring I had twelve rix dollars in store. My merit, however, was not a little depreciated by the accidental arrival of a Dutch merchant, who, being in debt in his own country, was compelled to leave it and become a kind of travelling teacher. When he came to Christiansand, he offered his services in teaching French considerably lower than what I had. As I heard his skill was none of the greatest, I felt an inclination to hold a dispute with him. Time and place were appointed, and we exhibited before our scholars. Each of us at parting claimed the victory; my French I am certain was as much debased by a Norwegian dialect as his was by that of Holland. Between us I believe never was any language so murdered before; but as this rencontre only served to render each of us sensible of his defects, we thought it by far the wisest way to stifle our resentment and our rivalship; and we accordingly entered into a professional alliance as cordially as the nature of the circumstances would admit. Like Cæsar and Pompey, the kingdom of languages was now divided between us. I was, however, a faithful observer of the treaty we had made; and in the ensuing spring, being resolved to go to England, I took with me Christian Brixen, the student I had occasion to mention before.

With this intention we embarked on board a vessel at Arendahl, and arrived in the course of four days at Gravesend. Here having no wish to remain on board a moment longer, we left our baggage, and walked to London on foot. I remember having some strange questions put to me in the course of conversation by several country people, relative to the north of Europe, and was surprised to find among the people in England, whom I persuaded myself were better informed, a degree of ignorance of our quarter of Europe equal to any I had met with among the French and Italians! In Paris, I remember meeting with a priest, who could not be persuaded that any of my countrymen were ever baptized; and an advocate in one of the supreme courts in that city asked me whether it was not the nearest and most convenient way through Turkey to Denmark! Another Frenchman thought accordingly that Marseilles in the Mediterranean was certainly the most convenient port to take shipping from Denmark! In Rome I met with a young man of condition from Piedmont, whom I could by no means persuade that I was really a native of Norway, because he had read a treatise upon geography at home, which informed him that the heretical inhabitants of the north had not only eyes resembling those of swine, but that their mouths reached from ear to ear.

All the way to London I was, of course, the interpreter for my companion, who, as he would sometimes endeavour to make himself understood by his gestures, I believe was taken for a juggler. In London we made but a very short stay, but set out for Oxford with as little delay as possible, where, though we had but little money to spare, we paid a few crowns for the privilege of visiting one of the principal libraries. After this we found ourselves in some measure upon a level with the members of the university. Heaven knows we had the least care in the world in respect to the inspection of the most curious books, or making extracts from ancient manuscripts; our greatest concern was how to ward off the dreadful poverty that threatened us with a grim and louring aspect. My companion gave himself out for a musician, while I assumed the character of a grammarian and master of languages: but alas! he was as far from being skilled in his profession

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I was in mine, and of course we had not much to expect from a nation which very seldom suffers itself to be taken in with mere external appearance. We in the mean time lived so frugally at Oxford, that we only allowed ourselves meat one day in four, contenting ourselves with dry food during the rest of the week. I, for my part, found my health better and my spirits more cheerful than ever under this kind of diet; for my faculties, which had been blunted by indulgence, were recovered by this agreeable restraint. But my companion, still less used to dieting than I had been, pined so much under this new regimen, that in a short time he looked like a person that was just recovering from a severe fever. And every time hunger pinched him, he could not refrain from reflecting upon his folly in leaving his own country, and especially upon the circumstance of his paying the money to the library which might otherwise have been laid out in food for the body. He at length grew silent and melancholy. In vain I quoted Bion: I believe the Seven Sages of Greece could not have satisfied him under those circumstances; and at length, when we had scarcely a shilling left, leaving our clothes, &c. at Oxford, we set out for London, where my companion, getting a merchant of Drontheim to be his surety, obtained such a sum of money of an exchange broker, that he no longer thought of any thing but regaining the flesh he had lost during his abstinence. In the course of one month, upon our return to Oxford, his sunken eyes and his meagre face were no longer distinguishable. We immediately took a lodging at a publick-house, and among other acquaintance formed a confidential correspondence with a Scotsman, who at length, growing very cool and indifferent towards us, as we pressed him to tell us the reason, candidly informed us that it would become us much better to remove our residence from a publick to a private house. At Oxford, he informed us that it was neither customary nor decent to lodge at such houses; and I think there is no university whatever where the students pay so much deference to their superiors, or where they live more consistent with the religion they profess. The least deviation from duty at Oxford is severely censured and corrected. I have observed other universities on the continent, where the conduct of the students has been for the most part disorderly in the extreme. Here, on the contrary, if one passes through the streets at ten o'clock at night, one might rather suppose oneself in the neighbourhood of an hermitage than in a populous city, every thing is so still and quiet. About this time of night the peace-officers visit every corner of the city, and every publick-house, coffee-house, &c. and a common student found out of his college at that hour is sure to repent of his conduct.

But still here is something ridiculous in these regulations; that is to say, that the masters and tutors themselves are not subjected to these rules. They have liberty, if they chuse it, to sit in the publick wine-houses, and drink till broad day-light, as if their academic honours gave them the exclusive privilege to *drink* and *dispute* as long as they please. And it has often happened at Oxford, when a student has been found in a wine-house, &c. for him to bid the officer take notice that he was in company with a *Master of Arts*, and this is sufficient to send the intruder about his business. In other respects Oxford is like another Lacedemonia, where the aged were treated with a degree of respect unparalleled; and as this conduct is also that of the English at Oxford, any thing said by an ancient Doctor or Professor is scarcely ever questioned. If space permitted I could also mention some ordinances and regulations peculiar to Oxford highly to its credit, and which no foreigner could read without sensible pleasure. But to return.

We had not passed more than a month at this university after our return from London with the utmost pleasure and satisfaction, when my companion received a letter from his mother, ordering him to repair to London without delay, and put himself under the disposal of Mr. George Ursius, preacher at the Danish Church. Fear prevented him from acting in the least degree disobedient to his

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mother, and he therefore left me in the greatest perplexity; the only circumstance that consoled me was the acquaintance I had cultivated with some students in the university, and who were so liberal in their recommendations of me as a musician and master of languages, that many discharged their old masters in my favour, though I cannot say their choice was rational or well founded. Some of the most acute of my new scholars soon found out my deficiencies, but they were so generous as to pass them unnoticed. Indeed, one thing very much in my favour was, that very few of my pupils staid with me more than a month, or longer than they had learned the rudiments of the science. In this way my weakness was concealed, and I was still supposed by the multitude to be as profound as ever: but had I not retained the ancient and laudable custom of taking entrance money from my pupils, a loser I must have been; that is to say, my pupils were expected to pay double for the first month. With respect to the German flute, however, I can say without vanity that I was certainly the best performer in Oxford; and accordingly I became, after undergoing my probation, a member of a weekly concert, called "The Musical Club."

For the first fifteen weeks, after my companion had left me, I lived magnificently, as scarcely a day passed without an invitation from some of the members of the university to dine and sup with them, which they call *taking commons*. Almost all the while I remained at Oxford I was generally called *Minheer*, but this I found was owing to my barber, who took me and my companion for Dutchmen. Perhaps my real name would never have been distinctly known, if I had not met with a student named Holber: with him I used to jest, and observe that, as my name was Holberg, we must have originally been of one family, which probably came over to England with Canute the Great.

I must confess that I am under the greatest obligations to the people of Oxford: but out of the many instances of their liberality and kindness, I shall only mention a few. I had been two years in that city when I began seriously to think of returning to my native country: a little before my departure, I received a visit from a fellow of Magdalen College, who, taking me aside from the rest of my company and making his apology, requested me to be free with him, and inform him of the real state of my affairs, as, if they were not in the situation I wished, he had authority from the college to offer me any sum sufficient to bear my expenses to Denmark. For some time I was so much affected by this unexpected generosity, that I could not answer him; but as I had a sufficiency, I afterwards declined the offer in the most obliging terms that I was able to use. In short, it would be tedious to relate all the acts of kindness which I received from the inhabitants of Oxford.

I confess, notwithstanding, that the English build rather too much upon their virtues; and with the most with whom I have conversed, I have remarked that pride is one of the principal national failings. This, in the English, may be justly excused, when one takes into the account the rest of their laudable qualifications. I can safely say that I never played the hypocrite among them, though as soon as ever I came to have a tolerable knowledge of them, I found that any thing was to be obtained of them by flattery. This was a vice I always hated: but I believe, next to my moral conduct and orderly behaviour, it was my natural cheerfulness that won the affections of the people of England. Cheerful themselves they take a sensible pleasure in seeing wit and good humour connected. From the testimonial too, which I carried with me from Denmark, in which some persons had read the following words, "Modo nihil sacro ordine indignum designaverit," they also supposed I was a regular clergyman; and they would frequently say, when speaking in my behalf, "This gentleman is in orders." In learning, the English are rather slow in their acquisitions, but they are generally more learned in reality by far than they appear to be. I believe that the Latin which I spoke when in England was but indifferent, but at

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Oxford I was praised as a very ready speaker and not devoid of grace; but the English practise common speaking in the Latin language so little, that Dr. Smallridge was the only person I ever knew that spoke it fluently and well. Mr. Hudson, a librarian at Oxford, though reckoned a philologist of no ordinary talents, could never attain to any distinction of that nature; and in reality I have more than once seen the students, when haranguing in Latin, uncommonly perplexed at the sight of a stranger, and sometimes stop quite short, as supposing they had discovered a critic in the room of a spectator.

[*To be continued.*]

To VINDEX.

Sir,

I HAVE read your letter. The assertion that "I have thought proper to intrude in the discussion of a question *not for the purpose of argument*" is false: that purpose *was* answered. I produced an authority against the controverted passage, which *you* allow "would add weight to almost any argument." Opinions *may* be fanciful, but *assertions* should be founded in truth.

You add, "It is too bold for him to say that common honesty was his only motive." Your quoting from my letter what it does not contain evinces a capacity verging upon the supernatural. You have perhaps travelled to Laputa, where they extract sunbeams from cucumbers.

You either will not or do not know that literary pilfering admits of no stronger evidence than the production of the author whence the idea is taken, and that the publick seldom feels inclined to allow him the praise of ingenuity who merely publishes what has been published before.

I was justified in supposing that A. B. had read Lord Kaimes, for he says, "I will point out a ridiculous error in Milton, which I have not seen noticed by *any* commentator." If this does not mean to insinuate that he has read *all* the commentators upon Milton, it means nothing; since it is childishly absurd for a man to say *he has not seen* that which he *has not sought after*.

Had, however, no such inference been deducible from A. B.'s words, I was still justified in supposing that he had read Lord Kaimes, because it was *his duty* to have perused him.—Ignorance is a despicable excuse in all cases, but especially in this, since no one should presumptuously seat himself in the chair of criticism without proper qualification. The impotence of *soi-disant* critics has already cast a slur upon a respectable branch of literature.

You say that what I have advanced implies two propositions, that "A. B. has borrowed the objection from Ld. Kaimes, and that he indulges a criminal self-complacency." My letter *implies* neither of these propositions, for it *asserts* both of them. He is but ill qualified for literary disquisition who knows not the difference between assertion and implication.

My first proposition is founded upon the laws of criticism. In Johnson's Lives of the Poets, (particularly that of Cowley) you will find similar inferences drawn from similar premises.—As to the second proposition, I was not aware that it required any very profound "penetration into the recesses of the heart" to learn that applause produces self-complacency. Its criminality *you* have, with infinite cunning, superadded: for the blows which *you* have given A. B. in your rage of vindication, you will doubtless obtain his thanks.

You proceed,—"Truly, Sir, seeing that you wrote your *wise* letter the very day when you first observed A. B.'s argument, your time has not been ill employed in making these *profound* discoveries." Bitter irony!!—and so directly to the purpose!—Pray, Sir, are you subject to these aberrations?

I cannot prevent A. B. from "exercising his ingenuity in discovering errors in celebrated authors;" nor can I deny that *you* possess a *just* and *dignified* idea of the purposes of criticism. *The pursuit of error* conveys pleasurable sensations to a *generous heart*, of which the malevolent have no conception.

If, however, A. B. will, previously to *exercising his ingenuity*, examine *Entick*'s Dictionary, he will learn that *to discover* is to find out *what was not*

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known before. I hope then that he will not, in future, *happen* to borrow criticisms from superior authors, and by some unaccountable infatuation think them *his own.*

It has been hinted to me, that Vindex and A. B. are the same person, but as I am myself incapable of such despicable tergiversation, I cannot suppose it to be fact,* especially as you have given your unfortunate *protegé* an occasional *thump*, which you would perhaps have been more cautious of bestowing upon your own ribs.

After all, what is there so terrific in the name of plagiarist? Many have borne it without uneasiness.—Swift borrowed from Rabelais, and Voltaire from Swift, Sterne from Burton, and hundreds from Sterne.

Plagiarism is the most harmless species of impropriety, and seldom has a worse motive than that of vanity.—The plundered author receives no injury. He is robbed, yet nothing is taken from him. His work remains as rich in observation as before: and as it is but justice to believe that he wrote for the purpose only of disseminating knowledge, why should he quarrel with the plagiarist who assists that dissemination?

J. Brown.

Palsgrave Place,
Nov. 4, 1809.

The Literary Adventures *of* Peter Positive, *of* Gotham, *in* Nottinghamshire. *Addressed to the* Editor *of the* Universal Magazine.

[*Continued from p.* 276.]

With the proudest satisfaction I beheld the benches of the forum almost filled; and if there be any truth in the science of phisiognomy, I saw many faces, which declared the existence of a mind of a Homer or a Virgil. I felt a pleasing trembling pervade my frame; for I was conscious I was in the society of the ornaments of the age; and I experienced that amiable diffidence creeping upon me which my friend the clerk often described to me as having felt the first time he gave out the psalm at church. The chair was no sooner taken than I rose, and with an audible voice began:

"Gentlemen!" Here a most officious fellow, who was sitting behind me, pulled my coat, and informed me that I should address the chair.—"Mr. President!" I resumed, "I, I rise—I rise, Sir, to speak on the man in the moon! and having given you this information, it appears to me, that you have a full right to expect that, before I proceed in my discourse, I should, in the first place, define what is to be understood by the man in the moon; by which, whenever the said personage is mentioned, you may be able to associate that particular idea which appertains to no other man in the world than the man in the moon. On the first view this demand appears to be founded in justice; but, in fact, Mr. President, it is a demand as difficult to satisfy as to determine the depth of the ocean.—Many things in the world appear not to be attended with the slightest difficulty, and with which we think we are as well acquainted as with the mother who bore us. But, if it be required of us to expound it to others, we find ourselves under the unpleasant necessity of deferring the exposition until a more convenient opportunity. Thus, for example, nothing is more easy than to say, I will discourse on the man in the moon; but I appeal to your own feelings, Mr. President, if you would not acknowledge yourself in a predicament, if you had undertaken to speak of a thing which neither strikes the senses, nor can without sense be conceived. To speak with candour, notwithstanding, as a philosopher, I am obligated never to betray any suspicion of the universality and infallibility of my own judgment; yet I acknowledge myself in some embarrassment, whether I shall first speak of the reality of the man in the moon, or of his possibility. In order to be real, he must be possible, and to be possible he must also be real. On this point rests all the difficulty of the subject. If I say the man in the moon is possible, I either think not at all of what I am saying,"—(At this moment,

* The Editor of the Univ. Mag. can take upon himself to assure Mr. Brown that his information is *wrong.*

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Mr. Editor, I heard a consequential puppy whisper to his companion, 'He certainly doth not know of what he is speaking, and he is either a fool or making a fool of us.' Perhaps, thought I, both may be the case. I was not, however to be diverted from my discourse, and continued)—"or I presuppose as a fact, that the man in the moon exists, for how could I otherwise declare that he is possible? It were equivalent to saying, that the man in the moon is blue, or that he has a great nose, or that he can write epigrams like Sir John Carr, or that he is a very good man: for in all these things I presuppose that there is a man in the moon, or it were ridiculous to say, that he is this, or he is that, and thereby in reality declare that a thing that is not is still something. If, on the other hand, I say the man in the moon exists, I then presuppose his possibility, of which I cannot say any thing positive, not having examined it; and if I do examine it, I find myself in *a cursed magic circle*,* in which I am eternally tossed, from possibility to reality, and from reality to possibility, until at last my head becomes so giddy, that the whole world, the man in the moon, my own insignificancy, and the British Forum, are jumbled in it, like—like—what shall I say Mr. President? like mince meat in a pie.—Under such complicated circumstances, I know no other method of extricating myself, than either to justify myself with the simple *non liquet*, or with as much assurance as possible, absolutely to determine that the man in the moon exists as well as every person of this enlightened assembly. In considering which, I confess that the proof of the acute Heraclitus is, in my opinion, the most satisfactory, who, to get rid of the subject at once, says, The man in the moon exists, or how could he otherwise be the man in the moon?

"Having thus most happily extricated myself from the first difficulty, the second important question arises. If the man in the moon exist, what is he? Here, Mr. President, I unlock the gates of the metaphysical abyss. Impenetrable darkness presents *insuperable* obstacles to my most meritorious inquiries, but *I will still attempt to surmount them.** If the position be just, that every thing is what it is, I can therefore, without the slightest hesitation, establish it as a truth, that the man in the moon is the man in the moon;† and this being granted, and which I trust you will not deny, it therefore follows that the man in the moon is not the man in Mercury,

nor in Mars,
nor in Venus,
nor in the Earth,
nor in Jupiter,
nor in Saturn,
nor in Georgium Sidus,

nor is he the man in the zodiac,

nor in the galaxy,
nor in empty space,
nor in chaos,
nor in hell;

but that he is really, truly, and indisputably the man in the moon, and being the man in the moon, that he is neither a fish,

nor a bird,
nor a beast,
nor an amphibion,
nor an insect;

that he can neither swim nor fly, although the latter is rather involved in doubt; for it is perhaps possible in the moon to swim without fins, and to fly without wings, without abstracting from his identity as the man in the moon. Nor can I decide with precision if he live by eating and drinking as we do,

or of the air, like the bird of Paradise,
or of the beams of the sun, like the phœnix,
or of ideas, like the souls of Plato,
or of an author's genius, like a hungry reviewer;

or if he propagate his species by roots,

* Peter Positive is here a direct plagiarist. Vide the speech of a certain common councilman on the momentous question of the jubilee dinner.—*Printer's Devil.*

* Peter Positive again a plagiary. Vide Sir John Carr surmounting the insuperable obstacles which attended his meritorious researches in Scotland.—*Printer's Devil.*

† I rather think this is copied from Godwin.—*Ditto.*

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or by bulbs,
or by buds,
or by sprouts,
or by eggs,
or by living young ones;

or perhaps, like the phœnix, be always remains the only one of his kind, and is regenerated from time to time from his ashes; or if he be

long or short,
fat or lean,
white or black,
good or wicked,
learned or ignorant,
a good or a bad poet,
a good or a bad rider,
a good or a bad dancer,
a good or a bad whistplayer;

or whether he has been three or four times a bankrupt, like a publisher late of Wigmore-street, and gave his notes for MSS. which he never intended to pay; or whether he be intimately acquainted with the managers of Covent Garden theatre, as they appear to be rather under the influence of the planet to which he belongs; or whether he were not consulted by the premier of one of the islands of the earth, on the formation of an hodge-podge ministry, which is allowed to be *ardened* both in head and heart; or whether he be not the author of *Nubilia*.

"These and twenty other questions of the same kind, which any one, though possessed of moderate inventive powers, can supply, cannot I fear be satisfactorily answered, unless some method can be devised of establishing a more intimate acquaintance with the man in the moon, although on the whole I am inclined to suppose, that if he be as solitary in the moon as we have premised, he must be often subject to ennui, and be of an unpleasant and unsociable disposition. But, Mr. President, the honour of fundamentally solving all the imaginable problems which can be set up, touching the man in the moon, is reserved for that philosopher, possessed of sufficient skill and invention to discover the road to the moon, that is, supposing there be one, and if there be not one to make one for himself, by which no unpleasant doubts will remain on his mind of finding his way back again, after having sojourned long enough in the moon to make the necessary observations, provided, and be it granted, that the Lilliputian senses of such base born beings as ourselves have capacity sufficient to make any discovery relating to such an exalted personage as the man in the moon.

"I could extend my discourse, Mr. President, for a few hours longer, for I have still much to expound relating to the figure, colour, organisation, faculties, manners, mode of life, religion, and all exterior and interior relations of the most mysterious person who has been the subject of my discourse, but I will not trespass upon your patience; on a future evening I will renew the subject."

With great self-satisfaction and a triumphant air I sat down. I expected to hear the forum ring with applause; but by some unaccountable mistake, not a single mark of approbation was heard. Perhaps, said I to myself, I have been throwing pearls before swine, and I was at length persuaded that my speech was above the capacity of the audience. Some were even so rude as to laugh; but as I was convinced it could not be at either me or my speech, I gave myself no trouble to ascertain the cause of their rudeness. Even the President smiled, but I know there is a smile of applause and a smile of contempt: you, Mr. Editor, will no doubt agree with me, that the President's smile was the former. I was, however, so thoroughly persuaded that I had been haranguing an audience which, like the age in which Milton wrote, was not sufficiently enlightened to relish the transcendant beauties of my speech, that, with an air of superlative contempt, I seized my hat, and sallied forth into the street. All fools! downright blockheads! I exclaimed as I entered the apartment in which my cousin was sitting. I might as well have harangued a flock of geese or the wheat-sheaves in my father's barn. Not a soul could understand me; my speech was above their comprehension. I now gave my cousin the outlines of my speech, and, strange to tell, Mr. Editor, he burst into a loud laugh; but I accounted for his laugh in the

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same satisfactory manner as for the President's smile. He, however, agreed with me that my speech was above comprehension, and advised me never to speak at the forum again. I do assure you, Mr. Editor, I intend to keep his advice. Supper was soon after announced, but my discovery of the stupidity of the audience at the forum deprived me of all appetite; and the cloth being removed, I consulted my cousin on the disposal of my valuable MS. and he advised me to make the first offer of it to a bookseller who had just at that time been invested with civic honours.

O Mr. Editor, you who are perhaps an author, you can easily conceive with what proud and extatic feelings, springing from a noble consciousness of genius and learning, I sallied forth on the following morning with the darling offspring of my brain under my arm. Arrived at the house of the publishing knight, I knocked, as I suppose all geniuses knock, in a most violent manner. The door was immediately opened, and I was struck with astonishment. A thing presented itself,—but my descriptive powers on a sudden fail me. Pardon me, Mr. Editor, I must retire to collect myself.

[*To be continued.*]

A. B. *in Reply to Mr.* BROWN.

SIR,

WHEN I wrote my final rejoinder, and which appeared in your Magazine for June last, p. 498, I considered myself as having done with the question of Milton's absurdity in the passage which I had quoted. Nor should I have departed from my resolution had the question been confined, subsequently, by your correspondents, to the guilt or innocence of Milton. But a gentleman, who signs himself *J. Brown*, (in your Magazine for September, p. 194) seems to wish to triumph over me with so much exultation that I cannot help noticing his letter. I perfectly commend your candour in admitting arguments on both sides, and the conviction of this candour leaves me no doubt that you will grant a place to the present communication.

Mr. Brown laughs at my self-complacency at what *he* calls a "wonderful discovery." And why does he laugh? Because it has happened that Lord Kaimes had noticed the same inconsistency in Milton before. I have read Lord Kaimes' work with considerable pleasure, though frequently disgusted with his metaphysical affectation: but I do not recollect his having detected the error in Milton. I have not his *Elements* at hand, so I cannot refer to them for a corroboration of Mr. Brown's statement, though I suppose it is correct. However, it is not in Mr. B.'s power to deprive me of my just claim to originality with regard to myself: for, at the time I wrote to you, I knew not that any person had noticed the passage, and I believe I stated as much in my first letter. I am not aware that I indulged in any excessive self-complacency about it; for really I hold such trifles in such mean estimation, that I could never envy the honours of a verbal critic. Mr. B. *may* exult in having detected *me*, if he *thinks* it a detection: I *cannot* exult in having detected *Milton*, who know it to be a detection. When I am ambitious of the honours of a "word catcher," I shall perhaps be more scrupulous in finding out who has hunted the same ground before me.

I cannot conclude without expressing my thanks to *Vindex*, (in your last number, p. 280) for his temperate and gentlemanly defence of me, and for the undeserved opinion which he seems to entertain of my critical emendation. I had spared him the trouble of defending me, had I earlier thought a defence necessary.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

A. B.

Canterbury, Nov. 9, 1809.

ESSAY *on the first* HUMAN SOCIETY, *according to the* MOSAIC HISTORY.

[*Continued from p.* 295.]

HE now discovered a peculiar flavour in the self sown vegetables, of which he was before insensible, and sleep stole upon him with greater sweetness after the fatigues of the day, and under the roof built by

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himself, than in the unvaried and monotonous peace of paradise. In his battle with the tiger he rejoiced in the discovered powers of his limbs, and with every danger which he surmounted he had himself alone to thank for the continuance of his life. He now became too noble for Paradise, and he knew not himself; when under the pressure of necessity and a load of cares he wished himself again in Paradise. An inward impatient impulse, the effect of his awakened self-agency, would soon have followed him in his indolent happiness, and poisoned those joys which he had not acquired for himself. He would have converted Paradise into a wilderness, and then have made the wilderness into a Paradise. But happy were it for the human race, if it had no more formidable enemies to have contended with than the labours of the field, the rage of wild beasts, and a stormy climate; but necessity pressed upon him, the fiercest passions arose, and he soon armed himself against his equal.—With man he was obliged to fight for his existence, a long, guilty, and not yet finished battle; but in this battle could he alone improve his reason and morality.

Domestic Life.

The first children born of the mother of mankind, had a most important advantage over their parents. They were trained and brought up by beings like themselves. All the progress which the latter effected by themselves, and therefore in a tardy manner became the heritage of their children, and was given to them even in their most tender age with all the cordiality of paternal love. With the first son therefore which was born of woman, the great machine began to be effective, the machine by which the whole human race has attained its formation, and will continue to attain it, namely, tradition, or the transmission of ideas. The Mosaic record here deserts us, and overleaps a period of more than fifteen years to introduce the two brothers to us as grown to maturity. But this period is important to the history of man; and when the record forsakes us, reason must supply the deficiency.

The birth of a son, his support, his nursing and bringing up, increased the knowledge, the experience, and the duties of the first man in a considerable degree, and of which particular notice must be taken.

From the beasts the first mother learnt, without doubt, the most necessary maternal duty, and it is probable that necessity taught her the proper means to be employed in the hour of childbirth. The anxiety for her child rendered her attentive to innumerable little comforts, of which she, till then, was ignorant; the number of things of which she learnt to make a use increased, and maternal love became rich in invention.

Until this period both had acknowledged but *one* relation, but *one* species of love, as each presented in the other but one object. Now, with a new object, they became acquainted with a new species of love, and a new moral relation arose, namely, *paternal love*. This new sentiment of love was of a purer kind than the first; it was wholly disinterested;—whereas the first was grounded on pleasure and a mutual want of society.

With this new experience they therefore ascended a higher step of morality, they became ennobled.

But the paternal love which they both displayed for their child effected a material change in the relations in which they had hitherto stood to each other. The cares, the joy, the tender participations in the mutual object of their love, bound them to each by new and more charming bonds. On this occasion each discovered in the other new, beautiful, moral traits, and refined their relation to each other. The man loved in the woman, the mother of his beloved son: the woman honoured and loved in the man, the father, the supporter of her child. The mere sensual pleasure in each other exalted itself to esteem, and from the interested carnal appetite arose the beautiful phenomenon of conjugal love.

This experience of moral beauty was soon increased. The children grew in stature, and a tender bond gradually formed itself between them. The child attached itself most particularly to the child, as every creature

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loves itself but in its equal, and thus in an imperceptible manner arose *fraternal love*. This was a new moral beauty for the first parents. They now beheld, for the first time exterior to them, a picture of sociableness and benevolence; they recognised their own feelings, but only in a more youthful mirror.

As long as the first parents were the only beings, they thought but of the past and the present, but now the prospect of future joys opened itself to their view. As they beheld their children increase in stature, and daily some new faculty developing itself, the future appeared arrayed in the most pleasing colours: they saw their children stepping into manhood, and hope, a new feeling, awakened in their hearts. But what a boundless prospect Hope opens to the human race? Formerly they enjoyed every pleasure but *once*, and that was in the present; now Hope shewed enjoyment in a long perspective, and every future joy was doubly felt in the expectation.

When the children had actually attained to years of maturity, what variety then presented itself in this little circle of human beings. Every idea which the parents had imparted to their children had, in each soul, made a different impression, and surprised them by their novelty. Ratiocination now became more lively.—The moral feeling being put in practice, and developed by practice, language became more rich, and ventured on more determined and cultivated sentiments. No danger now existed of man degrading himself to the imitation of the brutes.

Difference in the Mode of Life.

The progress of cultivation displayed itself in the first generation.—Adam cultivated the fields; and we observe one of his sons adopting a new method of support, as a breeder of cattle. Here therefore the human race divides itself into two conditions, the shepherd and the farmer.

The first man was a disciple of nature, and from her he learnt all the useful arts of life. On an attentive observation the order was manifest in which the plants regenerate. He saw nature herself sow and water; his spirit of imitation arose, and necessity soon excited him to lend his support to nature, and by art to assist her voluntary bounty.

It must not, however, be supposed that corn was the first thing cultivated by man, as the preparations necessary to it are great and difficult; and it is agreeable to the course of nature to proceed always from the simple to the compounded. Rice was probably the first plant cultivated by man. To the culture of it he was invited by nature, for rice grows wild in India, and the ancient historians speak of the cultivation of rice as the first which was practised. Man observed that in a protracted drought the plants drooped, and that after rain they immediately recovered. He further remarked, that where an overflowing river had deposited a muddy sediment, the fertility of the ground was greater. He made the greatest advantage of these two discoveries; he gave his plants an artificial rain, and brought the manure to his field, if no river was in the vicinity which could enrich it by its sediment. He learnt to manure and water his land.

But the first step towards the use of beasts appears to be attended with greater difficulty; but here he also began, as in other cases, with the innocent, and he was perhaps for many ages satisfied with the milk before he deprived the beasts of life. It was, without doubt, the milk from the breast of the woman which invited him to the experiment to make use of the milk of beasts. But he no sooner became acquainted with this species of support, than he took particular care to ensure it to himself for ever. In order to have this food always ready and in abundance, it was not to be left to chance to bring the beast to him whenever he was assailed by hunger. This suggested to him the propriety and necessity of collecting around him a certain number of useful animals; and thus the first flock was formed. But he was obliged to form it of those animals whose nature is a social life, and to transport them from the state of wild and unrestrained freedom to that of servitude and rest, or in other words he was obliged to tame them. But before he ventured on them

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animals which were of a wilder nature, and superior to him in natural weapons and powers, he made the experiment first with those to whom he was in powers superior. The care of sheep, therefore, preceded that of horses, oxen, or swine. R. H.

[*To be continued.*]

SINGULAR LOCAL CHANGES *in the* RELATIVE SITUATIONS *of* FRANCE, ENGLAND, *and* HOLLAND; *occasioned by the Encroachments of the Sea.*

THE recent accidental discovery of a chart of the British channel, seen at Calais in 1798 by a Dutch captain, said to be 850 years old, in the possession of a respectable inhabitant who had been mayor of that place, seems to have thrown a very strong light upon the *encroachments of the sea.* This chart, delineated on parchment, extended on the east to Heligoland; on the north to Orfordness; and on the west to the present site of the Isle of Wight, which then formed a part of the main land of England. The principal headlands, as they now exist, were correctly laid down. Between Dover and the opposite side of the coast of France, there was a space of three miles only; Calais must therefore have been then situated in the interior. Not any entrance was described either into Dunkirk, Flushing, or Beerhaven. The island of Goree being attached to the main land, of which it formed a part, there was not any passage to Rotterdam. Not any Flemish banks were laid down; the space occupied by them, and intermediately between them and the coast opposite, likewise constituting a portion of the main land. But in the North Sea, the depth of water in this chart corresponded with the present depth. The Vlie, or Fly Island as it is now called, was connected with the main land.

Such and so extraordinary are the encroachments which the sea appears to have made on this part of the coast; as, in the space described, the more prominent and elevated headlands are on the side of England, it would seem that, with a reference of three miles only, instead of seven leagues, forming what is called the Strait of Dover, the great, if not the entire loss of land, must have been on the side of France; the sea continuing to gain until it was stopped by the cliffs of Calais, and the elevated lands in the vicinity. The headlands, stiled the Forelands, north and south, then existed as at present. That part of England, therefore, cannot have sustained any material loss in the space of nearly nine centuries, since this chart was made: but, towards Hampshire, the deperdition of soil must have been considerable, if the Isle of Wight was then really connected with the main land. Reasoning from the other data supplied by this ancient chart, it is presumable that the opposite coasts of France, Flanders, and from Dieppe perhaps to the farthest extremity of the latter country, must have been greatly deteriorated by these encroachments. Let the age of the chart be considered, and reflection be made at the same time on the constant ravages the sea is known to have more recently committed in different quarters, the above facts, however extraordinary, will then not appear entirely void of probability.

REPLY *to* R. H. *in* DEFENCE *of* NUBILIA.

SIR,

UPON my word, Mr. Editor, I think it a very hard case that the Author of Nubilia does not step forward himself and vindicate his own language. I engaged as a volunteer in the cause, but I am likely to be drilled into a regular before I have done with it.

Your correspondent and reviewer R. H. writes with gentlemanly temperance and candour: and, indeed, had not his letter possessed those qualities, it would have drawn no answer from me, as I dislike to wage the dirty war of abusive controversy. I will do my best to convince him and defend myself, and then I'll do no more.

R. H. denies that an adjective has the power of changing the *meaning* of a word. So do I, its *absolute* meaning. But an adjective can give a new quality: and there is certainly a difference between a black and a

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white face; yet they are both faces: they are, both, that part of the human body which we denominate a *face*, but they are ESSENTIALLY distinguished from each other *merely* by the addition of the adjective.—Allowing then *remmiscence* and *recollection* to have precisely the same meaning when used *alone*, it is most evident that they *cannot* have the same meaning when one of them is used with the addition of an adjective which confers upon it a new quality. There must be a difference between recollection, and *solemn* recollection: there must be a difference between the recollection of a plum-pudding that was spoiled in the boiling, and the *solemn recollection* of a favorite child that was burnt to death. There is surely a difference between walking, and walking *fast:* in short, if adjectives create no additional quality in the objects to which they are applied, why are they used? R. H. therefore must confess that an adjective *has* the power of changing the meaning of a substantive, and most essentially too: and such being the case, there was no *tautology* of *meaning* in the author of Nubilia, when he said "to recollect with *solemn* reminiscence." I consider this as indisputable: for the adjective *solemn* marked the *kind* of recollection that was indulged in. Having proved thus much, I shall find no difficulty in shewing that there is no *tautology* of *language* in this contested passage.

Your correspondent says, "tautology consists in a difference of words bearing the same sense." Yes; but it also signifies a *repetition* of the *same* words. (See Johnson.) I suppose R. H. will allow that *reminiscence* and *recollection* are not the same words in orthography, and that neither of them were repeated. Therefore I was justified in what I said, that there was *no* tautology of language. Considering myself to have satisfactorily proved the erroneous opinions of R. H. in this first matter, let me now pass to the second.

And, with regard to this second, I am inclined to think that the construction of the sentence would have been better if the relative pronoun had agreed with its antecedent. When I first read the criticism of R. H. I thought he more particularly alluded to the use of the word *groupe* in the singular; but if I now understand him rightly, he objects to the noun and the verb being singular, and the pronoun plural. This is certainly not strictly grammatical, though the highest authorities might be produced in vindication of it. However, no authority ought to establish a wrong precedent. Before I quit this part of the discussion, I must observe, that in the passage from Addison, the verb applies to *group*, and not to *picture*. Addison was too correct a writer to remove the relative *which* so far from the antecedent, and to interpose a new member of the sentence between them.

I come now to the third part of the question.—R. H. defies me, "with all my ability, to metamorphose the superlative of an adjective into a substantive." I will, in candour, attribute this challenge to the heat of controversy, which is so apt to blind our faculties even in the most simple subjects. R. H. must surely know, (for his letter, and his review, prove that he has an enlightened mind), that every adjective, in any of its degrees of comparison, may be made a substantive of in power, by the application of the definite article (*the*) to it, or any of the pronouns. It can scarcely be necessary to adduce instances in support of this, yet, for *his* satisfaction, I will do it:—

"I profess not talking: only this,
Let each man do *his best*."——*Shakspeare.*

"What reward
Awaits *the good*, the rest, what punishment."——*Milton.*

"Grant *the bad* what happiness they would,
One thing they must want, which is to pass for *good*."——*Pope.*

"The young and gay declining, Alma flies
At nobler game, *the mighty* and *the wise*."
Young.

"*The wisest* of all ages have allowed this."——*Addison.*

"*The weak*, by thinking themselves strong, are induced to proclaim war against that which ruins them: and *the strong*, by thinking themselves weak, are thereby rendered as useless as if they were really so."——*South.*

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I hope these examples will be sufficient to convince R. H. that it requires no great "ability to metamorphose the superlative of an adjective into a substantive." It is indeed one of the simplest rules of grammar that an adjective put without a substantive, with an article before it, becomes a substantive in meaning. And in all those cases wherein an adjective is so used the sentence is elliptical. Indeed the omission of the substantive is an elegance of composition which I have often admired in our best writers, and the very passage in Nubilia would have been greatly weakened by the addition of the substantive to which the adjective *highest* is understood to refer. The authorities are numerous which might be adduced in support of this construction.

R. H. asks me, "does the author of Nubilia live at St. Albans?" That is a question which the author must answer himself, for no one can do it better. All that I can say is, I have enquired of the parish clerk (who is a very likely man to know the affairs of the whole parish), and he thinks there is no person here mad enough to write a book. I have also looked narrowly at the countenances of all my neighbours, but they have nothing *authority* in them. There is a man, indeed, who has lately come to live here, of a very suspicious appearance. He wears spectacles, generally has a book in his hand, walks very much alone, and, his landlady tells me, talks to himself; but she has never caught him with a pen in his hand yet.—I often meet him in my walks, and now I think of it, I heard him one day, in a bye lane (I was on the other side of the hedge) damning a critic. I'll watch him closely; and I'll give the postman a shilling to tell me if he ever delivers any letters to him, the thickness of a proof sheet, and what his name is, for I can't find that out. If I should discover that he is the author of Nubilia, you may depend upon it I will let you know. But I am afraid he is not, for he is too fat. I remain, Sir,

Your obed^{t}. serv^{t}.

JUSTUS.

St. Albans, Nov. 11, 1809.

DESCRIPTION *of the* LAKE *of* CIRKNITZ, *in* CARNIOLA. *Translated from the Journal de Physique, de Chimie, et d'Histoire Naturelle.*

AMONG the various natural curiosities of Carniola, this lake, beyond all contradiction, merits one of the first places, particularly in consequence of the singular phenomena that it presents. First, with respect to its position; it is about six miles from the town of Layback; it is bounded on the north by a pile of rocks of the most wild and terrific aspect, which are commanded by the Yavornig, a lofty mountain covered with a thick forest of firs, and other trees. These rocks and this forest impart the appearance of a frightful desert to the whole country, and at the first view inspire the traveller with the sensation of fear; however, averting his looks from the northward, he perceives a change in the nature of the country: the soil, in general, is well cultivated; villages are scattered here and there, and in the midst of fertile fields they offer a most agreeable view. This smiling picture, with the immense expanse of the lake, shaded by the mountains on the opposite side, form a *tout ensemble* altogether picturesque.

This lake is about two leagues in its extent from the east to the west; and about one in breadth from its northern extremity to that of the south. Its depth is not equal in every place, verging from one to four fathoms. Three islands rise from its bosom: the first, called Vornek, is sufficiently large to contain a village and a church. The highly cultivated grounds, the meadows, and the orchards, render this island a most delightful residence. The other two islands are smaller, and both bear the name of Goritza, the one with the surname of Velka, and the other with that of Mala, two words, which, in the dialect of that country, signify great and little. There is besides a tongue of land, called Dornoschek, which runs pretty far into the lake, and forms a kind of peninsula, which is separated from Vornek only by a very narrow strait. Eight rivulets pay the tribute of their streams to this lake, but without increasing its waters,

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as will presently appear. Those of Cirknitz and the Oberg are the most considerable; the first runs through the village of that name, situated about half a league from the source of this rivulet: from this village the lake derived its name, because the ancients knew it by the name of Lac Lugens: but not including Cirknitz and Ottok, in the isle of Vornek. There are seven other villages, some of them a small distance from the lake, but most of them upon its borders.

As the waters in this vast bason have no outlet, they retire through two cavities, made by the hand of nature through the solid rock; and as they form a species of canals or aqueducts, they convey them through the centre of the mountain, and eject them on the other side, near the grotto of St. Cantien. These two cavities are level with the lake, and are called by the names of great and little Karlouza. But besides these outlets, there are eighteen others at the bottom of the lake, through which the whole of the waters are sometimes drawn off by such unaccountable gradations, that the bottom is clearly distinguishable in the course of twenty-five days.

The bottom now being left completely dry, instead of a sheet of water, presents a portion of soil, fertile and ready for cultivation in the highest degree. Accordingly the inhabitants immediately commence with sowing, and a super-abundance of vegetation in a very short time covers the whole extent; in three months after hay is cut and millet is ready for use; even game is sometime hunted, where but a short time before fish were the only living beings.

At the expiration of four months the lake generally refills spontaneously, in the same manner as it disappears. The first sign of the return of the waters is taken from the motion of this element in some of the neighbouring caverns; but though the bason of the lake requires twenty-five days to discharge itself, four and twenty hours are quite sufficient for the bason to refill.

But with respect to the absence of the waters of this lake, the time is by no means regular. There are instances of its appearing and disappearing three times in the course of a year; and then again whole years have passed without its withdrawing at all; but when it has withdrawn, its absence was never known to exceed four months. It most frequently retires about the end of June, or in the middle of July.

The moment of its departure is a signal of joy to the inhabitants of the environs, in consequence of the plenty of fish it produces them. As soon as the waters of the lake are observed to have decreased to a certain degree, all the inhabitants of the surrounding villages are apprized of it by the ringing of a bell. From that instant, young and old, men and women, may be seen all running together, each of them provided with a net, attached to a long pole, for the purpose of dragging the lake and the caverns at the bottom. One reason for their haste on this occasion is, that during the rest of the year no person is permitted to fish in the lake; and besides this, it is evident that the delay only of a few hours would be a serious loss; as on this occasion the inhabitants know by experience, that the fish, following the rapidity of the current, are not to be found by the time the waters have subsided within the depth of two fathoms. However, those who fish first pay for the privilege; and when these people are served, the poor and the most adventurous will undertake to grope in the mud, and often take very large fish by this mode of searching for them; and some fishermen will even undertake to descend into the caverns, and remain there sometimes till the biting of the crabs and blood-suckers, which come in shoals to attack their legs, compels them to desist and return. Among the fish of this lake the pike is the most numerous: they are of ten, twenty, thirty, and forty pounds weight, and sometimes more.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, this lake contained a pike of an aspect so imposing and of such weight, that whenever he was hooked it was always thought prudent to let him go again. But when, as M. Valvasor observes, the ecclesiastics of the Chartreux pur-

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chased the right of fishing in this lake, this king of fishes could no longer obtain any favour on account of his superior size: they made no scruple in having him served up at their own table, when he there received the homage of the *Ichyophages*, a clear proof that these religious were greater gluttons and not so generous as the Emperor Frederic II, who, being in possession of a very fine pike, put him into a pond belonging to the palace of Kaiserslautern, after having decorated him with a gold ring, which being elastic, admitted of his future growth, and bore the following inscription in Greek:—"I am the first fish put into this pond by the hands of the Emperor Frederic II, Oct. 5, 1230." This pike, after having passed 267 years in the pond, was taken with his ring in 1497, and transmitted to Heidelberg to decorate the table of the Elector Philip. He was then, it is said, nine feet long and weighed 350 pounds. Afterwards a monumental representation was made of this pike as large as life, with an inscription adapted to the circumstance.

But though the lake of Cirknitz does not contain fish of this magnitude at present, there are very large ones in great number, especially when the waters of the lake remain longer than ordinary without retiring. In 1656, when the lake disappeared for the first time, after remaining at rest five years, the cavern of Keschetto alone supplied the first fisherman with twenty-one loads of fish, seventeen the second turn, and nine at the last. The greatest misfortune attending this lake is, that the lightning often falls upon it and kills a great number of the inhabitants.—Some, however, who are struck are frequently recovered by an instantaneous immersion in fresh water.—Wild ducks have frequently been found in the bellies of the pikes in lake Cirknitz; and sometimes on the approach of a storm, these wild ducks are seen issuing from the fissures of the rocks in great numbers, from whence, distributing themselves over the face of the country, they fall an easy prey to the peasantry. The peasants who then watch for them as near as possible to the caverns, often knock them down with sticks, nothing being more easy; as emerging from these darksome retreats all at once into open day, they for a time lose the use of their sight. They are generally very fat, and their flesh is black; and it is evident that these birds are bred in some other lakes in the interior of these rocks, especially as herbs and small fish have been found in their crops, a circumstance which throws considerable light upon the phenomena of the lake. In fact, the vast chain of mountains which, under the appellation of the Alps of Carniola, traverse the whole country from Dalmatia to Carinthia, is nothing more than an enormous ridge of rock, perforated here and there by an immense number of grottos. In many of the caverns, the rain and the melting of the snow form vast reservoirs of water, which are transmitted into other caverns by the usual canals of communication. There is therefore every appearance that the five great caverns before-mentioned, at the bottom of the lake of Cirknitz, communicate with five other lakes or reservoirs of water in the interior of the mountain; for from the moment that the water begins to sink to any degree into these subterranean caverns, the canals which connect them with the lake of Cirknitz act as syphons passing the waters into other caverns of the rocks: so when the rains or the melting of the snows cause the waters to collect in abundance, these syphons force the mass of water to return with impetuosity and to precipitate itself into the lake.

Superstition, which is the fruit of ignorance, can see nothing in this natural phenomenon but an object of fear; hence the people in the environs of the lake tell travellers a thousand stories, one exceeding another in extravagance. They have even given one of these caverns on the borders of the lake the name of the Sorcerer's Cave, because in former ages they seriously imagined that these conjurers met there to keep their sabbaths! Hence M. Valvasor observed "this country was richly provided with socerers:" but he added, sometimes when these persons have been taken in the fact, more of them have been burnt in one year in

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the environs of Cirknitz, than would have died naturally, during a whole generation. Very happily at this time of day, sorcerers are no longer sought for in these mountains; but very probably the hunters seek among them for an excellent species of the wild pigeon, with as much ardour as ever their forefathers sought for magicians. During the cold season these pigeons seek refuge in great numbers in the rocks. This sport in general is very productive and attractive in the mountains of Carniola, where the fissures and rocky cavities are distinguished by the name of *Taubenlocher*, or "pigeon holes."

On the CULTURE *of the* POPPY, *and the* EXTRACTION *of* OIL *from its* SEEDS.

THE scarcity and exorbitant price of olive oil, in consequence of the political circumstances that have not only interrupted the commerce with those countries where it is principally produced, but have also checked or nearly annihilated the culture of the olive in some of them, does not appear to have roused the attention of experimentalists, or the cupidity of adventurers to search for a substitute in this country. Yet one that very nearly approaches in its quality to olive oil, has been known for upwards of a century in France, and is produced from the seeds of the common garden poppy. The following account, extracted from *La petite Maison Rustique*, Paris, 1802, tom. 1. may be interesting, and perhaps induce a trial in England of the qualities of this oil.

The cultivation of the poppy is capable of producing considerable advantage to the farmer. It has two important objects; that of producing the seed from which the oil called *huile d'œillet or d'œillette* is extracted, and that of yielding the poppy-heads employed in medicine.*

'Before, however, encouraging the farmer to attempt this article of cultivation, it is undoubtedly essential to shew the uses and properties of the oil which is extracted from the poppy. This oil is sweet, pleasant, and has the scent of fresh-gathered hazel-nuts. Next to olive oil it is the best for every culinary purpose, either in sallads, or in made dishes; its only defect is, that it is not fit to burn in a lamp. It was the dreadfully hard winter of 1709, which destroyed all the olive-trees of France, that occasioned the cultivation of the poppy to be introduced, which had for a long time been known and practised in Germany. Those commercial men who were interested in the trade in olive-oil, of which a large quantity is imported, asserted, and almost succeeded in establishing an opinion, that the oil *d'œillet*, or of poppies, was a dangerous narcotic. This prejudice gradually gained ground, in the same manner as so many others have done, with which society has always been overwhelmed in such times as mankind only see through the eyes of others. Experiments, however, were publicly made, and

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* The *papaver somniferum* has been cultivated in England for the production of opium; the largest quantity of this drug that was cured in this country, was raised in 1797, from the Earl of Egremont's garden at Petworth, in Sussex, and the fact, now indisputably ascertained, that all the foreign opium is highly adulterated, renders it an object of considerable importance to encourage the domestic growth. Mr. André, domestic surgeon to Lord Egremont, was convinced, that in all his practice he never made use of any opium that could be compared with this. The operation of collecting the produce should be effected by a gentle incision in the head, as they grow, after the petals of the flowers have fallen (taking care not to wound the inner membrane), with a small knife. The morning after the incision is made, the gummy juice which exudes from the wound must be scraped into an earthen vessel, dried in the sun, and preserved for use. This incision can be repeated three or four times. An acre will yield from four to five pounds of opium. The cultivation of the poppy for opium in India, has been described by different authors. A valuable paper on the subject may be found in Tilloch's Philosophical Magazine, vol. iii. p. 417.

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the results were uniformly in favour of the oil of poppies. It was demonstrated that neither the seed, nor the oil of the poppy, contained a single particle of somniferous matter, or any narcotic quality; and the experience both of men, and of animals, has, at various times, and in various countries, confirmed the truth of this assertion. In fact, the ancient Romans made use of the seed in the preparation of their food. Every pharmacopœia clearly points out that the seed does not in any degree participate in the narcotic qualities of the capsule. In Italy, particularly at Genoa, sugar-plumbs are made of the seed. Bird-catchers prepare a paste for nightingales,* of it. In those countries where the culture of the poppy is established on a large scale, the *marc*, or refuse which remain after the oil is pressed out, is given as food to cows, to hogs, and to poultry, and it would undoubtedly be in this refuse, that the greatest portion of somniferous or deleterious matter would exist. In short, neither men or animals have ever been hurt either by the seed or by the oil extracted from it. Add to this the great use which this oil is applied to in the manufacture of the soft soap which is so much used in the north, and there will be no hesitation in announcing its cultivation as one of utility and profit in every part of the country.

'The poppy having a taproot, is adapted to succeed the surface-rooted crops, such as wheat, barley, rye, oats, &c. and may serve to alternate† our fields instead of fallowing them. The poppy, on account of its deep taproot, delights in a deep and light soil. It rapidly advances in growth as soon as the warmth of the sun begins to animate it. The soil requires to be well manured, that the plant may not be in want of nourishment at the time when it stands most in need of it.

'The climate, in some measure, must determine the time for sowing. The more the land destined for the growth of poppies lies toward the south, the earlier must the seed be put into the ground, because the warmth of May and June otherwise hasten the progress of its vegetation too much. In the southern parts it is therefore advisable to sow early, that is, towards the end of September or the beginning of October. On the contrary in the northern departments, even the month of March may be waited for, without much risk of the failure of the crop; yet, at all events, poppies which have been sown in the autumn will be the best. There is no fear that cattle or sheep will do any damage to this crop.

'If the sowing take place in September or October, the field should be twice cross-ploughed* immediately after the corn is carried off. It is advisable to burn the stubble before ploughing, not because of the slight manure which its ashes may produce, but in order to facilitate the progress of the plough, and that the stubble, which would not have time enough to rot before seed-time, may not obstruct the smoothing and levelling of the earth at the time of sowing. The weather should be such at the time of ploughing, that the earth be neither too dry nor too wet, and especially that it be not turned up in clods. It should be several times harrowed till the surface is quite smooth; and to complete this operation, a last harrowing should be given with faggots of thorn-bushes. The seed must be sown broad-cast, and the bush-harrow must then be drawn over it twice: a gentle shower at this period will settle the seed in the earth, and it will make its appearance above ground in a few days. As, however,

* The maw-seed, sold in the shops, for birds, is the seed of the black garden poppy; so called, because its seed is black, to distinguish it from that kind whose seed is white or yellowish.

† An expressive French word which cannot be well translated, but thus anglicised, conveys its full meaning.

* Cross-ploughing is generally done at right angles, which is a defective practice, as that part of the soil that forms the centre of the square of the furrows remains unbroken. It should be done lozenge-wise, by which no part can well remain untouched by the plough.

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it is impossible to deposit the seeds as regularly as in a garden,* as soon as the plants begin to acquire some size, hoeing is requisite to thin them where they are too thickly sown. In the spring, another and more general hoeing must be given; and lastly, when the lateral branches appear, the hoe must be again used, and only those plants left and earthed up, which are to remain for a crop, at the distance of from fifteen to eighteen inches asunder. No greater distance should be allowed, for the object is not to attain the utmost perfection of flower, for which a larger space should be requisite, but to multiply the produce in seed, and consequently to leave no more room between the plants than is necessary, that they should not stifle each other.

'When the heads are ripe the farmer must repair to the field with all his hands, and a number of pieces of cloth proportioned to the quantity of poppies. These cloths must be spread out at the foot of the plants, the heads of which must be bowed down and shaken over them, that the ripe seed may fall upon them. After this first operation, the plants must be pulled, keeping them as much as possible in an upright position, in order that no seed may be lost. These plants must then be tied up in bundles or sheaves, and set up in the field into cocks. Two or three days after the crop has been cocked, the cloths must again be laid out at the foot of the cocks, and the heads must be shaken out afresh over them, and the capsules bruised, or broken by hand. Finally, if there is no want at the farm-house of spray or light-wood for the oven, the haulm may be burnt on the field.

'There is another method of cropping the poppy. For the sake of expedition, some cultivators bend the branches over the cloths, cut off the tops, and carry them home, leaving the stalks entire in the ground, where they are burnt standing, unless it be preferred to pull them up, and carry them to the fold-yard for litter, or to the house, for fuel.

'In whatever manner, however, that the crop be harvested, it is very essential that no vestiges of the capsule be mixed with the seed, because, when put into the press or mill, they would absorb, and consequently occasion the loss of a pretty considerable quantity of oil. To obviate this inconvenience, sieves must be made use of, calculated to let the poppy-seed pass without any of the broken capsules, which, in the collection, will necessarily be mixed with the heap.' W.

* For sowing the poppy, the same machine which, in some countries, is used for turnips, would probably be the best. This is a wooden square box, about six feet in length, two inches in depth, and one in breadth, with small holes in the bottom, to admit of one grain of turnip-seed, at about six inches distant apart; this, balanced on the hands and gently shaken, sows more equally, and more economically than any other mode yet known.

Schiller *on the* Tragic Art.

[*Continued from page 94.*]

HOWEVER it must be confessed that a considerable point is gained, when our disgust at this contrariety of aim touches no moral being, but is derived in the most inoffensive place, from necessity; thus a blind subjection to fate is always degrading and vexatious to a free and moral being. It is this circumstance which renders the most beautiful pieces of the Grecian drama defective, as in all those pieces an appeal is at last made to necessity, and which remains always an inexplicable point for our reason. But it is on the highest and last step to which the morally formed man can ascend, and to which the tragic art can exalt itself, that that point is solved, and every shadow of disgust vanishes with it; and this may be said to happen when even that disgust yields to fate, and is lost in the supposition, or rather in a distinct consciousness of a teleological connexion of things, and of a more exalted order. Then the enlivening representation of the most perfect uniformity in the great whole of nature connects itself with our enjoyment in moral harmony, and the apparent discord in it, which in single

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cases awakened a degree of pain, becomes merely a spur to our reason, to explore in the general laws for a justification of this particular case, and to resolve the single discord in the general harmony. The Grecian art never exalted itself to this pure height of tragic emotion, as neither the religion of the people, nor even philosophy, guided them by their light. For the modern art, which enjoys the advantage of having received purer materials from a more enlightened philosophy, it is reserved to satisfy this exalted claim, and thereby develope the whole moral dignity of the art.

As the tragic emotion is weakened by an intermixture of opposite representations and feelings, thereby decreasing the pleasure of them, so, on the other hand, by a too great approach to the original affection, it can extend itself to that degree as to make pain preponderate. It has been remarked, that the displeasure experienced in certain emotions, takes its origin from the relation of its object to our sensuality, as, on the other hand, the pleasure experienced in them takes its origin from the relation of the affection itself, to our sensuality. There is, therefore, presupposed, a determined relation between sensuality and morality, which determines the relation of the pleasure to the displeasure in sorrowful emotions, and which cannot be changed, nor considered contrarily, without, at the same time, changing the feeling of pleasure and displeasure in certain emotions, or converting them in their opposite. The more lively the sensuality is awakened, the weaker will be the effect of the moral sense, and vice versa, the more the former loses of its power, the greater will be the strengh of the latter. Whatever, therefore, gives sensuality the preponderancy in our mind must necessarily, as it checks and limits the moral sense, diminish our enjoyment in emotions, which flows solely from that moral sense, as on the other hand every thing which gives the latter the superiority even in original affections, deprives sorrow of its sting. Our sensuality attains, in reality, this preponderancy, when the representations of sufferings exalt themselves to that degree of vivacity, that all possibility is destroyed of distinguishing the participated affection from an original one, our ownself from the suffering subject, or, in other words, truth from fiction. It attains the preponderancy at the same time, when it is nourished by accumulation of its objects, and by the dazzling light, which a lively imagination spreads over them. Nothing, on the other hand, is more adapted to keep it within its proper bounds, than moral ideas on which the suppressed reason exalts itself, to soar above the misty circle of feeling, to a more bright and pure horizon. Hence the great charms which general truths or proverbs, when introduced in the proper place in dramatic dialogue, have conveyed to all civilised people, and the almost exuberant use which even the Grecians made of them. Nothing is more welcome to a moral mind, than after a long continued state of actua suffering, to be awakened from the servitude of the senses to self-agency, and again replaced in a state of freedom.

Having thus treated of the causes which limit our compassion, and obstruct the engagement of melancholy emotions, it now remains to enumerate the conditions in which compassion is promoted, and in which the pleasure of the emotion is awakened in the strongest and most certain manner.

All compassion presupposes representations of sufferings, and according to the vivacity, truth, completeness, and continuance of the latter, the degree of the former is determined.

In the first place, the greater vivacity with which the representations are attended, the more is the mind invited to activity, its sensuality is the more excited, and also its moral faculty proportionably weakened in opposition. The representations of the sufferings can, however, be supported in two different manners, and which are not favourable in the same degree to the vivacity of the impression. Those sufferings of which we are witnesses, affect us with greater force than those, to the knowledge of which we attain, by relation or description. The former obstruct th-

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free play of our imagination, and penetrate, as they strike our sensibility, in the most immediate manner to our heart. On the other hand, by relation or description, the necessary operation of the understanding weakens the force of the impression. The relation also often transports us from the mental situation of the acting person, to that of the relater, and which disturbs the illusion so necessary to compassion, as often as the relater obtrudes himself in his own person, a cessation takes place in the action, and therefore unavoidably in our sympathetic affection, and this same case occurs when the dramatic writer forgets himself in the dialogue, and places observations in the mouth of the speaker, which a cold spectator could alone supply. Immediate actual presence is therefore necessary, to give the representations of sufferings that strength which is required for an high degree of emotion.

In the second place, we can obtain the most lively impressions of a suffering, without being brought to a perceptible degree of compassion, and it occurs when truth is not combined with the impressions. We are obliged to form to ourselves an idea of the suffering in which we are to participate, and for this purpose a harmony of it is required with *something* which had a prior existence in us. The possibility of compassion, therefore, consists in the perception, or presupposition of a resemblance between ourselves and the suffering subject. Wherever this resemblance makes itself known, compassion follows of course, where it is not known, compassion is impossible. The greater and more visible the resemblance, the more lively is our compassion, the weaker the resemblance, the smaller our compassion. In order to have an imitative feeling of the affection of another, all the *interior* provisions for that affection must be existing in us, whereby the exterior cause, which, by its union with those provisions, gave rise to the affection, could also operate in an equal manner upon us. We must, without putting any restraint upon ourselves, exchange persons, and be capable, in a moment, of placing ourselves in his situation. But how is it possible to feel the situation of another, without having previously experienced some resemblance to him. This resemblance has a relation to the whole foundation of the mind, so far as it is universal and necessary. Our moral nature, however, principally contains universality and necessity.

R. H.

[*To be continued.*]

CATALOGUE RAISONNEE; *or a* CONCISE *and* CORRECT ACCOUNT *of the* STATUES, BAS-RELIEFS, *and* BUSTS, *in the* GALLERY *of* ANTIQUES, MUSEUM *of* NAPOLEON, *at* PARIS.*

THE Gallery of Antiques is divided into six apartments, in which the trophies of the conquerors of Italy are deposited. We shall take each of these apartments in its proper order, and, after describing its peculiar embellishments, give a separate account of every statue, &c. contained in it.

THE VESTIBULE.

The ceiling representing "the origin of sculpture, or man formed by Prometheus, and animated by Minerva, in presence of the Fates," is painted by M. Berthelemy. The four medallions are allusive to the four schools of sculpture. "Egypt pointing to the colossian statue of Memnon, and Greece to the Pythian Apollo," are the work of M. Lange, and those which represent "Italy exhibiting the Moses of Michael Angelo," and "France the Milo of Pujet," are executed by M. Lorta.

* The majority of the statues, &c. exhibited in this gallery, is the fruit of the French army's victories in Italy. Agreeably to the treaty of Tolentino, they were chosen at the capitol and the vatican, by the following French artists; namely, Messrs. Berthelemy, Berthelet, Moitte, Monge, Thouin, and Tinet, nominated commissioners for this express purpose by the government. By the assiduity, skill, and attention of these gentlemen, those valuable remains of antiquity have been conveyed to Paris, without having sustained the slightest injury on the journey.

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"The genius of the arts," a bas-relief placed on the arch above the door of entrance, and that representing the "Union of the three arts of design," placed over the door communicating with the apartment of the emperors, are carved by M. Chaudet.

BUSTS, &c. IN THE VESTIBULE.

No. 1. *A marble couch, dedicated to Ceres.* This is formed of marble of Luni. The sphinxes which support its arms were considered the emblems of mystery by the ancients. Hence modern artists have taken occasion to repair this couch, and embellish it with torches, the cornucopiæ, the serpents, and other symbols of Ceres, the goddess to whom was attributed the institution of the mysteries of Eleusis, the most revered of Pagan rites.

This couch was brought from the Vatican, where it stood upon the grand stair-case of the Museum.

2. *Diana*, in the habit of a huntress, the tunic without sleeves, short and formed in folds, and the shoulders enveloped in a species of mantle (*himation*). She holds the bow in a declining posture in her left hand, while, with her right, she searches for an arrow in the quiver, suspended from her shoulder by a leathern belt. Her legs are bare, and her feet are defended by costly sandals. Moved, as it were, by sudden irritation, the sister of Apollo turns her head half aside; anger illumines her visage; and her hair, surmounted in front by a small diadem, and knotted on the back of her head, discovers a haughty and severe brow. The branches which adorn the head of the doe, sufficiently indicate that the design was not to represent a natural doe, or a mere symbol of the chace, since the female deer never bear branches. This is certainly the distinctive mark of the fabulous doe of Cerynea, a prodigious quadruped with golden horns and brazen feet, dedicated to Diana by the nymph Taygeta, daughter of Atlas (Pindar, Olymp. Od. iii). Hercules, compelled by the destinies to obey Eurystheus, was ordered by the latter to bring him this doe alive to Mycenæ. The demi-god, after having pursued it through twenty different climates, at length came up with it in Arcadia, at the passage of the river Ladon; but scarcely had he it within his power, ere Diana descended from Artemisius, snatched from him his prey, claimed it as her own property, and threatened him with her arrows. It was only at the earnest solicitations of the hero that the goddess became appeased and at length ceded the fatal doe. (Apollodorus, lib. ii. c. 5. § 3.) —It is very probable that the above mythological tale has furnished the subject of this admired statue, which may be looked upon as the finest representation of Diana handed down to us from antiquity.

This superb statue of Parian marble has been in France since the reign of Henry IV; and it was without doubt the most perfect of the antiquities possessed by that country before the conquest of Italy enriched it with so many masterpieces in the art of sculpture. Some artists have imagined that they discovered a decided affinity between this statue and that of the Apollo Belvidere, to which indeed it appears to have as much analogy as the subject will admit of; for, from the studied contrast of its members and attitude, it would seem as if intended for a companion to the Apollo. It is in high preservation even with respect to its appendages; and the head of the doe, as well as the bow and quiver of the goddess, has sufficient remains of the antique to admit of its being fully restored to its ancient condition. All these parts, and whatever else was wanting to the perfection of the group, have lately been repaired with infinite ingenuity and dexterity. This Diana has only been removed to the gallery for a short period, until its former situation at Versailles shall be thoroughly repaired and fitted for its reception.

3. *Marcus Aurelius.*—A statue.—The emperor is here represented in the costume of the gods and heroes. His attire consists of a small mantle thrown over the left shoulder, and his right arm is raised as if designed to rest upon a spear. It is probable that this statue, of colossean dimensions, and formed of Pentelic marble*, was

* The Pentelic marble is so called from Mount Pentelicus, situated near

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executed under the reign of Septimus Severus, who called himself the son of Marcus Aurelius, and paid the highest honours to the memory of that great man. The style of the performance is calculated to support this opinion.

4. *Bacchus.*—A colossean statue. Crowned with vine-leaves and the bacchanalian diadem, the god of wine, without any other garment than a sort of scarf fastened to his chest and thrown over the left arm, lolls listlessly upon the trunk of a tree. His visage is the very type of inebriety; and the rotund shape of his limbs well accords with the character of the most voluptuous of the gods.

This statue, of Pentelic marble, was formerly in the Salle des Antiques at the Louvre. In the left hand there ought to be an inclined vase, as tho' the god were in the act of pouring forth a *characteristic* libation.

[*To be resumed in our next.*]

Upon the USE *of the* FINAL "C" *and* "K."

SIR,

IN some of your late numbers a question in orthography is brought forward regarding the proper uses of the single *c* and the double *ck* in the English language; and, as your correspondents have not yet come to a decision on the subject, I shall just presume to offer what has occurred to me.

In all words, then, which we derive from the Greek and Latin, the single *c*, I think, is to be adopted, such as in *politic, critic, classic, public*; and in those from the northern tongues the double *ck*, as in *stock, luck, deck, quick*. The advocates for the doubled letter in both these cases will, I am persuaded, relinquish the idea when they reflect that in the ancient languages the consonant in question is always single, and the antecedent syllable prosodically short; nor do they, when the above words come to be lengthened, write politick*al*, critick*al*, from the Greek, nor classick*al*, publick*an*, from the Latin; while, on the other hand, those of Gothic original, when amplified, must all retain their double letter, *e. g. stocking, lucky, decker, quicken.*

If this rule admits of some exceptions they are but few: and what rule is without? In using the term *rule*, however, I mean not at all to lay it down. I bring the idea forward rather as a query than otherwise, to be solved by the more intelligent in orthography than is,

Your's, &c.

LECTOR.

VOYAGE *from* PORT JACKSON *to* PRINCE OF WALES'S ISLAND.—*Extracted from the Letters of a Lady.*

[*Continued from p.* 294.]

At Sea, August 31, 1803.*

AFTER much difficulty and perseverance, we arrived at Amboyna on the 19th instant, where we were handsomely received by the inhabitants, who are a mixture of Batavians, Germans, Japanese, Chinese, Malays, and indigenous Amboynese. During a residence of ten days, they seemed to vie with each other in shewing us every polite attention; and, but for an untoward accident, we might have passed our time with pleasure, and have partaken of many recreations. You must know that on the very first evening of our arrival, three open carriages having been sent down to convey us round the town, more for a show than for an airing, my cara-sposo, who was drawn in

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Athens, and from the quarries of which was drawn that beautiful statuary marble whereof Pausanias and Philostrates make mention. This marble is distinguished by certain shades or veins of a greenish hue, which divide the masses, and give rise to the name by which it is commonly known at Rome —that of *Cipolla statuary marble.*

* A mistake, which the attentive reader will readily perceive, has inadvertently arisen in the series in which these letters have been inserted.—The one in our last, dated 30th July, should have been 30th June, and should have preceded that of 10th July which appeared in the foregoing month.

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one of them by the fiscal, very foolishly tumbled headlong out of it, and being considerably stunned by the fall, though not in effect much hurt, it produced a malady, of all maladies the worst, namely—the sulks: which made this said cara-sposo, after partaking of an elegant entertainment at Col. Van Jett's, the governor, come to a determination to embark on board of this precious tub, and not to quit it again during his stay at Amboyna; and well I know if angels of light, and of darkness, had united to join in the solicitations that were hourly made for him to change his resolution, it would have all been to no purpose. The poor fiscal received a contusion on one of his shoulders, which he bore with Christian fortitude, and was as cheerful under his misfortune as another party was gloomy. The fiscal told me one day, with much pleasantry, that if his wife had been half as attentive to him, as I had been to my husband, he should soon have been healed. She, poor simple soul, sat at the same table with us, amusing herself with her betel-box and spitting-pot, without understanding a word that was passing.

The next morning many kind enquiries were sent on board, and presents of live deer and turtle, together with a great variety of fruits and vegetables, with an invitation from the Lieutenant-Governor and his lady to an 'entertainment' in the evening.—However much I wished to have staid on board to have acted the part of a nurse, my lord and master insisted that I should accept of this invitation. I was escorted by the principal officers of the ship, and on landing, as on the preceding evening, a black, with a splendid turban, was appointed to attend on me, and hold over my head a richly ornamented parasol. The ladies of the party, besides myself, were Mrs. Neys, the lady of the Lieutenant-Governor, Mrs. Van Rasselt, a lively agreeable young widow, who spoke very good English, which she acquired while Colonel and Miss Oliver resided at Amboyna, and the Baroness Van Zmeer, a tall elegant woman, her age not exceeding twenty-two, yet in a state of widowhood, the Baron having been dead six months; herself, her two children, and a numerous train of attendants, were all in deep mourning; she is reported to be worth eighty thousand pounds.

Having mentioned Colonel Oliver, it is fit I should inform you that he had the command whilst the English were in possession of Amboyna. I brought a letter of introduction from New South Wales to him and to his daughter, and was much disappointed to find them gone; they had sailed only two months before for Madras.

Tea, coffee, and a variety of sweetmeats were served round to the company in a large viranda in the front of the house, which looks towards the square, on one side of which is the fort, and the two other sides are formed by large handsome buildings, which are partly shaded by nutmeg-trees. These trees grow to a considerable size, are of a fine colour, and afford an agreeable shade. They bear nutmegs and mace, the nutmeg is inclosed within a shell, which shell is coated with mace, on the outside of which again there is a thick skin like that of a walnut. The sale of spices is prohibited, and they were so strict in observing this prohibition, that I could not get an ounce, nor did they offer any in presents, excepting one jar of preserved nutmegs.

The number of lamps, similar to our large glass lamps for halls, that are lighted of an evening in the virandas, seen through the foliage of the trees, have a charming effect. The preference being given to walking rather than to cards by the majority of the company, we set out for the Bazar, or market, preceded by three attendants of the Baroness in long black gowns carrying large wax flambeaus. I suppose there could not be less than five hundred Malays in the Bazar, and as many lights on their fruit-stalls. The moon just emerging from behind a cloud, shewed a range of lofty cocoanut-trees, and some large fires blazing amongst the trees on the opposite mountains, which made the scenery highly picturesque. We extended our walk for some distance beyond the Bazar, and coming to a large church in which a number of Malays were assembled for the purposes of devotion, I expressed a wish to enter it; accord-

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ingly we all went in whilst they were singing, in which the Malays joined in full chorus; but my attention to this was drawn off by the agitation of the Baroness, occasioned by painful recollections: the Baron having been interred in the chancel of this church; of this circumstance I was ignorant when I proposed entering the church, or I should not have done so. After quitting the church, she recovered some degree of composure, though when she forced a smile, or spoke with apparent cheerfulness, it was easy to discover that her heart did not participate in the effort.

On our return to the Lieutenant-Governor's, we found an elegant entertainment prepared, consisting of a variety of delicacies, many of them dressed in the English style, with Madeira, claret, malmsey, and sherbet.

Their amusements appear to be few: bathing is a favourite one, and the ladies reckon swimming an accomplishment, in which many of them are expert. Their baths are mostly formed by the hand of nature. One of them is romantically situated in a deep valley, through which there is a gravel walk between two running streams of water. The water is so perfectly transparent that one would not imagine it to be deeper than two or three feet, whereas in many parts it is upwards of twelve and sixteen feet. These streams unite and form themselves into a bason at the termination of the valley, where a guard is kept to prevent the profane vulgar from contaminating the purity of the water by immersing themselves in it. Should the Bath Guide at any time fall into the hands of the Amboynese belles, what would be their ideas of the delicacy of the English ladies when the two following lines presented themselves?—

> While old aunt Tabby is bathing her rump,
> The ladies are drinking it out of the pump.

But to return from this digression—the sides of this charming valley are covered with cocoanut and sago trees. In this sweet and romantic spot we partook of sweet-meats, cakes, and wines that had been sent on before for a regale; nor did we think of returning till Cynthia with her sparkling attendants illuminated the vale. Fire-flies were darting all around us, and many of the low bushes were covered with them. These are small flies that are continually emitting a light like a spark of fire; I have seen them at Port Jackson after a thunder-storm, but nothing like so numerous as at Amboyna.

There is another charming natural bath, improved by art, in the gardens where Colonel Oliver resided, and which is situated in one of the finest amphitheatres that nature ever formed.

Amboyna would be a most desirable place of residence, were it as healthy as it is pleasant and beautiful; but, owing to the great quantity of saltpetre with which the earth is impregnated, sickness prevails, and sudden death are not unfrequent. The evening and night dews are likewise very prejudicial.

During the short time that Amboyna was in possession of the English, no less than nine duels were fought, in all of which medical gentlemen were concerned. In one of them Colonel Hamilton fell; he is interred in one of the church-yards, and a neat tomb erected to his memory.

Who could have supposed that we should have received letters from New South Wales at this place; but this we did by the brig Harrington, which arrived at Port Jackson soon after we left it, and sailed from there for Madras. Our detention at New Caledonia gave them an opportunity of overtaking us. The master, Capt. Campbell, we had seen in Governor Hunter's time at Port Jackson, and the supercargo, Mr. Tough, at the Cape of Good Hope.

You will expect that I should make some observations on the dress of the ladies at the various places we visit. Those of Amboyna are really so undressed, that I could not divest myself of the idea that I was always received by them in their robes de chambre. Their dress consists of a large pattern chintz petticoat with a deep flounce laid in half plaits, (either in black or white it looks well, and is far from being unbecoming, but the latter is seldom worn); a dressing gown of a different pattern, with loose sleeves

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confined at the wrists with a set of ten or twelve buttons, pinned at the bosom, and without either handkerchief or girdle, so that it hangs loose to the top of the flounce, and is open in front. They make use of the leaves of a tree which dyes their hair jet black: it is almost drawn from the roots on the forehead, and smoothed so as to lie perfectly flat to the back part of the head, where it is formed into a circle and fastened with a tortoiseshell comb, in the form of a half moon. Round this circle they stick gold and silver bodkins, and when they mean to be full dressed the bodkins are richly set with jewels, and a half wreath of artificial flowers worn on one side of the circle, but no ornament whatever on the top of their heads. Stockings they seldom wear, and their slippers are of an inferior quality. Their persons are slender and upright, yet perfectly easy; and their civilities and attention were unbounded. At parting, the Baroness presented me with a writing-desk, made of a beautiful wood called Kayoobooke, which grows in the country, and two cassowary eggs. Mrs. Neys sent me a large tame white cockatoo with a red crest; and Mrs. Van Rasselt requested I would accept, for a keepsake, of a beautiful tortoiseshell betel-box.

Their greatest pride, I fancy, consists in the value of their betel-boxes (for they all chew), which are of the finest tortoiseshell highly wrought and decorated with silver clamps and chains. I have counted forty of the latter fastened at one end to one of the small handles, and at the other to the little key which is hardly visible. —These boxes contain betel-nut and chunam; the latter makes the lips red. Some of the boxes are of gold, and others of silver. A slave attends with this box both at home and on visits.

As we could not procure any quantity of provisions, either fresh or salted, at Amboyna, we were anxious to depart for Timor; on the morning of the 31st therefore (this day) we sailed, after saluting the Dutch fort with eleven guns, which was returned with an equal number. A fresh breeze has most fortunately carried off all the bad consequences of the accident as related at the beginning of this letter, and is wafting us with rapidity towards Timor, whence I hope to have the pleasure of again addressing you.

W.

[*To be continued.*]

CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING: *a Pennsylvanian Tale. And other Poems. By* THOMAS CAMPBELL, *Author of the "Pleasures of Hope," &c.*— 1 vol. 4to. 1809. pp. 134.

IT may justly be doubted whether it be not a disadvantage to an author to have produced one successful work, when he again appears before the tribunal of public opinion. That he has done well before, so far from softening the award of criticism, only renders her more ample in her demands of excellence. Prior merit will not extenuate subsequent defect, but it will assuredly aggravate it; for, in the progressive efforts of the human mind, we so naturally expect progressive improvement, that we are inevitably displeased when our expectations are disappointed. Hence it is that it behoves a writer who has written successfully once, and acquired a certain degree of reputation, to be very cautious how he commits that reputation to the issue of a second trial, for, if he do not increase it, he will most probably diminish it. Nor can he, in such a case, have any just ground of complaint. He has furnished a standard of comparison himself: he has shewn what he can do, and we have a right to expect that he should do what he can. It is true, indeed, that in the works of an author there will generally be one production that is *the best*, though what this best is will vary much according to the person who is discriminating between them. But still there ought to be, and there will be, in an author of genius, a degree of general excellence pervading every thing that falls from his pen, and which will give that kind

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of character to his productions which may be called *their manner*. Thus, in the estimation of some readers, the *Essay on Man* will be deemed *the best* of Pope's works; others will give this pre-eminence to the *Rape of the Lock*, and others again to the epistle of *Eloisa*; but in each of these productions the genius of Pope is equally visible, and, perhaps, if they be estimated according to their scope or design, they are equally excellent. The same may be said of the *Ramblers*, the *Rasselas*, and the *Lives* of Johnson, in which, though each may be elevated to the post of superiority according to the taste and pursuits of the estimator, yet it would be difficult to pronounce and to establish that superiority upon any general and abstract rules of criticism.

From this we may learn that, though an author of one successful work has added difficulties to overcome in his second appearance before the public, yet it by no means follows that this second appearance should be unaccompanied with as much success as his first: and, if it do happen that he exhibits himself with diminished lustre, we must seek for the cause of this inferiority, either in the negligence or the incapacity of the writer. —The former may sometimes be the cause, for it is no unusual occurrence to find a man who, having acquired a portion of renown, relies upon its authority for his future success, and neglects to preserve it by the same means which procured it. It must also be allowed that some minds are exhausted by a single effort; and all their after labours prove but dregs.— It has been related that Lord Orford made a collection of the witty sayings of men who had never said but one good thing in their lives: and we are of opinion that a similar collection might be made of the good works of authors who never wrote but one good work.

Whether Mr. Campbell is to be considered as having exhausted his mind by a single effort, or as neglecting to enlarge and preserve the reputation he has already acquired, we can scarcely be adequate judges: but we are decidedly of opinion, that the present work does little credit to the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*. In that poem he occasionally displayed a very considerable portion of poetical genius, a vigorous and harmonious versification, a rich and powerful diction, and a pleasing and sometimes grand imagery. In the present one we can trace few of these qualities. The language is quaint and obscure; the imagery is often fantastical; and the versification is, to a remarkable degree, inharmonious and confused.

The action of this poem (to speak critically, if we may apply so grave a term to so minute a branch of poetry) is so simple as to be almost none at all: and it is indeed more properly a descriptive poem than any thing else. The fable is merely this:—An old man (*Albert*) lives in a retired part of Pennsylvania at a place called Wyoming, and brings up his only daughter *Gertrude*. A savage, called indifferently *Oneyda* and *Outalissa*, arrives one day at the hut of *Albert*, leading in his hand a European youth, whose parents had been slaughtered by an incursion of the Indians (we believe), and who was saved by this *Oneyda*. The boy proves to be the son of *Albert*'s friend. His name is *Henry Waldegrave*. He is received by *Albert*, and afterwards goes to England, but we are not told when: he comes back, we know not how: travels over South America, we are not told why: and marries *Gertrude*, we scarcely know wherefore. A very considerable time, however, must have elapsed between his being brought to *Albert* and his arrival at manhood. But not a moment of this time is presented to the reader! It is all done by a sort of poetical enchantment. After their marriage, the little settlement of Wyoming is attacked by a party of Indians, *Gertrude* and *Albert* are killed, *Henry* falls upon the grave of his wife, *Outalissa* sings a death song over him, and thus ends the poem.

Such is the fable as it appears to us: but we frankly caution our readers against confiding implicitly in our account of it, for the poem is so inextricably confused and obscure, from its pedantic and inverted phraseology, that we have really but a very indistinct notion of its object, even after having absolutely read many of the stanzas three and four times.

The poem is written in what is

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usually called the Spenserean stanza, a mode of versification to which we confess we are not very partial. The frequent recurrence of its rimes in a language like ours necessarily forces the writer upon the choice of useless or bad ones, unless he have more skill than Mr. Campbell evidently possesses. There are but two instances of the successful employment of this stanza, since the time of Spenser. Thomson in his *Castle of Indolence*, and Beattie in his *Minstrel*. We do not mention the *School Mistress* of Shenstone, because that is a close imitation of Spenser's language, sentiments, and imagery. Beattie has been peculiarly happy in his use of this complicated stanza, and that too in perfect opposition to his own reason for having adopted it, for he has rarely given to it the sententiousness of the couplet. Thomson seems to be perfectly at ease in its trammels, and moves more gracefully in them than Beattie. But Mr. Campbell drags them along with strange dissonance and most uncouth gesture.

To the poem is prefixed the following advertisement, which may, perhaps, contribute a little towards giving the reader some idea of its object:—

"Many of the popular histories of England, as well as of the American war, give an authentic account of the desolation of Wyoming, in Pensylvania, which took place in 1778, by an incursion of the Indians. Though the scenery and incidents of the following poem are connected with that event, I forbear to quote any of the historical pages which give a minute detail of it, because the circumstances narrated are disagreeable and even horrible. It is sufficient for my purpose to state, that the testimonies of historians and travellers concur in describing the infant colony as one of the happiest spots of human existence, for the hospitable and innocent manners of the inhabitants, the beauty of the country, and the luxuriant fertility of the soil and climate. In an evil hour, the junction of European with Indian arms converted this terrestrial paradise into a frightful waste. Mr. Isaac Weld informs us, that the ruins of many of the villages, perforated with balls, and bearing marks of conflagration, were still preserved by the recent inhabitants, when he travelled through America in 1796."

The poem commences in the following manner:—

"On Susquehana's side, fair Wyoming,
Although the wild-flower on thy ruin'd wall
And roofless homes a said remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people *did* befall,
Yet thou wert once the loveliest *land* of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
Sweet *land!* may I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of *yore*,
Whose beauty was the *love* of Pensylvania's *shore!*

"It was beneath thy skies that, but to prune
His autumn fruits, or *skim* the light canoe,
Perchance, along thy river calm at noon
The happy shepherd swain had nought to do
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
Their timbrel, in the dance of forests brown
When lovely maidens prankt in flowret new;
And aye, those sunny mountains half way down
Would echo flagelet from some romantic town."

We shall not be accused as cynical if we pronounce these two stanzas to be little else than a mass of unintelligible words: and indeed had they been sent, by a correspondent, for the poetical department of the Universal Magazine, we should have rejected them. The use of the feeble expletive *did** in the fourth line is unpardonable in a modern poet: the noun *land* in the fifth is used in a sense unsanctioned by any classical English writer: the sixth line is an affected circumlocution for day-light: and the last line is evidently introduced for no other purpose than to complete the stanza.

With regard to the second stanza let any one read it through three times, and if they can then extract a connected meaning from it, we will resign to them the well-earned palm of superiority. We have tried to do it, and in vain.

Before we proceed to select from this poem its more favourable passages, we will discharge a less agreeable part of our duty. To ourselves it is certainly less agreeable: but to Mr. Campbell and our readers it may perhaps be more useful. We will

* Mr. Campbell is guilty of the same unsightly error at p. 11.

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exhibit some of its peculiar defects of language and of versification:

"And playful squirrel on his *nut grown* tree." p. 6.

This, if it mean any thing, must mean that the tree was grown into a nut.

"And tho' amidst the *calm* of *thought entire*," &c. p. 10.

"Fled *composure's intellectual ray*," &c. ib.

"When fate had reft his *mutual heart*," &c. p. 11.

We honestly ask our readers what sense, what meaning, they do or can attach to the words, in the above lines, which are in italics? And let them not think the question useless. Any line of any poet that requires to be read twice over, (by his contemporaries) in order to be understood, ought never to have been written:—but if, after four times reading, no meaning can be found, it may teach us not to be deluded by a gawdy profusion of language, which soothes the ear without filling the mind.

The following stanza exhibits a strong instance of "words! words! words!" as Hamlet says:

"I boast no song in magic wonders rife,
But yet familiar, is there nought to prize,
Oh Nature! in thy bosom scenes of life?
And dwells in *day-light truth's salubrious skies*
No form with which the soul may sympathise?
Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild
The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise,
An inmate in the home of Albert smil'd,
Or blest his noonday walk—*she was his only child.*" p. 11.

No one, we believe, can perceive any connection between the first and last parts of this stanza: the expression *day-light truth's salubrious skies* is, to us, unintelligible nonsense; and the lame and impotent conclusion *she was his only child* reminds us of the parody of Colley Cibber of two lines of Pope:—

Persuasion waits upon him when he talks,
And he has lodgings in the King's Bench Walks.

We will not stop to censure his introduction of obsolete words, for perhaps Mr. Campbell thought himself authorised to do this, having adopted a stanza which is usually combined with them, and for which practice he might plead the precedents of Thomson and Beattie. But we are of opinion, that he would have gained in elegance and perspicuity by the rejection of them.

Describing the approach of the savage *Oneyda* with his youthful charge, and wishing to convey the idea that the one was black and the other white in complexion, Mr. Campbell says he was

"Led by his dusky guide, *like morning brought by night*." p. 13.

But this is no illustration. Morning and night are never co-existent.—Night fades away before the morning appears; and night therefore cannot be said to bring the morning. With as much propriety Mr. Campbell might have said that light brings darkness. Yet this is a line that has a specious elegance about it, and will doubtless be much admired by those whose ears sit centinels to their judgment.

We are told in Hudibras,

That rime the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses;

and Mr. Campbell sometimes uses it as such, as the following lines will testify:—

So finish'd he the rime (howe'er uncouth)
That true to nature's fervid feeling ran,
(And song is but the eloquence of truth,) &c. p. 23.

Here again we must put a question to our readers, and ask *them* the *meaning* of the last line. *We* have sought for it, and are not ashamed to confess our ignorance. We sought in vain.

At p. 29, we meet with a close imitation (we might almost say plagiarism) of part of Mason's exquisite description of a female beauty. His lines are these:

Whene'er with soft serenity she smil'd,
Or caught the orient blush of quick surprise,
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes:
Each look, each motion, wak'd a new born grace,
That o'er her form its transient glory cast:
Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place
Chas'd by a charm still lovelier than the last.

Mr. Campbell says,

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Yet so becomingly the expression past,
That each succeeding look was lovelier than the last.

The "sunrise path," p. 30, for the eastern path, and the "sunrise" (ib.) for the eastern part of the globe, are quaint and fantastical expressions.—But Mr. Campbell seems to think, with the gentleman in Moliere, that

Tout ce que n'est point prose est vers.

Similer to the above is the phrase "*reading* hours," p. 32, meaning, we suppose, hours devoted to reading.

We seriously intreat our readers to peruse, and re-peruse, the following stanza, with all the attention they can bestow, and with all the sagacity they may happen to possess: and if, at the conclusion of their labour, they can honestly say, "I understand it," we request them to publish the discovery for the benefit of less acute intellects:

"But high, in amphitheatre above,
His arms the everlasting alloes threw:
Breath'd but an air of heaven, and all the grove
As if with instinct living spirit grew,
Rolling its verdant gulphs of every hue;
And now suspended was the pleasing din,
Now from a murmur faint it swell'd anew,
Like the first note of organ heard within
Cathedral aisles,—ere yet its symphony begin."

In the succeeding stanza we are told that *Gertrude* would "charm the ling'ring moon" with reading to herself! American moons must be of a different nature to our London moons; for we doubt whether Madam Luna would be stopped in her course by a whole legion of ladies, assembled in Kensington Gardens, and reading with unheard-of avidity. The book that *Gertrude* had was Shakspeare; and as it was by moonlight that she read, we presume it was Boydell's edition of him.

"*Winglet* of the fairy humming bird." p. 34.

This diminutive is unknown in the English language; and if such creations are to be sanctioned, why not have *headlet*, *footlet*, *handlet*, and *noselet*? We shall be overrun with these inventions of momentary convenience. Surely the language that was copious enough for Shakspeare and Milton, may well suffice for the embodying Mr. Campbell's ideas.

The two following stanzas deserve to be extracted, as displaying, in the first, a lover's declaration of his passion, and as containing, in the second, (or rather meaning to contain) the relation of an event, which we could never have found out, however, but for the subsequent part of the poem:

"'Flow'r of my life, so lovely, and so lone!
Whom I would rather in this desart meet,
Scorning, and scorn'd by fortune's pow'r, than own
Her pomp and splendors lavish'd at my feet!
Turn not from me thy breath, more exquisite
Than odours cast on heav'n's own shrine—to please—
Give me thy love, than luxury more sweet,
And more than all the wealth that loads the breeze,
When Coromandel's ships return from Indian seas.'

"Then would that home admit them—happier far
Than grandeur's most magnificent saloon—
While, here and there, a solitary star
Flush'd in the dark'ning firmament of June;
And silence brought the soul-felt hour, full soon,
Ineffable, which I may not pourtray;
For never did the Hymenean moon
A paradise of hearts more sacred sway,
In all that slept beneath her soft voluptuous ray."

The declaration of the lover is cold and unnatural, and the sixth line is most lamentably eked out with *to please*, not having, as far as we can discover, (and we always speak diffidently of ourselves, because Mr. Campbell *may* have meanings that we dream not of) the smallest connection with the rest of the stanza. But what will our readers say, when we inform them that the next stanza is really meant to convey the information, that *Gertrude* and her lover were married? It is a fact, however; and not a word more is said upon the subject than what is contained in that stanza. But we boldly (here we lay aside our diffidence) defy any person to discover thus much by the mere interpretation of the stanza itself. Such is the absurd obscurity of Mr. Campbell's poetry; and such is his vitiated taste. We will observe here, once for all, that we never have, and we hope we never shall again, read a

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poem which so completely defied all power of understanding: sometimes we guessed a meaning, and sometimes we tortured one out the words indeed were English, but their combination was of no language. It is the first time our mother tongue ever cost us so much trouble since we began our Horn book Mr. Campbell may flatter himself into a belief that his poetry is good in proportion as it is unintelligible: but if he would be converted from his error, let him open a page of Milton, Dryden, Pope, Akenside, Goldsmith, and observe with what an admirable art the sense flows with the words. We may pause to dwell upon their beauties; we may read over again to renew our delight: but we never have occasion to do it to unravel and untwist their meaning from a harsh perplexity of words. Perspicuity is the great merit of all writing, for without it the chief end of literary labour is unobtained. But Mr. Campbell's *Gertrude* will be read, and will not be understood, for "no-meaning, puzzles more than wit." If he always understands himself, he is a lucky man.

"Desolate he look'd and *famish'd poor*."
p 50.

These two epithets thus conjoined convey no very distinct image to the mind.

At p. 55, we noticed the following grammatical error, but we believe it to be the *only* one in the poem:

"But if the weight of fifteen years despair,
And age *hath* bow'd me and the tort'ring foe," &c.

We have said that the nature of the stanza adopted by Mr. Campbell necessarily forced him upon the use of words, for the sake of rime, which he otherwise would not have employed. Instances of the truth of this may be found at p. 55, where *Oneyda* clasps *Henry* to his *soul:* and at p. 65, *Gertrude* clasps her husband "to her *zone*," a cold and exceptionable term; but then it rimed with *own*, *thrown*, and *alone*, in the same stanza. Many similar instances may be found scattered throughout the poem.

Our readers, by this time, will begin to ask, what is there of good in this work to counterbalance such a weight of bad? We wish we could answer, much; but if we did, we could not testify it. It is impossible indeed that a writer of Mr. Campbell's genius (for genius he undoubtedly possesses) can fail sometimes to be excellent: it is impossible that the author of the *Pleasures of Hope* can write uniformly dull. Yet *Gertrude* is far, very far, from being what might be expected from his pen. It has a few felicitous passages, and but a few. The first we met with was the following:—

"Our virgins fed her with their kindly bowls
Of fever-balm, and sweet saganite;
But she was journeying to the land of souls,
And lifted up her dying head to pray
That we should bid an ancient friend convey
Her orphan to his home of England's shore;
And take, she said, this token far away
To one that will remember us of yore,
When he beholds the ring that Waldegrave's Julia wore."

O! si sic omnia! There is great melody in the flow of these lines, and had the whole poem been so laboured, there would have been little room for censure. Unlike the preceding stanzas which we have quoted, the sense, here, is in unison with the words; and there needs no pondering to divine what possible meaning can be couched beneath the expressions.—The following stanza presents an admirable picture of a haughty, self-dependent savage:—

"He said—and strain'd unto his heart the boy:
Far differently the mute Oneyda took
His calumet of peace and cup of joy;
As monumental bronze unchanged his look:
A soul that pity touch'd, but never shook:
Train'd, from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier,
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear."

In the second part, we do not meet with a single stanza that seems to us worthy of transcription: but in the third, (which is the last) there are several that bear upon them the genuine impress of Mr. Campbell's powerful imagination. The following will please every reader, except perhaps a political one:—

"And in the visions of romantic youth,
What years of endless bliss are yet to flow!
But mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth!
The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below!

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And must I change my song? and must I shew,
Sweet Wyoming! the day, when thou wert doom'd,
Guiltless, to mourn thy loveliest bow'rs laid low!
When where of yesterday a garden bloom'd,
Death overspread his pall, and black'ning ashes gloom'd.

"Sad was the year, by proud oppression driv'n,
When Transatlantic Liberty arose,
Not in the sunshine, and the smile of heav'n,
But wrapt in whirlwinds, and begirt with woes:
Amidst the strife of fratricidal foes,
Her birth star was the light of burning plains;
Her baptism is the weight of blood that flows
From kindred hearts—the blood of British veins—
And famine tracks her steps, and pestilential pains."

We will venture upon one more extract, than which there is not a finer passage in the whole volume. It is the dying address of *Gertrude* to her husband; and it is, in every respect, worthy of the muse of Mr. Campbell:—

"Clasp me a little longer, on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy drear* caress;
And, when this heart hath ceas'd to beat—oh! think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust!

"Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
And Gertrude thought it ecstacy to rove
With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
Of peace,—imagining her lot was cast
In heav'n; for ours was not like earthly love.
And must this parting be our very last?
No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past.

"Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,—
And thee, more lov'd, than aught beneath the sun,
If I had liv'd to smile but on the birth
Of one dear pledge;—but shall there then be none,
In future times—no gentle little one,
To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me!
Yet seems it, ev'n while life's last pulses run,
A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!"

After these and a description of *Henry*'s distraction for the loss of his wife, the poem concludes with the death song of the Indian chief, *Oneyda*, in a lyrical measure. In this song there is one passage extremely natural. Addressing himself to *Henry*, he asks,—

"Seek we thy once lov'd home?
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers!
Unheard their clock repeats its hours!—
Cold is the hearth within their bowers!—
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes and its empty tread
Would sound like voices from the dead!"

Such is the poem of *Gertrude of Wyoming*, and if, in expressing our opinion of it, we have been led to adopt a harsher manner than, in the estimation of some, it may deserve, we can only say, that we have written as we think; and that had it been the production of any other pen than Mr. Campbell's, we should have dismissed it with more indifference from our notice. But we are among the admirers of his former work, and we were astonished and sorry to see him sink so much below himself in his present one. Let us hope that he may redeem what he now loses in reputation by some future effort which shall be *at least equal* to his *Pleasures of Hope*.

There are some smaller pieces in the volume, of considerable merit, if we except "The Mariners of England" and the "Battle of the Baltic," both of which are written with an affectation of singularity, which must always displease a mind that can duly relish the chaster effusions of the muse. Yet, even through the ungraceful vestments in which Mr. Campbell chooses to attire his thoughts, the beauty of the thoughts themselves will be evident. Thus we cannot but admire the following lines in the *Mariners of England*:—

* It is so in the volume, but we presume it is a misprint. It should surely be *dear*: unless here, also, Mr. Campbell means more than can be discovered by the word itself.—*Reviewer.*

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Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep:
Her march is on the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.

But these four are like an oasis in the desert. They stand alone amidst surrounding barrenness. These two *copies of verses* (the *Mariners* and the *Battle of the Baltic*) would not disgrace the pen of Mr. Wordsworth.

Lockiel's Warning has a great deal of characteristical wildness in it: but the *Battle of Hohinlinden* is indisputably the best of these miscellaneous pieces. This we will extract.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riv'n,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driv'n,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet,
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

The first and last stanzas of the above are excellent.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Vicissitudes of To-day and To-morrow.

TO-DAY, we castles build in air,
To-morrow, all our hope is lost;
To-day, we strive to laugh at care,
Yet still To-morrow we are crost.

To-day, the miser tells his gold,
The lucent ore his bosom warms;
To-morrow, lifeless, he lies cold,
As food to feed the hungry worms.

To-day, the gamester wealth may crown,
With rioting and luxury;
To-morrow, fickle Fortune's frown
Oft leaves him poor as charity.

To-day, the politician's schemes
Possess his vain and subtle breast;
To-morrow they're but idle dreams,
That serve to break his quiet rest.

To-day, the lover's heart is free;
'Tween hope and fear, To-morrow sad:
To-day, his fair proves false, when he
To-morrow, witless, runs stark mad!

And thus it is with man's frail clay—
His life, at best, a round of sorrow:
For he who rises well To-day,
May cease to live before To-morrow!

Homerton. Reuben Veritas.

To Lavinia.

'TIS eve, Lavinia! let us walk—
Let's stroll across the meadows green,
And as we saunter on we'll talk
Of beauteous Nature's charms serene.

The western tints begin to fade—
The crescent spreads her ample beam;
The playful zephyrs court the glade,
Or wanton o'er the brawling stream.

No inharmonious sound is heard,
To mar the holy pause of eve;
'Tis silence all, save yonder bird
That seeks the silent wood to grieve.

Come then, Lavinia! let us go
And seek the contemplative bow'r,
Where, list'ning to the tale of woe,
We both may cheat the closing hour.

There's not a rose or vi'let sweet
Shall slip Menander's eagle view,
And if Lavinia think it meet
Shall fail to form her nosegay too!

For how can he requite the smiles
Impress'd upon her angel face,
And all those little harmless wiles,
Resulting from her warm embrace?

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Ah! little know those frigid souls
Whom Lucre's frail persuasions lead,
The pleasures of our evening strolls
Along the wood and o'er the mead!

Their bosoms scorn affection's pow'r—
They never feel devotion's glow;
In filthy talk they spend the hour,
And know not what they seem to know!

Observe the bat's erratic flight!
And hark! the bee's melodious hum;
It is the season of delight,
O! sweet Lavinia, prithee come!

The voice of nature from afar,
Borne on the breeze, invites us forth;
And see! the brightly-rising star,
Adds splendor to the sullen north!

How great, Lavinia, is the pow'r
Of Him who fram'd the glories round,
The stars—the grove—the spangled bow'r,
The gurgling stream and painted ground!

Who fir'd our clay with sense refin'd,
And taught us to adore his name;
Who stampt upon the Christian's mind
Redemption's never waning flames!

Come then, Lavinia! let us walk,
And drink the freshness of the breeze!
Of Heaven's benevolence we'll talk,
Reclin'd beneath yon waving trees:

We'll probe the gloomy shades of woe,
And seek the meed to virtue giv'n;
Forget the world's delusive show,
To centre all our thoughts in Heav'n!

Grafton-street, Nov. 1809. J. G.

Ode to Echo.

WHEN at morn the shepherd's clock
Warns him to his bleating flock;
When at noon the feather'd choir
Their dulcet songs to Heav'n aspires;
When at eve, adown the steep,
The lazy lowing heifers creep;
And when their pipes the shepherds play,
I, list'ning, with sweet Echo stray.

When the trumpet sounds a battle,
And the thund'ring cannons rattle;
When the martial drum and fife
Drowns the din of mortal strife;
When, along the crimson'd ground,
Death unheeded stalks around;
Echo, from her airy car,
Mocks the cries of wretched war.

When black clouds the sky obscures,
And the rain in torrents pours;
When the rolling thunder's crash,
And the vivid lightning's flash,
Strike with awe the trav'ler's eye,
(Emblem of a troubled sky)
Echo sounding from afar,
Mocks the elemental jar.

Echo, sweet responsive maid,
Queen of summer's verdant glade,
Down in yonder valley low,
Or upon the mountain's brow,
Where the rugged rocks arise
Their tow'ring heads t'wards the skies,
Or in the gloomy cavern's cell;
Oh! there sweet Echo deigns to dwell.

Homerton. Reuben Veritas.

QUATORZAIN.

COME Sensibility! thou partial guest,
Whose words each social happiness impart;
O! hither haste! to meliorate my breast,
To smooth the rugged feelings of my heart!

Instruct me how for sorrow to explore—
To ease the anguish of another's grief:
O! lead me, lead me with the midnight hour,
To give e'en wand'ring wretchedness relief!

But with thee, Sensibility, O! bring
Thy sweet companion, in whose potent eye
Ten thousand tears and soft emotions spring—
At whose command the wolves of hunger fly?

By whose united energies the mind
Becomes more gentle, noble, and refin'd!

Grafton Street, 1809. J. G.

Love Letters *to my* Wife. By James Woodhouse.

LETTER X.

[*Continued from p.* 319.]

SURVEY the scene, and let sound knowledge say,
What baneful mischiefs thus mankind betray
From base indulgence of their beastly taste,
Besides the heinous crime of wicked waste!

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While on the table such rich feast unfolds,
Imagination's magic eye beholds,
Amongst the dishes, all the grisley ghosts
Of poisoning luxury's long-departed hosts!
Here gravel sickens, or loud shrieks the stone!
There torturing gout reclines with endless groan!
Here uncouth dropsy, destitute of strength,
Lays, huge in bulk, its log-like lumb'ring length!
Consumption there, expectorating, stands,
With feeble frame, sunk eyes, and helpless hands!
Here sleepless asthma wheezes, coughs, and quakes!
There phrensies rage! here trembling palsy shakes!
Here qualmish indigestion gapes and sighs!
There gasping apoplexy ghastly dies?
Dull hypochondria withers, weeps, and mourns!
Cold ague shivers! fiery fever burns!
With endless other corps of hot or cold,
Besieging male and female, young and old,
Of meagre sicknesses and bloated pains,
With all their cruel and cadaverous trains,
That skulk in sly, insidious forms unseen,
From which no greedy devotee can skreen;
Yet none consider how dire dangers lurk,
To finish wiley Death's infernal work,
But ambidextrous hands, both quick and able,
Wield their dread weapons round dissecting table;
While with rude bawling, like the lowest rabble,
Thro' glutton throats all grossly gorge and gabble,
Treble and bass, confus'd, like Babel's babble!

As when creative pow'r, from pregnant earth,
Each living creature, instant, brought to birth;
And all from every mountain, plain, and wood,
By Heav'n's behest, at Adam's footstool stood:
While He, for every individual frames,
As Deity inspir'd, primeval names;
So culinary prophet, king, and priest,
With sovereign mandate summons bird and beast,
Confers new names as custom's rule requires,
Or fancy forms, and Beelzebub inspires.

No object now in God's creation 'scapes,
But all things here assume such novel shapes,
That prophecy itself could ne'er declare
What such compounded, motley monsters are.

All nature's ransack'd, east, west, north, and south,
For cookery's miracles to cram the mouth;
And make the table equipage complete,
That such sublime societies may eat!
Legions of wretched slaves must sweat and toil,
And tug and torture every sea and soil.
Myriads must plough the briney, boist'rous waves,
While groups within them find untimely graves!
Search every hazardous and hostile coast!
Freeze near the poles, and round the zodiac roast!
Thousands of victims dig the dismal mine,
To make luxurious feasts with lustre shine!
Melt at the furnace, broil before the forge,
Or die by bloody despot's reeking scourge!
While numbers more must ply pestiferous arts,
With quivering limbs, dim eyes, and aching hearts!
Some shrivell'd up with parching, frying fire!
Some cramp'd with cold, some drown'd with damp, expire!
Some slow-declining with morbific steams!
Some sorely mangled, hard with gristley seams!
Millions devoid of nature's full supply,
In fell deformity and misery, die!

Nor man alone must perish, or must pine,
Before the glutton's and the drunkard's shrine.
But ravag'd nature thro' its vast extent,
Feels fatal wounds or utters loud lament!
All that is curious, delicate, or rare,
In oceans, lakes, or streams; in earth, or air—
Each tasteful fish, and every dainty beast,
When lust and luxury institute their feast,
In hecatombs, with dread and torture dies,
To furnish out the sanguine sacrifice;
While every harmless, blythe, melodious bird
In worse than brutal stomach lies interr'd!
Misery's diffus'd throughout in frightful shapes,
To pamper, high, a ravenous race of apes—
Not for mere hunger, but for greedy gust,
To strengthen and enforce their fleshly lust;
While fashion every cruelty confirms,
To feed, what soon will fall, a feast for worms!

END OF LETTER X.

[*To be continued.*]

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TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

Batavian Society of Experimental Philosophy.

Curious Discoveries of Atmospheric Phenomena. By Mr. J. B. Van Mons.

THE learned member in a former paper which he laid before that body, shewed that thunder storms form in the atmosphere spontaneously, and wholly. The diminution of sidereal, and particularly of lunar attraction, suffers the air to sink down, by depriving it of the additional elasticity this attraction imparted to it; this sinking loosens the union between the air and water; the temperature is raised by the separation of the caloric, that served as the medium of this union; and the water separates in some part or other of the atmosphere, forming a cloud. This cloud soon enlarges by the continuation of the same cause, the caloric separates from it in great abundance, and as the air is a very bad conductor of heat, this can neither diffuse itself, nor be dissipated in the form of light; a modification of caloric into which it is not sufficiently concentrated to transform itself, adopts the state of electric fluid, and decomposes the water of the cloud.

It is probable, that this effect happens only to be a very slight quantity of caloric; and that the portion of this principle, which in combination with air serves to convert water into a permanent gas, is contained in this union in the state of electric fluid, or at least in a state intermediate either to that of heat and electricity, or of electricity and light; which fourth state being incapable of subsisting except in combination, will never be known to us separately, or otherwise than by its effects. This state is the agent, by means of which permanent gases retain their state. With the bases of these gases it enters into a chemical union, which can be broken only by an affinity of the same nature. Caloric alone cannot convert these bases into gas, before it is sufficiently concentrated to assume the requisite elasticity, and then it is in the state of light. Light, though little concentrated, produces this effect, because it has only to lose a little of its elasticity to become electricity, or sub-electricity, the fourth modification of caloric; which excess of elasticity it transmits however to the caloric, with which the bases above-mentioned are fixed, and which has lost much of its natural elasticity in that fixation. Thus more or less elasticity constitutes all the difference between light, the electric fluid, sub-light, and sub-electricity, if indeed this exist, and heat. We cannot take a single step in natural philosophy or chemistry, without perceiving the facility with which these agents are metamorphosed one into another; a metamorphosis on which depends a very great number of phenomena.

It is the heat alone that separates in great abundance, and in a distinct part of the atmosphere, which can thus transform itself into electric fluid. That which is produced by the general loosening [*relachement*] of the air, or a certain decomposition of this fluid in its aqueous combination, and which heats the atmosphere, has no occasion to diffuse itself, being generally separated, and it remains heat. Every increase or diminution of the temperature of the air is spontaneous, and not communicated, or conducted by the winds, which are themselves the effects, and not the causes, of changes of temperature, and other alterations that take place in the atmosphere.

At every increase of the temperature of the air, the barometer sinks, because the precipitation of water diminishes the elasticity of this fluid; as every diminution of temperature, which always results from the combination of water with air, with fixation of caloric, and the transformation of heat into electricity, causes the barometer to rise by the increase of elasticity which the air acquires. This last effect frequently takes place during rain, when this rain is the excess of water which the air deposits, to be enabled to resume, constantly under the influence of some sidereal cause, that state of serenity which constitutes fair weather. This rain, or that which falls with a rising of the barometer, and a falling of the

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thermometer, is a rain of recomposition of the air in its aqueous combination; and that which falls with a sinking of the barometer and a rise of the thermometer, is a rain of decomposition of the air with respect to that combination.

It cannot be easily conceived how people continue to ascribe to the weight of the air that pressure, which this fluid exerts on the mercury in the barometer, while we see it almost always increases this pressure, when it loses part of its matter, or gravitating power; and diminishes when the air is at a *maximum* of aqueous saturation, or just before rain; and when the bulb manometer, or true aerostatic balance, indicates the ultimate degree of density in the air; and that all other phenomena, both those that occur in nature, and those that present themselves in experiments with the mercurial pump, prove to a demonstration, that the air presses chiefly by virtue of its elastic power, which is increased by condensation, and by the addition of caloric, the matter remaining the same in a closed space; and diminished by rarefaction, and the subtraction of caloric, the matter remaining equally the same, and in the same space; but which is neither increased nor diminished in the open air, but by the association, more or less elastic, more or less solid, of water with air.

This proves how little applicable to atmospheric phenomena are the results we obtain under our glasses, in which the air is deprived of its free motion, and where this fluid is withdrawn from the effects of rarefaction and condensation produced by sidereal influences, which effects, added to the more or less permanent or solid gassification of water, and the transformation of light and of heat into electric fluid, give rise to all meteoric phenomena, and occasion by their frequent variations the great variableness of the state of the atmosphere.

The first portion of water decomposed into gas, while it changes the composition of the air, and increases the density of this fluid at the point where this decomposition takes place, determines the formation of other clouds, which depose also electric fluid, and are in part decomposed, and so on. The electric fluid, that does not combine to gassify the principles of water, charges these clouds by strata of opposite zones, in the same manner as it charges semiconductors, and as their natural fluid is distributed in the state of charge in con-conductors; and the gases of water, notwithstanding the lightness of one of them, dissolve in the air as spirit of wine dissolves in water, and remain diffused in the matter of the clouds. Soon by the condensation of the fluid, or the intensity of the charge, this state destroys itself; the fluid bursts from stratum to stratum, and the water is recomposed by the inflammation of its gasses. The fulguration or flashes of lightning without, or almost without noise, and the light of which perfectly resembles that of the electric spark, are the effects of the explosion of the fluid of that spark; and the flashes accompanied with thunder, or true lightning, which diffuse the same light as the combustion of the hidrogen and oxigen gas, are those of the combustion of the gasses of water. These two sorts of lightning alternate with each other, because the decomposition and recomposition of water take place alternately. The rolling of thunder arises from a succession of partial inflammations, in proportion as the strata oppositely electrified confound their two states. The sounds too are different; that of the fulgurations being acute, quick, snapping; and that of the fulminations heavy, dull, rolling; and, from their analogy to the sounds produced by electric sparks, and the combustion of hidrogen and oxigen gas in our experiments may easily be referred to the phenomena to which they belong.

[*To be continued.*]

College of Physicians.

ON Wednesday, Oct. 18, the festival of St. Luke, the College of Physicians held their Anniversary Meeting for the Harveyan Oration. Great expectations were entertained from the well known acquirements of the orator (Dr. Heberden), who claims a sort of hereditary character as a scholar, a member of St. John's Cambridge, and a Fellow of the London

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College. These expectations were not disappointed.

The oration was throughout classical and perspicuous, delivered in a deliberate manner, and in a deep tone of voice, easily heard throughout the theatre, which was well attended. After mentioning most of the celebrated characters who have adorned the college, the name of the late Dr. Heberden, the orator's father, occurred in its order, and produced a pleasing melancholy effect on the whole audience. The preceding year furnished but too much scope for eulogy, by the death of three distinguished members, Sir George Baker, Dr. John Hunter, and Dr. Pitcairn. The two former having been authors, it was easy to commemorate by their writings as well as their characters. Dr. Pitcairn having left nothing but an exalted character, by which he could have been marked, furnished fewer materials for panegyric. But the general feelings required none to produce a general sympathy, which was most delicately improved by the apostrophe with which his name was introduced. The figure was truly classical, the address being to the second person.

On the whole, we never witnessed an oration that was heard with more attention, or that gave more universal satisfaction. We trust it will be printed.

As it is not the courtesy to introduce the names of recently defunct licentiates, no mention was of course made of Sir J. Macnamara Hayes, who was the only one of that body who died last year. Among the licentiates in midwifery, we have to lament Dr. Poignard; and among the extras, Dr. Manning.

The president continues in his office; and the Censors for the succeeding year are, Drs. Hervey, Harris, Willis, and Nevinson.

Anderson's Institution at Glasgow.

THE lively interest with which the brilliant discoveries of Professor Davy, of the Royal Institution, were received by the scientific world will not easily be forgotten. One of the most extraordinary truths which have thus been brought to light is the decomposition of the alkalis and earth, such as potass, soda, lime, &c. previously deemed elementary substances, and their convertibility into metals. Not merely that a metal may be extracted from them by art, but it is established satisfactorily that their nature is altogether metallic. Hence has already issued a long train of important deductions, and valuable applications both to philosophy and the arts. These various metals, which are endowed with properties truly astonishing, were at first obtained in quantities exceedingly minute. Lately, however, a method has been devised of procuring one of the metals, called by its discoverer *Potassium*, in greater abundance. It must gratify every friend to the advancement and diffusion of knowledge to learn, that the execution of tha very complex and difficult, though beautiful process, which has hitherto been almost exclusively confined to Professor Davy, was this month performed by Dr. Ure, in the Laboratory of Anderson's Institution, Glasgow, in the presence of two experienced practical chemists of that city, Messrs. Henry and Tennant. The operation was uncommonly successful, the product of metal amounting to nearly half an ounce, whereas, formerly, a particle of the size of a small pin's head was all that could be exhibited. We understand that Dr. Ure has sent a specimen of the metal to Dr. Hope, Professor of Chemistry in Edinburgh University, with a set of the apparatus necessary for forming it, in order to enable that distinguished teacher, and able cultivator of the science, to repeat the experiment with effect. It is singular enough, and must be highly pleasing to the patriotic citizens of Glasgow to reflect, that this great discovery, which originally emanated from the Royal Institution, should be first successfully verified in Scotland, in their analogous establishment, (Anderson's Institution) which furnished not only the model, but also the first Professor to that of the metropolis. Dr. Ure has preserved a considerable quantity of this valuable metal, to gratify the curiosity of the learned and also to enable him to instruct his class, in the

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approaching session, in these new doctrines of chemistry, which are pregnant with such auspicious results to the philosophy of nature, and the various chemical arts.

BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND SOCIETY.

THIS society has published a report on the important subject of wool, in which it is said, "It is with the greatest satisfaction that they are able to state, what has clearly appeared to a large majority of their members, who have investigated the subject, that wool grown in Great Britain is equally fit for all the purposes of the manufacturer with the best which can be imported from Spain or other countries. More especially they have, for two or more successive years, found that wool from a cross between the original Merino ram and Ryeland ewes and from their posterity, variously intermixed, for several generations, without any further recurrence to the pure breed, has, in every instance in which the trial has been made, produced cloth and cassimir finer than those manufactured from the most noted Spanish piles for the express purpose of competition." As, however, doubts still remain widely extended among persons most immediately interested in the decision, the Bath and West of England Society, in order to put this question to a trial from which there can be no appeal, have offered a premium of eight guineas to the grower, and ten guineas to the manufacturer of the finest piece of navy blue broad cloth, dyed in the wool, not less than twenty-five yards in length, which shall be exhibited on Monday, the 18th of December, 1809, made from any clothing wool from the sheep tribe, grown in any country; and also premiums of six and four guineas to the grower and manufacturer of a piece of uniform white cassimir, not less than 25 yards in length.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

A CHINESE Prayer, translated for the mental improvement of families of every denomination, will shortly be published.

Measures have lately been adopted, by the assistance of the British and Foreign Bible Society, for printing 5000 copies of the New Testament, in the Lapland language. A number of Bibles and Testaments have also been distributed among the German colonies on the Wolga.

An authentic Narrative of Four Years' Residence at Tongataboo, one of the Friendly Islands in the South Sea, will appear in the ensuing month, by a gentleman, who went thither in the Duff, under Capt. Wilson, in the year 1796, faithfully composed from his own relation, by a Clergyman of the Church of England.

Mr. Pybus, of Hull, has issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, in one volume, a collection of valuable miscellaneous Receipts, and philosophical experiments, selected from authors.

Captain Henderson will shortly publish an Account of the British Settlement of Honduras; together with Sketches of the Manners and Customs of the Musquito Indians.

A Collection of Tales, selected and translated from the works of Wieland, Schiller, Meisner, and other celebrated German writers, in three volumes, small octavo, will speedily issue from the press.

The works of Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, complete, first collated, with historical and critical dissertations on his life and writings, notes, and a glossary by Lord Glenbervie, will shortly be published, in four volumes octavo.

Mr. Lambert, who lately travelled through Lower Canada, and the United States, intends to print his observations on the present state of those interesting countries, in three volumes octavo, illustrated with drawings made on the spot.

A Report of the Agriculture of Siberia, by Mr. Macfarlane, in one

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volume octavo, with plates, is in the press.

Dr. Buxton is preparing an Essay on the Use of a regulated Temperature in Winter, with the means of producing such a temperature in the chambers of the sick.

The Rev. W. Ward, A. M. of Diss, has in the press, the first volume of the Fulfilment of the Revelation or Prophetic History of the Declension and Restoration of the Christian Church; inscribed by permission to the Rev. Dr. J Milner. This work will include a view of the different states of the church, and a body of divinity, as well as an Ecclesiastical History, in the order of scripture prophecy.

Wickliff's version of the New Testament, with his Life, and an Essay on the Anglo-Saxon and English Translation of the Scriptures, previously to the fifteenth century, will shortly be published by the Rev. H. H. Baber of the British Museum.

Schiavonetti's print from Stothard's Chaucer's Pilgrims, is in a state of great forwardness.

Mr. Westall has lately finished a very large drawing of Christ blessing Little Children, in a most exquisite and delicate stile, and which may be expected early in the winter.

A work to be entitled the Beauties of the Reign of George III. will shortly commence, in five parts. It will consist of thirty engraved portraits of some of the females most distinguished for beauty, rank, and fashion. The portraits are painted by Mrs. Mee, and will be engraved by artists of the first eminence; and, accompanied by biographical accounts, will form a magnificent volume in folio.

ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

The Messrs. Philips of London, senior and junior, have obtained a patent for purifying the muriate of soda, or common salt, to prevent the necessity of importing bay salt. The purification is performed by means of re-agents and heat. The re-agents are soda, or vegetable alkali; lime, &c. The fossil salt, or salt obtained from sea water, is to be mixed with the re-agents, and heated in a furnace till it is fused, when the earthy or metallic particles will unite with them and leave the salt pure.

The London company, who have the Duke of Gordon's forests on lease, have determined to try the experiment of tar making, in those of the Spey. A gentleman in Aberdeenshire, it is said, has engaged sixteen Danes, or Norwegians, lately prisoners of war, to instruct the people of Scotland, in the mode of tar making, hitherto peculiar to Norway.

The horse chesnut has at length been introduced into the Materia Medica, by the Edinburgh College, for its errhine power, as a small portion of the powder, snuffed up the nostrils, readily excites sneezing. For complaints of the head and eyes, even the infusion, or decoction of the fruit, produces this effect. On the continent, the bark of the horse-chesnut tree is sometimes substituted for the Peruvian bark. The fruit is also eaten by goats, sheep, deer, oxen, and horses; the farinaceous matter which it contains only requires a proper process to divest it of its bitterness and acrimony. Starch and soap have been made of it, particularly in the latter form for cleaning woollens, washing and bleaching linens.

Among other improvements, that of filtration of water has been carried to a very high degree at Glasgow, particularly at the Cranston-hill water works, for supplying that city with water from the west, executed under the direction of Mr. Robertson Buchanan, civil engineer. There is reason to suppose this is the first instance in Britain, of filtration being accomplished on so large a scale with sufficient purity. The effect is such, that though the Clyde, during floods, is very muddy, the water even at such times is rendered as transparent as the purest spring water. The construction of the filter is extremely simple, and might be easily adopted in any other situation where a large supply of pure water is required. A plentiful supply of good water to bleachers, dyers, &c. is already powerfully felt about Glasgow.

Simple Method of filtering Water.—M. Alexandre, of Bourdeaux, employs an easy method of filtering water without either sand, sponge, or pounded

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charcoal. It consists in merely causing the liquid to pass through the capillary tubes of a piece of half-worn-out cotton. It is well known that a skein of thread, or a ribbon, one end of which is put into a vessel, while the other hangs over the side, will very soon become a conductor of the liquid, which filters, and runs off, till the vessel is nearly empty. This experiment, M. Alexandre has applied on a large scale, to the purification of the water of the Garonne.

The following is an improvement in making yeast:—Thicken two quarts of water with four ounces of fine flour, boil it for half an hour, then sweeten it with three ounces of brown sugar; when almost cold, pour it along with four spoon-fulls of bakers' yeast, into an earthen jug, deep enough for the fermentation to go on without running over: place it for a day near the fire, then pour off the thin liquor from the top, shake the remainder, and close it up for use, first straining it through a sieve. To preserve it sweet, set it in a cool cellar, or hang it some depth in a well. Keep always some of this to make the next quantity that is wanted.

To preserve common yeast.—Take a clean board, and with a brush put on a coat of yeast, let it dry, then add another, which in like manner is to dry, and so a third, and any number of successive coatings; it will keep vigorous for a long time. When wanted for use, it must be scraped off and laid in warm water to dissolve.

France.

A late traveller, by no means a friend to the French emperor, has favoured the world with his observations upon the internal state of France, from which it appears "that the same easy good-natured civility which accompanies the behaviour of Frenchmen to a stranger by nation, equally characterizes their deportment towards each other. In England, ladies, and to a certain degree even gentlemen, seem afraid of paying the slightest attention to others, unless previously introduced to them, or known at least by name and reputation. In France, it is enough to have the air of gentility to be immediately on the most familiar terms of acquaintance." According to the observations of this traveller, those people in England, who are fond of haranging on the misery of our neighbours, under the tyrannic government of Bonaparte, have formed very wrong and fanciful conclusions. The fact, much more probable, is, that in that extraordinary man, the French nation has at last found a ruler exactly suited to its character and disposition. The peasants in France seem to be the class most essentially improved in their condition, by the progress of the revolution: the traveller speaking of a pretty female companion whom he overtook in a walk near Calais, says, "I learned that she was the daughter of a small farmer: the farm was small indeed, being about half an acre. She had been to Calais to take some butter, and had the same journey three times in the week; her father had one cow of his own, and rented two others, for each of which, he paid a louis annually, the two latter fed by the road sides. Her father earned twenty sols a day as a labourer, and had a small pension from government as a veteran soldier. Upon this little they seemed to live very comfortably, not to say substantially; poultry, chesnuts, milk, and dried fruit, formed their daily support: "we never buy meat said she, because we raise more poultry than we can sell."

The greater part of the cottages had a walnut, or chesnut tree before them, around which was a rustic seat, overshadowed by the broad branches and luxuriant foliage. The manner in which the ground was partially worn under most of them, explained their nightly purpose; or, if there could be any doubt, the flute and the fiddle pendant in almost every house spoke a still more intelligible language. I entered no house so poor, and met with no inhabitant so inhospitable, as not to receive the offer of milk, or some sort of wine. Their common beverage is a weak wine, sweet, and pleasant to the taste; In some houses, it resembled the good metheglin, very common in the northern counties of England. Eggs, bacon, poultry, and vegetables, seemed in great plenty, and composed the dinners of the peasantry twice a week at least. I was surprised at this evident abundance in a class in which I should not have expected it.

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Notwithstanding this, the state of husbandry throughout France appears by the report of this writer, to be a full century behind that in England or America. The price of labour is very high, in comparison with the rates of provisions, and the value of land; he therefore strongly combats the expectations of those, who from the extreme cheapness of living, and fertility of soil, might be tempted to settle in France, with a view to agriculture.

Respecting the conscription laws many circumstances, it is observed, tend to alleviate the hardships in Bonaparte's military system; many are dazzled with the prospects of glory, honour, and emolument, which, with other motives, tend to reconcile even parents, friends, and lovers, to a separation of no very dreadful continuance. On every road near every great town in France, we have been told here in England, that the traveller's philanthropy will be shocked by meeting crowds of worse than galley slaves, chained by the feet to massy balls of iron or lead and making the air resound with their lamentations. This traveller actually did meet a very numerous detachment of conscripts on their march. The greatest part, he says, were boys, very merry and noisy, in a manner characteristic of the French youth. Seeing me at my window, one of them struck up a lively *reveillée*, and was immediately joined by the others. Their baggage was carried by a peculiar kind of cart, a platform erected on wheels, and on which they ascended when fatigued. The regularity of the march continued only till they got beyond the town, when the music ceased, the ranks broke, and every one was at liberty to walk or run as he pleased. This traveller, it seems, could not see the manacles and balls of iron which, in England, he had heard were attached to the feet of these jovial sufferers.

M. Franconi has invented a travelling carriage, containing a complete habitation. It is composed of a body fifteen feet long, seven and a half wide, and six high, being raised three feet from the ground upon the wheels of a common curricle. Racks are placed on the four sides capable of feeding sixteen or twenty horses; canvas, which covers the body of the vehicle when going, may be raised to shelter the horses, and exhibits the appearance of a large tent placed round a pavilion, surmounted with a lightning conductor. Doors open on the right and left, where six steps enable the traveller to get in and out with ease. The interior is divided by a partition into two apartments, viz. anti-chamber, kitchen, or bed-chamber. A gallery in front of the vehicle is useful for driving, and enables the traveller to go abroad as it were, without alighting. Four horses are sufficient for travelling post with this carriage.

The Literary Journals speak highly of the interest attached to a late voyage, performed by M. Seetzen, counsellor to the Russian legation, to the confines of Arabia and Palestine. He gives some curious details respecting the Dead Sea. Its waters are limpid, but have a brackish taste, produced by the quantity of salt it contains. On the shores M. Seetzen observed large masses of solid asphaltites, sufficient to load several mules.

M. de Guigne, jun. has published a coup d'oeil, upon the Chinese empire, taken on his late journey to Pekin, with a view of its antiquity, strength, and civilization.

Denmark.

In a late enumeration of the Danish people, there were found in the diocese of Zealand, out of 311,065 inhabitants, 168 deaf and dumb persons. In Funen out of 160,164 inhabitants, 113 deaf and dumb. In that of Alborg, 44 deaf and dumb out of 104,986 inhabitants. In Aarhuys, 61 deaf and dumb out of 120,164. In the dioceses of Viborg and Ribe, 134 deaf and dumb persons out of 124,242 inhabitants: on the average, about one in sixteen hundred persons; a statement of these descriptions exceeding every proportionate number in any other part of the world.

Germany.

Several French booksellers have lately began to settle in Westphalia, at Cassel, &c. M. Pluchart is at Brunswick. De Basse is at Quellinburgh. Others have houses both at Strasburgh and at Paris; they send their French works to Leipsic, where they are sold by Gessingen, who has

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an extensive assortment of French productions. But the house of Treuttel and Wurtz surpasses all others, regularly supplying the fairs of Leipsic, &c. M. Cotta of Tubingen, and several German booksellers, pursue the same track, in the dissemination of literature.

The Prince Primate at Franckfort has lately ordered a statement to be made out of all the workmen, labourers, &c. from foreign parts, with notice of their respective ages. This step has been taken in consequence of the complaints of many of the neighbouring princes, whose subjects having emigrated, to escape the military conscription, have met with employment at Franckfort. In future, no certificate will be delivered to strangers, unless they can satisfactorily prove that they have fulfilled their duty as conscripts, towards that state to which they are subjects.

Holland.

Mr. Roscoe of Liverpool, in England, has lately been elected a member of the Royal Institute of Amsterdam, in the place of M. Muller, the Swiss historian, deceased.

This year's exhibition of the articles of national industry, at the Kattemburg, has exceeded expectation, as those persons who saw the exhibitions of a similar kind last year at Utrecht admit of the superiority of the present. The report of the distribution of the prizes is every day expected with a laudable anxiety.

Italy.

Tempora mutantur. Since the first of October 1809, in consequence of orders from the Consulta, the division of time at Rome, and throughout the whole Roman territory, is to be precisely the same as in the rest of the European countries. It is well known that it has hitherto been the custom at Rome, to reckon the hours from sunset, and then to count forwards through the whole twenty four.

At a late meeting of the Academy of Sciences, Literature, and Fine Arts, of Turin, M. Bossarelli, chemist, presented two specimens of artificial cotton thread, made by Messrs. Coppa and Parodi, of Genoa; he then stated that stockings, cloth, and wicks for candles had been made of this cotton, but the latter gave only an indifferent light, a defect which he ascribed to the maceration of the material in alkalis, but which, washing in water was expected to correct. The Academy was satisfied with the resemblance of the specimens to cotton, and Dr. Rizzetti having observed, that by treating tow of hemp with different agents, it might be reduced to a similar substance, he was commissioned to make the necessary experiments at the expense of the academy.

MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

The Duke of Portland.

THIS nobleman, whose demise has taken place since the publication of our last, was born in the year 1738. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, where, in 1756, he recited publickly the English verses with the most deserved approbation. Having finished his education at that learned seminary, he went on his travels; and soon after he came back we find him, then Marquis of Titchfield, returned to the first parliament of this King's reign, for Weobly; a borough which was then and still is under the influence of his family.

For this place, however, he did not sit long, being called up to the House of Peers in 1762, on the death of his father. The estate to which he succeeded was rather confined, as twelve thousand pounds a year was settled on his mother, the duchess Dowager of Portland, who died a few years since.

The early period of this nobleman's life was marked with no very prominent feature, but he soon began to act a very conspicuous part. As soon as he was settled in the house of Peers, he sided with the Opposition of the day. In 1763 his name is found among the minority, against that very obnoxious bill which laid a duty on cyder, and he joined with the Duke of Grafton in signing a protest, as he did also the next session, on the question to vote away the privilege hitherto claimed by members of parliament, in matter of libel.

His grace having connected himself

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with the Marquis of Rockingham, and that truly patriotic band who opposed Lord Bute and George Grenville's administrations; in 1765, when his friend came into power, he was appointed Lord Chamberlain of the King's household, which he did not enjoy long, for when they retired, he went out of place with them.

His Grace having been a steady supporter of the interests and liberties of the people and the honour of the nation, in all the great questions agitated in parliament, during the present reign; this unifomity of conduct and principle brought upon him a peculiar severity from some of the ministry. They made a grant in 1767 of his estate in Cumberland to Sir James Lowther, to serve the purpose of this election, in hopes thereby of preventing the two friends to the Duke, and consequently enemies to the ministry, from being elected members for that county at the approaching general election. The fact was alarming, and the design was so manifest, that the whole county resented it, and returned the Duke of Portland's friends. The following is a short recital of the case.

Towards the end of December 1767, a grant was made from the Treasury to Sir James Lowther of an extensive and valuable estate, known by the name of Inglewood Forest, being part of the manor of Penrith, in Cumberland, and also a grant of the soccage of Carlisle, which had been given by King William the Third to the first Duke of Portland, and which had remained in the possession of that family ever since. The nature of the whole proceeding, the vindictive subtilty of its original suggestion, the refined and quibbling explications of the common rules of prescriptive possession, and the technical wiles of legal chicanery made use of throughout, to bar the Duke from supporting his title and exposing the illegality and injustice of the whole business, seem so exactly correspondent with that insidious malevolence, and dangerous plausibility, which so peculiarly mark the character of a person who has always been considered as the instrument and agent of a late departed junto, that there remains scarcely a doubt of his being, if not the first adviser, at least the secret manager and director of this glaring act of oppression: nor was Lord North (who had been appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer a little time before) in his turn, backward in contributing his aid to the measure. The Board of Treasury had referred to the Surveyor General of Crown Lands, Sir James Lowther's memorial, praying a lease of the premises in question. The Surveyor General returned in his report to that board (though no lawyer) a positive opinion on a very intricate point of law, and *of himself* declared (if we can possibly believe that this officer could hazard such a declaration, without previous consultation with, and private directions from superior authority) that the premises *were not comprised* in the grant from King William to the Duke of Portland, but were still vested in the crown; and *recommended* to their lordships to grant the lease demanded, at a very inconsiderable reserved rent. The Duke's agents were refused permission to examine the rolls and authorities on which the Surveyor had founded his report. On application to the Treasury, however, for an order to the Surveyor for such permission, the Duke received a promise of such order: he even paid the usual fees for drawing it up, yet he could never obtain it. At the Treasury, he was told it had been sent to the Surveyor's office; at the Surveyor's office the receipt of it was denied; yet the Surveyor had before that time actually received it, and in answer to it had remonstrated to the Treasury against allowing the inspection of any writings which related to a dispute of the rights of the crown. But these circumstances were not known to the Duke till some time afterwards. The report of the Surveyor, and every step of the Treasury, was enveloped in that dark and silent secrecy which generally accompanies the conscious perpetration of deliberate injustice.

In the interim the Duke's agents, in obedience to a letter from the Treasury, received in October, by which he was directed to prepare his title, and which contained a promise that nothing should be decided con-

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cerning it, till such title had been stated, and maturely considered, were busily employed in their researches through a train of grants, precedents, and other records; and were in daily expectation of the promised permission to inspect the Surveyor's papers, in order to complete it; but while they were deeply engaged in this laborious investigation, and expecting the above mentioned order, the Duke, to his infinite surprise, received another letter from the Treasury, dated the 22d of December, informing him, *that the grants were passed and the leases signed.* This was only ten days after Lord North had taken his seat at the Treasury Board. A *caveat* had before been entered at the Exchequer, to stop the progress of the grant; and when, in consequence of this *caveat*, the same Lord North was prayed to withhold affixing the Exchequer seal, the only ceremonial wanting to give it validity, he replied, that he had received directions to affix the seal instantaneously, and that as *Chancellor of the Exchequer* he was *ex officio compelled* to obey all orders *from the Treasury.* The Treasury had before declared themselves *compelled* to proceed according to the Surveyor's report, and the Surveyor's report was, in all probability, the result of private instruction. Thus in a matter of property, which in its consequences might affect the rights of the whole kingdom, a frivolous pretence of *official compulsion* was now first made, in defiance of the rules of equity and justice, and in violation of all the sacred ties of faith and confidence amongst mankind.

On the 20th of November 1771, this great cause was tried before the Barons of the Exchequer, in Westminster Hall, whether the grant to Sir James Lowther, of the forest of Inglewood, was legal? Mr. Wedderburne was principal counsel for the ministry, and Mr. Thurlow was principal counsel for the Duke of Portland: when, after a long trial, the grant was found invalid, upon the statute of the first of Anne, which says, "That upon every grant, &c. there shall be a reserved rent, not less than the third part of the clear yearly value of such manor, &c. as shall be contained in such grant." The quit rent reserved in this grant was only thirteen shillings and fourpence for the whole forest of Inglewood, which was adjudged by the Court to be inadequate to the third proportion.

The Duke continued, with his usual ardour, consistency, and spirit, in opposing the Ministers upon every measure which tended to abridge the liberties of the people, or to diminish the limits of the empire. This conduct secured to him, at the time, great popularity of character, the esteem of every friend to the constitution, and the applause of every admirer of public virtue.

In 1766, he married Lady Dorothy Cavendish, sister to the Duke of Devonshire, a lady whose exemplary virtues would have graced the most exalted station. This connection bound him closer to the interests of Lord Rockingham's party; and he continued to fight the battles of his country against the administration until the ever-memorable motion of General Conway, which compelled Lord North to resign.

In the new arrangements the Duke was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and immediately set out for that kingdom. Here he had the heartfelt satisfaction of being the instrument which granted to that nation complete independence from the power of the Parliament of England.

Upon the Marquis of Lansdown's coming into power, the Duke of Portland was recalled, after an administration of somewhat more than three months. On the death of the illustrious leader of the Whig party, the Marquis of Rockingham, it became necessary for them to select a new political chief: some of them turned their eyes towards Earl Fitzwilliam, nephew of the Marquis of Rockingham; but Mr. Fox, who was the most active man of the party, espoused the cause of the Duke of Portland. He was also recommended by the Privy Council to the King, as the proper person to succeed to the Treasury; but the King thought proper to prefer Lord Shelburne. The coalition which took place soon after the Duke's return from Ireland, however, displaced their opponents, and seated the noble Duke at the head of the Treasury Board. But here his

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Grace could not hope to remain long. The King was by no means friendly to them, and the friends of Lord North were detested by the patriotic part of the nation, for the share they had taken in the American war. The cabinet which they formed was of so heterogeneous a nature, that politicians of no singular foresight were enabled to predict its speedy dissolution. On the one side were the Duke, Lord Keppel, Lord John Cavendish, and Mr. Fox, men who had hitherto invariably supported the liberties of the people; and on the other, Lords Carlisle, Stormont, and North, whose talents had been uniformly devoted to the views of Government. Yet it is but justice to the former to say, that they supported their principles, even when in place, with great resolution, and that the latter deserted theirs.

The unsuccessful attempt of the coalition ministry to pass the bill for regulating our East India possessions, is an event well known. They were displaced, and the people soon after manifested their opinion of the coalition, by not electing a great number of their friends at the general election.

We now, therefore, find the Duke once more in opposition, when his party adopted those half measures, which always tend to ruin the persons who employ them. Mr. Pitt had worked himself into administration in a way not very constitutional. His opponents had a decided majority in the House of Commons; but instead of adopting energetic measures, they had contented themselves with unavailing votes, till it suited the Minister to dissolve the Parliament; and a very great portion of the Duke's friends in the House of Commons were unable to get themselves re-elected.

During this contest, an attempt was made by some well meaning men to form another coalition between Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Portland. In this negociation his Grace acted a very conspicuous part; and from several letters written by him on that subject, we find him objecting to the terms on which Mr. Pitt came into power, and refusing all terms of conciliation, unless Mr. Pitt would resign his place, and come in again on equal terms with the Duke and his friends; but this proposal neither suiting the views of the Monarch or the Minister, was rejected. The declaration the Duke then made, and the assurances he gave, that he would never sit in a cabinet with Mr. Pitt, were as clear and as explicit as possible.

His Grace continued steady in his opposition for some years; but in 1792 the world was much surprised to see him elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and that without any opposition from the Minister.

The affairs of France had certainly made a very great impression on the minds of many in this country, particularly those of the highest rank. They saw, or at least thought they saw, in the abolition of rank and titles in that country, the prospect of very unpleasant events in this; and while impressed with those ideas, no man could be surprised to see those who possessed such marks of distinction, and who naturally placed a high value upon them, rallying round the Government, which alone could protect them, and which they were made to believe required all the support that every branch of the aristocracy could give.

Accordingly in the early part of the French Revolution, he and Mr. Burke, who had been a kind of political flapper to his Grace, played the renegade to liberty, and stood up for the enforcement of the prerogatives of the Crown, without regard to the liberties of the people. The Duke lent all his influence to that most abominable of all acts against Freedom, the *suspension of the Habeas Corpus*.—Whenever your laws are not potent enough to punish sedition and treason, or not sufficiently enforced by magistracy, there is *tyranny* and *injustice* somewhere.

During the convenient political *scarcity* in 1801, the Duke for once distinguished himself as a *writer*. His appeal to the country in this case, though not altogether to the *heart*, was most powerfully felt in the bowels of too many of his countrymen; not a few of whom lost their health, and many their lives in consequence of eating the brown and black bread, which the bakers were authorised to make by virtue of the

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Duke of Portland's letter, confirming the report of a scarcity of grain!

But, as it has been hinted before, his Grace's private character, where he was uninfluenced by party and political connections, was far from ungenerous or narrow; and it is urged as an excuse for his Grace joining Mr. Pitt, that he wanted not *ships, colonies,* and *commerce,* but that he stood in need of *means, money,* and *patronage.*

Be that as it may, he was always tenderly spoken and written of, even by the party he had deserted. To all his family he has died like a father—to all his servants and domestics like a friend.

The late Duke we have heard also took great pleasure in occasionally conducting strangers about his grounds at Bulstrode, without letting them know to whom they were obliged for this kindness.

His resignation took place but a very few days before his death, the immediate cause of which was a stone in the bladder; he had been cut by Messrs. Cline and Home about three years ago; but on the Monday previous to his decease, he was driven by the excess of his sufferings to endure a second operation, which was performed about two o'clock by the same gentlemen, and for some time was thought to have succeeded, as a stone nearly of the same dimensions as the former was extracted; but in less than two hours he was seized with a strong spasmodic affection over the whole body, and a *subultus tendinum* announced to his attending physicians and surgeons a speedy dissolution. He expired about five o'clock, in the 71st year of his age.

About 10 o'clock on Monday, Nov. 6th, his Grace's funeral took place; the St. James's volunteers mustered in St. James's square, and afterwards formed a part of the procession on this solemn occasion. At eleven the cavalcade set out, and proceeded up Bond-street, on its way to St. Mary-le-bone Church-yard, where the Duchess of Portland lies interred, in a magnificent family vault, which was erected about 30 years since. The hearse was richly emblazoned with heraldic ornaments, and drawn by six horses, followed by seven mourning coaches, and several state carriages. The coffin was covered with a rich Genoa crimson velvet, and richly decorated with silver-gilt nails and escutcheons. On the plate was simply the following inscription:—"The Most Noble William Henry Cavendish Bentinck, Duke of Portland, died October the 30th, 1809, aged 71 years.

We have since heard of an amiable trait in the character of the present Duke of Portland, on coming to his title and estate, which deserves to be made known. His first act was to do that which his deceased father was prevented, by circumstances, from effecting—he settled, by a rent charge on his estates, 6000l. a year on his brothers, sisters, and other near relatives.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE contending powers of France and Austria have consented to terms of peace, and the treaty has arrived: but war still rages in our domestic theatre, and no prospect as yet appears of reconciliation between the managers of the drama and the spectators. The scenes that have occurred during the last month at Covent Garden would be deemed most surprising and extraordinary, if the mind had not been prepared for them by the transactions of the former month. Plays have been performed as usual, if we may call that performance, when the actors voices cannot be heard. A dumb shew has been exhibited on the stage, and before it every species of public disapprobation appeared in unusual sounds and groans, in dancing on benches, in sparring matches, in catcalls, watchmen's rattles, and, last not least, in the sonorous anthem of God save the King. Night after night the same acts were performed with little variation, and the account of the theatre each day was followed by the transactions in Bow street in consequence.

The police magistrates of that district have had an unusual run of

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business. They attend every night to examine the parties brought in by their runners: and the accusations generally are those of making a noise, hoisting a placard, springing a rattle, or wearing an O. P. in the hat. More serious evils have arisen; for persons have received considerable bruises, and it was rumoured at one time, that a man had been killed. It is certain that one received so much personal injury, that apprehensions were entertained for his life; as he was not of the manager's party, the O. P's. as they are called, cannot be accused of murderous intentions. The transaction has not been cleared up: but, if the blow was struck by a man, employed for the purpose of silencing clamour by the weight of his fist, we cannot find words strong enough to express our indignation at his employers.

Surely in a civilized kingdom such confusion ought not to have been permitted. The players used to be called his majesty's servants, and they are allowed to act under that title; but a play is not a completely nationalised amusement, nor are the players exempt from some odium entailed on them by the prejudice, it may be, of the antient laws. It is certain however, that plays in themselves are considered by some classes of people, as very improper in a christian country. If then from any cause whatever the theatre becomes a scene of riot and confusion, it ought to be shut up. Whether the managers of the theatre or the spectators are to blame is of no consequence to the public at large. The theatre is the occasion of the tumult, and a field is not to be opened for riot. The bear gardens have been put down, though very gainful to the managers; why then should Covent-garden be screened, when there is equal cause for complaint.

In consequence of the riots in this disorderly house, a very great number of persons have been taken to Bow-street, of whom many were sent to prison, and most of the others were not discharged without finding bail. One gentleman has however appeared on the side of the O. P.'s. a barrister of some eminence, and of considerable connections. He went into the pit with an O. P. in his hat, and was in consequence taken up by the Bow street runners, who most probably did not know him, for they soon found that they had caught a Tartar. He went with them very willingly to Bow street, where they accused him as usual of rioting, and wearing an O. P. in his hat. The charge of rioting he denied, the other of wearing an O. P. in his hat he confessed. The former part they could not substantiate, the latter the magistrate did not choose to contemplate as a crime requring bail, and the barrister marched off in triumph. The consequence was, that the number of O. P.'s was very considerably increased.

The police magistrates and their runners were not competent to settle the grand question. It was brought before another tribunal. Between forty and fifty indictments were presented at Hicks's Hall, against the O. P.'s, but the grand jury threw out more than two-thirds of the bills, and those that were found were so on the ground of assault. These bills were traversed, and none of them as yet have been tried. Mr. Justice Mainwaring gave a very extraordinary charge to the grand jury upon the occasion, in which we could have wished to see more of the law of riots, and less on the subject in dispute of prices at a theatre. The spectators were not deterred by these indictments, and the managers tried another plan, they moved the Court of King's Bench through Mr. Attorney-General, for a rule to shew cause why a criminal information should not issue against certain persons for a conspiracy to compel the proprietors of the theatre to admit spectators upon the old prices, by riot, uproar, and outrage. The motion was founded upon affidavits, one by Mr. Kemble, stating the necessity of raising the prices; another from the prompter, stating the various scenes of confusion that had taken place in the theatre, and his belief in a conspiracy, of which O. P. was the badge. Other affidavits gave the names of the persons engaged in this supposed conspiracy, among whom was the barrister above-mentioned, and he was charged with being at several times

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in the theatre with O. P. in his hat, and countenancing the riots. The rule was granted by the Court, and, from the abilities of the barrister accused, we cannot doubt that the case will be well argued. As far as the attorney-general's speech goes, we see nothing to ground the charge of a conspiracy. What may appear in evidence we do not know; but we know this, that a bill of indictment was presented against a very respectable young man, who happened to be one night at the theatre, but who, like many others, expressed that disapprobation which players must make up their minds to bear, if they lay any value upon public applause. The bill against the young gentleman was thrown out; but neither he, nor hundreds of others, who have joined in acts of disapprobation, have entered into a conspiracy. The charge is of a very serious nature, and it will lead to curious results. One will be, we hope, to put the theatres under a very different kind of police to that to which they have been hitherto accustomed; and, whilst the utmost scope is given to public censure or applause, care shall be taken, that in the lobbies of the house, and in the boxes, due regard be paid to public decorum, and that they may not wear the appearance of places of assignation.

The first month of the jubilee year has passed as was to be expected. Addresses have been presented to the king from the city of London, the two Universities, and several other places; but the counties have been rather dilatory. The address from the city of London procured to the Lord-Mayor the title of baronet, and assuredly with great propriety, for the occasion required such a mark of distinction on the first magistrate of the metropolis. But the report of the answer to the address was connected with a frivolous circumstance, arising from over-officious zeal. The king had subscribed two thousand pounds to the society for the relief of persons confined for small debts, and this benefaction, as if it was a very wonderful thing, was brought forward to be noted upon the city records. This occasioned more investigation into the value of the royal gift, and a comparison was started between this gift, and a similar one of a popular baronet, to this and another institution, in a preceding year, which led to language that might well have been spared upon such an occasion. We were glad to see the royal munificence thus expressed, not merely because it will relieve many poor families in great distress, but because it is a proof that the sovereign's mind has been affected by the situation of so many of his subjects. It will lead, we trust, to a full investigation of their case, which is a complete anomaly in our constitution. That one individual should have the power of inflicting upon another for a trifling debt, a severer punishment than the judges assign to very atrocious offence, is so inconsistent with the general principles of freedom, that we may wonder at its having been so long tolerated. But here, by some strange fictions in law, the trial by jury has been set aside, and there cannot be a better year for restoring it than the year of jubilee.

Besides this pecuniary donation, his Majesty has marked the year by promotions in the navy and army. The former led to a laughable circumstance, which did not tell well for the present ministry. Persons were found in the new list of promotions, who had been for some time dead. The thing in itself was not of very great consequence, but the noticing of it may excite a becoming degree of attention to future promotions? For the grand acts of royalty, we must wait for the meeting of parliament, when, most probably, something of a permanent nature will be done to celebrate this remarkable year. We will not anticipate the act, but trust that it will be one to consecrate the memory of his Majesty in the annals of posterity.

The cabinet is at last settled, and several young gentlemen have been brought forward, in consequence of the late disputes, to fill very high stations. This is certain, that their names will not excite any great terror in Bonaparte. As to the two duellists, Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh, the discussions on their folly begin to subside. Mr. Canning is said to have vindicated himself in a book, which we have not yet seen, though it has crossed us in our way; but we are

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very little anxious to labour through the dull dispute. The facts of the greatest importance are not denied, and Mr. Canning must for ever be narrowly watched by his future associates, if he ever has any office.

The Walcheren expedition continues to excite unavailing regret. Transports have arrived at various ports with the sick and dying, and melancholy are the tales of the sufferers. It is now reported with great confidence, that the island is to be evacuated, but till it is, it will continue to afford a triumph to the enemy, who has seen an army mouldering away on his shores, and not driven away, merely from the apprehension of exposing his own troops to similar disease. The expence of this expedition, and the loss in men, surpass the utmost conceptions of the French, and it is with the utmost regret we relate it, that, whilst we have sustained such losses of our countrymen, another legion of foreign mercenaries is taken into our service. But it is in vain to speak of these subjects now, the feeling is entirely gone which animated the breasts of our fathers.

Are we right in regretting the loss of this feeling? The passions or judgments of our fathers were by no means infallible criterions of truth; and in another circumstance we rejoice to find, that time has produced better sensations. Catholic emancipation is still the theme of a vast body of our fellow subjects in Ireland, and a petition for that purpose has been digested by the Catholics at Dublin, placed in the hands of the Earl of Fingal. Lord Grenville is to be requested to present the petition to the House of Lords, and Mr. Grattan to the House of Commons. In Ireland the protestants and papists begin to see their mutual interests in a better point of view. They have been tearing each other to pieces for many years, to no purpose, and both parties have contended with each other which should most violate the principles of the christian religion. In this contest, however, the protestants have had the ascendancy. By the restraints on the papists, and the education of their priests abroad, a spirit of devotion to the Church of Rome was kept up. As these restraints are in great measured removed, and their young men are educated at home, and cannot fail of reading our protestant books, popery must decline. The clamour of No Popery will probably be again set on foot in the winter: but, as in the case of the slave trade, the opposition will yearly grow weaker, and England will not permit its statute book to be disgraced with intolerant laws on the subject of religion, when all the nations of Europe are agreeing on mutual toleration. As a presage that such an event is not far distant, we record, with pleasure, that the sheriffs of Dublin have summoned several catholic gentlemen to be on the grand jury.

It is long since the French have met us on the seas, and the summer has passed with the melancholy history of their triumphs over us by land. Rumours have reached our coasts that they have met us again on our element, and the confirmation of the news is impatiently expected. Our next will probably record that Lord Collingwood has fallen in with the Toulon fleet, escorting a convoy to Barcelona. The result will, we trust, be very different from those at Talavera and Walcheren; and Bonaparte will feel, that however powerful he may be on land, his influence does not extend beyond the shores of the continent.

The great hero of France is returned to his proper empire, and after such glorious exploits as seldom fall to the lot of any general to perform. He has completely subdued, but has had the generosity and magnanimity not to crush his enemy. There is still an Emperor of Austria, and Vienna is still his capital. But the articles of peace lop off a great part of his former dominions; and, as we said in our last, he is now reduced to the rank of a secondary state. By an article of the treaty his titles and the formalities of rank remain as they were before the war; but these entail upon the wearer a heavy expence, and a sad recollection of the former grandeur of his house.

The possessor of the throne of Vienna was at the beginning of the French revolution sovereign of im-

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mense states; on one side they were washed by the waters of the British channel, on the other by the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. He had a flag upon the ocean, and boasted at one time of an East-India company. The fatal enmity against liberty and every species of civil and religious improvement, entertained by the Austrian cabinet, drove it into a war with France, and it soon saw how little was the hold it had upon the affections of its subjects in this conflict. The Netherlands and the Milanese, the two wings of the great eagle, were severed from the body. There still remained the body with its two necks and crowned heads.—One neck withered away and the crown fell off, when the empire of Germany was dissolved. The foolish bird made another effort, and it has lost the plumage of its breast and all its tail.

To speak without a metaphor,—Austria is reduced to such a degree, that it can never be again of any importance to this country to cultivate its alliance. The chief use it can be of to us is, to supply a pretext for a good place and large salary to some one under the title of an imperial ambassador, who, of course, must have a greater appointment than if he was sent to a mere regal court. The Austrian Emperor is cut off entirely from the sea. Trieste was in his dominions before the war, but all his territory on the Adriatic is lost; and a line of demarkation is drawn from the Danube, which severs a part of Upper Austria, and running to the Save, makes with this river his western boundary. The chief part of his dominions are now Bohemia, Moravia, Hungary, and the remainder of Austria. All the jurisdictions he had in Germany are lost to him; and, if we consider the expences of the last war, it is evident that he now lies under the controul of the great emperor.

Who can pity him? Never was greater folly and madness displayed in any contest. The opportunities were lost of attacking to advantage; and an army, headed by princes, was expected to cope with men inured to victory, and under the command of a general whose third-rate officers were superior to the best in opposition to him; and whose soldiers were animated with the prospect of promotion on every exertion of duty. If the Austrian does not now reduce his military force, his dominions must be ruined, and he must play the emperor with diminished resources, or submit to fate; and endeavour, by rigid economy and proper humiliation, to restore to his house something like splendour. Do what he may, he ceases, as we said before, to be of great consideration in Europe. The two emperors who govern the continent may crush him when they please; and he is an emperor in name, not in reality.

Bavaria and Saxony are great gainers in this conflict. Russia extends its arms over a territory not marked out by lines, but to be determined by population. The provinces taken in the Adriatic, are to be called Illyrian; but whether they will be joined to the kingdom of Italy, or with Dalmatia form a new kingdom, does not yet seem to be decided. The Tyrolese, however, are not brought into subjection. These mountaineers, with the spirit belonging to their situation, have hitherto resisted the French arms; but it is to be expected that they too must fall under the yoke.—The armies, retiring from Austria, and those from Italy, are marching into this unhappy district, and we have little reason to expect that its independence should be maintained.

Thus has ended the conflict between two empires, on which, at one time, such different expectations were raised. The mighty hero, who in so short a time has performed such great achievements, is returned to France, and has exchanged the operations of war for the amusements of the chace. After the fatigues he has undergone, he may be allowed to employ his leisure as he pleases: but we must not be deceived with the idea, that because he is not at the head of his troops, they are inactive. They are marching to their destined posts: and, when the time is come, he will be seen at their head. At present, nothing is talked of but gaiety in his palace, and preparations are making for the reception of several of his kings. Among them the King of Saxony is to make the principal figure; and the head of

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that ancient house must feel for the singularity of his homage, when he contrasts the origin of his authority with that of those around him. However, there is no great reason for boasting: what the original heads of the house of Saxony were once, the generals of Bonaparte are now; and he has only been playing the same game in Europe which has been frequently played before him, and which will continue to be played as long as men pursue the same follies, and are governed more by their passions than their reason.

Spain remains as yet unconquered: but it is trembling for its approaching fate. The settling of this kingdom is probably reserved for the great conqueror, who will march with immense armies into the heart of the kingdom, and overcome all opposition. The Junta remains at Seville, the English army is on the confines of Portugal. Some advantages have been obtained by the Spaniards over the French, but they do not seem to be of great importance. Marquis Wellesley remains with the Junta, but he finds it a different field of action from the skirmishes with Hindoo Rajahs, and the petty conflicts of the east. We cannot augur any good from the councils of the Junta, or the interference of the Marquis in them. As to Portugal, its fate will be decided with that of Spain; and after the diversions of the kings with the great emperor, we may expect to hear of some new feat to astonish Europe.

Russia is pursuing its advantages over the Turks. They are said to have been of late very considerable; and if it is true that many French troops have been marched eastward from Vienna, it may be that they are to assist the Russians in this great conflict. Thus the poor Turk is harrassed on the northern quarter: we shall be ready to assist him in Greece, by taking possession of some islands near Corfu.

Sweden and Denmark are on the point of shaking hands together; and the continent of Europe begins to see the prospect of repose after such long and cruel agitations.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A. B." must not be offended if we decline the insertion of his communication.

The "Epigram" on that epigram-wright, *Sir John Carr*, seems to us without a point. Perhaps our correspondent's wit was obtunded by his subject. *Reuben Veritas*, however, will see, from our present number, that we shall be glad to hear from him on other occasions.

"Josephus" has written with an industry which deserves, perhaps, a better reward than we can give it. We must beg to decline the insertion of his verses. Let him try prose. He may succeed in sense, when he fails in ten syllable lines.

"Mr. J. Brown" has adopted a wise proceeding perhaps. Yet, in his fulminations against anonymous writers, we cannot agree with him. A man may be perfectly honourable, and yet too prudent to commit his name to the pages of a Magazine with every trivial article that his leisure may prompt him to write. However, we shall, on all occasions, and in *any manner* be glad to hear from Mr. B.

We have looked into the almanack of the learned and prophetic Mr. Francis Moore, to see what star prevailed, or what great events were predicted for the 12th October, 1807: for on that day were written, *mirabile dictu!* the following:—

Quickly did the moments pass
And left me in amase
Shall I withdraw from thee no lass
Me bosom seems to blase.——*Cum multis aliis.*

Blaze on, blaze on, and may its smoke never reach our eyes again.

ERRATA.

Page 268, col. 2, l. 12, for *Those* read *These*.
246, col. 2, l. 36, for *same* read *land*.

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HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

Marriages and Deaths in and near London.

MARRIED.] At Burlington House, Chiswick, the Duke of Devonshire, to Lady Elizabeth Forster. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Priddy, chaplain to his grace, in the presence of only two gentlemen from Doctors' Commons. Owing to a blunder committed by a person who was sent express, in a post-chaise and four, for certain necessary documents, the marriage ceremony was delayed until midnight. The intentions of the parties were kept so secret, that no branch of the House of Cavendish was prepared for the event. Expresses were sent off on the following day on different routes.

Died.] At Whitton, near Hounslow, Mr. —— Hill, proprietor of the powder mills, &c. He has left property to the enormous amount of 800,000l. To Mr. Fish, of Greville-street, Hatton-Garden, and to another gentleman, who were in the constant habit for twenty years of attending him, he has left 360,000l. each; to the Rev. Mr. Taylor, his nearest relative, who, we understand, was offered 100,000l. some time ago, for the chance of his legacy, he has only bequeathed 40,000l. He has left nothing to his relatives in Somersetshire, whom he had placed on a valuable estate in that county, which he had bought for 75,000l. and which he had assured them they should inherit. In fact, all those who, from consanguinity or friendship, had any reason to be expectants in the share of his immense wealth, have been most cruelly disappointed. Mr. Fish, to whom the great part of his immense fortune has devolved, is a married man without children, and we believe without any relations. Mr. Hill, the testator, was originally a taylor at Brentford; and the person who succeeded him still carries on the trade in that town. It was by the powder mills at Whitton, that Mr. Hill realised his vast fortune. He enjoyed the complete supply of Turkey in powder, whence he imported back the produce of the Levant, and with it carried on the business of a Turkey merchant.

At Lansdown House, Berkeley-square, John Henry Petty, Marquis of Lansdown, Earl of Wycombe, Viscount Calne and Calnstone, Baron Wycombe, in England, Earl of Shelburne, Viscount Fitz-Maurice, and Baron Dunkerron, in Ireland. His Lordship was in his 44th year. He succeeded his father, the late Marquis, in 1805; and the same year married Lady Gifford, relict of Sir Duke Gifford, bart. by whom he has left no issue, but is succeeded in his titles and estates by his brother, Lord Henry Petty, M. P. for the Borough of Camelford, in Cornwall—now Marquis of Lansdown. His Lordship was for many months in a declining state of health. In the autumn of the present year, by the advice of his medical attendants, he was preparing to embark for Lisbon, to try the effect of the temperature of the atmosphere of that country. Previously to his intended departure he visited his favourite Castle at Southampton, and finding himself daily getting better, he abandoned his intention of going to Portugal. His disorder was a liver complaint, to which he had for many years been subject. Lord Henry Petty was bequeathed 10,000l. a year by his father, and his magnificent library, which was purchased by his brother, the late Marquis, and now devolves to him again; and also a considerable fortune, and the great Petty Estate in the county of Kerry, in Ireland, as his brother died without issue. By the succession of Lord Henry Petty to the Marquisate of Lansdown, a vacancy is made in the representation of the University of Cambridge in Parliament.

At his house in Seymour-place, John George Lord Monson. His Lordship was born May 25; 1753; succeeded his father, the late Lord, July 20, 1774; married July 13, 1777, Elizabeth Capel, daughter of the Earl of Essex, by whom he had a son, born September 8, 1785.

At his apartments in Windsor Castle, aged near 90, Sir John Dinely,

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Bart. of Charlton, in the county of Worcester, and many years one of the Poor Knights attached to the Order of the Garter. Sir John traced his descent from the houses of Plantagenet, Lancaster, Tudor, and Stuart. His father S. Goodere, Esq. Captain of his Majesty's ship the Ruby, was convicted and executed (with Mahony and White) for the foul murder of his elder brother, Sir J. Dinely, Bart. on board that ship, off Bristol, January 17, 1741, intending to secrete the crime he had committed, and obtain possession of the title and estates. The family shortly after sunk into indigence, and the last Baronet was for many years a pensioner on Royal bounty.

At an advanced age, Mr. P. Tompkins, in an obscure lodging near Moor-fields, London. This person was formerly supposed to be not only the most *correct*, but the most *incorrect* book-keeper in the kingdom, and obtained a very handsome independence, by making sets of books for those persons who were, for their own interest, *obliged* to appear before certain Gentlemen at Guildhall. It is said he was the first person who suggested the idea of imputing the losses of bankrupts to speculations in the lottery, and procured the unsuccessful numbers, collected at 2s. each, as having been unfortunately purchased by his employers. This man's singular talent would have deceived even a Committee of the House of Commons, appointed to enquire into the financial state of the nation.

GAZETTE INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign Office, November 11.

A letter, of which the following is an Extract, was this day received by Earl Bathurst, his Majesty's principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, from Lieutenant-Colonel Carrol, dated Army of the Left, Camp on the Heights of Tamames, Oct. 19, 1809.

I have the honour to acquaint you, that the army of Marshal Ney, now commanded by General Matchand, advanced on the morning of yesterday, in force 10,000 infantry, and 1200 cavalry, with 14 pieces of artillery, to attack this army, which was most judiciously posted on these heights.

The enemy divided his force into three columns, which advanced against the right, centre, and left of our line; it soon became evident that the principal object of his attack was to force and turn our left, it being the point in which our position was weakest.

The enemy, at the commencement, gained some advantage of position on our left, in consequence of the retreat of a small party of our cavalry, destined to cover the left of our line. This success, however, was momentary, as the vanguard, led on by Gen. Mendizabal and Carrera, charged with the greatest spirit and gallantry, routed the enemy, and retook, at the point of the bayonet, six guns, of which the enemy possessed himself during the retreat of the division of our cavalry. The vanguard in this charge committed great slaughter amongst the enemy, taking from them one eight-pound gun, with a quantity of ammunition. After a long and obstinate contest, the enemy, being unable to gain a foot of ground, began to give way in all points. About three o'clock in the afternoon the enemy betook himself to a precipitate and disorderly flight.

The loss of the enemy, as far as we have been yet able to ascertain, exceeds 1,000 in killed and prisoners. The numbers of the wounded must be very considerable. Our loss has been comparatively very trifling, not exceeding 300; one Imperial Eagle, one eight-pounder brass gun, three ammunition waggons, twelve drums, with four or five thousand stand of arms, an immense quantity of ball cartridge, carts of provisions and knapsacks loaded with plunder, fell into our hands.

No language can do sufficient justice to the gallant and intrepid conduct of the troops on this memorable day; it would be impossible to make any distinction in the zeal and ardour of the different corps, for all equally panted for the contest. The vanguard and first division, however, had the good fortune to occupy those points against which the enemy directed his principal efforts, and to add fresh laurels to the wreaths they had acquired in Lugo, St. Jago, and San Payo. The steady intrepidity dis-

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played by the second division, through whose ranks the party of retreating cavalry passed, and the spirit and promptness with which it pushed forward against the enemy, who had at that moment turned our left, is deserving of the highest approbation. The entire of the cavalry, with the exception of the party attached to the vanguard, about 300, who, from being overpowered, were obliged to retreat, evinced the greatest steadiness and resolution in maintaining the post allotted them, and keeping the enemy's cavalry in check.—It is however, to be lamented that our cavalry did not find themselves in a situation to enable them to take advantage of the enemy's disorderly flight across the plain between those heights and the village of Carrascalejo, a league in extent; for had five or six hundred horse charged the fugitives, the victory would have been most decisive. The vanguard of Gen. Ballestero's division is in sight; we only wait his arrival to pursue, and annihilate the discomfited enemy.

From prisoners we learn, that Gen. Marchand proclaimed at Salamanca his intention of annihilating, by two o'clock on the 18th, 30,000 peasant insurgents; his orders to his army were, on pain of death, to possess itself of the heights by twelve o'clock, as he proposed proceeding to destroy Ballestero's division, after having dispersed and annihilated this army. The French General certainly appears to have held this army very cheap; judging from his plan of attack, which was far from judicious, but executed, to a certain point, with the greatest bravery, and with that intrepidity which the confidence of success inspires.

Our light troops pursued, and hung on the enemy's rear; several parties of which, amongst whom were two hundred of the regiment of Ballestero, have not returned as yet, having expressed a determination of hanging on the enemy's flanks as long as the cover of the woods afforded a facility of so doing.

The number of the enemy's dead already found and buried amounts to upwards of 1100. Several no doubt, will be found in the woods.

French Account *of the* English Expedition *to* Flushing, *&c.*

Remarks of the *Moniteur* on some Extracts from an English Newspaper of the 19th August, 1809.

[*Concluded from p.* 346.]

On the side of the river, the following are the obstacles which must have stopped the English:

1st. Fort Frederic and Fort Doel, each mounting fifteen 36-pounders: after these, Fort Lillo and the Fort of Liefkenshoek; each mounting sixty 36-pounders, and ten mortars; and behind, a line of 80 gun-boats and pinnaces, mounting two hundred 24-pounders. Now, every sensible man who knows that there is only a distance of 600 fathoms between Fort Lillo and the Fort of Liefkenshoek, which is opposite to it, perceives that this passage cannot be forced. With regard to fire-ships, it is well known that fire-ships and infernal machines are ineffectual. The infernal machine which was let off at St. Malo had no effect: these sorts of explosions were never able to shake a rampart. An estacado had been established, which secured our gun-boats from fire-ships. In fine, we had also fire-ships; sixteen were already in readiness, and we were going to avail ourselves of the first favourable occasion to send them against the English. Besides, to make use of fire-ships, it would have been necessary to aproach within 500 fathoms of the town, since from Lillo to Antwerp the Scheldt makes four elbows, which would have prevented fire-ships from being directed from any greater distance.

On the sea side in like manner no success could be hoped for; but admitting that, by the combination of the effects of the land and sea, Lillo and Liefkenshoek had been carried, which supposes two regular sieges, the enemy would directly after have met with three other barriers to be forced; the Pearl Fort, Fort St. Phillip, and Fort St. Mary. All these forts are covered by inundations, and each of them would have required a separate siege.—These different operations could not have taken place without losing forty days more, and supposing that by the 20th of Octo-

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ber the land and sea forces had been able to approach within 2000 fathoms of Antwerp, they still required three months more to take the town. With regard to the squadron, it was entirely shut up within the town, up and down the river, protecting Antwerp, and protected by it. The taking of Antwerp was, therefore, a thing impossible for Lord Chatham, an operation much more difficult to be effected than the occupation of a quarter of France.

However, the following was the system of the French army; from the 15th of August three corps were formed. The Prince of Ponte Corvo was at Antwerp with 30,000 men, national guards, regular and Dutch troops. The Duke of Cornegliano was at Ghent with the corps of the Head of Flanders, consisting of 25,000 men, the Duke of Istria was at Lisle with 20,000 men.

We should have let the English, had they seriously presented themselves, cross the channel of Bergen-op-Zoom, stretch out beyond the inundation of Lillo and march against Antwerp; the Duke of Cornegliano would have proceeded towards the Head of Flanders, and whilst the English would have been making their dispositions to invest Antwerp from Fort Lillo to the citadel, the Prince of Ponte Corvo and the Duke of Cornegliano, protected by the inundations and by the immense works of the town, would have waited for them, and on the day agreed upon, would have stretched out upon the right, and then the English army would have terminated its destinies: the Duke of Istria would during that time have proceeded to the Island of Cadsand. On the 1st of September there were between Flanders and the Scheldt and Maestricht, twenty thousand men under arms. They were not all regulars, but they were all commanded by men who had served; they were all volunteers, and consisted, for the most part, of former under-officers, and former soldiers who had obtained their discharges, and who had run to arms on the first signal.

Lord Chatham, therefore, charged himself with a senseless operation, and those, therefore, who projected it shewed themselves to be as ignorant of the climate as of the localities. Lord Chatham saved the English army by determining to re-embark it; but every day that he delays to execute this determination, heightens the misfortunes of his expedition, and if he is culpable, it is not in having ordered the retreat, it is in having so long delayed to re-embark; for during this delay, the English troops contract fresh diseases and become infected with fresh seeds of destruction.

Let it suffice to say that the Emperor, when he learned that an English army had been landed upon that point, recommended that it should not be attacked, and that we should leave the destruction of it to the diseases, which in that dangerous climate, must do the enemy more injury than the cannon, without its costing any thing to France.

The English, in landing in Flanders, did, therefore, a thing contrary to all the rules of war:—1st. Because they took for the theatre of their operations a country so unwholesome, that they had to presume that a month's stay in it would destroy their army; that the country is covered with strong places, such as Flushing, Bergen-op-Zoom, Bathz, and Lillo; and on the side of the island of Cadsand, the new fort Napoleon, &c. &c.

2d. Because their principal object appeared to be to capture the squadron, they ought to have imagined that the squadron depended upon Antwerp, and that Antwerp was impregnable, for its communications with France could not be cut off, except by immense armies, against which the whole population of France would have time to march.

The result of all which is, that the English have been for so many years sent out of the continent, that they are no longer acquainted with it. Every thing has changed except their hatred against France.

With regard to the Island of Walcheren, it is said, that they mean to keep it. We should have only cause to applaud this resolution for many reasons; 1st, The English, although they had 20,000 men in the Island of Walcheren, could not prevent it from being attacked and retaken; 2d, 20,000 English, exposed to the influ-

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ence of the climate, would experience so much loss, that it would be necessary to be continually reinforcing them; that, in the course of the year, 80,000 men would as necessarily become victims to the climate, and it would cost them more to guard this marsh than to preserve the East Indies; but it is probable that time would not be left for them to suffer such losses. The channel between the two islands is so narrow, that bombs can reach from one to the other. The 20 ships of the line, and the flotilla which we have in the Scheldt, would soon make us masters of that river. It would not be forgotten, that four years ago, and with our flotilla alone, we were masters of all the coasts: can it be doubted, that we should be soon masters of a closed sea? and can it, at the same time, be supposed, that the English would attempt to keep Flushing without being masters of the Scheldt? Besides, a flotilla is too dangerous a war for them. Such a war is not carried on with boats alone, it is conducted with excellent troops, that is to say, with means which do not allow the English any advantage over us.

We well know that men exist who, although completely ignorant of the art of war, have, notwithstanding, the silly habit of taking and endeavouring to give counsel to those who are masters in it; those people, yet more skilful than that public speaker who introduced the subject of war before Hannibal, tell you, that the English, by preserving the Island of Walcheren, will make it a second Gibraltar, or another Malta; in fine, a commanding point which will render them masters of Flanders, of Holland, &c. Poor madmen! they cannot perceive, that if the English persist in keeping the Island of Walcheren, that circumstance would be as advantageous for us as if they were embarrassed in the heart of Spain.

In general, whenever an English army lands on the Continent, every real Frenchman ought to rejoice.—Such a contest is completely in our favour: a nation of three millions of men cannot meet man for man a nation of forty millions. A new army, all the elements of which are in the the navy, cannot keep the field against the veteran forces which have conquered two-thirds of Europe; in fine, an army which can only arrive by sea, has neither artillery, cavalry, nor equipages, at least it has a very great inferiority in all these means, and Lord Chatham really could not mount more than 2000 cavalry; well! before fifteen days were elapsed, the French effective cavalry, which were assembled on the banks of the Scheldt, amounted to 4000!

"Reflecting also, that our troops are not led on by a Marlborough, a Wolf, or even a Wellesley."—*London Papers.*

Note by the Moniteur.—We here see what the spirit of party is capable of. It is a pity that Sir Arthur Wellesley had not the command instead of Lord Chatham. The latter saved the English army; the other would probably have lost it, as he has lost that which he commanded in Spain—where he had the imprudence to entangle himself with 30,000 men, without reflecting that he thus exposed his left wing to the different corps of the Dukes of Dalmatia, of Elchingen, and of Trevisa, who had 70,000 men under arms. He has, it is true, drawn himself out of this critical situation, by a precipitate flight, and by abandoning his hospitals, his wounded, his horses, and a part of his equipages. It was thus that General Moore, in his ridiculous expedition in the month of November last, fled from Benevento to Corunna, abandoning his allies, his horses, his ammunition, and his equipages. Neither the one nor the other of these generals has displayed that foresight, which is a characteristic so essential in war, and which prompts to do only what can be supported, and to undertake only what presents the greatest number of chances of success. Sir Arthur Wellesley has not evinced more talent than the men who direct the Cabinet of St. James's. To wish to support Spain against France, and to contend upon the Continent with France, is forming an enterprise which will cost dear to those who have undertaken it, and who will meet in it only disasters. Conflagration, it is true, may be kept up—misfortunes may be brought on peaceable inhabitants—rivers of blood may flow—the people, the protectors of whom they

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call themselves, may be ruined—but any other results are impossible.

TREATY *of* PEACE, *signed at Vienna, on the* 14*th of Oct. between* FRANCE *and* AUSTRIA.

Napoleon, by the grace of God, and the Constitution of the Empire, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the League of the Rhine, &c. &c.

Having seen and considered the Treaty concluded, determined, and signed at Vienna, on the 14th of this month, by the Sieur Nompere de Champagny, our Minister for Foreign Affairs, in virtue of the full powers, to that end given him by us, and the Prince John of Lichtenstein, Marshal of the Armies of his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, equally provided with full powers ——— which Treaty is of the following tenor:

His Majesty, the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the League of the Rhine, Mediator of the League of Switzerland; and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, being equally animated with the desire of putting an end to the war which has arisen between them, have resolved to negociate forthwith a Definitive Treaty of Peace, and for that purpose have appointed as their Plenipotentiaries, namely:—

His Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the League of the Rhine, the Sieur Jean Baptiste Nompere, Count de Champagny, Duke of Cadore, Grand Eagle Bearer of the Legion of Honour, Commander of the Order of the Iron Crown, Knight of the Order of St. Andrew of Russia, Grand Dignitary of that of the Two Sicilies, Grand Cross of the Orders of the Black and Red Eagles of Prussia, of the Order of St. Joseph of Wurtzburg, of the Order of Fidelity of Baden, of the Order of Hesse Darmstadt, his said Majesty's Minister for Foreign Affairs; and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, King Hungary and Bohemia, the Sieur Prince John of Lichtenstein, Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece, Grand Cross of the Order of Maria Theresa, Chamberlain, Marshal of the Armies of his said Majesty the Emperor of Austria, and Proprietary Commander of a Regiment of Horse in his service ——

Who, having previously exchanged their full powers, have agreed upon the following articles:

Art. I. There shall, from the day of the exchange of the ratifications of the present Treaty, be peace and friendship between his Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the League of the Rhine, and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, their Heirs and Successors, their States and Subjects respectively, for ever.

II. The present Peace is also declared to be common to his Majesty the King of Spain, his Majesty the King of Holland, his Majesty the King of Naples, his Majesty the King of Bavaria, his Majesty the King of Saxony, his Majesty the King of Wirtemburg, and his Majesty the King of Westphalia, his most eminent Highness the Prince Primate, their Royal Highnesses the Grand Duke of Baden, the Grand Duke of Berg, the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, the Grand Duke of Wurtzburg, and all the Princes and Members of the League of the Rhine, the Allies, in the present war, of his Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the League of the Rhine.

III. His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, cedes, as well for himself, his heirs and successors, as for the Princes of his House, their heirs and respective successors, the principalities, lordships, domains, and territories, hereinafter mentioned, and also all titles which may accrue from the possession of the same; and all properties, whether manorial, or held by them under an especial title, lying within the said territories.

1. He cedes and transfers to his Majesty the Emperor of the French, to form a part of the League of the Rhine, and to be placed at his disposition for the interest of the Sovereign of the League:—

The territories of Saltzburg and Berchtolsgaden; that part of Upper Austria, situate on the further side of a line running from the Danube, at the village of Straas, therein comprehending Weissenkitch, Wedersdorff,

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Michelbach, Griest, Muckenhoffen, Helst, and Jedina; thence in the direction of Schwandstadt, the town of Schwandstadt on the Alter, and thence ascending along the bank of that river, and the lake of the same name, to the point where the lake touches upon the territory of Saltzburg. His Majesty the Emperor of Austria shall only retain in property the woods belonging to the Salz-Gammer-Gut, and forming part of the manor of Mondsee, with liberty to cut and carry thence the brushwood, but without enjoying any right of sovereignty upon that territory.

2. He also cedes to his Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, the county of Goritia, the manor of Montefalcone, the government and city of Trieste, Carniola, with its dependencies on the Gulf of Trieste, the circle of Willach in Carinthia, and all the territories lying on the right bank of the Saave, from the point where that river leaves Carniola, along its course to where it touches the frontiers of Bosnia; namely, a part of Provincial Croatia, six districts of Military Croatia, Fiume, and the Hungarian Litforale, Austrian Istria, or the district of Castua, the islands depending on the ceded territories, and all other territories, howsoever named, upon the right bank of the Saave—the middle stream of the said river serving as a boundary between the two states.—Lastly, the lordship of Radzuns lying in the Granbunderland.

3. He cedes and makes over to his Majesty the King of Saxony, the territory of Bohemia depending upon, and included in the territory of the kingdom of Saxony; namely, the parishes and villages of Guntersdorff, Taubantranke, Gerlochsheim, Lenkersdorff, Schirgiswald, Winkel, &c.

4. He cedes and makes over to the King of Saxony, to be united to the duchy of Warsaw, the whole of Wester or New Gallicia, a district round Cracow, on the right bank of the Vistula, to be hereafter ascertained, and the circle of Zamosc, in Eastern Gallicia. The district round Cracow, upon the right bank of the Vistula, shall, in the direction of Podgorze, have for its circumference the distance from Podgorze to Wieliczka. The line of demarkation shall pass through Wieliczka, and to the westward touch upon Scawina, and to the eastward upon the Beck, which falls into the Vistula at Bradegy.—Wieliczka and the territory of the Saltzpits shall belong in common to the Emperor of Austria, and the King of Saxony. Justice shall be administered therein in the name of the municipal power; there shall be quartered there only the troops necessary for the support of the police, and they shall consist of equal numbers of those of both nations. The Austrian salt from Wieliczka, in its conveyance over the Vistula, and through the duchy of Warsaw, shall not be subject to any toll-duties. Corn of all kinds, raised in Austrian Gallicia, may also be freely exported across the Vistula. His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, and his Majesty the King of Saxony, may form such an arrangement with regard to those boundaries, as that the San, from the point where it touches upon the circle of Zamosc, to its confluence with the Vistula, shall serve as the line of demarkation between both states.

5. He cedes and makes over to his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, in the easternmost part of Gallicia, a tract of territory containing a population of 400,000 souls, the city of Bradi being, nevertheless, not therein included. This territory shall be amicably ascertained by commissioners on the part of both empires.

IV. The Teutonic Order having been abolished in the States of the League of the Rhine, his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, in the name of his Imperial Highness the Archduke Anthony, abdicates the Grand Mastership of that order in his states, and recognizes the dispositions taken with regard to the property of the order, locally situated out of the Austrian territory. Pensions shall be assigned to those who have been on the civil establishment of the order.

V. The debts funded upon the territory of the ceded provinces, and allowed by the states of the said provinces, or accruing from expences incurred for their administration, shall alone follow the fate of those provinces.

VI. The provinces which are to be restored to his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, shall be administered for

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his behoof by the Austrian constituted authorities, from the day of exchanging the ratification of the present treaty; and the Imperial domains, wheresoever situated, from the 1st of November next. It is nevertheless understood, that the French army in this country shall take for their use whatever articles cannot be supplied by their magazines for the subsistence of the troops and the wants of the hospitals; and also whatever shall be necessary for the conveyance of their sick, and the evacuation of the magazines.—An arrangement shall be made between the high contracting parties, respecting all war contributions, of whatever denomination, previously imposed on the Austrian provinces occupied by the French and allied troops; in consequence of which arrangement the levying of the said contributions shall cease from the day of the exchange of the ratifications.

VII His Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, engages to give no obstruction to the importation or exportation of merchandize into and from Austria, by way of the port of Fiume; this, nevertheless, not being construed to include English goods or manufactures. The transit duties on the goods thus imported or exported, shall be lower than upon those of all other nations, the kingdom of Italy excepted.—An inquiry shall be instituted to ascertain whether any advantages can be allowed to the Austrian trade, in the other ports ceded by this treaty.

VIII. The titles of domains, archives, plans and maps of the countries, towns, and fortresses ceded, shall be given up within two months after the period of the ratification.

IX. His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, engages to discharge the yearly interest, arrears, and capitals, invested in securities of the government, states, bank, lottery, or other public establishments, by subjects, companies, or corporate bodies in France, the kingdom of Italy, and the Grand Duchy of Berg.—Measures shall also be taken to completely liquidate the sum due to *Mont St. Theresa*, now Mont Napoleon, at Milan.

X. His Majesty the Emperor of the French engages to procure a full and complete pardon for the inhabitants of the Tyrol and Voralberg, who have taken a part in the insurrection; so that they shall not be prosecuted either in person or property.—His Majesty the Emperor of Austria equally engages to grant a full and complete pardon to those inhabitants of the territories of Gallicia, of which he returns into possession, whether civil or military, public officers, or private individuals, who have taken part in the levying of troops, or the formation of judicial or municipal administrations; or in any other proceeding whatsoever during the war, which inhabitants shall not be prosecuted in their persons or property. They shall have permission, during a period of six years, to dispose of their properties, of whatever description they may be; to sell their estates, even those that have been considered inalienable, such as *fidei commissa* and *majoratus*; to leave the country, and to carry with them the produce of these sales, in specie, or effects of any other description, without paying any duty for the same, or experiencing any difficulty or obstruction.—The same permission, and for the same period, shall be reciprocally allowed to the inhabitants and landholders in the territories ceded by the present treaty.—The inhabitants of the duchy of Warsaw, possessing landed estates in Austrian Gallicia, whether public officers or private individuals, shall enjoy the revenues thereof, without paying any duty thereon, or experiencing any obstruction.

XI. Within six weeks from the exchange of the present treaty, posts shall be erected, to mark the boundaries of Cracow, upon the right bank of the Vistula. For this purpose there shall be nominated Austrian, French, and Saxon commissioners.—The same measures shall be adopted within the same period upon the frontiers of Upper Austria, Saltzburgh, Willach, and Carniola, as far as the Saave. The *Thalweg* (stream) of the Saave shall determine what islands of that river shall belong to each power. For this purpose French and Austrian commissaries shall be nominated.

XII. A military convention shall be forthwith entered into, to regulate the respective periods within which the

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various provinces restored to his Majesty the Emperor of Austria shall be evacuated. The said convention shall be adjusted on the basis, that Moravia shall be evacuated in fourteen days; that part of Gallicia which remains in possession of Austria, the city and district of Vienna, in one month; Lower Austria in two months; and the remaining districts and territories not ceded by this treaty shall be evacuated by the French troops, and those of their allies, in two months and a half, or earlier if possible, from the exchange of the ratifications.—This convention shall regulate all that relates to the evacuations of the hospitals and magazines of the French army, and the entrance of the Austrian troops into the territories evacuated by the French or their allies; and also the evacuation of that part of Croatia ceded by the present treaty to his Majesty the Emperor of the French.

XIII. The prisoners of war taken by France and her allies from Austria, and by Austria from France and her allies, that have not yet been released, shall be given up within fourteen days after the exchange of the ratifications of the present treaty.

XIV. His Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the League of the Rhine, guarantees the inviolability of the possessions of his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, in the state in which they shall be, in consequence of the present treaty.

XV. His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, recognizes all the alterations which have taken place, or may subsequently take place in Spain, Portugal, and Italy.

XVI. His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, desirous to co-operate in the restoration of a maritime peace, accedes to the prohibitory system with respect to England, adopted by France and Russia, during the present maritime war. His Imperial Majesty shall break off all intercourse with Great Britain, and with respect to the English Government, place himself in the situation he stood in previous to the present war.

XVII. His Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, shall observe, with respect to each other, the same ceremonial in regard to rank and other points of etiquette, as before the present war.

XVIII. The ratifications of the present treaty shall be exchanged within six days, or sooner, if possible.

Done and signed at Vienna, Oct. 14, 1809.

(Signed)

J. B. Nompere de Champagny.
John Prince of Lichtenstein.

We have ratified, and hereby ratify the above treaty, in all and every of the articles therein contained; declare the same to be adopted, confirmed, and established; and engage that the same shall be maintained inviolable.

In confirmation whereof we have hereto affixed our signature, with our own hand, being countersigned and sealed with our Imperial seal.

Given at our Imperial camp at Schoenbrunn, October 15, 1809.

(Signed) NAPOLEON.

By the Emperor,

Champagny, *Minister for Foreign Affairs.*

H. B. Maret, *Minister Secretary of State.*

Certified by us, the Arch-Chancellor of State,

Eugene Napoleon.

Treaty *of* Peace *between* Sweden *and* Russia.

In the name of the Holy and undivided Trinity,

His Majesty the King of Sweden, and his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, equally animated by the desire of causing the advantages of Peace to succeed to the calamities of War, and of re-establishing harmony and good understanding between their States, have, to this effect, appointed their Plenipotentiaries; namely, his Majesty the King of Sweden, Baron Count Louis Bogislas; Christopher de Stedinck, one of the Nobles of the Kingdom of Sweden, General of Infantry of the Swedish armies, Knight and Commander of the Swedish Orders, Grand Cross of the Order of the Sword, Knight of the Order of St. Andrew, of St. Alexander Newsk-

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and of St. Anne of the first class; and M. Andrew Frederick Skjolderand, Colonel and Commander of the Order of the Sword; and his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, Count Nicholas Romanzoff, actual Privy Counsellor, Member of the Counsel of State, Minister for Foreign Affairs, Minister of Commerce, Senator, actual Chamberlain, Knight of the Order of St. Andrew, St. Alexander Newsky, Grand Cross of the Order of St. Wladimir, and of St. Anne of the First Classes, Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honour of France, Knight of the Royal Prussian Orders of the Black Eagle and Red Eagle, and of the Royal Dutch Order of the Union, and M. David Alopeus, actual Chamberlain, Knight of the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Wladimir of the Second Class, and of St. Anne of the First;—who, after the exchange of their respective full powers, found to be good, and in due form, have agreed upon the following Articles:—

Art. I. There shall henceforth be peace, friendship, and good understanding between his Majesty the King of Sweden, and his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias. The high contracting parties will make it their chief study to maintain a perfect harmony between themselves, their States and Subjects, and will carefully avoid whatever may hereafter disturb the union so happily re-established.

II. His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, having manifested the invariable resolution not to separate his interests from those of his allies, and his Swedish Majesty wishing to give, in favour of his subjects, all the extent possible to the advantages of the Peace, promises and engages, in the most solemn and binding manner, to neglect nothing which, on his part, may tend to the prompt conclusion of Peace between him and his Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, and his Majesty the King of Denmark and Norway, by the means of the direct negociations already commenced with these Powers.

III. His Majesty the King of Sweden, in order to give an evident proof of his desire to renew the most intimate relations with the august allies of his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, promises to adhere to the continental system, with such modifications as shall be more particularly stipulated in the negociation which is about to be opened between Sweden, France, and Denmark.—Meanwhile, his Swedish Majesty engages, from the exchange of the ratifications of the present treaty, to order that the ports of the kingdom of Sweden shall be closed, both to the ships of war and merchantmen of Great Britain, with the exception of the importation of salt and colonial productions, which habit has rendered necessary to the people of Sweden.—His Majesty the Emperor of the Russias promises before hand, to consent to every modification which his allies may consider just and fit to be admitted in favour of Sweden with respect to commerce and mercantile navigation.

IV. His Majesty the King of Sweden, as well for himself as for his successors to the throne and kingdom of Sweden, renounces irrevocably and in perpetuity in favour of his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, and his successors to the throne and empire of Russia, all his right and titles to the government hereafter specified, which have been conquered from the crown of Sweden by the arms of his Imperial Majesty in the present war, namely,—The Government of Kymenagard, Nyland, and Tavastchus, Abo and Bjorneborg, with the isles Aland, Savolax and Corelia, Wasa, Uleaborg, and part of West Bothnia extending to the river of Tornea, as shall be fixed in the subsequent article in the demarkation of the frontiers—These governments, with all the inhabitants, towns, ports, fortresses, villages, and islands, as well as all the dependencies, prerogatives, rights, and emoluments, shall henceforth belong in full property and sovereignty to the Empire of Russia, and shall remain incorporated with it. To this effect his Majesty the King of Sweden promises, in the most solemn and obligatory manner, as well for himself as for his successors, and all the kingdom of Sweden, never to make any claim, direct or indirect on the said Governments, Provinces, Islands, and Territories, all the inhabitants of which shall, in virtue of this renunciation, be relieved from the homage

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and oath of fidelity by which they were bound to the Crown of Sweden.

V. The sea of Aland, (Alands Haf) the Gulph of Bothnia, and the rivers of Tornea and Muonio, shall hereafter form the frontier between Russia and the kingdom of Sweden. The nearest islands at an equal distance from the main land of Aland and Finland shall belong to Russia, and those which are nearest to the Swedish coast, shall belong to Sweden. The most advanced points of the Russian territory at the mouth of the river of Tornea, shall be the isle of Bjorken, the port of Rentehamn, and the peninsula on which the town of Tornea stands. The frontier shall then be extended along the river Tornea to the confluence of the two branches of that river near Kengis. It shall then follow the course of the river Muonio, passing in the front of Muonioniska, Muonio Ofreby, Palajoens, Rultane, Enontekis, Kellottijorfoi, Palsiko, Nuimaka, Raunulla, and Kilpisjaure, to Norway. In the course of the rivers Tornea and Muonio, such as it has been described, the islands situated to the East of the Thalwag, shall belong to Russia, and those to the west of the Thalwag to Sweden. Immediately after the exchange of the ratifications, engineers shall be appointed on each side, who shall proceed to the before mentioned places, to fix the limits along the rivers Tornea and Muonio, according to the above described line.

VI. His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, having already given the most manifest proofs of the clemency and justice with which he has resolved to govern the inhabitants of the countries which he has acquired, by generously, and of his own spontaneous act, assuring to them the free exercise of their religion, rights, property, and privileges, his Swedish Majesty considers himself thereby dispensed from performing the otherwise sacred duty of making reservations in the above respects in favour of his former subjects.

VII. On the signature of the present Treaty, information thereof shall be transmitted immediately, and with the greatest celerity, to the Generals of the respective armies, and hostilities shall entirely cease on both sides, both by sea and land. Those acts of hostility which may in the mean time be committed, shall be regarded as null, and shall not infringe this Treaty. Whatever may be, during the intervening period, taken or conquered on the one side or the other, shall be faithfully restored.

VIII. Within four weeks after the exchange of the Ratification of the present Treaty, the troops of his Majesty the Emperor of Russia shall evacuate West Bothnia, and repass the river Tornea. During the said four weeks there shall be made no requisition of any kind whatever on the inhabitants; and the Russian army shall draw its supplies and subsistence from its own magazines, established in the towns of West Bothnia. If, during the negociations, the Imperial troops have penetrated in any other direction into the kingdom of Sweden, they shall evacuate the countries they have occupied, in virtue of the before stipulated conditions.

IX. All the prisoners of war made on either side by sea or land, and all the hostages delivered during the war, shall be restored in mass, and without ransom, as speedily as possible; but at the latest within three months, reckoning from the exchange of the ratifications; but if any prisoners may be prevented by sickness, or other cause, from returning into their country within the period specified, they shall not thereby be considered as having forfeited the right stipulated above. They shall be obliged to discharge, or to give security for the debts they may have contracted during their captivity with the inhabitants of the country, in which they may have been detained. The expences which may have been incurred by the high contracting parties for all subsistence and maintenance of the prisoners, shall be reciprocally renounced, and provision shall respectively be made for their subsistence, and the expence of their journey to the frontiers of both places, where Commissioners for their Sovereigns shall be directed to receive them. The Finland soldiers and seamen are, on the part of his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, excepted from this restitution, with reference to the capitulations which have taken place, if they grant them a different right.

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The military and other officers natives of Finland, who may wish to remain shall enjoy that privilege, and the full exercise of all their rights over their property, debts and effects which they now have or may hereafter have in the kingdom of Sweden, on the footing of the 10th article of the present Treaty.

X. The Fins now in Sweden, as well as the Swedes now in Finland, shall be at full liberty to return into their respective countries, and to dispose of their property, moveable and immoveable, without paying any duty of removal, or any other impost due on the like occasions. The subjects of the two high Powers established in either country, Sweden or Finland, shall have full liberty to establish themselves in the other during the space of three years, from the date of the exchange of the ratification of the present treaty; but shall be held to sell or alienate, during the said period, to any subject of the Power whose dominions they desire to quit. The property of those who, at the expiration of the above term, have not complied with this regulation, shall be sold at a public sale by authority of the Magistrate, and the produce thereof delivered to the owners. During the three years above fixed, it shall be allowable to all to make such use as they may please of their property, the peaceable enjoyment of which is formally secured and guaranteed to them. They may, themselves or their agents, pass freely from one state to the other in order to manage their affairs, without experiencing any obstacle whatever in consequence of their quality of subjects of the other Power.

XI. There shall henceforth be a perpetual oblivion of the past, and a general amnesty for the respective subjects, whose opinions, in favour of one or the other of the high contracting Parties during the present war, may have rendered them suspected or liable to punishment. No trial shall hereafter be instituted against them on such grounds. If any process have been commenced, it shall be annulled and superseded, and no new proceeding shall be commenced. All sequestrations of property or revenues shall in consequence be immediately removed, and the property shall be reserved to the owners; it being well understood that such as become subjects of either of the two Powers, in virtue of the preceding article, shall have no right to claim from the Sovereign of whom they have ceased to be a subject the annuities or pensions which may have been obtained in virtue of acts of grace, concessions, or appointments for preceding services.

XII. The titles, domains, archives, and other documents, public and private, the plans and charts of fortresses, towns, and territories, devolved by the present treaty to his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, including the charts and papers which may be deposited in the Surveyor's Office shall be faithfully delivered up within the space of six months: or if that period should be found too short, at the latest within one year.

XIII. Immediately after the exchange of the ratifications, the high contracting Parties shall remove all sequestrations which may have been placed on the property or revenues of the respective inhabitants of the two countries and the public establishments therein situated.

XIV. The debts, both public and private, contracted by the Fins in Sweden, and, vice versa, by the Swedes in Finland, shall be discharged on the terms and conditions stipulated.

XV. The subjects of either of the high contracting Parties, to whom inheritances may fall in the states of one or the other, may, without obstacle, take possession of the same, and enjoy it under the protection of the laws. The exercise of this right, however, in Finland, is subject to the stipulations of article X. in virtue of which the proprietor shall either fix his residence in the country, or sell the inheritance within three years.

XVI. The duration of the Treaty of Commerce between the high contracting Parties being limited to the 17th (29th) October, 1811, his Majesty the Emperor of Russia consents not to reckon its interruption during the war; and that the said Treaty shall continue in force until the 1st (13th) of Feb. 1813, with respect to every thing not contrary to

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the depositions of the Commercial Manifesto used at St. Petersburgh, January 1, 1809.

XVII. The territories incorporated with the Russian Empire in virtue of this Treaty, being attached to Sweden by commercial relations, which long intercourse, neighbourhood, and reciprocal wants have rendered almost indispensible; the high contracting Parties, desirous of preserving to their subjects these means of mutual advantage, agree to make such arrangements as may be necessary for consolidating them. In the mean time, until they come to an understanding on this subject, the Fins shall have the power of importing from Sweden, ore, smelted iron, lime, stones for building smelting furnaces, and in general all the other productions of the soil of Sweden. In return the Swedes may export from Finland, cattle, fish, corn, cloth, pitch, planks, wooden utensils of all kinds, wood for building, and, in general, all the other productions of the soil of the Grand Duchy. This traffic shall be re-established and maintained to the 1st (13th) of October, 1811, precisely on the same footing as it was before the war, and shall be liable to no interruption or burthen, with the reservation of such restrictions as the political relations of the two states may render necessary.

XVIII. The annual exportation of 50,000 tschetwerts of corn purchased in the ports of the Gulph of Finland, or of the Baltic, belonging to Russia, is granted to his Majesty the King of Sweden, free of the export duty, on proof being shewn that the purchase has been made on his account, or in virtue of his authority. Years of scarcity, in which the exportation shall be prohibited, are excepted, but the quantity in arrear, in consequence of such order, may be made up when the prohibition shall be removed.

XIX. With respect to salutes at sea, the two high contracting parties agree to regulate them on the footing of the most perfect equality between the two Crowns. When their vessels of war meet at sea, the salutes shall take place in conformity to the rank of the commanders, in such manner that he who holds the superior rank shall receive the first salute, which shall be returned gun for gun. If the commanders are of equal rank no salute shall take place on either side: before castles, fortresses, and at the entrance of ports, the party arriving shall salute first, and the salute shall be returned gun for gun.

XX. Difficulties which may arise on points not determined by this Treaty, shall be discussed and settled by Ambassadors, or Ministers Plenipotentiary respectively appointed, who shall be guided by the spirit of conciliation which has dictated the Treaty.

XXI. This Treaty shall be ratified by the two Contracting Powers; and the ratifications exchanged in proper and due form within four weeks, or sooner, if possible, reckoning from the day of the signature of the present Treaty. In faith of which we, the undersigned, in virtue of our full powers, have signed the present Treaty of Peace, and have thereto affixed our seals.

Done at Friedricksham this 5-17th of Sept. in the year of Grace, 1809.

Count Nicolas de Romanzoff,
David Alopeus,
Count Stedinck,
A. F. Skjoldebrand.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

A NEW aqueduct, composed of cast iron, supported by three pillars of freestone, is to be erected near Stoney Stratford. The middle pillar to be 34 feet in height, standing upon a base 26 feet long by 8 feet wide. The aqueduct will be 100 feet long, and 8 feet in width, so that barges of 93 tons burthen will be able to pass it.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

A more extraordinary feat in ringing than was achieved at Soham, in this county, on Monday the 20th of November, has perhaps never been recorded in the annals of that art. A complete peal of 5230 changes of

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Oxford Treble Bob was neatly and distinctly rung in three hours and thirty-five minutes, by eight persons, all of the same name, (Tebbit) being three brothers and their sons; one of them only 15 years of age.

A new turnpike road, between Wisbech and Thorney, is intended to facilitate the communication between the eastern counties and those in the western and northern parts of the kingdom.

Died.] At Cambridge, in his 90th year, Mr. Richard Reynolds, formerly butler of Caius College; an antiquarian, and rather eccentric character. His curious museum at his house on the Market Hill he used to be very proud of shewing to strangers. By his will, he directed that his coffin should not be made in the usual shape, but like a box to which a lock is fixed, and the key delivered to the care of his executor. Upon the top of the box a leaden plate is affixed, whereon the letters R. R. are inscribed.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

A white flat potatoe root, was lately dug out of the garden of Mr. John Williams, of Cheltenham, which produced potatoes that measured *half a bushel and one quarter*, and *weighing forty pounds and a half*; in number 153, of good full sized potatoes. A large potatoe was planted whole, and when it came up, was carefully moulded at different times, to the height of 22 inches. Some time after which a wheelbarrow full of good manure was thrown on to it, which has caused so extraordinary a production.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

The miners employed in search of coal, in this county, have discovered, near Checkley, a considerable vein of stone, similar to that found over the collieries in Staffordshire, and are consequently proceeding with increased hopes of success.

LANCASHIRE.

The workmen lately carrying a drain through the upper part of Church Street, Lancaster, discovered the foundation of a Roman wall, composed of large hewn stones, laid in regular courses; also many fragments of a beautiful red pottery, with figures embossed in relief. On one there is Apollo playing on a lyre; on another, a horse in full speed. On one of these fragments is "Quintiliani. M." as distinct as if just turned out of the maker's hands. Several coins have also been found; one of them, silver, in tolerable preservation, has "Antoninus" quite legible round the head: on the reverse is a figure of Justice sitting. A copper coin, in still better preservation, has, round the head, "Faustina Augusta;" and on the reverse is a figure standing with this legend, "Junoni Reginæ. S. C."

LEICESTERSHIRE.

The Committee of the Leicestershire and Rutlandshire Agricultural Society, having examined the nature of the compost dunghills, prepared by Mr. John Wright, of Sickworth, near Stamford, have awarded him the premium of the Society, offered in 1808, and have also ordered his statement made on the subject to be printed.

NORFOLK.

Some idea of the extent of Norfolk farms may be formed, when it is known that one occupier in the western district last year expended more than 1100*l.* for only one sort of manure, (brought many miles) notwithstanding the immense quantity made at home, and the great number of sheep annually folded on the grounds. On another farm 45 acres are consumed in roads across the lands.

Died.] After a short but painful illness, supported with manly fortitude, departed this life, in the 50th year of his age, John Gurney, Esq. of Earlham Hall, near Norwich, one of the Society of Friends, and of the firm of the Norwich, Yarmouth, Lynn, and other Banks.—From an early period of his life this gentleman distinguished himself by a close application to business, and to the acquisition of general knowledge; and on all public occasions, when the welfare of his fellow-citizens and the prosperity of his country were the topics of debate, he ever shewed himself a warm advocate for the rights of the people, and proved his ardent attachment to his native land. His natural urbanity of manners, and his munificent hospitality, were rarely equalled, and not to be surpassed.—In the fulfillment of the various duties of a husband, a father, a brother,

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and a friend, his conduct was highly worthy imitation, and the recollection of his virtues will endear his memory to all those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. Eleven children (who long ago buried an amiable mother) must, with greater poignancy of grief, lament the death of such a father! Great and severe as is to them, and to other numerous and afflicted relatives, their loss, how much more severe will it prove to those many persons who were the constant objects of his benevolence! a benevolence which was proportioned to his ample means of bestowing it, and which, in accordance with the pure doctrines of Christianity, was extended without any regard to sect or country!

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Died.] At Fineshade, the seat of her father, the Hon. J. Monckton, where she was on a visit, Eleanor, Countess Dowager of Harborough, aged 38. She has left one son, the present Earl of Harborough, a minor, and four daughters.

SHROPSHIRE.

Riots at Duddleston.—The disturbance originated in an absurd notion, entertained by several persons who have made encroachments, and built cottages upon the heath, that no one has any dominion there as lord of the manor (because it is, as they please to term it, "a lawless place") and consequently that the mere act of incroachment gives the occupant an immediate and absolute right to the soil. Under the influence of this sad delusion, these poor people have attempted to resist the authority of an Act of Parliament, lately passed, for the inclosure of the common lands in Duddleston. Soon after the passing of this Act of Parliament, the devisees of the late Earl of Powis, as lord of the manor, by their agents, humanely signified their intention of granting the cottagers leases of their cottages, for a term of 21 years, or for two lives, at their own option, at very trifling annual rents: and it is to be regretted, that so benevolent an offer had not produced a very different effect upon their conduct.—The Commissioner appointed to execute the powers of the Act, having been menaced and obstructed in every stage of his duty, and finding it utterly impossible to proceed in his operations of draining, was ultimately compelled to solicit the aid of the civil power. Accordingly, on Monday the 30th ult. six magistrates, and several special constables, attended at Duddleston Heath. A large mob of women, and several men had previously assembled there. The women soon evinced a determination to interrupt the progress of the workmen, and very assiduously replaced the sods as soon as they were dug out of the ground. The magistrates endeavoured, by explanation and mild and temperate exhortations, to make these deluded people sensible of the illegality of their conduct, and of the dangerous consequences to which it would lead; but all admonitions were wholly disregarded. The mob became more clamorous, and the women persisted in obstructing the Commissioner and his workmen. In this state of uproar the proclamation directed by the riot act, was read. Nearly two hours elapsed—still the mob did not disperse. The magistrates then sent for a party of the Oswestry Yeomanry Cavalry, commanded by Major Warrington, who being stationed within a few miles, promptly obeyed the call. On the arrival of the cavalry another attempt was made by the Commissioner's workmen, supported by the civil power, to proceed with the drain. This was vigorously resisted by the whole body of the mob, and in the course of the struggle many hard blows were struck by the constables, and returned by their opponents. A small proportion of the cavalry (dismounted) was then ordered to the assistance of the constables, and by their joint exertions, three of the ringleaders and two women were secured: the rest of the men ran off.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Died.] Hugh Downman, who, for upwards of 30 years, practised medicine in Exeter, with singular reputation and success. His virtues and talents, the blameless simplicity of his manners, and the extent of his literary attainments, gained him universal esteem. His poetical productions have been generally and highly respected; and as equally subservient to his profession and the dearest interests of humanity, his didactic poem of In-

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FANCY has been received with peculiar applause.

At Bath Easton, Sir George Colebrooke, bart. formerly a merchant and broker in London, of the first eminence and most extensive dealings; but his commercial concerns were ruined by an avaricious speculation in alum.

SURRY.

At a late meeting of the Surry Agricultural Society, held at Reigate, among other premiums awarded, were the following:—To William Baldwin, having lived 26 years in one service, 2*l.* 2s.—To James Saunders, having lived 45 years in the same service, 4*l.* 4s.—To John Batchelor, having brought up a family of twelve children without parochial aid, 6*l.* 6s.—And to Mr. T. Meager, for producing the best South Down Ram, a cup, value 10*l.* 10s.

SUFFOLK.

Died.] On Friday, the 3d instant, aged 25, at her father's house, at Kettering, Mrs. Addison, wife of Major Addison; whose amiable temper and cheerful manners justly endeared her to all with whom she was acquainted, and her loss is deeply lamented by her numerous friends and relatives.

Wednesday the 27th instant, at his house in Blundeston, after a few days illness, in the 68th year of his age, the Rev. Norton Nicholls, for more than 40 years rector of Lound and Bradwell, and one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for this County.

WALES.

Died.] The Rev. David Jones, A.M. rector of Gladestry, Radnorshire, where he had resided 34 years, discharging his various duties as a divine, and active magistrate, for the county of Radnor.

Near Ruthin, by a fall from his horse, Mr. Baurress, music-master, of Denbigh. As a musician, though he never composed any thing beyond a march or a country dance; he was not a stranger to countrepoints or thorough base. He could perform very respectably on the piano-forte, harp, violin, violoncello, flute, clarionet, stacato, trumpet, and bugle-horn. He also tuned a set of bells, and fixed them in a frame, with keys, like a piano-forte. He used to play the treble of any tune on the bells, and the base on the piano-forte, which had an agreeable effect; he also framed a set of musical glasses, which he could touch very agreeably.—As a mechanic he was an excellent cabinet-maker, and finished his work in the neatest manner; he made several harps and violins, and almost every article in the cabinet-making branch. He had a lathe, and was a very expert turner; he was also extremely well acquainted with the art of building, as he erected a music-room entirely by himself; for, besides forming the plan, he executed the mason's, the bricklayer's, plaisterer's, and the joiner's work himself, being only assisted by a labourer. He was a respectable botanist, and an excellent gardener; a pleasant companion, and full of anecdotes, which he used to relate in a very interesting manner. He was latterly trumpeter to the Denbigh cavalry; and, notwithstanding his genius and abilities, it is said he died poor.

IRELAND.

Died.] At Stewart Hall, county Tyrone, Andrew Thomas, Earl of Castlewart. He was the acknowledged head of the house of Stuart, being immediately descended in the male and legitimate line, from Robert the Second, King of Scotland. By his widow, daughter of the late Judge Sill, he left two sons and two daughters. He is succeeded by his eldest son Robert.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

OCT. 24, to NOV. 21, 1809, inclusive.

[*Extracted from the London Gazette.*]——*The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.*

ALLEN W. Old Jewry, tailor, (Lane, Lawrence-Poultney-hill). Alton W. Alfreton, Derby, innkeeper, (Ross and Co. New Boswell-court).

Bullen W. Abchurch-lane, merchant, (Field, Wood-street). Billet G. City Terrace, medicine-maker, (Cokayne, Lyon's Inn). Billinge J. N. Swithin's-lane, victualler, (Marson, Church-row). Bennett J. Bristol, cabinet-maker, (Har-

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man, Bristol). Best R. Aldersgate-street, watch-maker, (Pullen, Fore-street). Burt T. Catherine-street, straw plat factor, (Latkoy, Wardrobe-place). Burland T. Hungerford, draper, (Crosse, New Inn). Beattie J. Longtown, Cumberland, draper, (Mounsey's Staple Inn). Brown J. J. Great Queen-street, glass-grinder, (Kirton, Mansell-street).

Cowcher W. P. and Fenoulhet, Clement's-lane, merchants, (Willis and Co. Warnford court). Cuff J. Barking, brewer, (Osbaldeston, Little Tower-street). De la Cour A. New Lisle Street, jeweller, (Hinrich, Cecil-street). Coleman C. Goswell-street-road, scavenger, (Edwards, Symond's Inn). Cornforth W. Bishop-Wearmouth, nail-maker, (Blackiston, Symond's Inn). Cuisset J. East-street, upholder, (Lys, Took's-court). Clarkson J. Mount-row, City-road, coal-merchant, (Taylor, Old-street-road). Collis F. Union-place, tailor, (Payne and Co. Aldermanbury). Challicom J. Bristol, cordwainer, (James, Gray's Inn-square). Conder J. Pavement, Moorfields, paper-hanger, (Wilde, jun. Castle-street). Chadwick C. R. Grosvenor Mews, iron-plate-worker, (Rigby and Co. Chatham-place). Chabaud H. Plumtree-str. jeweller, (Lamb, Aldersgate-street).—Crouch W. Charlotte-street, linen-draper, (Cruchley and Co John-street). Chapman J. Pavement, Moorfields, shoe-maker, (Wild, Warwick-square). M'Cready W. Manchester, dealer, (Bleasdale and Co. New Inn). Collis T. J. Oxford-street, coach-maker, (Blakelock and Co. Elm-court).

Drury W. Stamford-street, stationer, (Cozen, Chancery Chambers, Quality-court). Dowse J. Great James-street, scrivener, (Ellison and Co. White Hart-court). Danson T. Liverpool, merchant, (Windle, John-street). Downes T. jun. Hereford, money-scrivener, (Wright, Hyde-street). Docker H. Deritend, Birmingham, woollen-draper, (Frowd, Serle-street) Dodd J. Upper Thames-street, grocer, (Towse, Fishmongers' Hall). Dallas W. Cushion-court, merchant, (Willis and Co. Warnford court).

Ensor W. Bath, grocer, (Sheppard and Co. Bedford-row).

Fewings J. Gloucester, inn-holder, (Vizard and Co. Lincoln's Inn). Fisher S. Noble-street, warehouseman, (Stevens, Sion College-gardens). Freebairn R. and Wilson J. Queen-street, Cheapside, warehousemen, (Swain and Co. Old Jewry). Ferguson J. Burr-street, mariner, (Gregson and Co. Angel-court). Fenton A. Liverpool, merchant, (Windle, John-street). Feary J. Kingsland-road, builder, (Taylor, Old-street-road). Fenton J. and Moore G. Rotherhithe, smiths, (Wilde, jun. Castle-street). Farley T. Sheerness, boat-builder, (Rigby and Co. Chatham-place). Field W. sen. High Hoyland, York, horse farrier, (Swale and Co. Great Ormond-street).

Geddes G. and A. and Milliken T. Fenchurch-buildings, merchants, (Swain and Co. Old Jewry). Goldsmith T Shoreditch, dealer in wines, (Charsley, Mark-lane). Gibbs J. Haverfordwest, wine-merchant, (Price and Co. Lincoln's Inn). Gedge W. Leicester-square, linen-draper, (Mason, St. Michael's Churchyard). Greetham C. Liverpool, merchant, (Windle, John-street). Gouldsmith J. Fletching, victualler, (Turner, Bouverie-street).

Holmes J. Underbank, York, merchant, (Battye, Chancery-lane). Holwell J. M. Sidmouth, haberdasher, (Hodgson, Parliament-street). Hancorne W. Swansea, shop-keeper, (Pearson and Co. Pump-court). Holme T. Liverpool, house-builder, (Windle, John-street). Hardie D. Russia-row, warehouseman, (Hurd, King's Bench Walks). Habgood W. and Bernard R. Old Parade, North Audley-str. picture-frame makers, (Price and Co. Lincoln's Inn). Harker M. Oakham, Rutland, mercer, (Bremridge, Common-Pleas-Office). Harcourt W. Norwich, linen-draper, (Atkinson, Chancery-lane). Hart S. Radford, Nottingham, dealer and chapman, (Kinderley and Co. Gray's-Inn-squ.). Hutchinson J. H. Poland-street, victualler, (Magnall, Warwick square). Hoffendon G. and Newcomb T. Basinghall-street; warehousemen, (Mason, St. Michael's Churchyard).

Jackes W. Guildford-street, corn-dealer, (Druce, Billiter-square). Jones T. Camomile-street, warehouseman, (Alliston, Freeman's-court).

Knight J. Lower Clapton, corn-chandler, (Collins and Co. Spital-square). Kerry J. Little Newport-street, haberdasher. (Searle, Child's-place). Killick J. S. Hackney-Mills, miller, (Dixon and Co. Paternoster-row). Kendrick T. and Whitworth J. Salford, cotton-manufacturers, (Hurd, Temple)

Lane F. Bromyard, Hereford, maltster (Stephenson and Co. Gray's Inn-square). Leedham J. Matlock Bath, Derby, inn keeper, (Willis and Co. Warnford-court). Leedham I. Buxton, Derby, innkeeper, (Ware, Gray's Inn). Lambert T. and S. Leeds, woolstaplers, (Battye, Chancery-lane). Leathwood W. Liverpool, cork-cutter, (Southampton-buildings). Ludlam J. Wood-street, hosier, (Dann and Co. Broad-street). Lister T King-street, coach-plater, (A'Beckett and Co. Broad-

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street). Lanchester A. St. James's-street, milliner, (Wybourn and Co. Craig's-court). Levien S. jun. Barnes, Surrey, broker, (Jacobs, Holborn-court).

Meadows W. and Johnson R. Paddington, coal-merchants, (Bousfield, Bouverie-street). Morgan G. Foster-lane, cheesemonger, (Hammon, Hatton garden). Muir R. Greenwich, floor-cloth manufacturer, (Pearson, Elm-court). Marchant R. and Barton M. Bond-street, milliners, (Hunt, Surrey-street). Mitchell J. Fleet-market, brick maker, (Pearce, Kirby-street). Milward C. S. Bromley, miller, (Druce, Billiter-square). Mollor M. Bristol, grocer, (Whitcombe and Co. Serjeant's Inn). Morgan J. Old City Chambers, money-scrivener, (Heartley, New Bridge-street)

Nicholson J. High-street, bookseller, (Wiltshire and Co. Old Broad-street). Napier J. London-road, merchant, (Wilde, jun. Castle-street).

Orme W. Charles-street, bookseller, (Bellamy, Clifford's Inn).

Pountney J. Chedder, paper-maker, (Sweet, King's Bench Walks). Pockett J. Weymouth, merchant, (Bousfield, Bouverie-street). Poussett R. B. East-lane, coal-merchant, (Clutton, St. Thomas's-str.) Plaw J. Southampton, builder, (Nichols, Southampton). Perkins J. Neath, Glamorgan, apothecary, (Brown, Cardiff). Pain J. Peckham, bricklayer, (Cartar, Broadway, Deptford). Peploe J. Kennington, coach-maker, (Lucas, Blackfriar's road). Purvis J. Sandgate, vintner, (Constable, Symond's Inn).

Rybot F. Cheapside, silk-mercer, (Collins and Co. Spital-square). Rye W. Oxford-street, linen-draper, (Tucker, Bartlett's-buildings). Randall W. and Marchant J. Stockbridge, inn-keepers, (Nichols, Southampton). Rawstorne J. Shorter's-court, merchant, (Hackett, Chancery-lane). Roberts J. Garden-row, St. George's Fields, baker, (Fowler, Basing-lane).

Stancombe W. Swansea, shopkeeper, (Pearson and Co. Pump-court). Smith W. Poripool-lane, pump-maker, (Orrell, Winsley-street). Stemson S. Axbridge, baker, (Tarrant, Chancery-lane). Shirt D. Fallhead, Silkstone, York, tanner, (Crosby, Holborn-court). Smith R. Budge-row, victualler, (Bennett, Philpot-lane). Southcombe G. Bristol, cheese and butter-factor, (James, Gray's Inn).

Tomling J. Chad's-row, builder, (Parton, Walbrook). Turpin J. Upper Tooting, corn-dealer, (Collingwood, St. Saviour's Churchyard). Tordoff J. Leeds, woolstapler, (Battye, Chancery-lane). Toulmin W. Aldermanbury, money-scrivener, (Broad, Union-street). Tudor M. A. Reading, innholder, (Anstice and Co. King's Bench Walks). Thorpe T. Vine-street, victualler, (Hamilton, Tavistock-row). Taylor G. Barsted, Wrotham, Kent, paper-maker, (Street and Co. Philpot-lane).

Worley I. Fish-street-hill, linen-draper, (Smith, Hatton-garden). Wilson J. and Williams J. Long Acre, coach-makers, (T. and S. Naylor, Great Newport-street). Weston T. Camberwell, post-master, (Cross, King-street). Warwick P. Fleet-street, tailor, (Hodgson, Clement's-Inn). Webb J. Great Portland-street, hatter, (Gregory, Clement's-Inn). Wright S. sen. Grainge-road, bricklayer, (Robinson, Prospect-row). Wakeling E. Clare, Suffolk, brewer, (Harman, Wine Office-court). Wathington J. Runcorn, Chester, stone-mason, (Foulkes and Co. Gray's Inn).

Young E. Spalding, liquor-merchant, (Wilson, Greville-street).

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, WATER-WORKS, BREWERY SHARES, &c. &c.

Nov. 21, 1809.

London Dock Stock, 137*l.* per cent.
West-India ditto, 185*l.* ditto.
East-India ditto, 129*l.* ditto.
Commercial ditto, 180*l.* ditto.
East Country ditto, 90*l.* per share
Grand Junction Canal Shares, 220*l.* ditto
Grand Surrey ditto, 80*l.* ditto.
Grand Union ditto. 9*l.* per share prem.
Kennet and Avon ditto, paid up, 43*l.* per sh.
Globe Fire and Life Assurance Shares, 122*l.* ditto.
Albion ditto, 58*l.* ditto
Imperial Fire Assurance, 63*l.* ditto
Kent ditto, 47*l.* ditto.
Rock Life Assurance, 5*s.* per share prem.
Commercial Road Stock, 126*l.* per cent.
London Institution, 84*l.* per share
Surrey ditto, par
South London Water Works, 142*l.* pr. share
East London ditto, 229*l.* ditto.
West Middlesex ditto, 144*l.* ditto
Portsmouth and Farlington ditto, 36*l.* per share prem.
Kent ditto, 43*l.* ditto
Holloway ditto, 3*l.* ditto
Wilts and Berks Canal, 54*l.* per share
Croydon ditto, 50*l.* ditto.

L. WOLFE and Co. *Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.*

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AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE late reluctance of the farmers to plant or sow much wheat for want of rain, has been in a great measure removed by the recent seasonable showers. Of course, the bean and pea etches have been brought into admirable order for seed. The early wheats also, in many places, bear a fine, healthy appearance. Rye, coleworts, tares, and turnips also promise well. Potatoes, in general, have likewise turned out good, and produced great crops; they are pretty well got up, particularly in Essex Cabbages are luxuriant. The oats also have generally risen well: and though Merino sheep had fallen, the wool trade, on account of the late turn of Spanish affairs, presents rather an unfavourable prospect.

Price of meat in Smithfield Market:—Beef, 4s. 0d. to 5s. 4d.;—Mutton, 4s. 8d. to 6s. 0d;—Veal, 5s. 2d to 6s. 8d.;—Pork, 5s. 8d. to 6s. 8d.

Middlesex, Nov. 25.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended Nov. 18, 1809.

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Middsx.	108	8	54	5	46	3	33	11
Surrey	113	4	54	8	52	8	40	8
Hertford	100	4	55	0	48	6	36	2
Bedford	102	4	64	0	48	8	36	4
Huntin.	106	1			49	0	32	2
Northa.	102	0	69	0	50	0	38	4
Rutland	96	9			53	6	37	0
Leicest	95	4	61	2	54	1	35	4
Notting.	102	8	60	0	55	2	35	6
Derby	101	8			55	11	36	4
Stafford	106	1			59	8	38	5
Salop	104	5	68	10	62	2	37	10
Herefor	98	7	54	4	53	7	35	0
Wor'st.	107	4			62	1	46	1
Warwic	112	2			62	10	43	0
Wilts	106	4			48	4	38	6
Berks	111	10			45	6	34	8
Oxford	110	0			45	10	36	9
Bucks	105	4			45	5	36	6
Brecon	108	9	70	4	52	9	28	8
Mon go	109	7			60	0	30	1
Radnor.	97	8			54	9	32	9

MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d	s.	d.	s.	d	s.	d.
Essex	105	2	51	0	50	4	35	10
Kent	102	6	62	0	48	6	37	0
Sussex	100	8			50	6	35	6
Suffolk	94	0	52	0	46	4	30	11
Cambridge	98	4	58	0	43	5	28	4
Norfolk	89	4	52	0	41	2	30	7
Lincoln	94	5	62	3	48	11	26	7
York	89	6	53	11	45	3	27	4
Durham	91	8			47	8	26	7
Northumberland	84	4	60	1	43	5	29	0
Cumberland	97	5	61	8	49	1	29	5
Westmorland	101	4	68	0	48	0	30	4
Lancaster	99	10			51	3	31	1
Chester	93	2			64	2	30	8
Flint	114	0			55	1	28	4
Denbigh	113	5			57	6	27	2
Anglesea					42	0	23	0
Carnarvon	93	4			47	4	27	4
Merioneth	108	4			51	6	25	2
Cardigan	93	4			44	0	18	8
Pembroke	84	6			45	9	19	10
Carmarthen	102	8			52	8	19	11
Glamorgan	104	1			52	0	24	6
Gloucester	109	1			54	11	40	8
Somerset	109	9			47	8	34	8
Monmouth	109	4			56	0		
Devon	98	1			42	10	21	7
Cornwall	96	9			42	6	25	4
Dorset	106	7			46	11	35	3
Hants	103	10			50	0	36	8

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 101s. 9d.; Rye 59s. 7d.; Barley 50s. 7d; Oats 31s 11d.; Beans 59s. 8d.; Pease 58s. 2d.; Oatmeal 31s. 4d.

BILL of MORTALITY, from OCT. 25, to NOV. 14, 1809.

CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
Males 470	898		Males, 393	743	
Females 423			Females 350		
Whereof have died under two years old				291	

Between					
2 and 5 -	126	60 and 70 -	77		
5 and 10 -	53	70 and 80 -	61		
10 and 20 -	33	80 and 90 -	40		
20 and 30	77	90 and 100 -	3		
30 and 40 -	93				
40 and 50 -	117				
50 and 60 -	81				

Peck Loaf, 5s.5d. 5s.5d. 5s.5d.

Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb.

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PRICE OF STOCKS, from OCTOBER 26, to NOVEMBER 25, 1809, both inclusive.

Days 1809	Bank Stock.	3 p. Cent. Reduc.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	4 p. Ct. Cons.	Navy 5 p. Cent.	Long Anns.	Omnium.	Imperial 3 p. Cent	Imperial Anns.	Irish 5p.C	Irish Ann.	S. Sea Stock.	S Sea Anns.	India Sto.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	Lottery Tickets	City Fresh Ticks.	Cons. for Acct.
Oct.																			
26	holiday							shut	shut		shut								
27	271	68¼	69⅜	89¼	101	18 9-16ths									24s.pm	14s.pm		8 15	69⅜
28	holiday																		
30	272½	68¼	69⅜	88½	100⅞	18 7-16ths								194	24s.pm	14s.pm		8 15	69⅜
31	277	68⅜	69⅜ ¼	88⅜	101¼	18½	1½ pm.							194	25s.pm	14s.pm		8 15	69½
Nov.																			
1	holiday																		
2	288	68⅜	69⅜ ½	88⅜	101⅝	18 9-16ths		67½						193¾	27s.pm	15s.pm		8 15	69⅞
3	285	68⅜	69⅜ ⅜	88⅜	101⅞	18 9-16ths	2 pm.							194¼	28s.pm	15s.pm		8 15	69⅝
4	holiday																		
6	holiday																		
7	285¼	68⅞	69½ ⅜	85⅜	102	18⅛	2 pm.			98⅛				195	30s.pm	15s pm		8 15	69⅞
8	285¼	68⅝	69½ ⅜	88⅜	102-	18⅛		67¾						195¼	31s pm	15s.pm		8 15	69⅝
9	holiday																	8 15	
10	281	69⅛	69⅞ 70⅛	84⅝	102⅜	18 11-16ths	3 pm.			100¼				197	32s pm	16s.pm	22 15	8 15	70⅛
11	282	69⅛	70⅛ ⅛	84⅝	102⅜	18⅛	2½ pm.		7¼	98⅞					34s.pm	17s.pm	22 15	8 15	70⅛
13		69¼	70⅛ 70	84¼	102¼	18 11-16ths	2½ pm.								34s.pm	17s.pm	22 15	8 15	70⅛
14	280	69⅛	70⅛ ¼	84⅝	102¼	18 11-16ths	2½ pm.		7 3-16ths					197¼	34s.pm	17s.pm	22 15	8 15	70⅛
15	279	69⅛	69⅞ 70	84⅛	102⅛	18 11-16ths	2½ pm.	68	7¼					196½	34s.pm	17s.pm	22 15	8 15	70
16	279½	69⅛	70¼ 70	84⅛	102	18⅛	2½ pm.							196	34s.pm	16s pm	22 15	8 15	70⅛
17	277	69¼	69⅞ 70	84⅛	101⅞	18⅛	2½ pm	68	7¼					196½	29s.pm	14s.pm	22 15	8 15	70⅛
18		69⅛	69⅞ 70	84⅛	101⅞	18⅛								196½	30s.pm	12s.pm	22 15	8 15	70
20		69⅛	69⅞ 70	84⅛	102	18⅛									29s.pm	13s.pm	22 15	8 15	70⅛
21	275	69⅛	69½ 70	84⅛	102	18⅛								196	29s.pm	12s.pm	22 15	8 15	70
22	274½	68⅞	69⅛ ⅜	85⅛	101⅜	18 9-16ths						75		195½	28s.pm	14s.pm	22 15	8 15	69⅜
23		69⅛	69⅛ ⅞	84	101⅜	18 9-16ths	2¼ pm.	67½						195½	29s.pm	14s.pm	22 15	8 15	70
24	272½	69⅛	69⅛ 70	84⅛	101⅜	18⅛		67⅝						195½	29s.pm	15s.pm	22 15	8 15	70
25		69⅛	69⅛ 70	84⅛	101⅛	18⅛									30s.pm	16s.pm	22 15	8 15	70

N.B. In the 3 per Cent Consols the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks the *highest* only.

FORTUNE and Co. STOCK-BROKERS and GENERAL AGENTS, No. 13, Cornhill.

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THE
UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

N° LXXIII.—Vol. XII.] *For* DECEMBER, 1809. [New Series.

"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—Dr. Johnson.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A brief View *of the* State *of the* Gallican Church *towards the Conclusion of the Sixteenth Century. By* M. L. F. de Bausset, *formerly Bishop of Alais, &c.**

WHEN, after fifty years of civil wars, Cardinal Richelieu confirmed the royal authority in all its vigour and energy, he sought to establish the foundations of permanent government upon those principles of religion which can, alone, secure the order and tranquillity of a great empire. This man, who may be said to have possessed the instinct of politics, as others possess the science; who had not a single thought, a sentiment, or a wish, but what tended to the corroboration of authority and the maintenance of order, knew well, that the spirit of religion is essential to good government, because it inculcates a respect for the laws and submission to public authority.

In his choice of bishops he always endeavoured to find men who combined knowledge with regularity of conduct and a love of due discipline. During his ministry, decency, dignity, and order prevailed. From this epoch may be dated the true glory of the Gallican church: the glory of having formed a clergy the most enlightened, the most regular, the most faithful to religious principles and to public duties, and the most sincere friends of peace.

As long as the Cardinal de Richelieu lived, nothing occurred to disturb this harmony. He maintained, with equal steadiness, purity of doctrine, the ordonances of discipline, the rights of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and the maxims of royalty. No sooner did any man, or any set of men, disclose new or dangerous notions, than he crushed them, *in limine*, or repressed them with vigour.

Richelieu was as little attached to novelties in religion as he was in politics. He had the celebrated Abbé de St. Cyran confined at Vincennes. To those who applied for his liberty, he coolly replied, that if Luther and Calvin had been as well secured, such torrents of blood would not have deluged France and Germany for the space of fifty years.

It is more than probable, that had Cardinal Richelieu lived, the controversy about Jansenism would never have taken place. The book of Jansenius was printed two years before his death; but no one, except the intimate friends of the author, knew, at that time, that such a work was in existence.

But scarcely had the Cardinal ceased to breathe, when the dispute arose. A new reign, a minority, which is always favourable to cabal, a regent seeking to establish his infant power, and a minister wholly indifferent to discussions of this nature, all concurred to give a dangerous liberty of discussing questions which produced a long series of troubles and disasters.

It was, more especially, between the society of Jesuits and that of Port Royal, that that obstinate controversy took place which proved so fatal to both of them, and which, perhaps, had no inconsiderable influence upon more recent events.

The institution of the Jesuits, to

* The above interesting article is extracted from the *Histoire de Fenelon*, in three volumes 8vo. by Bausset.—This valuable accession to literary biography has been recently published in France, and a translation of it is, we are informed, upon the point of publication.

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which no other society ever could be compared, nor probably never will be, for the energy, the depth, and the foresight, with which its plan had been digested and its resources combined, had been established to embrace, in its wide sphere, all classes, conditions, and modes of being, which unite in the harmonious system of religious and political power.

If we refer back to the origin of its formation, it is very evident that its public and avowed object was, to defend the catholic church against the Lutherans and the Calvinists; and its political object, to protect social order and the form of government as it might be found established in each country,* against the overwhelming torrent of anarchical opinions which always precedes religious innovation. Wherever the Jesuits found an establishment, they maintained the different classes of society in regularity, moderation, and propriety. Called, at their very commencement, to educate the principal families in the state, they extended their care also to inferior persons; they cherished, in them, an habitual reverence of moral and religious virtues. Such was the primary object of those numerous congregations which they established in every city, and which they had the art of making compatible with all the different professions and institutions of society. Simple and easy exercises of piety, familiar instruction, appropriated to every condition, and which contained nothing prejudicial to the social duties, served to maintain, in every kingdom, that regularity of manners, that spirit of subordination and order, and that prudent economy, which secured the peace and harmony of families and the prosperity of empires.

If, from its very commencement, this society had so many contests with the Lutherans and the Calvinists, it was, because, wherever these two sects established their doctrines, wars and convulsions were the inevitable results of their religious principles.

Familiar with every species of knowledge, the Jesuits employed their talents to subdue that respect which is always shewn to intellectual superiority. The confidence which every catholic government reposed in them, and the success of their plans, was the cause why they possessed, almost exclusively, the instruction of youth.

They had the merit of dignifying their religious and moral character by an austerity and temperance of manners, and a noble disinterestedness of principle, which even their enemies could not deny. And this is the best answer to all the satires which have accused them of professing lax principles of conduct.

This singular society was so perfectly formed, at first, that it had neither infancy nor old age. From its very commencement, it formed establishments in every catholic country, opposed with intrepidity all the new Lutheran sects, sent missionaries to the Levant and into the deserts of America, to the seas of China, to Japan, and to the Indies. It existed for two centuries, and it had, at the moment of its annihilation, the same vigour as in the time of its maturity. It was animated, to the last moment, by the same spirit that had given it life. They were never obliged to remedy, by new laws, the imperfection of those which had been devised by its founder. The emulation which this society inspired, was useful and necessary, even to its rivals. It expired *whole*, and it drew into its own ruin the infuriate beings who had triumphed over its fall.

It would be difficult to divine, from what sort of madness those governments, who had received the greatest benefits from the Jesuits, were impelled to deprive their benefactors of their power of doing good. In the present day, the ridiculous and futile pretexts upon which their proscription was founded, are hardly remembered. It is in perfect recollection, however, that the judges, who declared the whole body guilty of enormous crimes, could not convict any one of its members of any specific offence. The destruction of the Jesuits aimed a fatal blow at public education in the whole of catholic Europe: a remarkable confession

* The good bishop is too liberal of commendation here. The creed of a jesuit contained no such virtues.—*Editor.*

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which is now made as well by their enemies as by their friends.

This society dignified their misfortunes by a noble and tranquil fortitude; its religious and unshaken resignation speaks loudly for the purity of its principles and sentiments. Those men, whom they had described as so dangerous, so powerful, so vindictive, yielded, without a murmur, to the dreadful hand that crushed them: they had the generosity to respect and pity the weakness of the pontiff who was condemned to sacrifice them. Their proscription served as a model for those barbarous acts of madness and folly, which have overturned, in an instant, the work of the wisdom of ages, and destroyed, in a day, the wealth of passed and future generations.

But, towards the middle of the seventeenth century, a rival society sprung up, and destined, as it were, to fight before it could be said to be born. The school of Port Royal, in its origin, was nothing more than the union of the members of a single family, and this family was that of Arnauld, well known, at the time, for his hatred of the Jesuits. This society had the merit of producing men distinguished alike for the eminence of their virtues and of their talents. United by a similarity of principles and sentiments, they recommended themselves to public esteem by the austerity of their manners and a generous contempt of honours and wealth. A singular circumstance occurred, which seemed to render them independent of all the favours of fortune and of all the calculations of ambition. Mother Angelica, their sister, and Abbess of Port Royal, acquired and deserved great renown from the reform which she had introduced into the monastery, and by a regularity of manners worthy of the purest ages of monastic discipline. Attached to her family by an entire conformity of manners and opinions, she lived with her brothers and her relations in a close intimacy; an intimacy which seemed to be ennobled by the great interests of piety and religion. Her relations, and the friends of her relations, came to inhabit the solitude which surrounded the walls of her monastery. Port Royal des Champs became a sacred asylum, whither pious ascetics, sick of the illusions of the world, retired, to meditate, far from society and its vain pleasures, the importance of eternal truths.

Men were found there who had, before, distinguished themselves in the world and at court by their wit and their politeness, bitterly deploring the vain and transitory delights which had fruitlessly occupied the days of their youth, and repining at the celebrity which was still attached to their names, astonished that the world would not forget them, who had forgotten the world.

A still more recent and more illustrious conquest shed, upon the deserts of Port Royal, that sort of majesty which the greatness and the powers of the earth communicate to religion, at the very moment when they are humbled before it. The Dutchess of Longueville, who had played so active a part during the time of the League, and whom religion had robbed of all the illusions of ambition, presented, to a religious age, the spectacle of a long and solemn repentance. This conversion was the work of Port Royal, and so illustrious a penitent, communicated her own splendour and importance to those austere directors, who had prevailed upon a princess of the blood to submit to those holy and unalterable rules of the evangelical ministry, which admit no distinction of birth, of rank, or of power.

The simple life of the inhabitants of Port Royal, served to give additional renown to their writings. These very men who wrote upon the most sublime objects of religion, of morals, and of philosophy, feared no degradation in descending to the composition of elementary books for the instruction of rising generations.

The Criminal *from* lost Honour. *By* Schiller.

[*Continued from p.* 278.]

I STILL stood before the body, lost and irresolute. The crack of a whip and the sound of a waggon, which was passing through the wood, brought me to myself. It was scarce-

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ly a mile from the main road where I had committed the deed, and my own safety became the first thought of my mind. Scarcely conscious of my actions, I lost myself deeper in the wood. On the way I recollected that he whom I had murdered possessed a watch. I stood in need of money to reach the frontiers, and yet I wanted courage to return to the spot where the murdered lay. Here the thought of a hell, and the omnipresence of God alarmed me. I summoned all my courage, determined to cope with all the terrors of hell: I returned to the spot: I found what I expected, and, in a green purse, a small sum of money. On robbing the corpse, I paused and reflected. It was no emotion of shame, nor of fear to magnify my crime by robbery. I believe it was scorn which induced me to throw the watch away, and to retain only a moiety of the money. I wished to be considered a personal enemy of the deceased, but not his robber.—Deep in the wood I now bent my flight. I knew that it extended almost sixteen miles in a northern direction, and almost to the frontiers. Until mid-day I hastened my course almost breathless. The velocity of my flight had stilled the pangs of my conscience, but they returned with treble force, in proportion as my powers became weaker and weaker. A thousand horrible forms flitted before me. My breast was lacerated as with the sharpest swords. A terrible choice was now left for me, between a life of horrible anxiety and a violent death; and I was obliged to choose. I had not the courage to become a suicide, and I trembled at the prospect of remaining in the world.—Placed between the certain torments of life, and the uncertain terrors of eternity, equally incapable of living or of dying, I passed the sixth hour of my flight: an hour more burthened with torments than e'er a living being felt, or feeling could relate. Wrapt in myself and slow, with my hat deeply drawn over my face, as if it could conceal me from the eye of animated Nature, I had, imperceptibly, followed a narrow path, which led me into the thickest gloom, when, on a sudden, a hoarse commanding voice called on me to stop. The voice was quite near to me; but my distraction, and my hat being drawn over my eyes, prevented me looking around me. I raised my eyes, and saw a man approaching me, who in his hand bore a knotty club. His figure bordered on the gigantic, at least my first surprise led me to that belief, and the colour of his skin was brown, approaching to the mulatto. His countenance looked ghastly and grim. Instead of a girdle he had thrown a thick rope around him, and a pistol and a broad knife declared his occupation. The cry was repeated, and a sturdy arm held me fast. The sound of the human voice had inspired me with fear; but the sight of a villain gave me courage.

"In the situation in which I then was, I had cause to tremble before every honest man, but none before a robber. 'Who art thou?' he asked. 'One of thy kind,' was my answer, 'if thou really art what thou seemest to be.' 'The path thou wert treading leads not to thy home: what art thou here in search of?'—'What right hast thou to ask me?' I rejoined with boldness. The man regarded me from head to foot. It appeared as if he wished to compare my figure with his own, and my answer with my figure. 'Thou speakest like a beggar,' said he, at last. 'It may be so. I was yesterday no more than that.' —The man laughed. One could swear,' he cried, 'that thou dost not wish to be taken for any thing better to-day.' 'For something worse, then,' I replied, and was proceeding on my way. 'Stop, friend,' he cried, 'why so in haste? time to thee is not of any worth.' I pondered for a moment. I know not how my mouth framed itself to the words, but I slowly said, 'Life is short, and Hell lasts for ever.' The man fixed his eyes upon me. 'I will be d——d,' said he, at last, 'if thou hast not been very near the gallows.' 'It may one day be the case,' I said, 'so farewell.'—'Halt,' he cried, and, drawing a tin flask from his pouch, handed it to me. Fear and anxiety had exhausted my powers, and, during the whole of this terrible day, nothing had yet passed my lips. A dread at times stole over me that I should perish for want in this desolate spot.

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for ten miles around me I knew no refreshment could be procured. The joy may therefore be conceived with which I drank from the flask of the stranger. A fresh power pervaded my limbs: my heart again beat high with courage, and hope and love of life returned. So much was I refreshed by the invigorating draught, that I began to believe that I was not wholly miserable. Yes, I confess it, my situation bordered again on a happy one; for, at last, after a thousand disappointments, I had found a creature who appeared to resemble me. In the state in which I was sunken, I would have caroused with the most hellish spirits to have gained a confidant. The man threw himself on the grass. I did the same. 'Thy wine has cheered me,' I said, 'we must be better acquainted. Hast thou carried on the trade long?' He eyed me keenly. 'What dost thou mean?' he asked. I drew his knife from its hold. 'Has this been often bloody?' I asked. 'Who art thou?' he asked, in a tremulous tone. 'A murderer, like thyself,' I answered, 'but only a beginner.' The man fixed his eyes upon me. 'Dost thou reside hereabouts?' he asked. 'Ten miles from here,' I answered, 'the host of the Sun, in L———, if thou hast ever heard of such a person.' The man sprang from the ground. 'The poacher Wolf?' he exclaimed. 'The same,' I answered. —'Welcome, welcome,' he cried, and shook me violently by the hand. 'Have I at last found thee? For many a month have I pondered on the means to obtain thee; I know thee well; I have long reckoned upon thee,' 'Reckoned upon me? for what purpose?'

"'Thou art known throughout the whole country: thou hast enemies. An officer has oppressed thee, Wolf; thou hast been ruined; thou hast been treated in a most infamous manner. Thou hast been persecuted for shooting a couple of boars, which were fed for the prince at our expense. Are we then arrived at that state of things, when a man is not valued more than a hare? Are we no better than the beasts of the field? And couldst thou endure it, a fellow as thou art?'

"'Could I alter it?'

"'That we soon shall see, but tell me whence comest thou now, and what hast thou in agitation?'

"I related him my whole history. —The man sprang with impatience from the ground, and drew me after him. 'Come, brother,' he said, 'thou art now ripe; thou hast attained the pitch at which thou canst be useful. Follow me.'

"'Whither wilst thou lead me?'

"'Ask no questions; follow me.' With force he dragged me along.—We proceeded about a mile. The wood became thicker, and our path more rugged. Neither of us spoke a word, until the whistle of my conductor awakened me from my reflections. I raised my eyes; we stood on the declivity of a rock, which appeared to form a deep and hollow cave. A second whistle sounded from the interior of the rock, and a ladder was raised, as if by itself, slowly from the depth. My conductor descended, but he bade me stop until he returned. 'I must first chain the dog,' he added, 'thou art here a stranger, and the beast would tear thee to pieces.' Thus saying, I lost sight of him.

"Now I stood alone before the abyss, and I knew well that I was alone. The negligence of my conductor did not escape my attention. It only required a bold resolve to draw the ladder up. I was then free, and my flight secured. I confess that this circumstance struck me. I looked into the cave which was soon to receive me: it gave me an obscure idea of the abyss of Hell, from which there is no deliverance. I began to tremble at the course of life on which I was about to enter. A rapid flight alone could save me. I determined on this flight. I had already stretched my arm towards the ladder; but on a sudden it echoed in my ears, and sounded like a scornful laugh of Hell, 'What has a murderer to fear?' My arm fell palsied by my side, my account was full, the time of repentance was past, the murder which I had committed stood like a barrier behind me, and hindered my return for ever. My conductor now re-appeared, and informed me that I might descend. Now I was deprived of all choice, and I descended.

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"We had proceeded a short way when the prospect began to open, and a few miserable huts presented themselves, before which about eighteen or twenty persons lay stretched before a fire. 'Here, comrades,' said my conductor, 'here is the host of the Sun, bid him welcome.' 'The host of the Sun!' the whole gang exclaimed, and men and women flocked around me to welcome me.—Shall I confess it? The joy was hearty and sincere. Confidence and even esteem appeared on every face; the whole scene was like the return of an old acquaintance whom we love and esteem. My arrival had disturbed the repast, which was just on the eve of commencing. It was now continued. Game of every description formed the feast, and the wine passed rapidly from man to man. Unanimity and friendship appeared to animate the whole band, and each strove to outvie the other in testifying his joy at my arrival. I was placed between two women, the most honourable seat at the table. I expected to find the outcast of their kind. But how great was my surprise, to discover the most beautiful forms mine eyes had ever beheld. Margaret, the elder, and most beautiful of the two, could scarcely have attained her five-and-twentieth year. Her language was indecent, but her gestures told more than her words. Maria, the younger, was married, but absconded from her husband owing to maltreatment. She was beautifully formed, but looked pale and wan, and on the whole was less striking than her bolder neighbour. Both women exerted themselves to attract my attention; but Margaret, notwithstanding her beauty, was disgusting to me; but the charms of Maria made a lasting influence on my heart. 'Thou seest,' the man began who had conducted me to the spot, 'thou seest the life we lead; one day is the same as another. Is it not, comrades?'—'Every day the same,' the whole band repeated. 'If thou canst resolve to follow our mode of life, declare it, and thou shalt be our leader. I have hitherto held that station; but to thee, and thee only, will I resign it. Are you willing, comrades?' A joyful 'Yes' sounded from the whole gang.

"Inflamed by wine, my head burned. In my breast arose the dormant fire of ambition. The world had rejected me as one infected with the plague. Here I found a brotherly reception—respect and honour. Had I entered again into the world, what had I to expect but death, and here I could at least sell my life at a higher price. The female race had hitherto treated me with contempt. Here endless favours and enjoyments awaited me. My resolution was soon formed. 'I will be your captain,' I exclaimed, with pride. 'I will be your leader, if you will resign to me my beautiful neighbour.' My demand was granted. I was the acknowledged proprietor of a strumpet, and the captain of a gang of robbers.

[*To be continued.*]

The IMMORALITY *of* GOLDSMITH'S "STANZAS *on* WOMAN."

SIR,

THE following verses, though they will doubtless excite the admiration of every lover of poetry, yet cannot fail to call forth the most deserved censure from every moral character, from every friend of suffering humanity, as containing, in their literal sense, a doctrine dangerous in its promulgation, and fatal to the mind that imbibes it.

STANZAS ON WOMAN.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds, too late, that man betrays,
What charms can soothe her melancholy?
What *art* can wash her guilt away?

The only *art*, her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
To wring his bosom is—to die!

GOLDSMITH.

Let the unhappy woman who has suffered herself to be led into the paths of error, who has listened to the artful tale of the seducer, who, believing his vows sincere, has yielded to the impulse of passion, and indulged in illicit pleasures; but who now, finding herself deserted by her lover (or rather the vile assassin of her honour), looks back with horror upon her conduct: her heart stung with the agonizing pangs of remorse, tortured with the upbraidings of her

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conscience, she feels the force of her guilt, conceives herself to be a contaminated and polluted being, an object unworthy of and shut out from society. With her mind thus inflamed, let her, I say, read the above verses, and what a dreadful step are they likely to impel her to under such circumstances: it is more than probable they would cause her to add to her crime that of a greater, namely, self-destruction. Such an act, 'tis true, would rend the bosom of her betrayer; would afford to the world a convincing proof of repentance; and although thousands would "drop tears in pity for *her* hapless fate," yet it would undoubtedly involve the future welfare of her soul in awful doubt and uncertainty.

But by taking them in their literal sense, I may be accused of misrepresenting the author's meaning, whose object was to enforce the practice of virtue by holding forth, that, in a deviation from it, death was preferable to life; and that, by the words *to die*, he implies a death occasioned by excessive grief, remorse, a broken heart and its concomitants: all this I readily admit; but while there exists even a chance of a different construction being put upon them, which the impartial reader cannot, I think, deny, when he looks to the predominant weight the substantive "art" has on the whole composition, I shall retain the opinion (till I am convinced to the contrary) that the stanzas in question are a fit subject for animadversion.

Should these remarks be considered worthy an insertion in the columns of your intelligent miscellany, they are much at your service.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servt.

W. DURRANT.

St. James's-Str. Dec. 8, 1809.

ESSAY *on the first* HUMAN SOCIETY, *according to the* MOSAIC HISTORY.

(Concluded from page 377.*)*

As soon as man had deprived his beasts of their freedom, he was placed under the necessity of providing for their support. Thus he became a shepherd, and, as long as the social circle was limited, nature provided superfluously for his flocks. He was only obligated to search for the meadows, and when the pasture of one was exhausted, to exchange it for another. The greatest superfluity rewarded him for this easy occupation; and the revenue of his work was subject to no change, neither of climate nor season. A uniform enjoyment was the lot of the shepherd's state, and freedom and a joyous leisure its character. But with the agriculturist it was differently constituted: he was bound like a slave to the ground which he had cultivated, and with the mode of life which he adopted he resigned all the freedom of his condition. He was obliged carefully to regulate himself according to the tender nature of the vegetable which he cultivated, and to assist the growth of it by art and manual labour, at the same time that the flock of the shepherd provided for its own support.

The deficiency of instruments rendered every labour at the commencement difficult; and how laborious must have been his life before the ploughshare ameliorated it, and before he constrained the tamed beasts to share with him the burthen.—In how many different employments was he obliged to engage before he could enjoy the fruits of his harvest.—How often was he obliged to defend the works of his hands from the attacks of wild beasts, and even perhaps sometimes at the risk of his own life. How uncertain was the fruit of his toil—how fickle the reward for his exertions—when both depended on the weather, and the season. An overflowing stream, a heavy hail, were sufficient to rob him of his reward at the very moment when he was about to seize it, and thereby expose him to the greatest want. Severe and laborious must therefore have been the lot of the agriculturist, in comparison to the easy and tranquil lot of the shepherd; and his soul must necessarily become more wild, and uncivilised by his body being so depressed by labour.

If now it entered his mind to compare his hard fate with the happy life of the shepherd, the disparity must strike him; and he must, according

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to his confined mode of thinking, regard the shepherd as a particular favourite of Heaven. Envy thus awakened in his bosom: for this unfortunate passion must necessarily awaken at the first inequality in man. With an envious eye he regarded the blissful state of the shepherd, reposing in the shade, whilst he was exposed to the vertical beams of the sun, and the sweat dropping from his brow. The careless mirth of the shepherd gave him pain; he hated him on account of his happiness, and despised him on account of his indolence.—Thus, in his heart, he bore a secret dislike towards him, which on the first occasion was to break into open hostility: and it was not long before this occasion presented itself. The privileges of each had at this time no determined limits, and no laws existed which distinguished the mine and thine. Each believed he had an equal claim to the whole world; for the division of property was afterwards introduced by certain collisions in society.

Let it be supposed that the shepherd had depastured the surrounding country with his flocks, and yet felt no disposition to emigrate far from the family to a distant country. On what then did he determine? What project would most naturally strike him? He would drive his flocks into the plantations of the farmer, or at least so order it that they would find their way into them of their own accord. There he would find ample provision for his sheep, and no law then existed to prevent him taking the benefit of it:—Every thing which he could seize was his own.—Thus reasoned man in his infant state.

Now, for the first time, man came in collision with man. He assumed the place of the ferocious beasts with whom the farmer had had hitherto only to contend. Man now appeared to man as an hostile animal, who wished to desolate his plantations. We must not then wonder that he received him in the same manner as he received the beast: for their actions bore a strong resemblance. The hatred which he had long borne in his breast, co-operated to embitter him the more; and a murderous blow with a club revenged him at once for the long happiness of his envied neighbour. Thus ended, in a melancholy manner, the first collision of man.

Equality of Station abolished.

We are authorised, by the ancient records, in drawing the conclusion that polygamy seldom occurred in those early times. Regular marriages, however, appear to denote a certain morality and refinement, which it were in vain to look for in those barbarous times. In general, man attains to order by the consequences of disorder, and to laws by the commission of offences. The introduction of regular marriages appears not to have been founded so much on laws as on practice. Man could not live otherwise than in marriage; and the example of the first was in some degree a law for the second. The human race began with a single pair. Nature, therefore, as it were, announced her will in this example.

If we suppose that, in the earliest times, the proportion in the number of the two sexes was equal, nature thereby regulated what man could not have regulated:—Each man had only one wife as there was only one for him. When, at last the number of the two sexes displayed an apparent disproportion, and man had the advantage of choice, the order of marriage was at once confirmed by observance, and no one ventured to introduce a new custom, or to differ from the manner of their fathers. In the same manner, as the order of marriages was fixed, a certain natural polity founded itself in society. Nature had established the paternal authority, as it made the helpless child dependant on the father, and accustomed it, from the most tender age, to honour his will. When the son became himself a father, his son could not regard those without respect and reverence whom he saw treated so respectfully by his own father; and he must tacitly ascribe a greater degree of respect and authority to the father of his father.

This importance of the first parent must necessarily increase in an equal degree with every augmentation of the family, and with every year of his age; and the greater experience, the

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fruit of a long life, must independently give him a natural superiority over every one who was younger. In every dispute, the first parent was considered the most proper arbitrator; and on the long observance of this custom was at last founded a natural and easy superiority, the patriarchal government, which rather confirmed the general equality than abolished it. But this equality could not always subsist. Some were less industrious; some less favoured by fortune and their climate; some were born weaker than others. There existed therefore, in society, the strong and the weak, the brave and the coward, the rich and the poor. The weak and the poor were obliged to beg; the rich could give and refuse. The dependence of man on man commenced. The nature of things must have necessarily introduced the custom for old age to be exonerated from labour, and the business to be undertaken by the son for the grey-headed father—the youth for the old man. This duty of nature became soon imitated by art. In the breast of many the wish arose, to unite the luxurious rest of the old with the enjoyments of the young:—their eyes fell on the poor and the weak, who called upon them for protection and support, or who laid claim to their superfluity. The poor and the weak required their assistance; they, on the other hand, required the labour and diligence of the poor. The support of the rich became the condition of the labour of the poor—the poor served and received—the rich gave and were idle. The first distinction now commenced in Society. The rich became richer by the diligence of the poor: to increase his riches, he also increased the number of his servants; he therefore saw many around him who were less happy than himself, and many who depended on him. The rich felt his power and became proud. He began to substitute the instruments of his texture for instruments of his will. One short step was necessary to make him a despot. The son of the rich man began to think himself better than the sons of his father's slaves. Heaven had favoured him more than them, and therefore he concluded he was dearer to Heaven. He called himself the son of Heaven, as the favourites of Fortune call themselves the sons of Fortune. In comparison to him, the son of Heaven, the servant was only a son of man. Hence, in Genesis, the difference between the children of Elohim and the children of men. Fortune led the rich man to idleness—idleness led him to luxury—and luxury at last to vice.

The first King.

Asia being, on account of the deluge, forsaken by its human inhabitants, became soon the abode of savage beasts, which increased in great numbers in a country so fruitful as that which immediately followed the deluge, and extended their dominion where man was too weak to obstruct their progress. Every portion of land, therefore, which the new human race cultivated, must be first conquered from the beasts, and further defended against them by artifice and force. Our Europe is now cleared of these noxious animals, and we can scarcely form to ourselves an idea of the misery which the earlier times sustained from the depredations of savage animals; but we may conclude, from the writings of the ancients, and especially the Greeks, that the evils committed by them were of the most serious nature. The latter conferred immortality and the dignity of the gods on those who overcame a savage beast. Thus Œdipus became king of the Thebans, as he had extirpated the sphinx; and Perseus, Hercules, and Theseus, acquired their renown, and apotheosis in the same manner. He, therefore, who co-operated in the extirpation of these general enemies, was the greatest benefactor of men; and, in order to succeed, he must in reality be possessed of extraordinary qualities.

The chace of these animals was, before the war began to rage amongst men, the peculiar work of the heroes. It is probable that this chace was prosecuted in great numbers, who were led on by the bravest, namely, by him whose courage and understanding gave him a natural superiority over the others. There was nothing further required to make him a king, than the solemn acknowledgement;

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and could this be denied to him at the head of his armed and warlike hosts? He was the most proper to rule, as he was the most powerful, and the most able to prosecute his commands. He was the general benefactor of all, as to him they were indebted for peace and safety from the common enemy. He was already in possession of power, as the most powerful were at his command. In a similar manner, the ancestors of Alaric, Attila, and Meroveus, were kings over their people; and the Grecian kings, which Homer presents in his Iliad, are of the same origin. All were at first leaders of a warlike host; conquerors of monsters, and therefore benefactors of their nation. From warlike commanders they gradually became arbitrators and judges. By force they at last ascended the throne.

The example of Deioces in Media has been mentioned, to whom the people voluntarily granted the royal dignity after he had made himself useful to them as a judge. But it is incorrect to quote this example as the origin of kings. When the Medes elevated Deioces to the throne, they were already a people, and had a fixed political society; but, on the contrary, in the present case, the first political society was to spring from the first king. The Medes had borne the oppressive yoke of the Assyrian monarchs, and the king of whom we are now speaking, was the first in the world, and the people, which became his subjects, a sovereignty of free-born men, who as yet had seen no power exercised over them. It appears, therefore, more suitable to the course of things that the first king was an usurper, who was not placed on the throne by a voluntary and unanimous voice of the nation, but by force and fortune.

R. H.

REMARKS *upon the* LETTER *of* "JUSTUS."

SIR,

ALLOW me so offer some observations upon the latter part of the letter of your correspondent "Justus." R. H. asks him, "Does the author of *Nubilia* live at St. Alban's?" probably thinking that Justus is acquainted with, or is himself, the author of *Nubilia*. From the ridiculous answer he gives, R. H. may, with much justice, conclude that he is *not* the author; and, for myself, I cannot believe that he has the least knowledge of that person; otherwise, I think he would not have been suffered to have written what he has. If he wishes to be considered as humourous, he completely fails. Is it a species of madness to write a book? Would he be satirical, he is alike unsuccessful. Whoever read a more absurd story than that which he relates concerning the man of a suspicious appearance? Is leanness always to be the characteristic of an author? Upon the whole, every one must admit, that although Justus may be an excellent grammarian, he certainly does not possess the quality of a wag.

Your's, &c.

A LOVER OF REAL WIT.

December 6, 1809.

The PERIGRINATIONS *of a* PHILANTHROPIST.

YE who listen with alacrity to the whispers of lethargy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of sleep; who expect that day will perform the promises of night, and that the deficiences of the present dream will be supplied by the morrow, attend to the perigrinations of Jostleass Ince, of Pentonville.

The avarice of time is laudable, since he who is profligate of that which is in his own possession will be regardless with what frequency he intrudes upon the amusements of his friends, or interferes in the avocations of his neighbours.

Having, for a couple of hours, pursued this train of cogitation, and illustrated my subject by all the assistance which ratiocination could bestow and reminiscence supply, I hastened to the breakfast table.

He wastes but a few moments at his repasts, whose daily course of benevolence adds energy to the organs of mastication and promptitude to the powers of deglutition.

Those who journey for purposes of humanity, and cast their eyes afar off in pursuit of objects, are blinded

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by the veil of prejudice or the cloak of fatuity. Misery lies writhing at our gates as frequently as in the deserts of Arabia: and he who inspects the circumjacencies of his dwelling-house, may spare himself a voyage to Aleppo.

Scarce had I travelled the length of a street, when a woman presented herself to my organs of vision: the tears of penury trickled from her eyes, and on her left cheek grew a carbuncle; her right hand encircled an infant, and in her left there was nothing: she had children on either side, and her state of gestation was apparent.

"Woman," said I, "the distress which I cannot remove, I may alleviate: a burthen becomes lightsome if it be well borne; and she who repines at the dispensations of providence, superadds to, rather than diminishes, the exacerbations of distress. Tell me, does your anxiety arise from the solicitude of hopeless want, or the trepidation of conscious guilt?"

She answered, with a dignified solemnity, that she had eaten nothing but bread during the last circumvolution of the lamp of night. I gave her a penny and proceeded.

If there be a pleasure in madness, with which none but the insane are acquainted, there is also a gratification in benevolence, which nothing but benevolence can impart.

As I passed a window appropriated to the exposure of literary productions, the words—"another novel by the *immortal* P——tt," forcibly arrested my attention. "Thy epithet," said I, "is judicious, she is an *everlasting* writer."—That person's magnanimity deserves little praise who is elated by the corruscations of his wit, or who prides himself upon the playfulness of his imagination.

The observations of others, however justice should record and conviction approve my sally, extorted a comment from an adjacent auditor—"*By heavens*," said he, "*that's uncommon good!*" The marks of discernment were imprinted on his front, and if he was dogmatic, his dogmatism was the dogmatism of judgment.

The hemisphere now became obfuscated by a collocation of nubiferous exhalations, and I pressed forward with increased speed: but the journey of charity is impeded by multifarious obstructions. A being, at once venerable and decrepid with age, lay extended on the pavement. As the dictates of kindness should be obeyed with hilarity, and those favours are doubly bestowed which are bestowed with promptitude, I should have hurried on the wings of alertness to his relief, had he not been embrowned with mud from the road and feculent with water from the drain.

I reflected that should I injure my habit by too near an approximation to the old man, or soil my inexpressibles by raising him from the earth, the purchase of new investments would become necessary; and he who exhausts his property by too frequent an application to his taylor, circumscribes his eleemosynary capability, and confines the hand of goodness to a narrower field.

Unwilling, however, to let pass an opportunity in the service of humanity, I dispatched my servant home for an old surtout; but previously to his return, the sufferer was raised from prostration by a water-carrier. Oh! how I envied him his feelings; and who shall reprobate the envy of a heart palpitating with unextinguishable philanthropy?

The child of pusillanimity is unworthy the life he enjoys. I walked fearlessly on without awaiting my servant's return. As I passed through the Bar of the Temple, a sudden ponderosity compressed my pocket: I stopped and trembled, when, upon turning round, I discovered my white cambrick handkerchief in the possession of a female. "Heavens!" said I, "how is temerity punished:—how replete is the world with turpitude and peculations!"

The culprit fell upon her knees and implored forgiveness:—"She picked pockets for her family, not for herself." There is something gratifying in a good distinction; and, as I felt not unpleased at her discriminative powers, I followed her to prove the veracity of her asseverations. There was verisimilitude in her assertions, but verisimilitude is not truth; it may persuade, but it ought not to

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convince, lest our credulity, by suffering the guilty to escape, endanger the happiness of the unoffending.

My conductress led me through alleys offensive to the olfactory nerves, and lanes injurious to the purity of my hose.

Arrived, we ascended a staircase narrowed by the avarice of the builder, and dilapidated by the finger of age. The scene I was ushered into would have extorted tears in despite of the reluctance of the crocodile, or the unbending stubbornness of the jinny ass. On a truss of straw lay extended in a tenebrious angle of the room the hapless master of the mansion, his countenance discoloured by want and his form ichorous as Shakspeare's Slender.

A child, but four years of age, sat gnawing a quantity of chalk; a second vomited not from repletion but vacuity; and the mother bared her flaccid bosom to nourish a third.

"What," demanded I, softened to compassion, "has been productive of so horrid a scene:—Is distress or disease the cause?" She replied "that distress was the disease, and disease the cause; that she had been obliged to vend her furniture and impignorate her clothes."

I took my kerchief from her hand, and replacing it in my pocket, addressed her thus:—"Your misery has engendered my compassion and deluged my eyes with tears; I forgive you, and may the Father of Mercy forgive you," I said, and departed.

Ere the rigid moralist pronounce my condemnation, let him picture to himself the prospect I had witnessed; and if he deem it not sufficient extenuation, he is more than mortal. He should live in a better world who is incapable of bestowing in this the mercy he may need. He who pities another recommendeth himself, and he who is destitute of compassion deserveth it not.

That predisposed combination of circumstances which we unphilosophically denominate chance, now conducted me to Bedlam, and, as I have a tear of sympathy ever ready to flow at the distresses of humanity, the temptation to enter was irresistible.

The primary object impressed upon the *retina nutica* of my eye was ridiculously laughable. A tall haggard mortal, his beard unreaped, and his countenance jaundiced with discontent, was adapting his neighbour's pocket to the purposes of an urinal, whilst the recipient stood inhaling fuliginous particles from a tube of tempered clay with all the apathy of a Dutch burgomaster.

He who in derangement is capable of mischief so satanical is well confined. His enlargement could be produced at the mitigation of prejudice alone, or through the medium of a being indurated to the feelings of his coetemporaries.

In the adjoining cell, a man exercised at once his strength and agility in efforts to reach a paper crown, depended by some humourist from a nail. He who is ambitious in insanity, scarce deserves the cell he enjoys.

My whole frame vibrated with intolerant anguish as I beheld a young lady, beautiful as Hebe, eccentrically impainting hieroglyphics upon the wall, and exclaiming, with a voice rather stentorophonic, a sentence, of which I could only collect the words "thorough-go-nimble."

He who surrenders up his judgment to his impatience, and cuts the knot he is powerless to unravel, will never acquire elucidative skill. Much is to be done by time, and much by perseverance. A riddle is found by the reiteration of trifling efforts; and application may surely hope to discover what application has concealed.

In a few hours I entirely understood the figures upon the wall. They were a serpent with its tail in his mouth; and a man with a glass of gin in one hand, whilst with the other he tied his shoe-string. The signification I imagined to be, "Eternal—vir—gin—I tye."

Even the insane have occasional irradiations of discernment, ebullitions of fancy, and scintillations of thought.

In quitting the court-yard, I turned an eye of melancholy retrospection upon the prison. The awful grandeur of the building; the rapid oscillation of the clouds, as in a whirlwind; and the lunated form of an adjacent coach-house, all conjoined to elevate

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my fancy and inspire me with wisdom. I therefore drew forth my tablets, and inscribed,

> How apropos these folks are pack'd,
> For lo! the very building's crack'd.

I have since received information that the famous S-r J—n C—r is the author of a similar idea; nevertheless, I strenuously protest against any imputation of plagiarism, on account of a fortuitous coincidence. A parity of situation will superinduce a parity of thought, and a parity of thought a parity of language.

I am proud of possessing any notion in common with the learned S-r J—n C—r. I deem "My Pocket Book" to be an execrable performance, and little superior to the work it ridicules.

You will say, "The K——t has faults." I answer who has not?—"But his are numberless." The more then does he stand in need of lenitives.—"But he is destitute," you will add, "of humour, wit, judgment, and correctness." Granted; and is it not evident that, in proportion to his want of ability, the less capable is he of supporting the stings of criticism, who will pusillanimously wound a being labouring under mental imbecility. Let those punish with acrimonious severity who are themselves impeccable.

To return. When I arrived at Pentonville, I discovered that my domestic had pulverised a superb porcelain soup dish. As she had resided with me many years, a faithful and diligent attendant, and as few of us can arrogate an entire freedom from carelessness, I contented myself with vapulation and expelling her the roof.

That which is done in haste is generally regretted. I have since repented my leniency; since to pardon error is to animate vice. And whosoever would enchain the powers of turpitude, must commence by the extirpation of trivial failings.

MOMUS.

FINAL REPLY *to Mr.* BROWN.

Sir,

AS I am firmly persuaded, that a contest of odious personality would not be very acceptable to your readers, or creditable to you, I shall take my leave of Mr. Brown, without replying to those dark insinuations with which his answer to my letter abounds. I must, however, be allowed to confirm, as far as possible, your remark on one of those insinuations, by declaring, in the most solemn manner, that I have not any sort of connexion with A. B.

A. B. having undertaken his own defence, I cheerfully resign my task to his abler pen; and now, for ever, conclude my correspondence with Mr. Brown, with much more pleasure than I felt when I began it,

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

VINDEX.

The MORAL HISTORY *of the* FRENCH *in* GERMANY. *A* PICTURE *of the* FRENCH SOLDIERY. *A Fragment. By* J. SALAT. *(Translated from the German.)*

LET us grant for a moment that Bonaparte is really that great man which his adorers say he is, yet the question still returns, "What will even a Bonaparte do with a nation, in whose entrails such a mass of moral poison ferments?"

For, though the Revolution produced, here and there, some beneficial effects upon the spirit of the nation, yet, we must date the first appearance of its moral deterioration from that period. Yes, that revolution engendered horrors and crimes, which, but for it, had never been known. Not only the higher passions were brought into action by it, whose progress was destructive in a peculiar way; but it removed also that veil, that moral decency, which, before, had nicely covered even the greatest enormities; and now the hideous monster presents itself unshaded, unshamed. Yet more; while it overthrew so many institutions of bigotry, it destroyed those other moral and religious ones which were united with them. Rude and lawless passion lost its external restraint, and the uneducated, but greatest part of the nation was driven to the dreadful extreme of scepticism and immorality.

To this was added, (independently of many internal dissentions) war, and its influence upon the morals of

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the younger citizens. The excesses of all kinds which ensued, are well known. And though in the last campaign a better discipline prevailed, and even some return of morals was perceptible, yet many acts of infamy were committed.

To be sure, there were, also, some traits of conduct which delighted the observers of them. For, how truly great must that mind be which preserved itself from contamination under such circumstances, and in such a war.

But these actions were, often, only solitary corruscations during the darkest night. Perhaps it has not happened more than once, that eighteen or twenty common men, intercepting, for example, the flight of a maiden, one of the number, not one, was found to express pity or kindness towards her. More probably they gratified their own vile appetites. The genius of humanity turned away indignant from these monsters; and weeping, he hid his countenance, when lust spared not the prop of declining age, but seized even on that, tore it away, till,—(history will relate the horrid deed)—blood flowed—.

When it is further considered, that among those who speak German, (and almost all can now speak more or less of that language) the most obscene language, words, expressions, and compositions, of which only a beast, possessing language, could have been capable, were designedly uttered in the presence of females, young and old; when it is considered that neither prayers, nor the blushes of innocence, nor tears, nor anger, were able to check their brutal tongues; and when, not one was to be found who resented this flagitious misdemeanor, either by words or actions, but, on the contrary, signified unanimously their approbation; when these things are remembered, who will not loudly maintain that among this people the destruction of morals has dreadfully increased?

I have, however, heard, even among the common soldiers, accounts of better conduct, particularly in a place where they shewed the greatest respect towards a clergyman, and conducted themselves towards his parishioners, during the time they were quartered among them, with the greatest order, and decorum. It was remarkable how they swarmed round some girls whose life was dissolute, but at the same time they did not permit the least disrespect to be shewn towards any of them, and especially towards one who possessed rather superior powers of mind. If, also, any of them said any thing that was not strictly proper, or approached towards the prettier girl in any manner which seemed offensive to female feelings, all the rest that were present endeavoured to soften the matter by their more courteous conduct. This, however, was the best side of French gallantry.

Certainly, in the French army might be found many worthy men and youths. But, upon the whole, the number of worthless and corrupted individuals far exceeded.

And the war had, in an especial manner, contributed to their depravity. It had unfolded the seeds of vice in them. Cut off from all better intercourse, and exposed to sensual temptations on all sides, the one ruined the other, in proportion to the strength of example.

The war not only favoured the love of plunder and the wildest excesses of lust, but it accustomed them to indolence, to sloth, in comparison of orderly labour, and especially to excess in drinking. It may indeed be said of these *new republican* youths, that they have rendered themselves complete drunkards.

They are not soldiers, and merely such, as they used to be; they are, the greater part, the flower of the nation, and the root of a future generation. How long may the effects of war, in a moral point of view, be felt by the French nation!

Alas! and so will many parts of my native country, of Germany, long feel these effects. And if, in some places, a German army shall be found to be void of moral discipline; if, under similar circumstances, similar, or in individuals, greater excesses are committed, it will only exhibit, to the eyes of a penetrating observer, in more hideous colours, the calamities and the effects of war.

During their progress through Bavaria and Suabia, many of the French

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soldiers, when they came into a town, asked, quite unconcerned, "where are wh—s* to be found?" With equal unconcern they were directed to different watchmakers, as it was supposed that the gentlemen wished to purchase watches with the money which they brought back with them from Austria, although, indeed, the greater part of them had, already, plenty of watches. Several laughable circumstances ensued. Some of the Frenchmen, when they discovered their mistake, ran off laughing. But it also gave rise to some serious consequences; for they proceeded to indulge in unwarrantable liberties towards respectable mothers and daughters, and when this conduct was resented, they fancied that it was only themselves who were denied, but that a German would be received.

Among those who asked the above question were some officers. But such an interrogatory, publicly made in the open streets, shews a lamentable want of delicacy and morality. Had such licentiousness been practised by a Russian officer, who had been out and drinking, it might have been venial: but it was utterly unbecoming a Frenchman, whose nation, not unjustly, is considered as the most polished and refined upon the face of the earth, and which, were it so, would really deserve the name of *great*.

CATALOGUE RAISONNEE; *or a* CONCISE *and* CORRECT ACCOUNT *of the* STATUES, BAS-RELIEFS, *and* BUSTS, *in the* GALLERY *of* ANTIQUES, MUSEUM *of* NAPOLEON, *at* PARIS.

[*Resumed from page* 388.]

NO. 5. *Grand Candelabra.* The *baluster-form* is that which the ancients principally employed in the construction of their candelabra. The name and figure of the baluster are both derived from the flower of the pomegranate-tree, *(balustium)* a flower which in conformity to the tenets of the Grecian religion was in an especial manner sacred to the God of light. It is, however, not unlikely that under this remote derivation, the Greeks have endeavoured to hide the more probable origin of the baluster-form, namely the Egyptian columns. The candelabra which at present demands our attention is of marble, and is considered the largest of any handed down to us by antiquity. It is ornamented with foliage, with chamfering, and with bas-reliefs disposed alternately, and separated by horizontal bands. It probably served to support a vast lamp in an avenue leading to some sacred place. This candelabra was found in the vicinity of Naples, whence it was conveyed to the museum of the Vatican.

6. *The couch of Bacchus.* The productions of the ancients often times present us with monsters, the body being that of a lion, the wings those of an eagle, and the head a combination of that of the lion and the goat. It is from the last-mentioned quadruped that such productions have obtained the appellation of *chimeras*, which in Greek signifies goats. The affinity which they bear to the Satyrs, have caused them to be regarded as monsters sacred to Bacchus. Hence this great couch has been judiciously ornamented with Bacchanalian symbols. It is formed of marble, and the arms consist of two superb antique chimeras. The couch of Bacchus was brought from the museum of the Vatican.

7. *Serapis.* Among the Egyptians of Alexandria, the God Serapis was looked upon in the same light as Jupiter, Pluto, and Sol were among the Greeks. This grand bust presents us with the majestic features of Jupiter; the hair is brought over the forehead in the same manner as that of Pluto is generally represented; and the whole is embellished with rays, the characteristics of Sol. These rays executed in brilliant bronze, are modern; but the holes in which they are inserted, are of ancient workmanship, and were bored with this design in the diadem that encompasses the head. The tunic wherewith the bust

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* The spirit of this anecdote necessarily evaporates in translation. The German word for a prostitute is *hure*: that for a clock or watch, *uhr*. The French soldiers did not aspirate the *h* in the first word from their defective mode of pronunciation, and hence the mistake.

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is clad, and the *modius* or bushel placed on the top of the head are to be met with in all the other figures of Serapis. This colossean bust is brought from the museum of the Vatican. It was discovered at the distance of three leagues from Rome on the Appian-way, at a place now called Colombaro.

8. *Minerva.* A Colossean bust. The goddess armed with the ægis and the helmet; raises the right-shoulder as if in the act of resting upon her spear. It is impossible to conceive any thing more noble or severe than the features of this figure. This bust of pentelic marble was dug out of the earth about thirty years ago near the villa of Licinius Murena, which is three leagues distant from Rome, and is situated in the territory of Tusculum or Frascate. It was formerly to be seen at the villa Albani.

9. *Adrian.* The head of the Emperor Adrian of colossean size. It was carved for the purpose of being placed upon a statue armed with a cuirass, erected at Rome in the vestibule of Adrian's mausoleum. This excellent piece of sculpture, executed in pentelic marble, was found in the castle of St. Angelo at Rome, about the beginning of the last century. Pius VI. caused it to be placed in the Vatican.

10. *Antinus.* In this bust the youthful favourite of Adrian appears with locks which fall in parallel ringlets over his neck; and the leaves which issue from the pedestal, rise as high as his manly chest. These particularities remind us of the figures of Harpocrates; and this is not the first time that we have met with the characteristics of some Egyptian deity in the portraits of Antinus. This piece of sculpture, of colossean size, and executed in hard Grecian marble, comes from the museum of the Vatican. It was dug, in 1790, out of the mounds of villa Fede at Tivoli, which constitutes a part of the ancient villa Hadriana.

11. *Antonius the Pious.* Shadowed and crowned with ears of corn, this emperor is represented in the habit of an Arvalian brother, of that illustrious order of priesthood, whose origin was traced to Romulus, and of which only the chief personages of the empire were admitted.* The antique head, wrought in pentelic marble, is placed on a bust of Parian marble. Antonius the Pious is reckoned among the number of the Arvalian brothers in some rare Roman inscriptions.

12. *Lucius Verus.* This bust which is the companion of the foregoing, represents the emperor in the same *costume* as his adopted father. Several authentic documents prove that Lucius Verus ranked among the Arvalian brothers. Like that of Antonius, the present bust has an antique head of pentelic marble, the rest being formed of Parian marble.

13. *Domitian.* The emperor is crowned with laurel, and armed with a cuirass. This rare bust of colossean dimensions is brought from Villa Albani.

14. *Æsculapius.* The god of medicine is here characterised by a species of turban, formed of a small band of a certain stuff *(theristrion)*, which is rolled around the head. This singular kind of head-dress is to be seen on several figures of Æsculapius, and in the portraits of other ancient physicians. It is likewise observable in this bust, that the features, the beard, and the hair, though very similar to those of Jupiter, do not boast that imposing majesty of effect which distinguishes the most powerful of the gods. The bust is executed in pentelic marble.

SALLE DES EMPEREURS.

The ceiling of this apartment represents "The Earth receiving from the Emperors the code of Roman laws dictated by Nature, Wisdom, and Justice." It is the work of M. Meynier. The two pictures executed in bronze, representative of "Trajan inspecting the construction of the Aqueducts, and directing the formation of high roads," are productions of the same artist. The circular bas-reliefs situated in the four angles of this apartment, are emblematical of

* The Arvalian brothers derived their designation from the sacrifices which they offered to the Gods, for the purpose of obtaining fertility for the lands of *Arva*.

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the four rivers which witnessed the conquests of the French republic. They are as follows:—The Eridau, executed by M. Gois; the Tiber, by M. Blaise; the Nile, by M. Bridau; the Rhine, by M. Lesueur.

The bas-relief placed above the arcade which communicates with the Salle des Saisons, represents "The German and Pannonian ambassadors demanding peace at the hands of Marcus Aurelius." This is the work of M. Roland. All the other sculptures of this apartment, as well as the paintings, were executed under Maria de Medicis, from designs by Romanelli, who did himself perfect the paintings.

STATUES, &c.

15. *The Tripod of the Capitol.* This is a grand tripod formed out of a single block of pentelic marble, and was formerly destined to serve as a font. It is ornamented with figures of Nereids, with marine monsters, lions' heads, and vine-leaves, executed in a very neat style. A spirally chamfered baluster supports the base of the bowl; and this baluster is hollow within, in order to admit the tunnel which communicates with the water. This beautiful remain found at the villa Hadriana, at Tivoli, was placed at the entrance of the museum of the capitol. Caylus caused it to be engraven; but it is a mistaken notion, that it is carved in black marble.

16. *Julian the Apostate.* The last of the Cæsars of the race of Constantine, that man whose virtues, failings, philosophy, and fanaticism, by turns rendered him the idol and the execration of different sects. Julian the apostate is represented in this statue. The resemblance between the head and those portraits of the emperor which are to be seen on ancient medals, furnishes the most conclusive evidence as to the identity of this statue. We here observe the beard, which Julian constantly wore till he threw off the yoke of dependance, and which, at the court of Constantius, obtained for him the nick-name of *Capella*, or "the little goat." The emperor is attired in a Grecian robe, and bears a diadem upon his head, through which the laurel, occasionally relieved by precious stones, is tastefully turned. It is highly probable that the city of Paris caused this statue, which is formed of hard Grecian marble, to be executed in Greece during the life-time of Julian, for the purpose of honouring an emperor who paid particular regard to that city, assumed the purple within its walls, and to whom it owed numerous embellishments, its attainment to the rank of a capital, and the primary steps towards its future greatness. This statue long remained utterly forgotten and neglected in the shop of a Parisian sculptor; but no sooner was the French government apprised of its existence then it caused it to be removed to the museum.

17. *Septimus Severus.* This emperor habited in a cuirass, extends his right arm and displays an open and unarmed hand, indicative of benignity and annunciative of peace. The cuirass is ornamented with bas-reliefs. The other appendages of the statue consist of the Roman cloak and the *paraxonium.* This statue, formed of pentelic marble, comes from Villa Albani.

18. *Pupian.* This heroic statue, wrought in Parian marble, has been pronounced by Winckelmann, a representation of the Emperor Pupian. In fact, the head, both on the score of age, and with respect to the beard, bears a strong affinity to the well authenticated portraits of that emperor: it, however, differs from the portraits, as well on account of the harshness of the physiognomy as the arrangement of the hair. It, at all events, must represent some great Roman personage of the time of the Antonines; probably a magistrate or the governor of a province. The *paraxonium* is attached to the side, and the cornucopia is placed at the feet of the statue. This statue was at Villa Albani, and long remained in the collection of Verospi.

19. *Ceres.* This colossean statue, executed in pentelic marble, in a bold style, has a most majestic and imposing effect, and must be recognised as the figure of a goddess at the very first glance. The tunic and the little *peplum* constitute the drapery. The symbols, peculiar to Ceres have been restored by a modern hand. This statue remained for about three centuries in the court of the apostolic

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chancery, whence it was removed to the Rolondo of the Museum of the Vatican.

20. *Minerva* likewise denominated *The Pallas of Velletri.* In this admirable colossean statue the daughter of Jupiter is endowed with all that majestic loveliness which so well accords with the character of wisdom, of the genius of talent and the arts. Nothing can possibly be more noble or better conceived than the ample *peplum*; which, forming a rich drapery around the members, falls in graceful folds to the feet: the folds are indeed most ingeniously diversified, and distributed in the finest taste of the ancient school of Greece. The head of the goddess is defenced by the helmet, on her left arm she bears the Ægis, and her right hand rests upon the lance; but her mild air, and the benign expression of her countenance seem to indicate that literature and the other embellishments of peace are not less dear or familiar to her than martial deeds. This sublime piece of workmanship, executed in Parian marble, was dug up in 1797, in the territory of Velletri, (nine or ten leagues distant from Rome), and found among the ruins of an ancient Roman villa. It is not unlikely that this rare monument of antiquity served to grace the villa where Augustus passed his infant years.

[*To be resumed in our next.*]

"JOHN GILPIN" *and* "PEREGRINE PICKLE."

Sir,

HAVE you ever noticed the striking similarity which there is between the equestrian feats of *John Gilpin*, and those of *Commodore Trunnion* in Peregrine Pickle? The coincidence is so remarkable that I am induced to transcribe the passage from the latter work: the coursers, on which Trunnion and his trusty lieutenant are mounted, hear a pack of hounds in full cry:—

"These fleet animals no sooner heard the enlivening sound, than eager for the chace, they sprung away all of a sudden, and strained every nerve to partake of the sport, flew across the fields with incredible speed, over-leaped hedges and ditches, and every thing in their way, without the least regard to their unfortunate riders. The lieutenant, whose steed had got the heels of the other, finding it would be great folly and presumption in him to pretend to keep the saddle with his wooden leg, very wisely took the opportunity of throwing himself off in his passage through a field of rich clover, among which he lay at his ease; and seeing his captain advancing at full gallop, hailed him with the salutation of 'What chear? ho!' The commodore, who was in infinite distress, eyeing him askance as he passed, replied with a faultering voice, 'O, d—n you! you are safe at anchor; I wish to god I were as fast moored.' Nevertheless, conscious of his disabled heel, he would not venture to try the experiment which had succeeded so well with Hatchway, but resolved to stick as close as possible to his horse's back, until Providence should interpose in his behalf. With this view he dropped his whip, and with his right-hand laid fast hold on the pummel, contracting every muscle in his body to secure himself in his seat, and grinning most formidably, in consequence of this exertion. In this attitude he was hurried on a considerable way, when all on a sudden his view was comforted by a five-bar gate that appeared before him, as he never doubted that there the career of his hunter must necessarily end. But, alas! he reckoned without his host: far from halting at this obstruction, the horse sprung over it with amazing agility, to the utter confusion and disorder of his owner, who lost his hat and periwig in the leap, and now began to think in good earnest, that he was actually mounted on the back of the devil. He recommended himself to God, his reflection forsook him, his eye-sight and all his other senses failed, he quitted the reins, and fastening by instinct on the mane, was in this condition conveyed into the midst of the sportsmen, who were astonished at the sight of such an apparition. Neither was their surprise to be wondered at, if we reflect on the figure that presented itself to their view. The commodore's person was

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at all times an object of admiration; much more so on this occasion, when every singularity was aggravated by the circumstances of his dress and disaster.

"He had put on in honour of his nuptials his best coat of blue broad cloth, cut by a taylor of Ramsgate, and trimmed with five dozen of brass buttons large and small; his breeches were of the same piece, fastened at the knees with large bunches of tape; his waistcoat was of red plush lapelled with green velvet, and garnished with vellum holes; his boots bore an infinite resemblance both in colour and shape to a pair of leather buckets; his shoulder was graced with a broad buff belt, from whence depended a huge hanger with a hilt like that of a backsword; and on each side of his pummel appeared a rusty pistol rammed in a case covered with a bear-skin. The loss of his tie-periwig and laced hat, which were curiosities of the kind, did not at all contribute to the improvement of the picture, but on the contrary, by exhibiting his bald pate, and the natural extension of his lanthorn jaws, added to the peculiarity and extravagance of the whole. Such a spectacle could not have failed of diverting the whole company from the chace, had his horse thought proper to pursue a different route, but the beast was too keen a sporter to chuse any other way than that which the stag followed; and therefore, without stopping to gratify the curiosity of the spectators, he in a few minutes outstripped every hunter in the field. There being a deep hollow way betwixt him and the hounds, rather than ride round about the length of a furlong to a path that crossed the lane, he transported himself at one jump, to the unspeakable astonishment and terror of a waggoner who chanced to be underneath, and saw this phenomenon fly over his carriage. This was not the only adventure he achieved. The stag having taken a deep river that lay in his way, every man directed his course to a bridge in the neighbourhood; but our bridegroom's courser despising all such conveniences, plunged into the stream without hesitation, and swam in a twinkling to the opposite shore. This sudden immersion into an element of which Trunnion was properly a native, in all probability helped to recruit the exhausted spirits of his rider, who, at his landing on the other side, gave some tokens of sensation, by hallooing aloud for assistance, which he could not possibly receive, because his horse still maintained the advantage he had gained, and would not allow himself to be overtaken."

I forbear to lengthen my letter by any extracts from Cowper's well-known ballad, because it is so very generally known, and the parallel passages will so easily suggest themselves to the mind.

It will remain a query, whether Cowper had read Peregrine Pickle, or whether the story of both is founded upon some anterior narrative.

I remain, &c.

Dec. 11, 1809. A QUERIST.

The LITERARY LIFE *and* TRAVELS *of* BARON HOLBERG. *Written by Himself. Extracted from the Latin Edition of Leipsich, in* 1743. *By* W. HAMILTON REID.

[*Continued from p.* 370.]

AT length I left Oxford, and travelled to London, where I saw every thing remarkable that was to be seen, without money. With a friend also, I visited a place where Anabaptists used to assemble; and as my friend had a dog with him, which had been accustomed to the field more than to church ceremonies, particularly the baptism of adult persons, it was almost more than his master could do to restrain him from jumping into the water, when he saw an old woman plunged therein; but, though strangers, the Anabaptists took it so unkindly of us, as to reproach us in very warm terms, and cast us out of their synagogue.

At length, I embarked for Denmark, in a Swedish vessel bound from London; and in the course of five days, arrived safely at Helsingor, from whence I proceeded by land to Copenhagen. I found myself in good health, notwithstanding I could not drink any wine at all after my arrival there, because it always put my blood into an undue state of fermentation.

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Still this was a very convenient circumstance, because my pocket was by no means overcharged; my companions, however, who knew nothing of the real state of my affairs, imputed my abstinence to every motive but the real one. Some expressed themselves, as though they thought I had made a vow against drinking wine; others thought that my weak state of health required it every day. To such my answer was, that I was certainly better acquainted with my own constitution than any stranger could be; and that, for my part, to preserve my health, it was not merely necessary to be temperate; but that, on certain occasions, it was further necessary to use abstemiousness. The contests of this nature that I fell into, almost every day gave me so much facility of expression, that I thought, if ever it should come to my turn to hold a public disputation, I should certainly chuse to descant upon the particular properties and effects of wine and fermented liquors upon the human body. In this situation, I was something like people who, having changed their opinions in religion, induce many members of the church to dispute with them, who, very frequently by that means, imbibe the very doctrines which they meant to condemn.

But to return to my immediate situation. The necessity I seemed to be under of returning to my old profession of a schoolmaster, having lately lived so much above it in England, seemed too mean for my supposed dignity. In fact, I was poor and proud; and, having nothing else in view, I soon concluded that I had hit upon a noble expedient for obtaining a competence without compromising my dignity. I converted my chamber into a lecture-room, and the chair I sat upon into that of a professor; and by means of a number of notices, written in the Latin language, I invited the curious to hear my lectures, not upon languages, but upon a number of curiosities which I had brought with me from abroad.—Auditors came in great numbers, heard me with great attention, and took notes at their pleasure. But when the day of payment was expected, I found my auditors had the art of making themselves invisible, and I could not help exclaiming with the poet,

Nec frugem segetes præbent, nec palma terra."

And the only fruit which I reaped from this labour was, that those persons who had thus left my lectures, never met me in the streets, or elsewhere, afterwards, without saluting me with a low bow. This, to be sure, was one symptom of thankfulness, but my poverty was not in the least removed by it.

But as I, at length, found out that pride and self-sufficiency accorded very awkwardly with my present circumstances, I began again to philosophize; a thing very common with my countrymen, when hope seems to be on the wing, and every door, as it were, shutting against them. Imagining myself, upon this score, to be a real philosopher likewise, I made no more ado about assuming my old form of a schoolmaster, a profession which, if often without much honour, is never without some profit. This office, however, was not of long duration. —A young gentleman, M. Winding, son to the late counsellor of state of that name, was upon the point of travelling to Germany. He wanted a companion, and the choice fell upon me, though, previously to that time, I was to him a stranger.

We proceeded immediately to Dresden, where, as he had letters of recommendation to Baron Lowendahl, he remained with that gentleman, and I was very politely dismissed. On this journey I cannot say we met with any thing very remarkable, excepting what occurred to us at Brunswick; from whence, departing very soon in the morning, our chest, with almost all our wearing apparel, was left behind; but which, in the course of a few weeks, was sent to M. Winding, at Dresden, safe and sound. On this journey we were compelled to keep awake, in a manner, several nights together; so that, if ever we happened to fall into a sound sleep, it was no small difficulty to awaken us, so that I was much surprised that we did not lose the few things we had with us. Whoever travels post in Germany should drink plenty of coffee. This will keep up

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the spirits of the drowsy, and of those who are not sufficiently versed in the art of sleeping, as to sleep in the carriage without being disturbed by its continual jolting. The drivers certainly can sleep and drive at the same time: however, passengers can promise themselves very little repose in a situation where there is not the least difference between night and day.

After I had left M. Winding at Dresden, I went to Leipsic. Here I met with a countryman of mine, who has since been made Provost at Altona. He was a very cheerful man; and, as I was always taken with a facetious companion, I was not long hesitating about an invitation, which he gave me, to pass some time with him. We visited all the colleges, not so much for the sake of learning, as to make observations upon the professors and their pupils: and when we came home, we did not fail passing our judgment upon what we heard, with some degree of pertness and levity peculiar to youth. With this view, we preferred attending the lectures of M. Stivel to any other. He had always something eccentric on these occasions. He once took some trouble to make it appear, that the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is administered among the blessed.—Another time he delivered a kind of funeral oration, in very pompous Latin, upon his glove, which he thought had been stolen from him by one of his auditors on the preceding day. We, in fact, inspected every thing that offered in this famous academy very narrowly, and paid our respects to most of the learned, particularly M. M. Cyprian, Rechenberg, Borner, and Mencke. The learned in Germany are so polite towards strangers, that one cannot sufficiently commend them. From Leipsic I proceeded to Halle, but the want of time prevented my waiting upon any of the professors, the celebrated Thomasius excepted. I cannot say that I was much edified by his conversation. He said little, but about the coldness of the weather and other trivial objects, perhaps thinking it unnecessary to speak to a person of my years upon matters of greater moment.

When I returned by way of Brunswick, I found several things, which I had left at my lodging, there, safe and untouched; and, among the rest, a pair of large boots, lined with bear skin, which were of excellent use to me in the succeeding hard winter; for I had scarcely left Hamburgh, when the weather set in most intolerably cold, though, generally speaking, myself and my fellow travellers were pretty well provided. I myself was far from well, so that the variety of clothing in which I had enveloped myself made me one of the most unsightly of human beings. But not one of all my companions seemed to feel the weather so sensibly as a Swedish captain, who had left Paris but a short time before, and was dressed quite in fashion. He cursed his silk hose and the rest of his costly clothing most heartily, and would have most willingly exchanged them for one of the rudest furs of Greenland; but as he was nevertheless exceedingly vain and consequential, I believe he was very little pitied by any of the passengers, myself excepted.

The Little Belt was frozen to such a degree, that we found we could pass very safely over the ice to Fuhnen; but on the Great Belt the ice was by no means safe. We therefore remained eight days at Nieburg, in hopes of a thaw, or a harder frost. At length, however, we were obliged to commit ourselves to the ice-boat, with which we reached the island of Sproe on the first day, and on the day following arrived at Corsor. But though it is by no means my object to add to this uninteresting narrative, by the description of different towns and places, I cannot forbear that of the island of Sproe, especially since it is not included in any system of geography. Hence it may appear whether this island really merits the bad name it bears; because, whenever the Danes express their ill will against each other, they commonly say,—"Would to Heaven thou wast upon the island of Sproe."

This island lies between Nieburg and Corsor. Of its fertility I can say nothing, because it was entirely covered with snow. The chief place in the centre of the island contains only one family: for my part, I saw only

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an old woman and her two daughters, because, as I understood, the patriarch of the place was absent. At this place I certainly did think we should have met with that simplicity and hospitality so much celebrated among the ancient historians of the north; and of course, that the people knew nothing of modern manners. But I soon found, to my cost, that neither the French nor the Italians were better versed in them than these islanders, since they asked no less than two rix dollars for our night's lodging.—This demand appeared so exorbitant to the Swedish captain in particular, that he pleaded against it most manfully. But all his eloquence availed nothing against that of the old woman and her daughters. Roasted ducks made out the whole of our bill of fare; and we soon learned that the house produced but one spare bed, which a female, a passenger with us, bespoke for herself. The rest of us slept upon straw on the ground, a lusty Dutchman excepted, who thought he could sleep better upon a bench; but, waking at midnight, and probably finding himself ill at ease, in consequence of the hardness of his lodging, he crept very quietly into the young woman's bed, where he lay with all the native indifference of a true Dutchman till clear day: and of this singular circumstance the young woman herself was not aware till awaking, when she found the Dutchman snoring by her side, when, actuated by the astonishment natural on such an occasion, she made but one spring to get out of the bed.—The Dutchman did not give himself the least concern, but seemed rather to enjoy himself in the thought of obtaining room sufficient to stretch himself. At length we left this island, and in the course of the following day arrived at Corsor. Just as we were again crossing the ice, the Swedish captain, wishing to give us a proof of his intrepidity, stepped out of the boat upon the ice, which giving way, he was suddenly precipitated into the water, from whence he was not extricated without some difficulty; and though accommodated as well as possible with warm clothes, he paid for his temerity with a dangerous fever when he came to Copenhagen, though he recovered after some time, and proceeded to Sweden.

The repeated voyages which I had engaged in, made me so well known on my return, that I was very soon after this appointed tutor to the sons of the late Admiral Frederick Gedde. I was for a long time doubtful whether I should, or should not, engage in this laborious vocation: but necessity, together with the credit attached to the situation, induced me to accept of it. The latter, of course, flattered my pride, and at once weighed down every other objection.

During the first six months I encountered the duties of my office pretty well; but, at length, the fatigue so far overcame me, that I was totally unable to chastise my scholars when it was requisite, and I found that I must either become a mere spectator of their disobedience, or otherwise endeavour to keep them in quietness and to their duty by good words. Each of these three lads manifested a great desire to learn; but being very high spirited, they were continually fighting. The eldest improved astonishingly, but I believe he was more indebted to his own diligence than to any thing else. He would certainly have proved an honour to his country, if his virtues had been permitted to arrive at maturity; but his death was premature. He was killed in a duel with a Norwegian captain in Brabant. The next of the brothers was accidentally downed; and the youngest only, Baron Gedde, a major in the horse guards, is still alive.

In the course of a year after I had left the service of these young gentlemen, I was accepted as a member of the Medicinal College of Copenhagen. While I was there I employed myself in preparing my Introduction to the History of Europe, after the manner of Puffendorf. A cursory view of this little work might induce some persons to imagine that it was a mere translation from Puffendorf; but upon a closer inspection, it will be found that every thing, excepting what relates to Germany, has been collected from other writers. I began this Introduction to the History of Europe while I was in England, and when I had the best opportunity I

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could wish for consulting the books in the Bodleian Library. I was principally induced to undertake it by the consideration that it would be a great credit to me, at so early a period of my life, to be reckoned among the historians of my country: from similar considerations, I was more and more encouraged in my views. It was first of all intended as a system of universal geography, and at the end of this work I added an historical sketch of each of the countries therein mentioned; but, while I was on the point of sending it to the literary censor, Plug's Geography made its appearance, in quarto. This immediately induced me to alter my design. I therefore obliterated the geographical part of my work, and preserved the historical only, which, as I hinted before, I published under the title of An Introduction to the History of Europe. I have often thought of revising the whole, and reproducing it corrected and enlarged; but when I had at length made some progress in the realisation of my intentions, I was probably of the same age as the poet, when he first began to make verses:

"Barba refecta mihi bisve semelve fuit."

Schiller *on the* Tragic Art.

[*Concluded from p.* 386.]

THE sensual faculty can be otherwise determined by adventitious causes; even our powers of knowledge are dependant on mutable conditions; our morality alone rests on its own foundation, and is therefore the most proper to display a general and certain scale of that resemblance. We therefore call a representation true which we find to harmonise with our own manner of thinking and feeling, which already stands in a certain relation with our own reflections, and which our mind conceives with facility. If the resemblance touches the peculiar property of our mind, the particular designations of the human character existing in us, then the representation possesses merely truth for *ourselves*; but if it touch the general and necessary form which we presuppose in the whole species, then the truth *of the objective* is also to be taken into account. The sentence of Brutus, and the suicide of Cato, possessed for the Romans subjective truth. The ideas and feelings from which flowed the actions of these two men, proceed not immediately from the general, but mediately from a particular determined human nature. In order to share these feelings with them, we must possess a Roman disposition, or at least be capable of a momentary adoption of a Roman feeling. On the other hand, it is only required to be transported with high emotions at the heroic sacrifice of a Leonidas, by the tranquil submission of an Aristides, by the voluntary death of a Socrates, or to be immersed in grief at the terrible change in the fortune of a Darius. We attach objective truth to those representations in contradistinction to the former, as they harmonise with the nature of all subjects, and thereby obtain as strict a generality and necessity as if they were independent of every subjective condition.

Besides, the true subjective representation, as it depends on adventitious conditions, is not therefore to be exchanged with the arbitrary.—Lastly, the subjective truth flows from the general constitution of the human mind, which became particularly determined by peculiar circumstances, and both are the necessary conditions of it. The determination of Cato, if it contradicted the general laws of human nature, could not be any longer subjectively true. The representations of the latter sort have only a more confined circle of action, as they presuppose other determinations than the general ones. The tragic art can make use of them with greater *intensive* effect, if it will renounce the *extensive*; but the *unconditionally true*, the merely human will in human relations, will be always its readiest materials, as in them alone it is assured of the *generality* of the impression, without being therefore obliged to renounce all attention to the strength of it.

Thirdly, *Completeness* is required to establish the vivacity and truth of tragic representations. Every thing which must be imparted exteriorly, in order to place the mind on the de-

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sired emotion, must be exhausted in the representation. When the spectator, of a truly Roman disposition, is to place himself in the mental situation of Cato, and to make the last resolve of this republican his own, he must find that resolve not only grounded in the soul of the Roman, but also in the circumstances: the exterior as well as the interior condition of them must be displayed before him in their whole connexion and extent; there must not be a single link deficient in the chain of determinations, to which the last resolve of the Roman as being necessary is attached. In general, even the truth of a representation is not perceptible without this completeness; for it is only the resemblance of the circumstances which we must be perfectly able to discern, which can justify our judgment on the resemblance of the feelings; because the affection springs only from the union of the exterior and interior conditions.—When we are to determine if we would have acted like Cato, we must, above all things, suppose ourselves in Cato's wholly exterior situation, and it is then only that we are privileged to compare our feelings with his, to form a conclusion of the resemblance, and to form a judgment of the truth of it.

This completeness of the representation is only possible by a connexion of several single ideas and feelings, which hold the same relation to each other as cause and effect, and in their connection compose a whole for our perception. All these ideas, to excite lively emotions in us, must make an immediate impression on our sensibility; and, as the form of narrative always weakens this impression, it must be caused by a present action. To the completeness, therefore, of a tragic representation there belongs a course of single actions, which combine themselves as a whole for the tragic art.

Finally, the representations of the sufferings must *continually* operate on us, if a high degree of emotion is thereby to be awakened. The emotion in which the sufferings of others transport us, is for us a state of constraint, from which we hasten to liberate ourselves, and the allusion so indispensable to composition, too easily vanishes. The mind must therefore be powerfully chained to these representations, and be deprived of the freedom of abstracting itself too easily from the illusion. The vivacity of the representations, and the strength of the impressions, which invade our sensibility, are not alone sufficient for that purpose; for the more violently the receptive power is excited, the stronger the impression. The poet must not, however, weaken this self-acting power which excites our emotions, for the great enjoyment which tragic emotions yield to us lies in the very contest of that power with the sufferings of sensibility.—When the mind, therefore, notwithstanding its opposing self-activity, is to remain attached to the feelings of sufferings, they must be periodically interrupted in an able manner, and even relieved by opposite feelings, that it may return with increased force, and renew so much the oftener the vivacity of the first impression.

The change of feelings is the powerful remedy for weariness and the effects of habit. This change reanimates the exhausted sensibility, and the gradation of the impressions awakens the self-acting power to proportionate resistance. This must be incessantly employed to maintain its freedom against the force of sensibility, but not to obtain the victory earlier than the end, and still much less be overcome in the contest; or in the first case the suffering is destroyed, in the second the activity; and it is only the junction of both that emotion is awakened. The great secret of the tragic art lies in the able conduct of this contest, and it is here seen in its most splendid light.

If we draw the proper conclusions from the foregoing inquiries, the following conditions appear, on which the tragic emotion is founded. First, The object of our pity must belong to our own species in every sense of the word; and the action in which we are to participate must be a moral one, that is, it must be included in the scale of freedoms. Secondly, The suffering, its sources, and its degree must be communicated fully in a series of connected events; and,

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thirdly, they must be sensibly made present to us, and not represented mediately by description, but immediately by action. All these conditions are united and fulfilled by art in tragedy. Tragedy wore, accordingly, a poetic imitation of a connected series of events (i. e. of a complete action), which exposes man to us in a state of suffering, and whose view it is to excite our compassion. In the first place, it is an imitation of an action, and that very circumstance distinguishes it from the other species of the poetic art, which merely relate or describe.

In tragedies, the single events in the moment of their occurrence are placed as present before the imagination or the senses, immediately, without the intermixture of a third subject. The epopeé, the romance, the simple narrative, extend the action, according to their form, to a distance, whilst they introduce the narrator between the reader and the acting person. The distant and the past weaken, however, as it is known the impression and the sympathetic affection; whereas the present strengthen them. All narrative forms transform the present to the past: all dramatic forms make the past present.

Secondly, tragedy is an imitation of a series of events (of one action). It does not merely represent, in an imitative manner, the feelings and the affections of the tragic persons; but the events from which they sprang, and on which particular occasion they displayed themselves. By this it is distinguished from the lyric poetry; which indeed equally imitates, poetically, certain situations of the mind, but not actions. An elegy, a song, or an ode, can place imitatively before our eyes the present temperament of the poet, subject to particular circumstances, (be it in his own or an ideal person); and, under that consideration, they are included under the denomination of tragedy; but still they do not form one, as they are limited merely to representations of feelings. Differences still more essential are to be found in the various aims of those species of poetry.

Tragedy is, thirdly, an imitation of a complete action: a single event, tragical as it may, still does not form a tragedy. Several occurrences, grounded on each other, as cause and effect, must unite themselves in one whole, according to one aim, if the truth is to be acknowledged: that is, the union of a represented emotion, character, and the like, with the nature of our soul on which alone our sympathy is founded. When we do not feel, that, under similar circumstances, we should have acted and suffered in the same manner, our compassion will never be awakened. It therefore depends on our tracing the represented action in its whole connexion, that we may see it flow from the soul of its author by a natural gradation under a co-operation of exterior circumstances. Thus, before our eyes, is born, grows, and is completed, the curiosity of Œdipus and the jealousy of Othello. And thus only can the great chasm be filled up which exists between the tranquillity of a guiltless soul and the torments of the sinner's conscience—between the proud safety of a happy person and the terrible end of the criminal.

A series of several connected events is required to excite in us a change of mental emotions, which chain our attention, which call into play every faculty of our soul, and, by the protracted enjoyment, render it more keen. The mind finds no assistance against the sufferings of sensibility, but from morality. In order, therefore, to excite the latter more powerfully, the tragic artist must extend the sufferings of sensibility; but this also must in some degree be satisfied, that the victory of the latter may be more difficult and meritorious. Either case is only possible by a series of actions which are connected by a skilful choice for this purpose.

Tragedy is, fourthly, a poetic imitation of a piteous art, and it is thereby opposed to the historic. It would become the latter if it prosecute an historical aim, and if it purpose to treat of things which have happened, and of the manner in which they did happen. In this case it must remain strict to historical facts, as it can only attain its end by a true representation of that which has really happened. But tragedy

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has a poetic aim; that is, it represents an action to excite emotion, and, by exciting emotion, to give delight. If it treat of a given subject, according to that aim, it will thereby be free in the imitation; it obtains power, even obligation to regulate the historic truth according to the laws of poesy, and to work the given subject according to their necessities. But as it is only capable of attaining its end, that is, emotion, under the condition of the highest harmony with the laws of nature, so stands, therefore, without any detriment to its historic freedom, under the strict laws of the truth of nature; which, in contradistinction to the historic, is called the poetic truth. Thus it is easily understood why, by a strict observance of the historic truth, the poetic so often suffers; and, *vice versa*, why, by a gross deviation from the historic, the poetic can be so much benefited.

As the tragic poet, and in general every poet, stands amenable only to the laws of poetic truth, the most conscientious observance of the historic can never exonerate him from the duty of the poet, nor from the transgression of the poetic truth, nor exculpate him for a want of interest. It therefore betrays very confined ideas of the tragic art, and in general of poetry, to cite the tragic poet before the tribunal of history; and to demand instruction from that which, even according to its name, is only obligated to excite emotion and delight.

Tragedy is, fifthly, an imitation of an action which displays men to us in a state of suffering. The expression *men*, is here used in a particular sense, and serves to describe exactly the limits in which tragedy is confined in regard to the choice of its objects. It is only the sufferings of sensible moral beings, like ourselves, which can awaken our compassion. Beings, therefore, which absolve themselves from all morality, as the superstition of the people, or the imagination of the poet paints the evil demons, and men which resemble them; further, beings which are free from the constraint of sensuality, as we imagine the pure intelligences to be, and those men who in as high degree as human weakness will permit, have withdrawn themselves from that restraint, are equally incompatible for tragedy. In general, the idea of suffering, and of a suffering with which we are to sympathise, determines that men alone, in the full sense of the word, can be the object of it. A pure intelligence cannot suffer, and a human subject which approaches this pure intelligence in an uncommon degree, can never awaken a great degree of pathos, as he finds in his moral nature too great a protection against the sufferings of a weak sensuality. A thoroughly sensual subject, without morality, and they who approach to it, are indeed capable of the most terrible degree of suffering, as their sensuality operates in an overpowering degree; but, unsupported by any moral feeling, they are at last overcome with pain, and we turn with horror and disgust from a suffering, an wholly helpless suffering, and from absolute inactivity of reason. The tragic poet, therefore, gives the preference with justice to the mixed character, and the ideal of his hero lies at an equal distance from the most perfect and the most abject.

Finally, tragedy must unite all these properties to excite the emotion of compassion. The other regulations which the tragic poet forms may be very properly employed for another aim, namely, an historical or a moral one; and, having selected a particular one, and no other, he is liberated from all claims which do not coincide with that aim; but he is at the same time obligated, in the promotion of that aim, to adjust himself according to the rules which have been laid down, nor to depart from them under any pretence for the sake of ornament nor amplification.

R. H.

On the EVIL *of* SUFFERING MONOPOLIZERS *in a* COMMERCIAL STATE.

DURING the administration of the late Mr. Pitt, commerce was so widely extended by the wealth and spirit of our merchants, that the spices and the diamonds from the east, the colonial produce from

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the west, the naval stores from the cold regions of the north, and the corn, the fruit, the wine, and the oil, from the other intermediate ports, were brought by our fleets to the Thames, and caused such an influx of riches, as enabled the most extravagant of men to accomplish by his corrupt system his ambitious projects.

If commerce be considered as a source of wealth to a nation, it is also a source from whence flows pride and ambition, luxury and dissipation, and an insatiable desire of accumulating to squander; and, in the midst of the most flourishing prosperity and splendor in the mercantile world, there will be thousands most heavily oppressed by monopolizers, and the poor involved in the most abject state of poverty.

It is a maxim, maintained by the commercial part of the community, that the spirit of trade must not be checked, nor must the avarice of traders be restrained; even when they are combining together to monopolize the necessaries of life, and to compel the great body of the people to live in darkness, to go without fire, bread, and clothes, which are so essentially necessary for comfort and health in our cold and damp climate. Our legislators seem dead to a sense of their duty, in suffering monopolizers to produce artificial scarcities at their pleasure, although it is well known to be a certain method for producing the most direful consequences; and they will rapidly hasten insurrections and tumults, if they are not restrained by rigorous laws.

The wisdom of our ancestors thought it sound policy to protect the people against the avarice of those who combined together to monopolize grain, by fixing the price at which they might purchase it in the market, to store in their granaries, —In the 15th of Charles the Second, chapter the 7th, it is said, "Be it hereby enacted, that, when the prices of corn and grain, Winchester measure, do not exceed the rates hereafter following, at the havens or ports where the same shall be shipped or laden, viz. the quarter of wheat, eight and forty shillings; the quarter of barley or malt, eight and twenty shillings; the quarter of buck-wheat, eight and twenty shillings; the quarter of oats, thirteen shillings and fourpence; the quarter of rye, two and thirty shillings; the quarter of pease, or beans, two and thirty shillings, English money; that then it shall be lawful for all and every person or persons (not forestalling, nor selling the same in the same market within three months after the buying thereof), to buy in open market, and to lay up, and keep in his or their granaries, or houses, and to sell again such corn or grain, of the kinds aforesaid, as, without fraud or covin, shall be bought at or under the prices before expressed, without incurring any penalty; any law, statute, or usage, notwithstanding."

If ever a similar law was wanted, with heavy penalties, it is at present, to prevent monopolizers storing the necessaries of life when they are above a certain price, and to sell them again at the same market, as practised by meal-men, millers, and corn-dealers at Mark-lane, to raise the price of bread at their pleasure. If, in supporting the spirit of trade, we are arrived at this pitch of necessity to render it expedient for one part of the community to prey upon the other, then it evidently follows, that to be a commercial nation to any great extent is one of the heaviest curses that can befall us; for, in the midst of plenty, it will depend upon the avarice of a few overgrown rich traders whether the poor shall have any of the necessaries, or the middling ranks of people the comforts, of life.

It is recorded as a principle in the debates on the abolition of the slave trade, that commerce itself ought to have its boundaries; but we have already lost sight of this principle again, and we see monopolizers acting without any limits, in opposition to reason and humanity, and in defiance of religious and social obligations.

It is true we have made a weak attempt, by a Jubilee, to spread a gleam of joy over the countenance of a few individuals; but the joy is vanished with the day that gave birth to it; and the faces of those who do not partake of the loaves and the fishes are again clouded with a solemn gloom, The public still feel that

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they are in the hands of the corn-dealers, who are suffered to store the corn at any price, and to sell it when and where they please. This enables them to fall the market upon the news of a large importation of foreign corn, and to buy it cheap, in order to raise it again considerably in a few days. The game which they are playing is a sure one. A person goes into the market, and, if he sees a good sample of wheat, without asking the price of the factor, he offers considerably more than would have been asked, and of course the factor takes it; and by this the assize of bread is fixed, and the price of their foreign wheat at a considerable advance.—How long will such practices be countenanced?

The cry has been for some time, that the growth of corn is not equal to the consumption, even with the best crops, and that the population is increasing much faster than the produce of the land. Before we take every thing for granted which is told us, and especially by interested people, let us compare the passed with the present times, and attend to the result.

When agriculture was at a low state in this kingdom, and the corn was in quantity and quality very inferior to what it is now, a bounty for exporting it was given to a very considerable amount; and now we are obliged to import it. Those who speak without thinking or examining will cry, 'An increased population has done this.' In order to confute this assertion, I have formed the following tables, which include a space of fifty years; and, if they are not perfectly accurate, they are sufficient to answer our present purpose.

TABLE I.

	Births multiplied by 37, equal to	Population.	Difference of Population.
1750	163,523	6,050,251	
1801	227,093	8,402,441	2,352,190

TABLE II.

	Home consumption, at 1 Quarter each Person.	Average Exportation for 19 Years in Quarters.	Total Growth.
1750	6,050,251 + 729,062 =	729,062	=6,779,313
1801	8,402,441	.....	9,039,084

Admitting the population of England to have been, in the year 1750, about 6,050,251 persons, and that each individual upon an average to have consumed one quarter of wheat, Winchester measure; then the home consumption amounted to 6,050,251 quarters of wheat. From the year 1746 to the year 1765, we exported, upon an average, 729,062 quarters of wheat, for which we paid a considerable bounty; and, by adding the home consumption and the quantity exported together, we have the whole of the year's growth, exclusive of the seed for the ensuing year. As the greatest exportation was in the year 1750, I apprehend that this calculation is under the mark. If we further admit that the population of

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England has increased 2,352,190 within the last half century, and that the growth of wheat, including quantity and quality, only one-third; then, for the year 1801, there were 9,291,745 quarters of wheat for 8,402,441 persons, or one quarter and six gallons for each individual, exclusive of the seed for the ground. And there was an importation of, perhaps, 2,000,000 of quarters, which, when added to the produce for the year, will give one quarter two bushels and six gallons for each person upon an average. If the growth of potatoes be considered, which was very considerable in the year 1801, and they were used by the poor instead of bread, then it will evidently appear that there is something fundamentally wrong in the management of the corn trade, and which ought to be inquired into, and rectified by the legislature; for it appears that our produce of wheat and potatoes is more than we can fairly consume.

When there was so much wheat imported in the year 1801, and at such a heavy expense to the nation, it is well known to many persons how the dealers disposed of a great part of it; and when their nefarious practices could no longer be concealed, the still was set to work, to consume what remained damaged on the hands of the monopolizers. If there had been such a scarcity of wheat as they pretended, there would not have been so much spoiled. It is a self-evident truth, that they could not find a sale for it; till the "Heaven-born Minister" gave them the privilege of the still. If the interested cunning of mealmen, millers, and corn-dealers, is found more than sufficient to counteract the united wisdom of legislators, we shall have the same game played over again, as there was in the administration of him, who has entailed such an expense on the nation. As we know that there has been a succession of fair or good crops, there cannot be any scarcity of corn: and it is earnestly to be wished that the legislature will take an early opportunity to prevent, with heavy penalties, their storing wheat to spoil, when it is above the price which they, in their wisdom, may think proper to fix.

MISCELLANEA.

Mr. Editor,

I WAS lately inspecting a chest of dusty papers and parchments, when my attention was attracted by a small package bearing the above inscription. I at first conjectured that some strange curiosity had fallen into my hands, but on opening it, I found it to contain some literary morsels, some of which I cannot digest, and others are very unpleasant to my taste. But at the same time I acknowledge, that it may be owing to my want of taste, that I cannot relish them. After many inquiries for a man of taste, I was informed that you, Mr. Editor, were noted for that quality, I therefore send you the package with all its dust upon it, and you may serve the contents to your guests in the manner most pleasing to yourself.

A SUCCESSFUL PILGRIMAGE.

Among the poems of Theodore de Beza, there is an epigram which has been read with pleasure by a number of persons, and the sense of which is as follows:—"Suprinna having an ardent desire for children, set forth on a pilgrimage to Saint James of Compostella, and afterwards to Rome, to Loretto, to Jerusalem, and other places. Nor were his travels unsuccessful, for after having spent three years in performing them, he found, on his return home, that his wife had had three children." The following is the original:—

Tollendæ cupidus Suprinna prolis
Altæ dum superat jugum Pyrenes
Divo porrigat ut præces Jacobo
Inde Alpes quoqe præterit nivosas
Petri ut limina visat atque Pauli
Et mox Hadriacum in sinum reflexus
Divæ offert sua vota Lauretanæ
Inde per medii maris pericla
Sacram perveniens ad usque Idumen
Sacretum domini petit sepulchrum
Nec contentus adhuc, latrocinantum
Arenas Arabum siticulosas
Gibbo permeat insidens cameli
Sublimem properans ad usque sinam
Et divæ juga sacra Catharinæ.
Quid profecerit hoc labore, quæris?
Tres natos reperit domun reversus.

ANECDOTE OF PETER LOUIS, DUKE OF PARMA.

Peter Louis, Duke of Parma, having been informed by Lucas Gaurique

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of a conspiracy against him, had recourse to the invocation of spirits to ascertain the names of the conspirators. The answer was given, that if *he would pay attention to his money*, the names would be disclosed to him. The answer being very obscure, the duke laughed at it, and exclaimed that he must be the devil himself to discover the meaning. Future events, however, justified the truth of it, for the inscription on the ancient coin of the country was *P. Alois. Parm. & Plac. Dux.* By the four letters, *Plac.* which signify Placentiæ, the place of abode, and names of the conspirators were disclosed to him, each letter discovering the first letter of the name of the four families, who executed the enterprize. P. Pallavicini: L. Landi: A. Anguiscioti: C. Confalonieri.

DEMOSTHENES.

When the Athenians sent ambassadors to Philip King of Macedon, who on their return related that he was very handsome, and a great drinker, Demosthenes said, that the former became a woman more than a man, and the latter a sponge more than a king.

TAMERLANE.

When Bajazet, Emperor of the Turks, was conducted, after his defeat before *Timur Lench*, that is, *Timur the Lame*, but pronounced corruptedly Tamerlane, the latter fixed a steady look on his royal prisoner, and perceiving that he had but one eye, he burst into a loud laugh. Bajazet, who could not endure contempt, proudly exclaimed,—You laugh at my disgrace, Timur, but remember, it may one day be thy lot, for God disposes of all states, and tis he who distributes them. Timur answered with equal pride,—I doubt not what you say, nor do I laugh at your misfortune, but I laughed as the thought struck me, that in the eyes of God, states are of trifling import, since it is his will, to give now to a lame man what before belonged to a blind one.

JUDICIOUS PANEGYRICS.

In all ages the commendable has been commended, and it is on this account, that Themistius wrote in praise of peace; Aphtone, of wisdom and Dion Chrysostome, and Libanius of eloquence. Some, in order to display their own genius, or to divert the genius of others, have written like Michael Psellus and Caleagnin, in praise of the louse, like Leprus, in praise of the dog, like Scaliger of the goose, like Majorraggius of mud, like Douza of the shadow, like Daniel Hensius and Passerat of the ass; and Vossius, in the first part of his Rhetoric, says that Canter has translated into Latin, from the Italian and French, eleven funeral sermons on as many different animals, viz. the horse, the ass, the cat, the dog, the monkey, the louse, the magpie, the cock, the owl, the woodpecker, and the cricket. Others, in a still more extraordinary manner, have, like Erasmus, written a panegyric on folly, like Lucian and Puckmeier on the gout; like Galissard on the quartidian fever; like Callicles, Thrasyllus, and Carneades, on injustice; like Isocrates on Busiris, who was the murderer of all his guests; like Cardan on Nero; like Alcidamas on death: and the only personage on whom a panegyric was wanting, was the devil, and this was actually made by Jean Bruno an Italian, in a public harangue at Wittemberg.

[*To be continued.*]

CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

HISTORY *of the* VICEROYALTY *of* BUENOS AYRES; *containing the most accurate Details relative to the Topography, History, Commerce, Population, Government, &c. &c. of that valuable Colony. By* SAMUEL HULL WILCOCKE. *Illustrated with Plates.* 1 vol. 8vo.

WE regret that we have been so tardy in noticing this volume. Its contents are valuable, and, at the period of its publication must have been particularly acceptable to the public. The author, having been engaged in extensive mercantile pursuits, had frequent opportunities of

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acquiring much interesting information respecting the Spanish colonies in South America, and this information he has here presented to the world.

We cannot better convey to our readers the plan of this volume, and a brief outline of its contents, than in the language of the author.

"After a few preliminary observations respecting the aboriginal population of America, the sources whence it has been conjectured to be derived, and the physical peculiarities of that part of the globe; an enumeration will be given of all the Spanish possessions, and their geographical and political divisions; and the attention of the reader will be more particularly directed to that portion now under consideration. A brief notice of the first discovery of the river La Plata, will be followed by such accounts as have come down to us relative to the appearance, the government, the customs, and the propensities, of the Indians who were found in the country on its first occupation by the Spaniards. Their religion, their language, and their arts, will all pass in review; yet, as in a future part the same particulars, as relating to the unsubdued Indians, bordering upon the Spanish settlements, will come under consideration, the space to be devoted to the aboriginal inhabitants, whose customs, &c. may be supposed to be perpetuated amongst the tribes still existing, will be proportionably curtailed. When treating of these, some details respecting the gigantic race, supposed to inhabit the southern extremity of America, will not be found irrelevant; and it will appear probable that a species of men of more than ordinary stature does certainly exist in those parts, but that their size has been much exaggerated by the reports of those who have been either deceived by the warmth of their imaginations, or infected with the desire, too prevalent amongst travellers, of deceiving others.

"The grand features of the country will form the succeeding object of consideration. The length of course, the impetuous currents, and the wide expanse, of the mighty rivers that water the interior, and unite to form the immense æstuary of La Plata, will be prominent objects. The boundless plains, with their singular lakes, their natural salt-pans, and interminable prospects of verdure and fertility; the stupendous mountains which, towards the western side of the country, rise from gentle eminences into hills, and from hills into the loftiest mountains of the world; with their precipices, their volcanos, their torrents, their mines, and their impenetrable forests, will be successively described; and an account of the various climates, and diversity of soils, to be observed in these extensive regions, will close this chapter.

"The natural productions occupy the next place. In the vegetable kingdom, nature has been most lavish to South America; and countless tribes of useful plants and trees, intermingled with a few of deleterious quality, rise, flourish, and decay, little known and less sought after. Of the cultivated articles, little will here be said; as they will be reserved till they come to be considered as objects of agriculture, or materials for commerce. Of the indigenous animals, few are of a ferocious or noxious kind; whilst those imported from the old continent have multiplied to an incalculable extent, and form one of the principal sources of the riches of Buenos Ayres; which is testified by the immense quantity of hides annually exported from that emporium, and the acknowledged superiority of their quality above that of all other hides known in trade. The abundance of fish in the rivers, and on the sea-coasts, is a resource of moment; and the facility with which the whale and seal fisheries may be carried on, is an object of considerable importance. Though there are no mines of gold or of silver in the immediate vicinity of Buenos Ayres, or of the river La Plata, yet the rich and celebrated province of Potosi, formerly a part of Peru, but, from being on the hither side of the mountains of Cordillera, latterly annexed to the jurisdiction of Buenos Ayres, will of course form part of the picture now offered to the public; and will tend to give some general idea of the wealthy territory to which it was formerly attached.

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"After having thus given a general account of the country, a short history will be entered into of the first discovery of the river La Plata, of its original settlers, and progressive conquerors; of the gradual extension of discovery and conquest by which the province of Buenos Ayres came at length to border upon the dominions which the valour and ferocity of Pizarro and his companions had gained for Spain upon the shores of the Great South Sea; after this will follow a brief account of the rise, the progress, and the dissolution of the famous establishments of the Jesuits in Paraguay, forming an *imperium in imperio*, unparalleled in the annals of the world. The historical account of the colony will be brought down to the present time, and concluded by a narrative of the late capture of it by the British.

"The cities, the harbours, the forts, the settlements, and the missions, scattered over the country, will be next described; and proceeding from these to the plains, the agriculture both of the natives and of their Spanish masters, will be noticed, together with their arts and manufactures.

"An entire chapter will be devoted to the important subject of commerce. The trade as carried on between Buenos Ayres and Spain; that with Africa; the contraband trade with the Portuguese in Brazil, and with the North Americans who frequent those seas; and the interior commerce between Peru and Chili, and the river La Plata, will be detailed. The various articles that are suited for the consumption of the country, and those produced, or found there calculated for exportation, will be enumerated and described. Sketches will be given of some commercial adventures connected with the colony of Buenos Ayres, proposed to the enterprising spirit of British merchants; and some latent commercial advantages to be derived from this colony will be pointed out to the nation.

"The Spanish colonial government, their civil and military establishments, their fiscal regulations, the revenues of the colony, &c. will next appear in rotation. The state of society, the manners, the customs, and religious ceremonies, as well of the Spaniards, as of the creoles, the Indians, the negroes, the mulattoes, the mestices, and the infinite ramifications of colour and of cast, arising from the intermixture of these various races, will be followed by an account of those unsubdued Indians, who are occasionally allies or enemies of their European neighbours, and who rove over the trackless plains that extend from Paraguay to the straits of Magellan.

"If the limits of the work will admit, it is intended next to introduce succinct accounts of such of the adjacent countries, as, though not included in the political denomination of the Viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres, have, nevertheless, natural relations towards it, which make them objects of interest at the present time. Brazil, and the country long called Amazonia in the maps, in which the fabulous region of El Dorado was supposed to exist, on the north; Peru and Chili on the west; and the unexplored districts of Patagonia to the south; with the Falkland islands and others, scattered in the Atlantic ocean, on the east; are those alluded to.

"In conclusion, some general reflections will be entered into, as to the advantages to be derived to this country by the possession of Buenos Ayres; of its importance both in peace and in war; of the general policy or impolicy of the extension of colonial acquisition; of the propriety of attempting further conquests in South America; and of the results to be expected in a political, a philosophical, and a moral point of view, in case the Spanish empire is rent asunder, and their American possessions, either severed from the metropolitan state by a foreign force, or by internal insurrection, rendered subject to another European power, or raised into independent existence."

Mr. Wilcocke has displayed much industry and judgment in collecting his materials, and he occasionally intersperses them with pertinent and judicious reflections. His chapter on the religious institutions and detached customs of the Indians is interesting. —The following observations have merit:—

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"The early establishments of colonies, the discovery and conquest of remote countries, and the exploits of those adventurers who primarily fixed themselves in the new world, are objects of such interest, that a more particular detail has been entered into of the early chronological events relative to Paraguay than will be found necessary in the sequel. But from these details, the Spanish commanders, who subjected a part, ravaged more, and traversed nearly the whole, of these extensive regions, will appear not to disdain a companion, either in their hardy, uncontrouled, and independent spirit, or in their ambition and rapacity, with the followers of Cortes, or the companions of Pizarro.

"Unlike, however, in one respect, the low, the needy, and the desperate adventurers, who fought for fame and riches under the banners of those leaders, many of the most ancient names enrolled in the nobility of Castile, are found amongst the conquerors of Paraguay. Yet, like them, impatient of controul, and ambitious of wealth and command, we find most of them pressing forward to attain a virtual independence, in the chief command of a province, or the subjection of an extensive territory. For though all professed obedience and respect to the metropolitan state, and to the imperial crown; the tedious length of communication, and the military power, and great wealth they had at command, rendered the mandates of the court frequently inefficient, and the tenure of its authority always precarious. Wars and dissentions amongst themselves were not unfrequent; one governor refused to acknowledge the supremacy of another; and ambition often retained by force or fraud those dignities to which a successor had been appointed. Although no rebellion, equally formidable or extensive with that of Gonzales Pizarro in Peru, occurs in the annals of the surrounding countries, the dissentions and civil commotions at Assumption, were both more frequent, and more calamitous than those at Lima, or at Cusco.

"But amidst the fierceness of contention, with which the invaders of the country disputed for pre-eminence or for spoil, the natives were preyed upon by all sides with unrelenting oppression; and the efforts of the parent state to ameliorate their situation by laws and regulations, partially redressive, but ineffectual in operation, tended more to inflame the minds of the task-masters, than to relieve the misery of their servitors. Every attempt to improve the condition of the Indians, or restrain the inordinate desires of their conquerors, was considered as an encroachment upon their undoubted rights, and their dearly earned rewards. Every adventurer considered himself as a conqueror, entitled, by his services, to an establishment in that country which had been acquired by his valour. He joined his commander as a companion of his fortune, and disdained to degrade himself by receiving the wages of a mercenary. It was considered, that, as the Spanish court contributed little towards the expeditions that were undertaking, it was not entitled to claim much from their success. The sovereignty of the conquered provinces, with the fifth of the gold and silver, was reserved for the crown; every thing else was seized by the associates in each expedition as their own right. The plunder of the countries they invaded served to indemnify them for the expense of their equipment, and the conquered territory was divided amongst them, according to rules which custom had introduced, as permanent establishments merited by their successful valour. In the infancy of these settlements, when their extent as well as their value were unknown, many excesses and irregularities occurred. The conquered people were frequently pillaged with destructive rapacity, and their country parcelled out amongst its new masters in exorbitant shares. The rude conquerors of America, attentive only to private interest, and to present gain, seem to have had no object but to amass sudden wealth, without regarding the means by which they acquired it; and tasks were imposed upon the Indians, without any regard either to what they were physically able to perform, or to the outraged feelings of humanity. The fatal consequences were, that they pined away and perished so fast, that

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there was reason to apprehend that Spain, instead of possessing populous countries, susceptible of progressive improvement, would soon only remain proprietor of a vast uninhabited desert.

"This preponderating evil became evident in Spain, and gave rise to those reformatory regulations, which, as has been observed, were brought over by the bishop of Assumption in 1554, and confirmed and enforced by the instructions given to Don Juan Ortiz de Zarate.

"The avarice and audacity of soldiers, unaccustomed to restraint, however, prevented these salutary regulations from operating with any considerable influence; and it was only the unpremeditated establishment of a system, similar to that which had been unsuccessfully planned by the benevolent L s Casas, that a stop was put to the inordinate waste of the human species in these regions, where, as well in the other Spanish American dominions, the Indian race was rapidly hastening to extinction.

"The extension of the empire of the cross, always the foremost pretence, and never the ultimate object, of the Spanish invaders of America, was little attended to; and although every expedition was accompanied by ecclesiastics, who sanctioned the enthusiasm with which those Indians, who resisted the arms of Spain, were at times extirpated as the avowed enemies of the true faith, and who administered the rite of baptism to such whom timidity or policy induced to submit to that badge of fidelity; yet little beneficial effect, or real conversion, attended their exertions. Intimidated or trepanned into the profession of Christianity, it was natural for the Indians, when opportunities offered, to throw off the yoke of the Spaniards, to abandon the practices of their religion; and though early missionaries frequently penetrated into the recesses of the mountains, and the haunts of the fugitive inhabitants of the plains; they ought, perhaps, to be considered more in the light of political emissaries, than of preachers of the gospel. It was reserved for the Jesuits of Paraguay to demonstrate, that persuasion, humanity, and mildness, were not only the surest means of conversion, but also the best engines by which to establish a political sway over the Indians; whose mental capacities and corporeal abilities were considered as degraded below the usual standard of man, till the exertions of these meritorious missionaries proved them in these respects equal to the remainder of their species.

"Previous to this period, the Bishops of Paraguay and of Tucuman had frequently applied, in the strongest terms, to the Kings of Spain, and the council of the Indies, for spiritual labourers to assist them in the discharge of their duty. The Jesuits, however, now began to be known in America; they had been employed for nearly thirty years in propagating the Gospel in Brazil, which father Joseph Anchieta, had, in the quaint language of his encomiasts, filled with the odour of his holiness, and the splendour of his miracles; and they had likewise a provincial in Peru.—Invitations were sent by the Bishop of Tucuman, both to Brazil and to Peru. In 1586, the first Jesuits that made their appearance in this country, fathers Francis Angulo and Alphonso Barsena, accompanied by a lay-brother, called John Villegas, arrived at Salta, from Los Charcas; and a short time after, fathers Juan Salonio, of Valencia in Spain, Thomas Fields, a Scotchman, and Emanuel de Ortega, a Portuguese, came from Brazil to Cordova."

Speaking of Brazil, Mr. Wilcocke says, that the first Portuguese inhabitants of the place were

"Exiles from Portugal, who were condemned to banishment for their crimes, or persecuted by the inquisition for their schismatic opinions.—Of these, some of the more hardy and enterprising, founded in the mountains at the back of St. Vincent, the town of St. Paul, surnamed Piritininga, from the Indian name of the district in which it was situated. Remote from the jurisdiction of legal authority, little observant of the rituals of the church, and still less restrained by the obligations of morality, the Paulists were, from the commencement, only nominally and precariously dependent on the govern-

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ment of Brazil. They intermarried with the Indian women; and by the dissolute and almost savage, but free and unrestrained, life the led, they drew together a number of fugitive slaves, and discontented and turbulent individuals, from the adjacent Portuguese and Spanish settlements; and their numbers were augmented by many of the Dutch invaders of Brazil, after they were expelled by Vieyra, in 1564. About 1618, they threw off all real dependence upon Portugal, and constituted a republic, whose fundamental law was licentiousness, and whose palladium was rapine. No stranger came within their precincts without being compelled to become a member of their state; and such as rejected the honours of citizenship amongst them, as well as all whom they suspected of an intention of desertion, were massacreed without mercy; retrogression there was none, and repentance was unavailing. They carried desolation in their excursions to the most distant parts, and both the confines of Peru and the banks of the Maragnon became, in progress of time, the scenes of their ravages. A principal object in their predatory expeditions, was the capture of slaves. The men were mostly either killed on the spot, or more inhumanly and wretchedly destroyed by the severest labour in carrying the booty of their ravagers over the rugged mountains, and through the trackless forests in their route homewards. The women and children were added to their community; and the circumstance of their ranks being thus recruited from all the surrounding nations, together with the consequent intermixture of blood, occasioned them to receive the appellation of Mamelukes; the terror of which name was spread farther and wider than that of their Egyptian prototypes.

"The jealousy and animosity which prevailed between the Spaniards and Portuguese, even when the two nations were united under the same sovereign, favoured the political independent existence of the Paulists; and, though it was the interest of both nations to subdue and controul them, there never existed sufficient harmony between them to allow of success in such an enterprise. Besides this, the town of St. Paul was most advantageously situated for defence, and, from its inaccessible scite, was considered as impregnable by any other means than by famine; whilst a much more numerous body of troops would have been requisite for its blockade, than either Brazil or Paraguay could raise of support.

"A pure air, a sky constantly serene, a temperate climate, although in the twenty fourth degree of south latitude, and a soil fertile in wheat, in sugar, and in excellent pasturage, seemed to invite the Paulists to a life of comfort and ease, if not of luxury and indolence; but an unconquerable spirit of libertinism and anarchy; and the love of rapine inherent in these hardy banditti, inured them to, and endeared to them, the life of fatigue and of danger which they led, in traversing the extensive, wild, and scarcely accessible regions, of whose inhabitants, it has been calculated, that they destroyed, in the course of time, full two millions."

We will venture upon one more extract, in which Mr. Wilcocke considers the importance of Buenos Ayres, and which must *now* be read with unavailing regret:—

"The advantages to be derived to this country from the possession of Buenos Ayres, in a commercial point of view, may, in some measure, be appreciated from what precedes. It is the emporium whence the whole of the interior of Spanish South America, excepting the sea-coast of Peru and Chili, must be supplied with an innumerable variety of European articles. But at the same time it must not be disguised, that unless a communication can be opened with the interior provinces, neither will there be any considerable quantity of our goods disposed of, nor will the treasures and richer commodities of those parts flow into our commerce. The indispensable wants, however, of a population, though not thickly sown, yet numerous from the extended regions it occupies, can scarcely fail to promote this object. The interruption that must, from our maritime superiority, be given to any communication round Cape Horn, between Spain and Peru, will also tend to make the inhabitants

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of that viceroyalty, and of Chili, look to the channel of the British established at Buenos Ayres, for their supplies; and the advantageous situation of that city, on a river which constitutes the only inlet to all the provinces under its jurisdiction (excepting the insignificant port of Atacama, on the Pacific ocean, and which may more properly be said to belong to Peru) must render its commercial prerogatives permanent, and unchanged by any political events. It flourished even under the torpid influence of an absolute, jealous, and illiberal government; under one of an opposite description, it will, no doubt, rise to a pitch of opulence and prosperity commensurate with its natural advantages.

"The determination not only implied, but expressed, of the French ruler, to shut us out from all communication with the continent of Europe, and the war of confiscation which he carries on against our manufactures, and the produce of our colonies, though probably impotent to destroy, or even to diminish, in any considerable degree, their consumption, in the countries under his sway, may, by some, be considered in the most serious light; to these let the acquisition of Buenos Ayres, and the opening it affords for the supply of the whole of South America, be a consolation to repel their gloominess of apprehension. Whilst we have the command of the seas, our manufactures will form a chief object in the consumption, and in the trade, of the most distant nations, nor need we repine at a partial and temporary exclusion from a few ports in the north of Europe, whilst our manufactures are coveted and consumed in every other quarter of the globe. The North American States, it has been thought, are increasing their manufactures, and will take less of ours in consequence. It is very improbable that they can attain any excellence in manufactures, so as even to supply their own consumption, whilst they form an agricultural nation; and if any decrease has been observed in the supply of British goods to that continent, it may, with more justice, be attributed to the reluctance that British merchants feel to afford that credit to those of North America, which a more punctual attention to mercantile good faith, than is generally found amongst them, would entitle them to, than to any want of orders for goods, from America, unexecuted reams of which every merchant trading to that part has, no doubt, lying in his desk.—But for this decrease, if any, a compensation also will be found in South America, and the proverbial good faith of the Spanish traders will leave no similar grounds of complaint, to those, which, it is to be said with regret, certainly do exist with respect to their northern neighbours.

"The importance of the acquisition of Buenos Ayres, both in a commercial and political point of view, seems to have been intuitively felt by the whole nation. In the event of a peace, so much to be wished for, but apparently at so great a distance, it is scarcely possible to conceive what equivalent could be offered for its restoration; but it must be some weighty consideration, some mighty equipoise, that can counterbalance its preponderating importance; and such as, deprived of 'ships, colonies, and commerce,' our implacable enemy can scarcely have it in his power to offer. The restoration of a puppet-king or two on the continent of Europe, to the pageantry of a crown under the tutelage of France, can not, as long as she possesses the power of deposing them again at will, be, in any shape, the slightest compensation for such solid advantages as Britain will be required to give up, if the restitution of the Dutch and Spanish conquered colonies is to be the principal object of a treaty of peace. It cannot indeed be affirmed, that no case or conjuncture can occur, in which it may not be good policy to relinquish the important acquisitions of Buenos Ayres and the Cape of Good Hope to the general interests of the state; but the minister who advises such a measure must feel the high responsibility he will incur to the people of England, and be prepared to shew the strongest necessity of the sacrifice, or the most obvious advantages of the considerations for which they may be given up. Viewing it, in the first instance, solely in the light of a heavy weight to be thrown into our scale in negociations

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for peace, the subjugation of this valuable settlement is of the utmost importance to assist in controuling the ambitious career of the ruler of France: but considering it, as it is not improbable to remain, a permanent acquisition, it will assume a higher value, and will not suffer in comparison with any territorial conquest gained at any time by the British arms, and secured to the empire by treaty.

"The vast regions to which the Plata is the sole inlet, are, as will have appeared in the preceding pages, far from being fully explored; much is yet wholly unknown, and the value of what is known ought not to be computed by what it yielded to indolence, and to a policy which for ages bound the Spanish settlements in the strictest fetters, both as to commercial benefits and interior improvement, and which had made but very few efforts to break through the dark clouds of jealousy and ignorance with which it was enveloped.

"One advantage which it has been calculated would arise to the maritime interests of Britain from the possession of Buenos Ayres cannot, however, exist in any considerable degree, till the fortress of Montevideo has been reduced, and its excellent port rendered accessible to our shipping. Till that is the case, the Plata will not afford the asylum and place of refreshment, which has been supposed, for our ships sailing round Cape Horn, to the South Seas, and to China; nor till then can it supersede the harbour of Rio Janeiro, in affording a fit station for refreshment, on some occasions to the East India fleets and others, bound on distant voyages.—When Montevideo, however, falls, our possessions on the Plata will be found to obviate the necessity of any vessels putting into Brazil, and submitting to the jealous incivility, and excessive extortion, with which they have of late been treated in the Portuguese ports.

"As long as we remain ignorant of the further progress of our arms in South America, it is scarcely possible to form any conclusive opinion as to the future station which Buenos Ayres may assume; but as we cannot perhaps well spare a sufficient military force to maintain possession of any considerable extent of country, it is not improbable that the policy will be perceived of acquiring first a firm and solid footing on the banks of the Plata alone; and when we have the possession of both sides of the estuary, and of both banks of the Parana, as high perhaps as Santa Fé, of ceasing from every attempt at farther territorial conquest, but, in lieu of hostile menaces, to hold out the olive-branch conditionally to the inhabitants of the interior. From the history of the country which has been given, it will have appeared, that the colonists have repeatedly proceeded from turbulent commotion to open rebellion against the Spanish government, and it is well ascertained that the utmost discontent prevails amongst them, and that in most of their colonies the creoles wish and wait, only for an opportunity of throwing off that yoke, which the haughtiness of the chapetones, and the provoking preferences given to the latter as before explained, have rendered intolerable. From the predisposition of the colonists in Paraguay, the exertion of a seasonable and well-managed policy might produce the establishment of an independent state in the interior of South America, protected, fostered, and supplied by Britain, from which our commercial and manufacturing interests will derive advantages equal to those that would accrue from territorial possession, whilst neither men nor money would be wanting to maintain a military force, or an expensive civil establishment, which we should necessarily be compelled to support in the event of the hostile reduction of so widely an extended country.

"The possession of the advantageous stations at the mouth of the Plata, would enable us to protect and influence the whole of South America, and Peru and Chili would probably soon follow the example set by the colonies of the interior provinces of Paraguay. The maintenance of a considerable military force, however, at Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, will be an object not only of importance, as shewing both the power to protect and the means of resistance, but also one of expedience, inasmuch as such garrisons would be stations for season-

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ing our soldiers for other climates, and particularly for the West Indies, in the same manner as the Cape of Good Hope is, or may be, for the East. The Cape and Buenos Ayres lie in nearly the same degree of south latitude, and no two places could be pointed out more eligible for such purposes; the one for the voyage to hither India, and the other for those round Cape Horn to New South Wales and China. The salubrity of the climate, though warm, would form our regiments gradually to such habits of constitution as would bear the hotter sun of our West India islands, and secure them from the ravages which too frequently accompany their direct importation into Jamaica, and the other islands, from Great Britain.

"A flourishing British colony on the banks of the Plata would be able to supply our West India islands with many of the necessary articles that are drawn from North America, even at the expense of an alarming suspension of our navigation-laws. Live stock and salted provisions might be sent in any quantities; but no spot adequate to the supply of lumber has hitherto occurred to rival the southern states in their short and profitable voyage to the West Indies with that indispensable commodity.

"The abolition of the infamous traffic in slaves, now so laudably persevered in by the British, has given occasion to many predictions of the total ruin of our West India colonies, and their reversion to their original state of woods and morasses. This assumption is grounded on the twofold most incongruous supposition, that the negroes, if left to themselves, under such regulations for the maintenance of their race in the islands as might be deemed expedient, would either become so numerous as to become the masters, and so expel the whites, or that their population would dwindle and die away, and the islands be lost for want of hands to cultivate them. It would be easy to combat these gratuitous assertions, both by argument and by the example of the Danish sugar islands; but the discussion is foreign to the present subject, and is introduced principally to point out, that in the most disastrous result that can be imagined with regard to our West India possessions, those which we may secure in South America would afford ample compensation to the state at large. There is no article of colonial produce, which Buenos Ayres, and the other provinces, which through this key are accessible either to our arms or to our policy, do not actually yield, or might be made to yield in the utmost abundance; whilst the temperature of the climate is such as to supersede the necessity of cultivating the land by African labourers. —Those negroes that are found at Buenos Ayres are only kept for the purposes of ostentation and luxury, nor are they ever either employed in the interior provinces, or in Peru, either in the labour of the mines, or in agricultural pursuits. Free and voluntary labourers could be employed, because the mildness and serenity of the climate would insure health even to European cultivators, and afford abundant returns. The fertile plains of Buenos Ayres might be made to yield an ample profit to the capitalist who embarked in their cultivation; and the activity and spirit of enterprise, which so tempting an occasion would call forth, in the event of the settlement being retained at a peace, would produce comfort and prosperity to the inhabitants, and a large revenue to the government.

"The tide of emigration, which has so long flowed from the highlands of Scotland and the north of Ireland to the United States of America, has lately been attempted to be turned, with partial success, towards Canada, by the beneficent and public-spirited exertions of Lord Selkirk. An asylum equally eligible with Prince Edward's Island, might be found for these emigrants on the banks of the Plata; and in process of time these widely-extended, fertile, but uncultivated plains, might swarm with a hardy population, from those sources which are now principally lost to the British empire, and which it is the political duty of the legislature to reclaim. Emigration ought not to be restricted: it is the natural consequence of the increased population which is manifest in Great Britain, but it ought to be directed, as much as possible, to the advantage of the

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state, and such encouragements held out as will draw the emigrants to strengthen the old, or form new settlements, belonging to the British empire.

"The veil that yet hangs over the fate of South America, either as being likely to be subjected in a great measure to this country, or to be raised into independent existence, to which the spirited but ill-supported efforts of an individual of talent are directed on its northern shores, renders further discussion premature, and perhaps visionary. In conclusion, however, it may with confidence be asserted, that the retention of Buenos Ayres and its adjacent settlements, by Britain, if it be rendered compatible with the general interests of the state, will form an epoch in our commercial and political history on which posterity will dwell with pleasure; and that British industry and enterprise, exploring all the resources of this vast region, will improve them in their utmost extent, blending the advantage of individuals with an incalculable augmentation of the wealth, the power, and the security, of the empire."

Our readers may infer, from the above extracts, the general merits of the present volume.

THOUGHTS *on* REANIMATION *from the* REPRODUCTION *of* VEGETABLE LIFE *and the* RENEWAL *of* LIFE *after* DEATH *to* INSECTS; *containing a brief View of Nature as she is fulfilling her benevolent Designs in the Two Systems. By* JOHN COLLIER.

THIS venerable writer has published Essays on the Jewish History and New Testament, on the Life of Christ and New Testament, and on Animation and Intellect.—These appeared at different times, and were well received by the public. They are proofs of the author's talents and learning, which he has, through the long course of an active and useful life, commendably devoted to the service of mankind.

The present volume, though produced at an advanced age, do him credit, and will serve to add to the reputation which he has already acquired. The contents of the work are divided into *four* essays, which are broken into several chapters: thus it is more intelligible to the readers, and indeed more pleasing to the rising generation. The Reproduction and Natural History of Plants; the Reproduction and Succession of Vegetable Life; the Reproduction of Vegetables and their Succession.—Insects, their Instincts and Intelligences; and Study of Nature; are the subjects on which the author has expatiated at considerable length and with much ingenuity. Such discussion manifests an extensive sphere of observation: and the whole is rendered subservient to the great cause of virtue and piety. Indeed it is impossible to read such a work attentively without reaping improvement.

We transcribe the concluding paragraph of the volume, as a pleasing specimen of the style and spirit with which it is written.—

"My feeble performances I present to the public eye with humility and diffidence and anxiety, whilst yet they are not without some few proofs of patient labour and assiduity. O thou stupendous Being! whose minute works I have been prying into—"what in me is dark, illumine!" My dissolution now, or my further stay, it is solely thy office to appoint—the period thine! with devout affections and heartfelt thankfulness respecting a return to life after death, I profess my firm belief of revelation, as it announces to me a resurrection from the grave—I glory in it. I look forward with cheering hope and confidence to the immense harvest—to the gathering of all people of all nations (solemn and eventful as the moment is) when the *human dead* shall rise! Before this glorious luminary had enlightened our horizon, amidst the wisest people at Athens and at Rome, the doctrine of a future life was taught, from the burst of the chrysalis and the rising body of the fly. This well known proof was once publicly exhibited in eastern majesty throughout the cities of Babylon, of Delta, and of Thebes. A picture of nature, foretelling (time immemorial) a return to life after however throughout insect-life, in

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characters highly expressive and splendidly majestic—an Egyptian type of the soul of man and of the immortality it aspires to. Although the powers and faculties of my mind should be for a while to be suspended, and its operations cease, in some such manner as my thoughts are now in exercise, or they may lie at rest, my consciousness, however, is restored to me as fully and complete as we see our thoughts are after a suspension of them during sleep. The bodies in which we rise, with their appropriate dress on rising, will render most interesting the solemnities of the *resurrection morn*, will aggrandize the eventful period and its mysterious scenery. The distinction hereby made, will it not hold up to the view of angels and of men a faithful delineation of character, at once announcing the future destiny of every individual of the human race. The bodies in their order as they rise, clad in a new form, while yet they differ, may be a means of arrangement, adjusting to each one his own place, and foretelling the distinction assigned him. A sight tremendous beyond all the powers of description—glorious beyond all we can conceive of glory!" M. H.

THE JUBILEE, *a Source of Religious Improvement:*—A SERMON, *preached at Worship-Street, Finsbury-Square, Wednesday, Oct.* 25, 1809, *being the Fiftieth Anniversary of George the Third. By* JOHN EVANS, M.A.

THE words on which the preacher founds his address are remarkable:——1 Cor. xv. 25. "He must reign till he have put all enemies under his feet!" And he takes care, in the opening paragraph, thus to explain them:—

"Of no earthly potentate can this declaration be pronounced with any degree of truth or certainty. The duration of his power is short and transitory. However wise may be his councils or formidable his armies, the success of their operations cannot be ensured. The utmost vigilance may be frustrated, the best meditated plan often comes to nought. No human foresight, no sagacity however extraordinary, can secure the accomplishment of its purposes. Every successive page of history teaches this mortifying truth. Indeed the entire gratification of our wishes is neither the attribute nor the characteristic of humanity. Those Christians who read their Bibles, need not be informed that the Apostle Paul is speaking of JESUS CHRIST, *the Messiah, the Son of the living God!* The passage has a sublime signification. It awakens the mind to the importance and excellence of the Gospel Dispensation. Let then the celebration of *the lengthened days* of a *venerable earthly Monarch*, who has attained to the age of man, elevate our thoughts to the illustrious *reign* of the MESSIAH, which endures till the consummation of all things!"

Mr. E. then, after having given a sketch of his Majesty's private virtues and some interesting traits of his reign, proceeds to the discussion of the Messiah's reign under these four distinct heads—its *nature*, its *purity*, its *duration*, and its ultimate *triumphs*. These are clearly and forcibly illustrated; concluding with a brief but excellent improvement.

J. R.

A LETTER, *addressed to* ROBERT HAWKER, D.D. *on* GENERAL REDEMPTION; *suggested by his Defence of the London Penitentiary. By* JOHN EVANS, A.M. *Second Edition, with Animadversions on the Eclectic Review.*

MR. E. here calmly and successfully expostulates with Dr. Hawker on the inconsistency which there undoubtedly is between his *narrow creed* and his benevolent conduct in patronising the penitentiary. The treatment this letter received from *the Eclectics*, or rather THE ELECT, was shameful in the extreme: but we refer to the work, where the injured author administers due chastisement. It is a grievous thing, that, whilst *the Evangelicals* put in an exclusive claim to Christianity, they should prove themselves altogether estranged from the spirit of that Christianity. We should advise all religious parties to imitate the conduct of our mild and tolerant establishment. J. R.

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THE VILLAGE CURATE, *and other* POEMS, *including some Pieces now first published. By the Rev.* JAMES HURDIS, D.D. *late Fellow of Magdalen College, and Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford.* 1810.

BEFORE we proceed to consider the contents of this volume, we cannot do better than present our readers with a sketch of the life of the amiable and much-lamented author, as drawn up by one of his sisters.—

"The Rev. James Hurdis was born at Bishopstone in the county of Sussex, in the year 1763. He was the third child, and only son, of James Hurdis, gent. by his second wife, whom he married in the year 1759. His father dying, and leaving his mother in no affluent circumstances, our Author was at her expense sent to school in the city of Chichester, at the age of eight years, first under the tuition of the Rev. Richard Tireman, an instructor whom he sincerely respected; and afterwards under the Rev. John Atkinson, for whose memory and literary abilities he had the highest veneration. And as a mark of Mr. Atkinson's esteem for his pupil, he bequeathed to him at his death a handsome legacy of valuable books. Here our author also experienced the protection of his affectionate uncle, the Rev. Thomas Hurdis, D.D. Canon Residentiary of Chichester, and Canon of Windsor.

"Being of a delicate frame and constitution, our author seldom partook in the juvenile sports of his school-companions; but generally employed his hours of leisure in reading such books as are more attractive to a youth who has an early passion for literature. His inclination to poetry soon made its appearance in many poetical compositions; among which was a tragedy of five acts, entitled *Panthea*, founded on the story in Xenophon's Cyropædia. This was afterwards transformed into a poem, a juvenile work, so long, that, with two other efforts which his partiality for his early productions afterwards induced him to publish, it has been thought prudent should be omitted in this collection.

"Music was the only amusement which could induce him to relax from his study of books: the love of that enchanting science seems to have been naturally united with his disposition, even from an infant. As he advanced in life, he became a proficient upon almost every musical instrument: but the organ appears to have been his favourite; and during the time of his being at school, he nearly completed the building of a small one: a work interrupted by his quitting school for Oxford.

"In 1780 he was entered a Commoner of St. Mary Hall, Oxford; and at the election in 1782 he was chosen a Demy of St. Mary Magdalen College. Now finding himself freed from the restrictions of a school-boy, and a more ample field opening to the encouragement of his poetical taste, his application to books and poesy became almost unlimited.

"His friends in Oxford were few and select, and only such as were endeared to him by good-nature, conformity of opinion, and fellowship in study.—Among those who contributed to his support and encouragement, we must not omit to mention, with much respect, the Right Rev. George Horne, D.D. late Bishop of Norwich, and President of Magdalen College; the Rev. Dr. Routh, President of the same College; the Rev. Dr. Shepherd, of Amport and Basingstoke; and his esteemed friend and tutor at St. Mary Hall, the Rev. Dr. Rathbone, of Buckland.

"At the commencement of every vacation, he returned to his mother at Bishopstone, and devoted this interval of relaxation from his own studies to the assiduous instruction of his four younger sisters, in those branches of literature which he thought might be most beneficial to them. To his application and industry they owe all which they have ever acquired.

"About the year 1784 he went to Stanmer in Sussex, where he resided for some considerable time, as tutor to the late Earl of Chichester's youngest son, Mr. George Pelham, now the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Bristol; of whose literary attainments, and good qualities, I cannot more justly express his opinion, than by making the following extract from one of his

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letters, written to William Cowper, Esq. dated 1792. 'Mr. George Pelham is preferred to the valuable living of Bexhill, about twelve miles from Burwash. He is just turned of five and twenty, and is already in possession of two livings. If he mount with such rapidity, it cannot be long before he obtains, what his good qualities cannot fail to adorn, *a mitre*. Whatever his fortune, I am satisfied I shall never feel myself less than proud to own he was once my pupil. Indeed, of the whole family I could draw a picture, which even the most cynical judgment would allow bad traits of the truest nobility.'

"In May 1785, having obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts, he retired to the curacy of Burwash in Sussex; his Rector being the Rev. John Courtail, Archdeacon of Lewes. In this situation he resided six years.

"In 1786, he was elected Probationer Fellow of Magdalen College; and the following year took his Master of Arts degree. Now finding himself sufficiently enabled to assist his mother in the support of her family, he hired a small house, and took three of his sisters to reside with him.

"It is the general custom of those who describe the life of an author, to deliver a critical opinion upon each of his works. Many reasons induce me not to attempt what I trust I may with propriety decline. Yet in my zeal to promote the reputation of a dear departed brother, I hope it may not be improper for me to cite in this memoir a most respectable authority in his favour. I mean those expressions of friendly praise on several of his publications, which I have selected from the letters addressed to him by his favourite friend, the late Mr. Cowper; because he himself used to consider the praise of that excellent person as the most delightful reward of his literary labour.

"It was at this time that our author first appeared before the public as a poet. In 1788 he published his *Village Curate*, the reception of which far exceeded his expectations; a second edition being called for the following year, and afterwards a third, and a fourth, which last he considerably improved.

"His second production was, a Poem entitled *Adriano; or, the first of June*; which was followed in a short time by the three other Poems already alluded to, *Panthea, Elmer and Ophelia*, and the *Orphan Twins*. He next proceeded on a biblical research, in comparing the Hebrew with the English version of the Bible, and published in 1790, *A critical Dissertation on the true Meaning of the Hebrew Word* הנינים, *found in Genesis* i. 21.

"In 1791, through the interest of the Earl of Chichester, he was appointed to the living of Bishopstone. In this year he wrote the *Tragedy of Sir Thomas More*; and his *select critical Remarks upon the English Version of the first ten Chapters of Genesis*.

"But here a sudden and melancholy incident occurred, which for a time entirely abstracted the mind of our Author from every literary pursuit. In 1792 he was deprived by death of his favourite sister Catherine, whose elegancies of mind are so frequently, and justly, pourtrayed in his works, under the different appellations of *Margaret* and *Isabel*.

"And here I think I may, with much propriety, and justness to the affection which the Author always testified for his sister Catherine, transcribe a letter, which was since found in the possession of Mr. Cowper, relative to her death.

"'DEAR SIR,

"'Could I have found a moment free from anxiety, I should certainly have spent it in writing to you. But my mind has been totally absorbed in attention to my poor little girl, whom I have at last been unable to save. I watched by her nine and thirty nights: I neglected nothing which might have proved a source of relief: but all my endeavours were ineffectual, and I have been obliged to seek her a grave, where I may rest beside her. How painful an interval has passed since I last wrote to you, you will be able to judge from your own feelings. My eye has been fixed day and night upon a little sufferer, who was better to me than the best of daughters; and I have marked the slow but certain progress of death, prevailing over a life, which was ever dearer to me than my own. If expressions of impatience have escaped

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me while contemplating a prospect so distressing, I hope God will forgive me. It has been his pleasure to wound me where I was most sensible, and my reason has not always been able to support it. I have seen my amiable and affectionate Catherine gradually put to death by a disease at once painful and lingering. I have lived to behold the hour in which her existence was grievous to me: nay, I have lived to look upon her in the hour of death, without shedding tears at her dissolution. Indeed her departure was a relief to me. She had suffered extremely, and, for nearly a week before her death, had only short intervals of sense, in which she was unable to articulate her wants. In the evening on which she died, her senses returned, and she acknowledged us all, rewarding us with many thanks for our attention to her. She was then seized with a difficulty of breathing and slight convulsion, which did not appear very alarming to me, because I had seen her recover from the same symptoms before. I was the only person in the room when these began to abate, and she seemed to fall into a sound sleep, breathing without difficulty. I sat beside her, looking in her face; and the ease with which she slept soon inclined me to nod. I almost fell from my chair more than once; and being apprehensive that I might disturb her if I persisted, I went into the next room, to lie down upon a mattress which was on the floor. I met my eldest sister at the door, and desired her to give me notice when I was wanted. I had scarce laid myself down, when she came and informed me that her breath had ceased. I returned immediately into the room, and was witness to two slight efforts made by nature to recover the action of the lungs; which not being attended with success, she gave up the contest without deranging a single feature. The eyelid was still closed, the hand reclined upon the side of the easy-chair, into which she had been partly raised from the bed; and not one attitude of the composure in which I left her had been disturbed. If I had thought myself forsaken by my Maker in the former stages of my calamity, here I became sensible of his goodness. I saw in the strongest light the peculiar blessing of a peaceful end, and I saw that end bestowed upon a little girl, for whom I should more earnestly have petitioned it than for myself.

" 'Thus, Sir, was I deprived of a gem, which has literally hung about my neck all the days of my life, and never lost its lustre.' Thus did I bid adieu to a little motherly comforter, who has ever been as a part of myself, and without whom I know not how I shall exist. I pray that my days, if they are not few, may at least be speedy, that I may make haste to meet her in the grave. I have promised her that she shall sleep beside me, and have appointed her a place at my right hand, a situation she always loved, and from which, God knows, I never wished her to depart. Yes, my gentle Isabel, my invaluable Margaret, thou who hast been always in my eye,

" ' Attentively regarding all I said,
And soothing all my pains with sweet concern

thou shalt rest beside me in the grave, as well as in the cradle. I will come to *thee*, though thou art not able to return to *me*. I will endeavour to deserve, as well as thou hast done, and trust to God's mercy that I shall find thee again. And I pray him most devoutly, that wherever thou art, the sense of my unhappiness may not reach thee.

" 'When I write again, I will give you some account of my little girl's natural endowments and of her attainments.'

" The subject of which letter being closely connected with the one already transcribed, I shall present it also to the reader.

" 'I promised to give you some account of my little girl's natural endowments, and of her attainments. As to the former, you will perhaps be surprised to learn, that she was the plainest of all my family. Her figure was good,' her action was graceful; but in her countenance there were many defects. She was sensible of it, and would never give me her profile. I was therefore driven to the painful necessity of stealing it after she was dead. But for her carelessness without, Nature had made ample amends by her liberality within. Her dis-

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position was so friendly, humane, and gentle, that it was impossible to know her and not esteem her. She was always attended by good-humour, compassion, and pleasantry. Her genius was capable of the greatest undertakings, and she never lost an hour in improving it. Reading was her delight from her childhood; and you will scarce believe that at four and twenty she could have obtained the knowledge of which I know she was possessed. Of historical, biographical, and moral writers, she read every thing she could lay her hands on, and retained facts and dates with the nicest accuracy. In any chronological doubt, in any family anecdote, in any connection formed among great men, whether princes or scholars, I know of no person who was better qualified to pass an immediate decision. In her earlier years she was extremely fond of figures. I observed the propensity, and encouraged it. She followed me with the greatest ease through the most arduous rules of arithmetic, through fractions, through decimals, through algebra, and the first rudiments of geometry. I then turned her aside to astronomical calculations; and when she was taken ill, she was upon the point of framing an almanack for the year 1793, upon a new construction, which was to be presented to Mr. Cowper, and to be called the Poet's Almanack. The new and full moons, as well as the eclipses, were all to have been calculated, and the latter delineated by herself. In matters of this kind she had long since been expert, and could be certain of predicting any eclipse, however distant, without an error in time of more than two minutes. Her facility in music justly entitled her to the name which I gave her, *the leader of my band.* It was her office to play the organ, while her two sisters * sung, and I accompanied on the violoncello. I have often envied her the ease with which she acquired whatever she would. I practised much more than she did, but found she could always overtake me. If she chose, she could be rapid; but she wished rather to be scientific and expressive. She once entertained a desire to engage in the pursuit of languages. I told her I did not think it the province of a woman. It could never be useful or ornamental; for the graces of a linguist are masculine. At my request she refrained, but not altogether; for some time after I had become a student of Hebrew, I found she had followed me through all my grammatical memoranda, and was able to read and to construe the original Scriptures as well as myself. She was at the same time the most expert botanist, save one, of all my sisters, and a considerable proficient in physic.

" 'I should weary you with my story, was I to detail every little accomplishment and every good quality for which I esteemed her. Indeed, I believe that to some parts of her character I am still a stranger. She was extremely shy, and hid every thing she could. In her last illness, I often read to her sermons at her request. I was surprised to find that few were unknown to her. I asked one of her sisters the reason. She told me, it had always been her custom, when left at home on a Sunday, (as she often was) to read the Psalms, the Lessons, and two or three Sermons. This, Sir, was a voluntary exercise: I was not the occasion of it; for I think it an employment of more gravity than youth can generally relish. I deem it the consequence of a well-grounded assurance of the truth of Christianity, which I have never failed to inculcate, by recommending such writers as have been most lively and entertaining in the support of it.

" 'I will say no more. She is gone, and I must forget her. I am happy that I have been her friend, and that she has met with no calamity like this in passing through life. Death has not visited us before, since the death of my father. Had she buried a sister, I know not who could have comforted her: had she lived to see *me* in danger, I believe she would have died of apprehension. It is all well. She told me that *she* was satisfied, and why should I complain? She wished she could have carried me away with her to heaven; but

* Our Author had five sisters at this time; but three only were resident with him.—*Publisher.*

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comforted herself, that if we were parted, we could none of us stay long behind her.

" 'Such was the esteem which she had won of her whole family, that they have all been derirous of a place beside her; and I have enlarged the dimensions of my vault till it will hold seven. I have also been amusing myself in drawing up an inscription, to be placed over her. I send it to you, that you may correct it at your leisure.'

'THE INSCRIPTION.

Farewell, sweet maid! whom as bleak Winter sears
The fragrant bud of Spring, too early blown,
Untimely Death has nipt. Here take thy rest,
Inviolable here! while we, than thou
Less favour'd, through the irksome vale of life
Toil on in tears without thee. Yet not long
Shall Death divide us—Rapid is the flight
Of life, more rapid than the turtle's wing,
And soon our bones shall meet. Here may we sleep!
Here wake together! and, by his 'dear might,'
Who conquer'd Death for sinful man, ascend
Together hence to an eternal home!'

" On this affliction he quitted his curacy, and with his two sisters returned to Bishopstone. Here the trouble of his mind was considerably alleviated by an affectionate invitation from his much esteemed and sincere friend, William Hayley, Esq. to visit Eartham; where he had the pleasing satisfaction of meeting and becoming personally known to Wm. Cowper, Esq. author of the Task, with whom he had maintained a confidential correspondence for some years.

" In 1792 he published his *Cursory Remarks upon the Arrangement of the Plays of Shakspeare, occasioned by reading Mr. Malone's Essay on the chronological Order of those celebrated Pieces.* Mr. Cowper, in a letter to the author, speaks of the above publication as follows: 'I have read your *Cursory Remarks*, and am much pleased both with the style and the argument. Whether the latter be new or not, I am not competent to judge; if it be, you are entitled to much praise for the invention of it. Where other data are wanting to ascertain the time when an author of many pieces wrote each in particular, there can be no better criterion, by which to determine the point, than the more or less proficiency manifested in the composition. Of this proficiency where it appears, and of those plays in which it appears not, you seem to me to have judged well and truly; and consequently I approve of your arrangement.'

" In April 1793, he went to Oxford, and, with two of his sisters, resided in a small house at Temple Cowley. In November, the same year, he was elected Professor of Poetry in that University; and in the year following took the degree of Bachelor in Divinity.

" On being elected Professor, he published a Specimen of some intended Lectures on English Poetry. And it was in this year that he wrote his *Tears of Affection*; a poem occasioned by the lingering regret he still experienced from the death of his favourite sister.

" In 1797, he took the degree of Doctor in Divinity; and in 1799, he married Harriet, daughter of Hughes Minet, Esq. of Fulham, Middlesex.

" In 1800, he printed, at his own private press, his *Favourite Village*; and the same year he published his *Twelve Dissertations on the Nature and Occasion of Psalm and Prophecy.*

" On Saturday, December 19, 1801, he went to Buckland in Berkshire, and on the day following performed the whole of divine service at that church. On the Monday evening he was attacked with a violent shivering, similar to that of an ague-fit. On the Tuesday he was unable to rise from his bed, complaining of great inability, and heaviness upon his eyes, which prevented him from opening them. Every medical assistance was procured, but to little effect, as he expired, apparently in a sound sleep, on the Wednesday evening, in his 38th year, at the house of his affectionate friend, the Rev. Dr. Rathbone. His body, by his own desire, was conveyed to Bishopstone, and placed in the family vault, close by that of his sister Catharine.

" He left a widow and two sons; James Henry, born June 5, 1800; and John Louis, born June 12, 1801;

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also a posthumous daughter, born August 1802.

"He was tall, but well proportioned: his countenance serene and lively: of a fair complexion, with flaxen hair. His disposition was meek, affectionate, benevolent, and cheerful; yet occasionally irritable and impatient. With his intimate friends he was affable, polite, and familiar; but in mixed company generally reserved.

"He was ever anxious to discharge the duties of his profession to the utmost of his abilities; for his piety was fervent and unaffected.

"A small marble table is erected to his memory, by his four sisters, with the following epitaph, by his friend, William Hayley, Esq.

'Hurdis! ingenuous Poet and Divine!
A tender sanctity of thought was thine;
To thee no sculptur'd tomb could prove so dear,
As the fond tribute of a Sister's tear.
For earth, who shelters in her vast embrace
The sleeping myriads of the mortal race,
No heart in all that multitude has known,
Whose love fraternal could surpass thine own.'"

[*To be continued.*]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

To LAVINIA.

"Lieblich bist du, wie die Röthe,
Die Aurorens Tritt umfliesst;
Lieblich, wie des Hirten Flöte,
Der den neuen Tag begrüsst!"

ERE yet my languid eyes I close,
I fain would ask some airy sprite,
To weave the form, as I repose,
Of her who yields my soul delight:
Fain would I dream of witching looks—
Inviting features—arch replies—
Of extracts from poetic books,
And meanings cloth'd in deep disguise!

Fain would I dream of rosy bowers,
And softly-murmuring waterfalls;
The castle's long forsaken towers,
Its cloisters and its mouldering walls:
Fain wou'd I feel those hallow'd fires,
That make our earthly joys complete;
And dream that as I smote the wires,
Thy vision tript on quivering feet!

Then wou'd I muse on scenes sublime,
Resulting from the mutual tie;
Scenes mocking all the powers of rhyme,
However smooth the numbers fly:
Where silver-winged Cupids stroll,
Scatt'ring their amaranthine flow'rs,
And Pleasure, in her azure stole,
Precedes the brightly-rising hours.

All this, sweet Spirit! wou'd I dream,
Thro' each revolving winter's night,
Till things transform from what they seem
To many an actual delight!
Come forth then Spirit! quick impart,
Assisted by thy mystic spell,
The traits of her, whose sallies smart
Can ev'ry other nymph's excel.

To Kate you may these verses shew,
But do not tell the writer's name;
Lest she should think 'em but so so,
And then exclaim, Oh fie! for shame!
On second thought I deem it fit,
You keep them from her eagle view,
Lest she the lovely object hit,
And stamp the fair one to be y*u!

December 1809. J. G.

LOVE LETTERS *to my* WIFE. *By* JAMES WOODHOUSE.

[*Continued from page* 400.]

LETTER XI.

DEAR HANNAH!

My pure table mars no good,
Depopulates no plain, or height, or wood.
Each sinless habitant of earth and sea,
May live in peace and amity with me.
I neither 'minish life, or peace destroy,
To feed on blameless blood with savage joy.
No complex treat my appetite requires,
For me no happy animal expires.
No cruelty a single creature feels,
To cater or to cook my temperate meals;
A small expense supplies my daily bread,
With fattening milk and vegetables fed.
I ask no beverage for my simple cup,
Of costly cordials when I dine or sup.
No burning spirits kindle passion's fires,
No wine awakes undutiful desires;
Nor beer disturbs my brain with feverish fumes,
To raise false glow, then spread depressing glooms
Mild milk, accommodating dinner-draughts,
Rouzes no rage, nor wakes up wanton thoughts;
At night the like recruits my bounteous bowl,
To furnish strength and tranquillize the soul.

Shall ships each India traverse, east and west,
With rocks, and shoals, and winds, and waves, contest;

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Their crews feel cruel toil and torturing fears,
Expos'd to jeopardy for months or years,
While friends their danger or their loss deplore,
Throughout the tedious time, on sea or shore,
That selfish sensualists may drink or eat,
Their strong potations and their saccharine treat?
And what's far worse, for sensual delights,
To heighten passions, pamper appetites;
To gratify their low and graceless lusts,
In spite of moral rules and sacred trusts;
While, with the basest views for selfish ends,
They steal their fellows from their troubled friends,
To stem the storms and combat with the waves,
Involving thousands in their watery graves;
And make the remnant wretched tortures feel,
From false imprisonment and fettering steel;
And thro' the whole of life still suffering wrongs,
Thro' thankless bondage and by bloody thongs;
That those infernal masters may possess,
With other devilish men, a daintier mess.
Shall fleecy flocks, with long lost pow'rs of love,
From happy plains to bloody blocks be drove;
And little, inoffensive, frisking lambs,
Be forc'd from throbbing dugs of sorrowing dams,
For peccant man to yield their spotless lives,
Licking the hands that hold the blushing knives?
Must labouring bullocks leave the prospering plough?
Nectareous fountains fail the fattening cow;
And glutted calves, with pain and sickness, pine,
Oft robb'd of blood to make them fat and fine;
At length expire, with deep and dismal bleat,
That men, like canine epicures, may eat?
Like lions, leopards, wolves, and tigers, feed,
By murdering thus the useful milky breed.
Must the magnificent and beauteous deer
Alone in paddocks and in parks appear
For pride's parade! at length for luxury's call,
By sudden stroke, with frantic misery fall?
Or o'er the forest's barren boundaries range,
To furnish kings and chiefs with cruel change;
With worse than cattish persecution curst,
To suffer day by day from tyrants first,
And then replenish their superfluous feasts
To gratify much more ignoble beasts?

Must skipping conies, and fast-flying hares,
Weep o'er their wounds, and sigh and sob in snares,
Leaving more wild the unenliven'd waste,
To render more fastidious mortal's taste?
Must blameless birds, whate'er their place or name,
Domestic fowl, or litigated game,
Must they by death administer delight
To every carnal, courtly appetite?
And must, alas! the minstrels of the grove,
In danger perch, in ceaseless peril rove—
The vagrant poets of the vernal spray,
By nature harmless, happy, heedless, gay!
Sweet hymning harbingers of genial spring!
Must they ne'er shew their charms, or cheerful sing—
Ne'er fly in safety—ne'er in quiet rest—
Or nurse their younglings in their downy nest?
Must they that gladden morn, and noon, and night,
Drop from each bough, or fall amidst their flight?
Their glossy, rich, prismatic plumes resign,
Which made each warbling shade and woodland shine?
Each vocal branch become with murder mute,
That seem'd colloquial, flageolet, or flute;
To yield luxurious lust, and pomp supply,
For cruel, sanguine, gross sarcophagi!
Yea, custom calls, alas! and habit, now,
For tribute from each furrow, wave, or bough.
All animated nature peace deplores,
While fashion furnishes her festal stores—
Creation's cross'd throughout its procreant plan,
To gratify the greedy monster—man!

[*To be continued.*]

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE first meeting, Thursday, Nov. 9th, was occupied, chiefly, in reading the minutes of the meeting prior to the long vacation, and in receiving presents of foreign and domestic publications.

On the 16th, the Croonian lecture on muscular motion, was read by Dr. Woolaston. The Doctor divided his lecture into three parts; the first on

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the duration of muscular action.—This he attempted to ascertain by pressing his finger on his ear till it resembled the sound of the carriages passing along a pavement of stones about four inches in diameter. These vibrations he found to vary according to the pressure from 15 the least, to 45 the most; but the general number he found to be 30 in a minute. He afterwards endeavoured to imitate the sound of carriages by rubbing two notched sticks against each other, and experienced nearly the same results. Some of his friends repeated these experiments with the like effect. The second part was on the cause of sea-sickness, which he attributed to the pressure of blood upon the brain; and observed that the sickness was always most violent when the vessel pitched most, or rather at the moment when she descends from the wave on which she had been elevated. In this case respiration is difficult; but, when effected, it assists the circulation and gives relief to the sickness. The stomach he also found to be slightly deranged, probably from the same cause, or from the action of the system to resist the effects of the unnatural motion of the vessel. The third and last part illustrated the advantages of riding on horseback and in carriages, which enables the system to propel the blood from the heart. Dr. W. related the case of a gentleman who, finding himself very ill, ordered his coachman to drive him to the residence of a fashionable physician, who fortunately happened not to be at home: he then resolved on driving to another, who also happened to be absent. By this time he had considerably recovered from his depression, and determined on going home, and taking the same exercise next day, which he did. He speedily recovered, without any aid from drugs.

Mr. Baker continued reading the Bakerian lecture till the 23d, during which he stated its objects to be the elucidation of various important parts of chemistry, by new experiments, and the communication of some new facts respecting metallic bodies, and their combinations intimately related to the general philosophical theory of the science. In the first place he discussed the various hypothetical notions that had been formed respecting the metals of the fixed alkalis. He brought forward various experiments to prove, that potassium and sodium by combustion produce merely dry potash and soda, and that they neither form water nor carbonic acid; and he established the fact that the potash, formed by the combustion of potassium in muriatic acid gas, contains less water than that which is considered by M. Berthollet as the dry alkali. He shewed that, when potassium is made to act upon ammonia, it is the volatile alkali, and not the metal, which is decompounded; for the potassium can, under certain circumstances, be recovered unaltered; and whenever a portion of it is converted into potash, some nitrogen always disappears. The discussion relative to the nature of nitrogen he reserved for the conclusion of the lecture. His general inferences, as far as he proceeded, were,—"that potassium and sodium can with no more propriety be considered as *compounds*, than any of the anciently known metals, and that they belong to the same order of substances." In the course of his lecture, he described a new and curious gas, composed of tellurium and hydrogen, which is soluble in water, which combines with the alkalis, and has the characters of a weak acid: a new fact this, added to those already known concerning sulphuretted hydrogen, against the idea of oxygen being the acidifying principle.

BATAVIAN SOCIETY OF EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

Curious Discoveries of Atmospheric Phenomena. By Mr. J. B. Van Mons.

[Concluded from p. 402.]

THE sound of the combustion is more intense, because a vacuum is formed, which is instantly filled, and more than filled by the vapour of water that acquires a state of considerable expansion. When once the rain has begun to fall, and the work of the storm is set a going, it proceeds of itself, nor has no longer occasion for the formation of fresh clouds to keep it up; the caloric that separates from the combined gasses, transforming itself into electricity, which in its turn decomposes

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a portion of water; so that the work of the successive decompositions and compositions continues by the effect of its alterations, and is kept up of itself, till all the water diffused through the surrounding air by vaporization is condensed there, and resolved into rain; or till, by the separation of the fluid, and its conveyance to the earth, in consequence of its great condensation, as well as of the water of the cloud being again taken up in solution by the air, the storm ceases before this has happened. The water of clouds being again taken in solution by the air, occasions a cooling of the air, and presages a definitive cessation of its stormy state; while the heating of the air, or continuation of its high temperature, denotes the continuation of the decomposition, and is always followed by a recommencement of the storm.

Hail arises from a strong fixation of caloric, which transforms itself into electricity, to gassify the principles of water; and sometimes from a too copious combination of the same caloric converted into electric fluid, to reunite the water with the air; or, from the same conversion of caloric, to reinforce the thunder, which endeavours to explode toward the earth. This explosion of the thunder takes place either after a considerable recomposition of water, or when, the greater part of the water of the storm being dispersed, the electric fluid remaining no longer finds any thing to which it can adhere, concentrates itself in a point, and acquires elasticity enough to overcome the opposition of the air, and rush towards the earth or some prominent points on the globe. As this passage of the thunder toward the earth is not selected by a state of subtraction, opposite, or negative charge, the course it follows is neither direct, or the shortest possible, nor determined to a given point; but its course is uncertain, irregular, and, in some measure, vague, bursting from one substance to another, even striking the ground and separating from it anew, without any other cause than the difficulty of diffusing or decomposing itself.

To this difficulty of resuming an equilibrium, which it finds no where broken, or of diffusing itself in a point of subtraction which no where exists for it, are owing the extraordinary effects of the explosion of thunder, and the incalculable means of destruction, with which we see it act; and that even when it has already arrived at the ground, where it ought to be able to diffuse itself, it still vaporizes water with great force, splits stones, &c. To the same cause is owing, that it proceeds so slowly, that it so long retains its state of sparkforming concentration, and that it so easily fuses and inflames substances, staying long at each point of its course, and transforming itself easily into light and heat. One portion of the electric fluid separated during a thunderstorm transforms itself into light, and is dissipated in space, at every explosion of a spark or of a fulmination of combustion. The sound of the thunder that bursts towards the earth is very different too from that of rolling thunder, and perfectly resembles that of the discharge of our electrical batteries. The common people readily distinguish it, and denote it by the name of falling thunder. The opposite winds that blow during a thunderstorm, and are even contrary to its direction, are the natural effect of a strong condensation of the aqueous part of the atmosphere.

A thunder-storm then does not arise from an accumulation of hidrogen gas, extricated from the earth, from which none is extricated, and rising to the superior regions of the atmosphere, whither it does not ascend; this gas never being extricated in its purer state; and that which is extricated in combination with a combustible substance, whether phosphorus, sulphur, or carbon, being burned by a concurrence of action on the part of these combustibles as soon as it comes into contact with the air, and no experiment having ever demonstrated the existence of the least bubble of hidrogen gas in the air at any elevation whatever. Besides, the hidrogen gas we set free in the air does not ascend in it in consequence of its greater lightness, or less specific gravity, but becomes incorporated with the air with which it is in contact, remains adherent to it by an affinity of penetration; and even does not diffuse itself in it without difficulty, and in

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some time, when the air is perfectly at rest. Nay more, there are strong reasons for believing, that, at the time of great assimilations of water, the affinity of the air for this fluid determines the direct combustion of hidrogen gas by the air, without the intervention of any other inflammable substance. The rain too is not the consequence of the condensation of aqueous vapour by cold, since the fall of rain always precedes the cooling of the air, while an increase of the temperature of the air always precedes rain; water then is dissolved by the air, or rather associated with the composition of the air by the intervention of caloric in the state of electricity, and this in so large a quantity, that it forms almost a fourth of the weight of the atmosphere. Nothing is more difficult than to obtain, for the purpose of synthetical experiments, air deprived of its water to a certain point; and the method that has succeeded best for this purpose, is the disengagement of muriatic gas from a very dry muriate, by means of highly concentrated sulphuric acid, in confined air.

It need not be observed how many mistakes in determining the proportions of oxigen in burned substances must have arisen from the great quantity of water, that makes part of the air, which becomes solidly fixed in these substances, and serves as an indispensable medium of the combination of oxigen with the bodies it burns. To this large quantity of water in the air are owing those spontaneous and heavy rains, which frequently fall in an atmosphere, that was perfectly serene and tranquil a moment before.

The caloric, that under its different forms is incessantly ascending in the air, without ever returning to the earth, being a substance that belongs to the atmosphere of the sun, and is foreign to ours and those of other planets; at which it arrives only by virtue of the great elasticity it possesses when in the state of light, and where it is retained only by its adhesion to substances that belong to these planets, must resume the state of light, the moment when, having arrived at the utmost limits of these foreign atmospheres, and being disengaged from the substances that can no longer follow it, it returns to that which is proper to it, and there takes a centripetal motion, or movement of approximation to the sun; which, being a perfectly transparent and elastic substance, occasions it to take an opposite course with the same velocity, with which it rushed upon it, which must occasion a perpetual circulation of light between the sun and those globes that make part of its system.

If this were not the true state of things, there would be an incessant accumulation of caloric, that would soon change the face of these globes; while in this hypothesis the equilibrium is scarcely ever interrupted.—These globes then would not be visible but from the extreme limits of their atmospheres, and where the caloric, separated from its combinations, is transformed into light: and the opacity of a globe would not at all prevent this effect, in which the globe itself would not interfere; which would make a wonderful difference in the calculations from which the apparent magnitude of the celestial bodies are determined; as in this case their magnitudes would have been calculated from the extent of their atmospheres, and by no means from that of the globes or celestial bodies themselves; and the light, which renders these bodies visible to us, would not be reflected light, but light extricated from them on returning towards the sun. It is to be understood, that this extrication cannot take place, except as far as the atmosphere faces the sun, and is under the direct influence of its attractive power; otherwise the light extricated would diffuse itself through space, take a course different from that to the sun, and not reach the atmosphere of that celestial body where alone it can resume its character of light. Nothing prevents the light in this return from traversing other atmospheres. It is by the light refracted in this passage, that we see the globes from which it emanates.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

Fine Arts.—While the French nation boasts of having the noblest collection of paintings ever accumulat-

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ed, the English exult in possessing the best sculptures. As well as the fine statues at Oxford, and Mr. Townley's, now the nation's, at the British Museum, the unrivalled remains of Grecian art, from the chissel of the renowned Phidias, are now in London, the property of Lord Elgin. His lordship deservedly possesses the gratitude of the nation for having, when in Turkey and Greece, expended an immense portion of time, trouble, and money, in obtaining them, and conveying them to our shores. Most of them occupied the temple of Minerva at Athens, consisting chiefly of relievos, with a few colossal statues. No single figure is entire, being cruelly amputated by barbarous hands, and gnawed by the tooth of time; but what have been spared are sufficient to justify the unbounded praises bestowed on them by the historians of antiquity. The introduction of these grand productions of ancient genius into England is a glorious era in the fine arts. They present a new world of beauty and taste to the eye of the young artist, and awaken a fresh and glowing impulse in the mind of the professor.

Society of Antiquaries.

A curious paper was read at their first meeting, for this season, by Dr. Willan, on the "New Fire," detailing the process of igniting wood by friction, and the superstitious customs of the northern nations in preserving such fire unextinguished; with many incidental particulars of ancient manners and customs connected with this ceremony. Some letters from Sir C. Cornwallis, when at the court of Spain as minister to James I. were also read, but they contained very little matter which could be properly deemed novel or interesting, particularly the ceremony of the bull feasts.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

THE Ecclesiastical and University Annual Register for the present year, will be published on the first of next month.

In the first week of the present year, will be published, a new edition, being the Seventh, of the "Laboratory, or School of Arts," containing a much larger and more extensive collection of valuable secrets, experiments, and manual operations in the arts and manufactures, than is to be met with in any other work in the English language. The whole is adapted to the present improved state of the arts and sciences, and illustrated with about forty copper plates, some of which are entirely new.

A new edition of Mr. Headley's "Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry," with a biographical sketch, by the Rev. Mr. Kett, of Oxford, will appear in the course of this month.

English comedy, in six volumes; a Collection of Classical Dramas, separated from the licentious productions of Congreve, Farquhar, Centlivre, &c. &c. will be published in January.

A new edition of the late Dr. Dodd's Beauties of Shakspeare, is nearly ready for delivery.

The Favourite Village, with an additional poem never before published, by the late Poetry Professor of Oxford, Dr. Hurdis, will be published in a few weeks.

Mr. James Savage proposes publishing an Essay on the Varieties observable in the structure of Parish Churches, from their erection in this island to the end of the fifteenth century, by which a common observer may be able to distinguish the age of nearly every ecclesiastical building now standing.

Major Moor's Hindu Pantheon, nearly ready for publication, will be illustrated by one hundred and five plates, containing more than a thousand mythological figures and subjects, from original images, pictures, excavations, statues, coins, medals, &c. never before published.

In the press, the interesting Letters of Madame la Marquise du Dessand to the Hon. Horace Walpole, from the

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year 1766 to 1780. To these are added some Letters from the same Lady to Voltaire, from the originals at Strawberry Hill. A life of Madame du Dessand, by the editor, will be prefixed, with notes, &c.

The East-India Vade-Mecum, in two volumes, by Capt. Williamson, is nearly ready for publication; as is likewise a Poem by the Rev. Mr. Dudley, on Hindu Mythology, with a copious vocabulary.

Mr. Lambert is preparing for the press, in three octavo volumes, his Travels through Lower Canada and the United States, illustrated by a variety of engravings made on the spot.

Mr. Ticken shortly intends to publish an Historical Atlas, ancient and modern, to consist of six select charts.

Dr. Edmonston intends to publish, in two octavo volumes, a View of the ancient and present State of the Zetland Islands, including their civil, political, and natural history, their antiquities, agriculture, fisheries, commerce, &c.

Dr. Aikin has in the press, Memoirs of the Life of Peter Daniel Huet, Bishop of Avranches, translated from Huet's original French, with copious notes, critical and biographical, in two volumes, octavo.

Dr. Stokes is engaged in a Botanical Meteria Medica, consisting of the generic and specific Characters of the Plants used in Medicine and Diet, with synonimes and references used by medical authors.

Professor White will shortly publish his "Synopsis Griseos Griesbachiana, or an Explanation, in words at length, of the Marks and Abbreviations used by Griesbach in his edition of the New Testament.

Dr. Binns, of Lancaster, formerly Head Master of Ackworth School, has lately finished a new English Grammar, upon which he has been engaged at intervals, during many years.

Dr. Smith is printing a Translation of Le Roy's Instructions for gouty and rheumatic Persons.

A Catalogue of Books published in London, between the First of June, 1808, and the First of January, 1810, will be published in the course of this month. This catalogue will be digested in alphabetical order, according to the names of the authors and their subjects. It will likewise contain a reference to the different papers comprised in the transactions of learned societies during the period before mentioned.

Dr. Forbes, of Edinburgh, has issued Proposals for publishing by subscription, the first volume of his Translation of Pliny's Natural History, with notes and illustrations. This volume, in large quarto, will contain the life of the author, a dissertation on the rise and progress of natural history, and a large appendix, with biographical notices of all the authors quoted by Pliny.

The Rev. Mr. Chirol, one of his Majesty's Chaplains at the French Chapel, St. James's, has completed a work on the question—Whether a Boarding-School or Domestic Education is best calculated for Females. This work is at once didactic, philosophical, moral, and religious.

An authentic Narrative of Four Years' Residence at Tongataboo, one of the Friendly Islands in the South Seas, by a Gentleman who went thither in the Duff, composed from his own relation by a Clergyman, is in the press.

The Author of the Refuge has in the press, a piece on the Sufferings of Christ.

Mr. Smart, teacher of elocution, is printing a work on English Pronunciation, on a new plan, by which it is intimated that foreigners and provincialists, on plain and recognised principles, will be enabled to overcome difficulties commonly supposed insurmountable.

Mr. W. Hamilton, M.B. of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, will speedily publish his Enchiridion Medium, or Young Practitioner's Pocket Companion; being a Conspectus of the new Pharmacopœias of the Colleges of London, Dublin, and Edinburgh; with a collection of Formulæ arranged in classes, a copious index, and tables of synonimes annexed.

Travels through the States of the Empire of Morocco, in the year 1806, by Dr. Buffa, Physician to the Forces, will be published very shortly, in one volume octavo. His correspondence with that court relative to the interests of Great Britain, including a letter from the Emperor of Morocco himself

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to the King of Great Britain is prefixed to it.

The Third Canto of the Pursuits of Agriculture will be ready in the course of the present month.

Dr. Duigenan is about to publish a pamphlet of very great importance at the present moment relative to the State of Ireland and the Romish Question.

Mr. Jephson Oddy, the author of "European Commerce," is engaged in a work on the political, commercial, and local interests of the country; particularly as they will be promoted by "The intended Stamford Navigation," of which he was the projector.

Dr. Mavor has made great progress in his new edition of "Tusser's Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," a work which may be considered as a calendar of rural and domestic economy for every month in the year, and as a picture of the state of agriculture, customs, and manners of the sixteenth century. Though it ran through upwards of twenty editions, it is now so scarce, that it was with great difficulty copies of the early impressions, by far the best, were obtained for the use of the present editor, who intends to enrich his edition with notes, georgical, illustrative, and explanatory, a glossary, and other improvements.

The literature of the early part of the last and of the close of the present century, is now become so scarce and difficult of access, that we congratulate those who are fond of curious research, on the expected publication of a Catalogue Raisonneé of the City Library, King-street, Cheapside, with an Index upon a plan entirely new: A Library which, from its being the most ancient establishment of the kind, possesses a fund of scarce and valuable works, independent of its constant supply of standard and periodical publications, both for general reading and for reference.

ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

Mr. Atkinson, the celebrated mathematician, and publisher of the Tide Table at Ulverstone, has invented a level, upon a combination of hydraulic and pneumatic principles, which surpasses all former inventions of the kind, in ascertaining the altitude of elevations, &c. With this instrument Mr. A. is proceeding minutely to take the height of most of those Alpine mountains in the neighbourhood of the Lakes in Westmorland and Cumberland.

A new Process for preserving Pencil and Chalk Drawings.—1st. Get a pan, or tub, sufficiently spacious to admit the drawing horizontally; fill it with clean water, and run the drawing thro' in that direction; then lay it on something flat to dry. This will take off the loose lead.—2dly. Fill the same vessel a second time, with rather more than one-third new milk, and the remaining part clean water, through which run the drawing again horizontally, and leave it to dry as before.—Do not lay the drawing, while wet, on any coloured wood, such as mahogany, &c. which will stain the paper in streaks. Should milk be scarce, you may mix a little (in the proportion above-mentioned) in a tea-cup, and venture to run the drawing *lightly* over with a camel-hair pencil, the water having already taken off the superfluous lead, and, in some degree, fixed the other; but be *particularly light* with the pencil, never touching the drawing twice in the same place.

Another correspondent remarks on the same subject of pencil drawings, that he has known washing lightly with milk employed for that purpose; but he doubts whether the richness and delicacy of touch, may not suffer from it.

Mr. James Younie, Theobald's-road, has obtained a patent for certain improvements on the Stove; in which cleanliness, economy, and safety are combined.—This invention lays claim to public notice as well on account of its utility as its neatness. It consists of a fire-guard and fire-extinguisher, which are calculated to prevent those accidents that are every day occurring to children left to themselves, and to ladies' dresses, which are frequently attended with the most excruciating and fatal consequences. The fire-guard, or screen, is easily and instantly drawn out before the grate, and is fastened by a spring that a child cannot release; but when it is not wanted, it falls back with a touch, and is completely concealed. By moving a small

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lever, at the time the screen is pushed back, the bottom of the grate turns on points, and lets out all the fire into an iron drawer, or ash-pit, placed for the purpose at the back of the grate. This box, from its situation, will not admit the least particle of dust or smoke into the room; a small iron chimney rising from the box conveys both into the flue belonging to the apartment. The extra expense of a stove of this kind is said to be from four to five pounds. We recommend the invention to the notice of our readers, leaving them to decide on its merits for themselves.

A correspondent remarks, that, having observed a letter from Dr. Lettsom on the means of taking off impressions of leaves, plants, &c. has announced the following; which, though not so expeditious, is presumed to be more accurate in taking off the most minute veins and fibres. —Take half a sheet of fine wove paper, and oil it well with sweet oil: after it has stood a minute or two, to let it soak through, rub off the superfluous oil with a piece of paper, and let it hang in the air to dry: after the oil is pretty well dried in, take a lighted candle, or lamp, and move the paper slowly over it, in a horizontal direction, so as to touch the flame, till it is perfectly black. When you wish to take off impressions of plants, lay your plant carefully on the oiled paper, and lay a piece of clean paper over it, and rub it with your finger, equally in all parts, for about half a minute: then take up your plant, and be careful not to disturb the order of the leaves, and place it on the book, or paper, on which you wish to have the impression: then cover it with a piece of blotting-paper, and rub it with your finger for a short time, and you will have an impression superior to the finest engraving. The same piece of black paper, will serve to take off a great number of impressions; so that when you have once gone through the process of blacking it, you may make an impression in a very short time.— —The principal excellence of this method is, that the paper receives the impression of the most minute veins and hairs; so that you may take the general character of most flowers, much superior to any engraving. The impressions may afterwards be coloured according to nature.

A Remedy for the Tape-worm.—Common spirits of turpentine have been recently administered by several medical men of the metropolis with great effect in the cure of tape-worm. The doses given were, in some cases, as large as two ounces; but those of half an ounce at a time, repeated twice a day, were generally successful in expelling the whole, or at least the greatest part of the animal at one discharge. This turpentine was generally administered in honey.

Among the most useful of recent discoveries, respecting the medical virtues of carrots, Mr. Richard Walker has demonstrated in the Medical Journal, their extraordinary effect in the cure of sores and ulcers, whether venereal, cancerous, or scrophulous. The method of preparing them is as follows: Being previously scraped and washed, they must be cut into transverse slices and boiled till quite tender, then taken out of the water and beaten in a mortar to a soft pulp. This may either be put on in portions with the hand, and kept on with a cloth and roller, or be spread upon a cloth and laid on like a common poultice. It is best when it is fresh prepared, and should be changed twice a day.

A successful and simple method of preventing what colliers call the *damp*, is said to have been discovered by Mr. John Jones, of Gray's Inn, by slackening a few lumps of fresh lime in the *level*, or *subterraneous* passage, made by the miners in digging out the coal. The experiment was successfully made in the coal mines belonging to Lord Cawdor, at Lanlash, in Carmarthenshire: the carbonic acid gas produced by throwing a few lumps of lime into a little water corrects the air in the works, and makes it more favourable to inhalation and combustion.

America.

By letters recently received from Mr. Mawe, from Rio de Janeiro, we are informed, that he has received permission from the Prince Regent, to travel and make observations in the mining district of the Brazils. He

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has already passed some months in the government of St. Paul, where he discovered a variety of fine clays, fit for making porcelain and other purposes; and is lately returned from the mines of Canto Gallo. The gold mine of Santo Rita is situated between two rocks of sparry lime-stone, a circumstance not before known to exist in that country. These districts, of a country so rich in valuable productions, until now unexplored by any mineralogist, cannot fail to prove highly interesting to the lovers of natural history.

Denmark.

Mr. Wm. Hooker, of Norfolk, has lately returned from Iceland, where, at the instigation of Sir Joseph Banks, he spent the summer in investigating its natural history. He travelled with a retinue of Icelanders, as far up the country as the perennial snow would permit, pitching his tent wherever interesting objects, such as the Geyser fountains, invited. He collected numerous specimens of quadrupeds, birds, insects, plants, and minerals, (especially plants and insects, in which departments, it is said, he made several discoveries); and made many drawings. He likewise purchased many Icelandic books, weapons, dresses, &c. at high prices. We regret to add, that nearly the whole of this gentleman's labours were lost by the disastrous circumstance of the vessel, in which he embarked for London, taking fire, and being burnt to the water's edge. The crew and passengers were saved by another vessel, which providentially hove in sight.

France.

M. Peron, during his late voyage to the South Seas, having collected a great number of that remarkable species of animals, by Linnæus, called *Medusa*, and increased that family to more than 150 species, has informed the National Institute, that "their substance seems to be merely a coagulated water, yet the most pleasant functions of life are exercised in it. Their multiplication is prodigious, yet we know nothing of the peculiar mode in which it is effected. They are capable of attaining several feet in diameter, and the weight of fifty or sixty pounds, yet their nutritive system escapes our eyes. Their movements are rapid and long continued, and have an active species of respiration, which to us appears a mystery. They also appear extremely feeble, yet fish of considerable size form their daily prey, and dissolve in a few minutes in their stomach. Many species of them shine in the night like balls of fire, and some sting or benumb the hand that touches them.—All the *Medusas* have a gelatinous body, nearly resembling the cap of a mushroom, and which has hence been denominated *Umbrella*; but they differ in wanting or having a mouth; in the mouth being simple, or multiplicious; in the presence or absence of a production resembling a pedicle; and in the edges of this pedicle, or of the mouth itself, being furnished with *tentacula* or filaments, more or less numerous." From these characters M. Peron has formed divisions and sub-divisions, under which every possible kind of medium may be arranged. Some of these animals exhibit beautiful colours.

Among the number of curiosities in the department of national history in the National Institute, the fine collection of fossil bones, presented to it by Mr. Jefferson, late President of the United States, forms no inconsiderable part. Several of these were dug up on the banks of the Ohio. The greater number belong to the large animal, improperly called *Mammoth* by the Americans, and to which M. Cuvier gives the name of Mastadonte; but there are likewise some belonging to the genuine Mammoth of the Russians, or the other land animal resembling the Indian elephant, the remains of which are so common in Siberia. Thus it appears, that both these gigantic creatures formerly inhabited the northern part of the globe.

From several experiments made in France, it appears that the yellow beet, when sliced and dried in a kiln, furnishes an excellent substitute for coffee, particularly if ground with a small quantity of Turkey or West India coffee; it also requires much less sugar than the foreign coffee, and is thought to be much stronger. M. Vennen, of Coblentz, who claims this discovery, cautions the users of the beet against stripping the plant of its leaves for feeding cattle, as this not

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only injures the growth of the plant, but materially alters the qualities of the juice.

Germany.

A German chemist has made known the following process for making a beautiful lake:—Take any quantity of cochineal, on which pour twice its weight of alcohol, and as much distilled water. Infuse for some days near a gentle fire, and then filter. To the filtred liquor add a few drops of the solution of tin, and a fine red precipitate will be formed. Continue to add a little solution of tin every two hours, till the whole of the colouring matter is precipitated. Lastly, edulcorate the precipitate by washing it in a large quantity of distilled water, and then dry it.

From the analysis of the fresh leaves of blue wolfs-bane, *aconitum napellus*, cultivated in a garden near Paris, M. Steinacher has found, that this vegetable contains green fecula, an odorant gaseous substance, which he suspects to be virulent; muriate of ammonia, carbonate of lime, and phosphate of lime.

The Jablonowski Society, at Leipzig, has proposed the following prize-questions, for the year 1810:—In history, the origin of cities, and civil economy in Poland: in mathematics, to analyze the various theories, on which, according to Leibnitz, Newton, d'Alembert, la Grange, l'Huilier, and others, the infinitesimal calculus depends; and to determine which of them deserves the preference: in natural philosophy, a comparative consideration of the grounds, for and against admission of peculiar substances in light, heat, electricity, and magnetism.

Dr. Michael Friedlander, of Paris, has presented to the Gymnasium of Berlin, a cabinet of minerals, containing upwards of 200 specimens.

Several German artists have of late turned their attention to the art of painting on glass. Professor Frick, of Berlin, has made great improvements in the burning of pictures in glass, and has recently finished a beautiful painted window for the catholic church in that city. M. Burler, of Urach, in Wirtemberg, also burns colours in glass so exquisitely, that his works are not to be distinguished from the best of the ancients.

The Prince of Colloredo Mansfeld has caused the collection of paintings, by the most eminent Italian masters, left him by his father, to be arranged in his palace at Prague; and directed that, besides the gallery, a convenient apartment should be prepared for such artists as wish to copy any of the pictures or prints.

The new edition of Winckelmann's works, commenced by the late Professor Fernow, of Weimar, will be continued by Professor Meyer, of the same place. All the smaller pieces, originally written in German, together with M. Fernow's observations and additions, occupy the two first volumes, which terminate with the Essay on Allegory. The succeeding volumes will consequently comprehend Winckelmann's grand work, the History of the Arts, and a translation of the *Discorso preliminare* to the *Monumenti antichi inediti*.

M. Geisler, the engraver, of Leipzig, is engaged upon a new botanical work, by the celebrated Pallas. It contains descriptions and delineations of 127 beautiful, and, for the most part, new vegetables, of Russia and Siberia, on one hundred folio plates, and forms an indispensible supplement, or third volume, to the Flora Rossica. The drawings were executed under Pallas's direction, by M. Geisler, the faithful companion of his travels, and the descriptions are from the masterly pen of the former.

Italy.

A literary society, entitled the *Ionic*, has been founded at Corfu, the principal of the so-called Seven Islands, recently ceded by Russia to France. It has already proposed a prize of 600 francs, for the best treatise on the statistics of these islands. The president of the senate of those islands has also offered a prize of the like value, for the best answer to the following question:—"Why do the inhabitants of the Ionian islands, though not deficient in talents, occupy themselves only with frivolous and unimportant objects? and by what means may their genius and attention be drawn to things of higher consequence?

The following account of the pre-

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ent state of Naples was given by a gentleman who has resided there since he French have been in possession of t. "Naples at present appears like beautiful female in stubborn hoops; t must, however, be confessed, that etter order is preserved now than ormerly. At night the streets are well lighted, and in the *strada* street of Toledo, one of the most beautiful n the city, which was once like a perpetual fair, you may now walk or ride, *comme il faut*, at ease and without interruption, the market-people being ordered to new and regular market-places.

The abundance of vegetables which now come to market is truly astonishing; they are plentiful all the year, particularly from March to December. The French, who prize their dear Paris, and its environs beyond all other places, however confess that there is only *one Naples*. Yet in this most luxuriant region, a degree of poverty may be observed, perhaps unequalled in any other European country; but it is in private, where real distress reigns attended by want.—Much of it is owing to the secularization of the convents and monasteries where the lowest poor used to receive their soups and dinners. With regard to the nobility, the greater part of them borne down by the weight of taxes and contributions, and no longer able (as they were under the old government), to reimburse themselves, they are wretchedly in debt, and many of them cannot conceal the evidence of the most deplorable poverty. On the other hand, as is generally the case in all revolutions, several of the lower classes have risen to opulence, and loll in their coaches, while others hitherto accustomed to ride, are at present obliged to move very humbly on foot.

The Neapolitans have certainly been reduced to a better state of order than formerly; the great advantages which have been derived from the present government, must be allowed by every person who gives credit to the official reports; according to which, the number of robberies has diminished one third, and of murders two thirds, since the occupation of the country by the French.

The attachment of the Neapolitans to their former government is peculiarly striking; though they openly acknowledge its numerous imperfections; though the taxes increased every year; though the personal expenses of their sovereign were *enormous* and *oppressive*, and though the *wickedness of the government* was not only *conspicuous* but *notorious*; and yet with one exception, no where could there exist less *apprehension* of an *approaching revolution* than at Naples!!

In the year 1805, when Bonaparte had evacuated Tarento, and withdrawn his troops, the unanimous prayer of the people, as if animated by one voice and spirit, was "that it might please God to moderate the passions of the Queen." And yet after the consequences of a renewal of the war with France, had justified their apprehensions, and they knew themselves to have been the victims of a mistaken policy, they would, had there been the least prospect of success, still have continued their exertions in favour of their old government!

All the excesses which formerly prevailed at Naples, were the natural consequences of a bad government, and a defective police; for had a different system been adopted, the people would have been managed with little or no difficulty; for in comparing them with their neighbours, in all his misery the Neapolitan will not yield to despair; there always remains an energetic spark in him which glows in secret, and often suddenly revives into a flame when it seems entirely extinguished, like the vegetative power in the vine branch after it has been stripped of its leaf. Very often you behold him reduced to the utmost want, yet supporting all his privations with a dignity which claims respect. Even on observing the miserable wretches, formerly called *Lazzaroni*, you would be induced to suppose they had never experienced any difficulties or disasters, so proudly and with such indifference did they seem to regard the world and their own existence.

Russia.

The Imperial Academy at Petersburgh has proposed the following prize subject for 1810:—"To improve

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the theory of Sluices, and thence to deduce rules for constructing these important works in the most advantageous manner; so that they may be used with all possible security and speed, be attended with as little expense as may be for their construction and keeping in repair, and incur no waste of the water required for the passage of loaded vessels more than is absolutely necessary."

Another premium for 1811, is "To give a complete comparative chronology, and if possible corrected and verified, of the Byzantine authors, from the foundation of the city of Constantinople till its conquest by the Turks."

The prize for each is 100 Holland ducats, (465*l.*) and the answers must be sent before the first of July in each year.

Sweden.

The loss of territory and population sustained by Sweden in the present war, is thus stated in the foreign Journals:—Wismar six square miles, and 11,200 inhabitants; Pomerania and Rugen, 70 square miles, and 70,000 inhabitants; Finland 8500 square miles, and 700,000 inhabitants. Total 8756 square miles, and 781,000 inhabitants, or, in other words, one-fourth of her whole territory, and one-sixth of her population.

MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

SIR JOHN DINELY, Bart. whose death we announced in page 421 of our last, was a character so truly eccentric, that we cannot convey a more striking idea of him, than by quoting a writer well acquainted with the circumstances of his life previous to his late demise.

"A number of persons," he observes, "forming their judgment from various circumstances, which they have heard of this truly eccentric character, have imagined that this gentleman's title to the distinction of knighthood, is no better founded than those of the late Sir Jeffery Dunstan, or Sir J. Harper; but this is a mistake of the grossest kind, as we shall shew in the course of this sketch. Sir John Dinely is actually of a very ancient and honourable family, the particulars of which we reserve till we have recorded the more remarkable history of his later years. Sir John having run through his portion of the family entailments, for nearly twenty years past, at least as far as reports and advertisements in the papers will vouch, has been a most chivalrous knight among the ladies. He has not only been incessantly advertising for a wife since the period just mentioned; but even within the last five years, since he was made one of the poor Knights of Windsor, he has never ceased soliciting the hand of some favorite fair, blessed with fortune as well as beauty. Report says, that Sir John once obtained a wife, in consequence of one of his newspaper notices; but of the events attached to this acquisition, we shall be silent here.

"Since Sir John's residence at Windsor, as one of the poor knights, he has no settled residence in town: but when he receives his quarterage or fees, we are informed he posts away to London, and makes his appearance at some public place, under the flattering idea that some lady of fortune may fall in love, either with his person or his title.—And hence, in advertising for a wife, the principal object which he professes to have in view, is to be enabled with that fortune to prosecute his suit for the recovery of his vast estates. Whether Sir John has any legal pretensions; or why he was not able to keep quiet possession of those estates, is not apparent from any account he has given.

"Sir John, as we are told, was for a number of years past, such a scrupulous martyr to Platonic gallantry, that to shew the ladies that he lived quite alone, disengaged and unconnected, he even chose to dispense with the attendance of a servant-maid. Accordingly, in pursuance of that disposition, since he has been a poor knight, he is still as solitary as before, being intirely without companion or domestic. Partly through this partial seclusion when at home, Sir John is uncommonly loquacious when abroad. His conversation also, is overcharged

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with egotisms, and such a mixture of repartee and evasion, as to excite doubts in the minds of superficial observers, as to the reality of his character or abilities. With respect to his exterior, it is really laughable to observe him when he is known to be going to some public place to exhibit his person. He is then decked out in his second-hand finery, viz. a velvet embroidered waistcoat, satin breeches, silk stockings, and a full bottomed wig. On these occasions, not a little inflated with family pride, he seems to imagine himself as great as any lordling: but on the day following, he may be seen slowly pacing from the chandler's shop near his country retreat, with a penny loaf in one pocket; a morsel of butter, a quartern of sugar, and a three farthing candle in the other. Sir John is still in the habit of receiving epistles in answer to his advertisements, and several whimsical interviews, and ludicrous adventures have occurred in consequence. He has more than once paid his devoirs to one of his own sex dressed as a fine lady. At other times, when he has expected to see his fair enamorato at a window, he has been rudely saluted with the contents of the Jordan. But none of these things have been able to allay the fervor of his passion, as may be seen by perusing the *Reading Mercury*, only of a few weeks past, where his recent advertisements for a wife, appear dictated with the same warmth, and under the very same extravagant ideas which distinguished Sir John, at a period when the hey-day of his blood must have beaten considerably higher than at present.

"Sir John, we are told, once practised physic, but in many respects, the *Medice curate ipsum* could never be retorted with more propriety, than upon him. Books of the medicinal art, however, are still purchased by Sir John, when he attends sales, &c. It is still a habit with him, to attend twice or thrice a year at Vauxhall and the theatres, according to appointment, by advertisement in the most fashionable daily papers. At Vauxhall, he parades the most conspicuous parts, and at the theatre, he is to be found in the front row of the pit; and whenever it is known that he is to be there, the house, especially by the females, is sure to be well attended. When in town, Sir John always makes it a point to attend the different auctions, to which he is particularly attached; but if he buys a catalogue, he is always sure to make a purchase to the value of a shilling to cover the expense. Lord Fitzwilliam, it is said, is among the number of Sir John's benefactors, as he makes him an allowance of ten pounds per annum. Of late, Sir John has added a piece of stay-tape to his wig, which attaches on the other side, passing under his chin; from this circumstance, some persons might infer that he is rather chop-fallen; an inference by no means fair, if we still consider the gay complexion of his advertisements and addresses to the ladies.

"We have before spoken of the dignity of Sir John's descent; the following particulars are well attested. The family of Dinely continued to flourish in great repute, in the county of Worcester, till the present century, when it expired at Charlton, in the person of Sir Edward Dinely, Knt. sometime Justice of Peace and Deputy-Lieutenant for this county; who, by Frances his wife, daughter of Lewis Watson, Lord Rockingham, left an only surviving daughter, Eleanor, his heir; who was married to Edward Goodyere, of Burghope, in Herefordshire, Esq.; which Edward was created a Baronet, 5th December 1707, sixth of Anne, and was member in several parliaments for the Borough of Evesham, and sometime Knight of the Shire for the county of Hereford. He died at a great age, 29th March 1789, and was succeeded by Sir John Dinely Goodyere, Bart. his eldest son; which Sir John Dinely Goodyere, of Charlton, Bart. assumed the name of Dinely, in respect of the large estate he inherits from his mother. He was the last of the family who enjoyed it, for having lived upon bad terms with his younger brother, Samuel Dinely Goodyere, Captain of the Ruby man of war, and threatening to disinherit him in favor of his sister's son, John Foote, of Truro, in Cornwall, Esq.; it so alarmed and disgusted the said Samuel Goodyere, that he came to the bloody resolution of murdering

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his brother, which he executed on the 17th of January 1741.

"But, to return to Sir John, who has no ideas of slaughter, excepting that of ladies' hearts; it is probable he will still persist in discharging the shafts of Cupid, as long as he continues to breathe. His application to the ladies of Great Britain, it should be observed, are addressed both to *young* and *old*. Those who object to his age, he treats as envious revilers; and as to their saying that he is upwards of 59 years of age, referring to his portrait, or his person, he challenges them to believe it *if they* can.

"Sir John Dinely lives at Windsor, in one of the habitations appropriated to reduced gentlemen of his description; and in one of the many advertisements imputed to him, he is supposed to expect that the numerous candidates for his hand, would present themselves individually, or in a body before his residence. His fortune (if he could recover it) he estimates at 300,000*l*. The woe-begone widow, whose weeds, he conceives, are insupportable, he invites to his arms, to be relieved of her burden; as well as the blooming miss of sixteen, to whom he supposes the restrictions of a boarding-school are quite intolerable; and these he has addressed in printed documents that bear his own warrant and signature; and in which he enumerates, like a judicious dealer, the sums the ladies must possess, who are candidates for his hand.

"Here it is remarkable, that the younger they are, the less property is required; while with age and widowhood, the demands of Sir John increase in due proportion; and though he modestly asserts, that few ladies will be eligible with less than a thousand a year, he is persuaded that these sums are mere trifles compared with his *high birth* and *noble descent*, for the proof of which, he is fond of referring every inquirer to Nash's History of Worcestershire. To conclude, that our readers may not suppose that we are trifling with their credulity, in the delineation of this extraordinary character, and as our limits will not admit of more, we shall content ourselves with reprinting two only, of Sir John's fruitless advertisements *for a wife*; though notwithstanding the reluctance of the ladies, we are well warranted in saying of this Knight,

Take him for all in all,
They ne'er may look upon his like again.

"*For a Wife.*

"As the prospect of my marriage has much increased lately, I am determined to take the best means to discover the lady most liberal in her esteem, by giving her fourteen days more to make her quickest steps towards matrimony, from the date of this paper until eleven o'clock the next morning; and, as the contest evidently will be superb, honourable, sacred, and lawfully affectionate, pray do not let false delicacy interrupt you in this divine race for my eternal love, and an infant Baronet. For 'tis evident I'm sufficiently young enough for you.

"An eminent attorney here is lately returned from a view of my very superb gates before my capital house, built in the form of the Queen's house. I have ordered him, or the next eminent attorney here, who can satisfy you of my possession in my estate, and every desirable particular concerning it, to make you the most liberal settlement you can desire, to the vast extent of 300,000*l*. Where is your dutiful parents, brothers, or sisters, that has handed you to my open arms? Venus indeed with her bow and quiver did clasp me in her arms at the late masquerade; but give me the charming Venus who is liberal enough to name the time and place for our marriage, as I am so much at your ladyship's command.

"JOHN DINELY.

Windsor Castle, June 9th, 1801.

"For your rank above half the kingdom fly,
What's two hundred pounds with an amorous eye?
I'm fam'd for looks of good-nature and sense;—
Detect then all envy's impertinence.
Your first step with my fair plan must agree,
By sending your qualifi'd line to me,
A beautiful page shall carefully hold
Your Ladyship's train surrounded with gold!"

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n advertisement from the *Reading* cury, May 24, 1802:—

Miss in her Teens! Let not this ed offer escape your eye. I now all qualified ladies, marriageable, hocolate at my house every day at r own hour. With tears in my , I must tell you that sound reason mands me to give you but one ith's notice before I part with my nce of an infant baronet for ever; you may readily hear that three ows and old maids, all aged above , near my door, are now pulling for me. Pray, my young char- s, give me a fair hearing. Do let your avaricious guardians ht you with a false account of a forfeiture; but let the great Sewel and Rivet's opinions convince you to the contrary, and that I am now in legal possession of these estates, and with the spirit of an heroine command my three hundred thousand pounds, and rank above half the ladies in our imperial kingdom. By your ladyship's direction of a favourable line to me, Sir John Dinely, Baronet, at my house in Windsor Castle, your attorney will satisfy you, that if I live but a month, eleven thousand a year will be your ladyship's for ever."

Poor Sir John, we have only to add, did not succeed with any of these inexorable fair ones, but died, as he had lived, an *unique*.

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

YCEUM THEATRE, STRAND.

THE new farce of *Not at Home*, in two acts, of which the following outline, continues to attract the ition of the public. The characare as follow:—

ell, (formerly a ke, now married to fine woman) - -	*Mr. Melvin.*
atre (Lovell's friend)	*Mr. Mathews.*
alban, (a student at ambridge) - -	*Mr. De Camp.*
Sedley, (a profess- libertine) - -	*Mr. Holland.*
rton, (Lord Sed- y's servant) - -	*Mr. Palmer.*
Lovell - - -	*Mrs. Orger.*
ly Melvil - - -	*Mrs. Mathews.*
tha - - - - -	*Miss Tidswell.*

able.—Lovell, a man perfectly ed in what is termed fashionable who holds every woman to be at t a rake, and who scrupled not to leap every barrier to his desires, t length married a beautiful wo- whom he could obtain on no r terms than marriage, a sacrifice passions compel him to make.— company of libertines, and his conscience, soon create jealousy is mind: still enamoured with his , he resolves to seclude himself the company of men—but that being altogether possible, he re- s to see none that are not extremely ordinary; his very servants and tradesmen are chosen by their ugliness, and the only person he admits freely into his house is an ugly fellow of the name of Spectre. Mrs. Lovell, a sensible as well as beautiful woman, perceives his weakness, and resolves to cure him of it. She pretends that habit changes taste, that her ugly servants have all become pleasing to her, and Spectre even rather handsome.—Spectre, a vain fellow, thinks it necessary to hide the degree of beauty he imagines he possesses, by a dress which he can alter either into a becoming or unbecoming one. Lovell, by his wife's contrivance, detects him making love to her, and kicks him out of his house.

The action of these scenes is engrafted on a short tale:—Lord Sedley, a determined libertine, in order to compel Miss Melvil to throw herself into his arms, contrives to effect the ruin of her character by slander, which Fitzalban, a handsome young man, discovers and exposes. Miss Melvil is restored to fame, and Lord Sedley disgraced. Fitzalban, in the means he takes, forces himself into Lovell's house, where a scene is produced that renews Lovell's jealousy, after it was nearly conquered by Mrs. Lovell's conduct. However, Lovell is at length convinced, by the honourable conduct of Fitzalban, and Mrs. Lovell's ingenuous mind, that there may be honourable men and virtuous

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women, and determines to lay aside his doubts for ever.

This little drama, since reduced to one act, abounds with vivacity and pleasing equivoque, besides inculcating a lesson very interesting in married life. It promises to become attractive.

——

A new comedy, in five acts, called *Sudden Arrivals, or Too Busy by Half*, from the pen of Mr. Cobb, was, Dec. 19th, performed at this theatre. The characters are as follow:—

Old Transient	*Mr. Dowton*
George Transient	*Mr. Mathews*
Holford	*Mr. Wroughton*
Major Torringham	*Mr. Raymond*
Harry Torringham	*Mr. Wrench*
Lord John Bauble	*Mr. Palmer*
Patrick Ballymony	*Mr. Johnstone*
Pendalum	*Mr. Penson*
Von Black	*Mr. Wewitzer*
John	*Mr. Oxberry*
Waiter	*Mr. Knight*
Countess de Rosalva	*Mrs. Edwin*
Amelia	*Miss Ray*
Patty M'Claverty	*Mrs. Sparks.*

Plot.—Seven years before the commencement of the play, in consequence of a blow, Holford is said to have been called out by Major Torringham, while in Hamburgh. A duel took place, in which the Major fell, and Holford was, in consequence, obliged to consult his safety by flight. Tortured by the keenest remorse, he incessantly mourns his lost friend, and endeavours to reconcile himself to life by supporting the Major's children, and preventing their feeling the want of the parent of whom they had thus been deprived. For this purpose he intrusts large sums to the care of old Transient, who applies those sums to his own use. The arrival of Holford in England renders it necessary to the concealing of his embezzlements for him to get the son and daughter of Major Torringham out of the way. In effecting this, he procures a commission for Harry Torringham, which forces him immediately to leave the country. On the day of his intended departure, which is rendered the more distressing by an hopeless passion for the Countess de Rosalva, whose life he had saved, Harry is tempted to try his fortune at the gaming-table. His losses render him desperate, and he is about to go on the highway, when he is called to assist Holford, who had been attacked by robbers. He rescues his unknown benefactor, who relieves his distresses, and in consequence of this rencontre, discovers the fraudulent practices of old Transient, who is subsequently compelled to resign his ill-gotten wealth. Major Torringham, who was not dead, as was supposed, returns, and again challenges Holford for the indignity he had formerly called him to an account for. A second duel is on the eve of taking place, when the Countess de Rosalva interposes, and in consequence the duellists are reconciled, and the fair mediator gives her hand to Harry Torringham, while George Transient, a rattling, generous young fellow, obtains that of Amelia, the Major's daughter. As a sort of episode, the loves of Patrick Ballymony and Patty M'Claverty are introduced, and some ludicrous scenes arise out of a mistake of the Irishman's, who fancies that he has inspired the Countess with sentiments of affection for him.

This piece, though boasting little originality in plot, in character, or in sentiment, possesses considerable merit, and in many parts affords great scope for the exertions of the performers. It has, however, many blemishes, and it contains inconsistencies which cannot be reconciled.

The piece was well received, and the audience generally appeared much entertained. Some few hisses were heard, but they were never loud, and upon the whole, we think the piece, when curtailed and altered in some parts, will amuse the town for some time. It was well acted throughout. Dowton, Wroughton, Mathews, and Johnstone, were particularly distinguished. Mr. Wrench, though in a part not well adapted to his talents, acquitted himself in a very creditable manner; and Mrs. Edwin and Miss Ray merited the best thanks of the author.

A Prologue, decrying false honour, was tolerably well spoken by Mr. Eyre; and an Epilogue, which, from its turning on the conjectures excited by the title of the play, bore a strong family likeness to the Prologue to the "*First Floor*," of the same author, was admirably delivered by Mrs. Edwin.

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STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

PEACE is at last restored in the theatre. After a long scene of confusion the servants of the public made overtures, which were accepted; and they are now permitted to renew their efforts to please without interruption The steps which led to this determination are of a curious nature, and in foreign countries will wear the appearance of fiction rather than of real life. It will scarcely be believed on the other side of the water, that for sixty nights the actors should strut and fret their hours upon the stage, whilst not a word they uttered was heard by the audience. It will scarcely be believed, that so extraordinary a contest should have been of so long duration, and that it should have ceased, not by the interference of judicial authority, or of the executive power, but by the evident apprehension of total ruin to those who were concerned in the profits of the theatre.

The last month ended with symptoms of implacable animosity on both sides. The O. P.'s made the theatre resound every night with their clamours and their dances, and seldom a night passed without some of them being seized, frequently with very great violence, dragged before the tribunal under the name of the police magistrates, who duly attended every night at their office to receive complaints from the theatre, and the accused were obliged to find bail, often a very difficult task, or were committed to Tothill Fields prison. Among them we have mentioned, that a learned barrister was seized, who was not, however, compelled to find bail, nor was he committed to prison. The eyes of the public were therefore fixed upon him, and it was evident that the question would, in some shape or other, be soon brought before a higher tribunal.

This was accordingly done, and the campaign was opened by the Attorney-General. In a very long speech, and entirely *suo more*, he brought a charge of a conspiracy against the barrister and certain others, to interrupt the managers in their regular concerns, and this charge was backed by the affidavits of a principal actor and manager, and of the boxkeeper and other persons. These affidavits stated certain riots to have taken place at the theatre, declared the above-mentioned persons to have been concerned in them at various times, and charged them with having conspired together to breed a riot. Upon the ground of these affidavits, Mr. Attorney-General prayed for a rule to shew cause why a criminal information should not be entered into against the parties, supposed to be conspirators; and the Chief Justice granted the rule. In objection to this rule nothing was advanced by the barrister and his friends, who, very properly, reserved their cause to be decided by proper judges, a jury of their countrymen. The trial could not take place till a distant day; and, as the cause is not to be brought forward, we cannot anticipate the barrister's defence, but we have not the least doubt that he would have been completely triumphant: for if the *ex-parte* evidence gave not the slightest presumption of a conspiracy, we apprehend that no argument of the Attorney-General could have convinced the most ignorant jury, that ever sat in a court, that such a conspiracy existed.

The terrors of the law might be supposed to have made an impression on the O. P.'s, and perhaps it did for a night or two; but the battle was renewed with greater fury than ever, and the theatre resounded in a few days with the triumphant shouts for a decisive victory obtained by the learned barrister. He was now, in his turn, the assailant, and brought his action against Brandon the boxkeeper for an assault and for false imprisonment. The defence set up was the riot in the theatre, and the part which the barrister was asserted to have taken in it. The speech of the Judge, as reported in the papers, was that of an advocate; but the jury found a verdict for the barrister, and the boxkeeper was condemned to a penalty of five pounds, with costs of suit. The concourse at this trial was immense, and the shouts of the company re-echoed through Westminster Hall. The Judge questioned the foreman on the verdict, who asserted the unanimity of the

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jury on the assault, and some difference of opinion on the O. P. worn in the hat, which was thought by a great majority to be too trifling a matter to be construed into a riot. The effect of this trial was to give vigour to the O. P.'s, and to excite a dread in the managers, that they might meet with equal ill success in all their prosecutions, and particularly that they might be baffled in the grand cause of a conspiracy.

The difficulty now was for the managers to find an opening for a reconciliation with the public: and they seized with eagerness an opportunity which presented itself of offering terms of peace. In consequence of the prosecutions entered into by the managers, a very large subscription was raised to defend the prosecuted; and with a view to consider their case, and the farther steps to be taken to repress the insolence of the managers and their servants, a dinner was advertised to be at the Crown and Anchor, at which the name of the learned barrister was announced as president. A numerous company assembled upon the occasion: but it was soon whispered about that terms of accommodation had been proposed, and the chairman announced that Mr. Kemble himself would make his appearance, if it was thought agreeable to the company. In consequence he was admitted: sorrow was expressed for the unfortunate state of public affairs, and the concessions on the part of the managers were read. These were, that the price of the pit should remain on its ancient footing, that the private boxes should be laid open after this season, and that all prosecutions should be dropped. The secret articles were, that the managers should come forward and make their apologies, and that the whole should be ratified at the theatre. It was not to be expected, that the whole could be settled without some little turbulence in the theatre, to which the company went to spread abroad the state of the negociation. John Bull was soon pacified, till the unfortunate boxkeeper made his appearance, and his conduct was not so easily passed over. His dismission was loudly called for; and a night or two after, it was announced that he had fallen a sacrifice to popular indignation, and was no longer a servant of the theatre.

Thus ended the agitation which had so long disturbed the public mind, and without the farther interference of law, which would only have made matters worse, and destroyed entirely the hopes of future profit in the theatre. The whole transaction, however, requires farther discussion. —It is certain, that many persons have been severely treated, and that very great bail has been required on one side, and that the outrages, committed on the other, were scarcely noticed. With respect to the managers and the audience, the questions concerning them may be settled as they please; but as far as the public peace has been concerned, the public has a right to interfere. To them it is of consequence to know in what manner the magistracy has conducted itself upon this occasion; and here is ample scope for animadversion. If boxers and bruisers have been admitted into the pit; if no notice was taken of their outrages; if, to be an O. P. without violence, was in the eyes of magistracy worse than to be an N. P. committing acts of disorder; if excessive bail has been taken; if imprisonment has followed upon very trifling occasions, it is time that personal liberty should be secured upon better foundations, and that equal justice should be better administered. An enquiry into the state of the police of Westminster may justly follow that into the disasters of our late campaigns.

Another circumstance, attending this extraordinary contest, deserves consideration. The term mob was continually applied by the manager's party to those who opposed their measures; but the fact is, that the mob, according to the usual tenor of that term, had little to do with the business. The active parties in it were chiefly to be found in those classes who frequent the pit and boxes; and if the players denominate them a mob, their audience is reduced very much in respectability, and the value of their acting is proportionably very much depreciated. The actors who perform before a mob, have very little need of talents, and will never rise to eminence in their profession. But

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s term of mob is too apt to be used persons, who form a very small rt of the community: and it was a and distinction of this nation, that it ssessed so large and so valuable a dy in the middle classes, as prevent- l that insolence in the higher, and e servility in the lower ranks, which egrade the countries upon the conti- ent. On this account we objected, ery strongly, to the private boxes; to ne separation of a British audience nto peculiar classes, which would ave encouraged, in the privateers, a pirit very hurtful to themselves, and n its effects degrading to the rest of he audience. But, if the opposition o the managers is to be stigmatised by he name of mobbing, let it be re- ollected, that this mob, during sixty nights, was distinguished by this remarkable feature, that the theatre received as little injury as possible, it being confined almost entirely to the wear and tear of the green cloth upon the seats: not a single chandelier was broken, and their marks of disapprobation were confined to those which occasionally accompany the performance of a new play. But, as the peace is now restored, let us hope that the managers will have derived a useful lesson from it; and that proper pains will, in future, be taken to make our theatres such, that no father of a family will be afraid of placing his daughters in any of the boxes, whether public or private.

Whilst the theatre afforded such subjects for the animadversion of the public, its attention was called to much more important matter in the discussions of the city of London, both in its common council and its common hall. In the former a motion was made for an address to the king, for an enquiry into the causes of the disgraces attending our late military expeditions, and for reprobation of the intrigues that had taken place in his Majesty's councils. This address was supported, with great energy and eloquence, by Mr. Waithman, and all sides spoke with approbation of an enquiry: but the courtiers were for deferring it to the parliament, and objected to the language of the address, as not sufficiently respectful to the king. A larger body of aldermen attended than had been seen in the common council for many years, and on the division it appeared, that the address was carried by a majority of one. This majority was evidently sufficient; but a requisition was carried to the Lord Mayor, to summon another court to reconsider the proceedings of the last, and the strength of the parties was brought to another issue. It does the Lord Mayor great credit, that, though he was for the address, he consented to this meeting, and a larger body assembled. The opposers of the address laid their stress on the impropriety of some of the language, and produced another, which was equally strong as to the main point, the enquiry. One of the aldermen, Sir C. Price, who was against any address at all, observed with great propriety, that the question on an address had been fairly brought before them, that it was voted, and that a majority of one was as valid as that of one hundred. It was a bad precedent thus to debate, over again, a question once settled, and particularly as it might lead to the inconsistency of not knowing at what time they were to stop. The question was, however, after much debating, brought to a vote, and an address, differing in some expressions from the last, was carried. This occasioned a requisition to the Lord Mayor for another meeting, which was granted; and, after some debating, the previous question was moved and carried, and consequently the second address was established.

In the mean time a meeting of the common hall had taken place, after the usual forms of a requisition, to take into consideration an address to the king. For this it had been well prepared by various meetings of ward-motes, where thanks had been voted to those members of the common council who had supported the original address, and this address was brought forward in the common hall. Mr. Favell, who has always been a steady, firm, and conscientious opposer of the system of venality and corruption, introduced the question, which he supported in a very able speech, detailing the injuries to the country from the disgraceful expeditions, and the still more disgraceful intrigues of the cabinet.—Mr. Waith-

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man and Mr. Quin on the same side were listened to with the greatest attention and applause, but the opposers of the motion, particularly one of the sheriffs, met with a very different reception. The applause bestowed on the Lord Mayor was unbounded; and on the question being put for the address, there was scarcely to be seen a hand held up against it. The Sheriff, who opposed it, came now very handsomely forward to declare his concurrence in every thing that his colleague had said on the mode of presenting the address, declaring, that whatever his prior opinions had been, yet after the decision of the question no one should be found more zealous than himself in the support of the rights of the city.

The address voted by the common council was carried up in grand style by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commoners to the King, who held his court on that day at the queen's house. The answer excited no small surprise. The enquiry was positively denied, and the propriety of one was left to the determination of parliament. Not a single word was said of the intrigues of the cabinet, and a singular expression was used on the enquiry, as it was said, that such enquiry into the conduct of the commanders, whether naval or military, was not thought necessary. This was the first time that our naval commanders were introduced in the question; for in all the debates not the least insinuation was thrown out against them; not a doubt was ever entertained of their exemplary conduct. As far as the navy was concerned, every thing was done that valour and skill could perform; and to the navy it was entirely owing, that Flushing so soon surrendered. Whatever than may be the merits or demerits of the expedition; whether the minister or the general; each or both were to blame, we felt exceedingly that our naval commanders should in the slightest degree be joined with either; much less that this union should be in a speech from the throne.

Another expression excited much enquiry; the regret that the expedition had only in part succeeded, for it puzzled every reader to know in what part it had had this effect. It had not produced any upon Bonaparte or his army, not a man had been drawn from any spot of military enterprise to oppose it. We had indeed taken one or two islands, where there was little or no force to resist us; but the capture was purchased at an immense expenditure of life and treasure. At the very moment the king was uttering this speech, the sad remains of his unfortunate army were crossing the seas from Flushing, and the monuments of this disastrous and disgraceful expedition remained in the ruins of walls, which we had erected, and in the graves of the English. The effect of this answer upon the common council remains to be known; it will be reported and entered on the minutes, and probably give rise to considerable discussion.

But the metropolis was not the only place agitated: the death of the Duke of Portland excited a commotion at Oxford; and, when we say in Oxford University, it is felt all over England, and in some degree over the whole kingdom. The members of this learned body are very widely dispersed: not a quarter of them reside within the precincts of the University. The post of Chancellor is of great dignity, and is never conferred but upon men of very high rank, or of considerable importance in the state. Three candidates started upon this occasion. The Duke of Beaufort, depending chiefly on his birth; the Lord High Chancellor of England depending upon his present station; and Lord Grenville on the remembrance of past, and the presumption of future importance. The contest lay between the two latter; of whom the former was supported by all the influence of the ministry, and the latter by all the opposition. In point of personal dignity, elevation of sentiment, and literary attainments Lord Grenville was far superior. Lord Eldon, the Lord High Chancellor, raised himself on the talents requisite to form a lawyer; talents, which too generally preclude the possessor from any excellence in polite literature; and from those extensive views of human affairs, which become a statesman. But the Lord Chancellor had on his side not only the present influence of the administration, but a hue and cry which might be expected to

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e decisive in his favour. The alarm f No Popery was raised, and he as esteemed an enemy to the Church, ho could give his vote for the supporter of the Catholic Petition. On is account the election excited a reat degree of public attention. The ecision of the University was a kind f political barometer, whence might e ascertained the presumed stability f the administration, and the real effect roduced by the alarm of No Popery. ad the latter been founded on any al fears of popery, the clergy of xford must have participated in the ghest degree in the alarm. Nothing as wanting to give effect to the cry; it the bug-bear was over; it was cometely seen through, and perhaps not y even of the old women in the niversity were affected by it. On e poll the Duke was the lowest, ord Grenville the highest. The ord Chancellor lost his election by irteen. This is, we will hope, the ath-blow to superstition and bigotry. is an important feature in the hisry of our times, and as such we look on the elevation of Lord Grenville to e superintendance of Oxford, as an spicious event. May it be followed a complete emancipation of the tholics; and the union of all men, hatever may be their religious opions, in the common cause of their vil rights and their country's liberty.

The Duke of York and the Duellists pplied matter for conversation, the rmer from his connection with the happy woman, who was now inlved in law-suits with Mr. Wardle, d in the detail of the prosecutions any circumstances relative to the portant case of last winter, would turally be revived. One of them ceived such a degree of establishent, that we can no longer doubt of e fact, namely that the woman reived ten thousand pounds for the ppression of the memoirs of her e, which were asserted to have been id her by a noble peer; and in is transaction, if the money did not me out of the public funds, we do t see, that the public had any conrn. The petty scandal, with which is said to have been filled, might rly in a curious age be worth the n: but, if it contains the anecdotes a high family incautiously uttered, as they have been represented to us, we do not in the least regret, that they have been kept back from public inspection. In the law-suits Mr. Wardle has been a loser, for a verdict has been obtained against him for the amount of certain goods, which he is said to have ordered at an upholsterer's, for the use of Mrs. Clarke, and he has failed to obtain a verdict against her and the upholsterer for a conspiracy to defraud him of the money. Far be it from us to arraign the verdict of the jury, but we may be allowed to pay considerable deference to the statements of Mr. Wardle; and the difficulties belonging to a case of this kind, in a court of law, are too well known to require comment. But we are surprised to hear, that the decision should be considered as a kind of set-off against that of the public in the case of the Duke of York. The latter remains exactly in the same state, in which it was before; and we are not inclined to detract one atom from our debt of gratitude to Mr. Wardle for his exertions in the public cause, because he is a sufferer in his private concerns. He is still entitled to the thanks of the community; and we trust will, in spite of his enemies, and the enemies of the public, continue to exert himself as an independent member of the House. A very liberal subscription has been raised to defray the expences of his suits at law, and the verdicts obtained against him.

The subject of the duellists has been kept up by the letter of Mr. Canning, in which he attempts a vindication of himself, but without success: for he does not in any shape invalidate the charge of keeping a fair outside with his colleague at the same time he was plotting against his interests. The style of the letter is very different from that in which the author in general indulges in his speeches in parliament and his other writings. Throughout, a consciousness of his offence seems to weigh him down: we recognize no longer in him the spirit of the Microcosm, and which he has exchanged for the dry detail of a special pleader.

The scenes in France are of a very different nature. There the heroic Emperor has been indulging in the festivities of a court, graced with the

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presence of kings and sovereign princes, or receiving addresses from all parts of his vast empire, or meeting his states, or visiting his good city of Paris. By this city he was one day entertained in the Guildhall, and to it he carried a great assemblage of kings, princes, dukes, and generals. We may easily imagine the rapturous enthusiasm, with which he was received: for, whatever terms of reproach we, his enemies, may be justified in attaching to his name, it is certain, that France and above all Paris must look up to him as their great benefactor. Previous to the dinner he was addressed by the city, and he returned an answer full of affection, and we have every reason to believe with sincerity; for the fruits of his victories he has brought to Paris, and his constant endeavours have been and are to make it the most magnificent city in the world.

In his speech at the meeting of the states, he entered into a review of the causes and the consequences of the late war; prognosticated the speedy fall of the Spanish junta, dwelt with some degree of severity on our follies at Walchgren, and march to Talavera, and concluded with an assurance to his subjects, that notwithstanding the wars, in which he was engaged, no farther burdens would be laid upon them. The truth of his prognostications relative to Spain will soon be tried, for by all accounts his troops are marching in great multitudes into that unhappy country, and the hero himself will probably join them, as soon as the number fixed on for the accomplishment of his purposes is on the southern side of the Pyrenees. Neither his diversions nor his preparations prevent him from examining the minutest concerns. Already the enquiry he instituted into the conduct of his general at Flushing is finished, and this commander is found guilty of not maintaining his post agreeably to their articles of war; and of disobeying the orders he received relative to its mode of defence.

From Spain the news is of a most melancholy nature. The Spanish army, that was advancing towards Madrid, has met with a complete defeat. Their ill success is attributed to the misconduct of the horse, who not only ran away from their post, but left the foot to shift for themselves, so that the army was completely routed and dispersed. This will probably secure the Gallo-Spanish king from any farther interruption from the South of Spain, and in his turn he will soon be the assailant, acting under the orders of his brother the emperor. As to the English army under the command of Lord Wellington of Talavera, little is heard of it. The retreat into Portugal is secured, and there it will probably pass the winter. Our influence in that country is very extensive at present, and the Portuguese will not change masters before the conquest of Spain is completed.

Russia is securing its acquisitions in Finland and Poland, and making new ones to the South of the Danube. Its success in the latter quarter is not however well ascertained, and we know not the troops which the Turks can bring into the field to defend their metropolis. This winter will prove very interesting to that part of the world. We have secured some islands to the West of Greece, and may for a time prevent the French interest from being paramount in that quarter: but the Turkish empire thus beset will not easily find means to defend itself.

From the western world our intelligence is unfavourable. A misunderstanding it seems has taken place between our minister and the administration of the United States of so serious a nature, as must retard the progress of negotiation, and in its final results may lead to an unhappy termination of the subsisting disputes. The circumstances of the case are not however sufficiently before the public but they will form a subject of discussion in the approaching parliament.

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DEATHS IN AND NEAR LONDON.

SUDDENLY, at the Bull and Mouth Inn, the Rev. George Henry Glasse, M.A. Rector of Hanwell, Middlesex. This unhappy gentleman was about 50 years of age. He was sometime a magistrate for Middlesex, and made himself remarkable, by his opposition to the humane exertions of Sir Francis Burdett, for rectifying the abuses of the Cold-Bath Fields House of Correction. He had the misfortune likewise, of falling under the displeasure of Dr. Porteus, late

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Bishop of London, in consequence of interest made for his promotion, by means of the notorious Mrs. Clarke. Dr. Glasse had nevertheless an ample fortune, but indulging in the luxuries of the table, and in general habits of expense, his pecuniary embarrassments, &c. are supposed to have preyed upon his mind to such a degree, that he was found strangled and suspended from the best post at the Bull and Mouth Inn, in the city, where he had retired, as it was understood previous to his going out of town. He effected his death by means of a towel, and his pocket-handkerchief.

Mr. Paul Sandby, at the advanced age of eighty-four. He was descended from a branch of the family of Sandby, of Babworth, Nottinghamshire, and was born at Nottingham 1732. In 1746 he came to London, and having an early bias towards the arts, got introduced into the drawing-room of the Tower. Thence, after two years, he was appointed draughtsman under the inspection of Mr. David Watson, who was employed by the late Duke of Cumberland to take a survey of the Highlands. During this excursion he made several sketches from the terrific scenery of that romantic country, from which he afterwards made a number of small etchings, which were published in a folio volume. From this circumstance, perhaps, we may account for the bold and striking style by which the paintings of this excellent artist are so peculiarly distinguished. In 1752 he quitted this employment, and resided with his brother at Windsor. Several of the most beautiful views in the neighbourhood of Windsor and Eton now became the subjects of his pencil; here also he attained that skill in depicting Gothic architecture, which gave so beautiful an effect to these landscapes, that Sir J. Banks purchased them all at a very liberal price. Mr. Sandby soon after attended that great naturalist in a tour through North and South Wales, where he took several sketches, which, he transferred to copper plates, and made several sets of prints in imitation of drawings in Indian ink. In 1753 he was one of the members of an academy which met in St. Martin's-lane, and was, with several others, desirous of establishing a society on a broader basis; this was strenuously opposed by the celebrated Hogarth, which drew on him the attacks of his brother artists. Among others, Mr. Sandby (then a very young man) published several prints in ridicule of his Analysis of Beauty, which, he afterwards declared, had he known Hogarth's merit as he did since, he would on no account have done. On the institution of the Royal Academy Mr. Sandby was elected a royal academician. By the recommendation of the Duke of Grafton, the Marquis of Granby appointed him, in 1768, chief drawing master of the Royal Academy at Woolwich, which office he held till the day of his death. It is needless to descant on his merits; those who have seen his drawings can alone form an adequate judgment of the superiority of his taste, and the brilliancy of his execution.

At his house in Pall Mall, Sir Frederick Morton Eden, Bart. a man of distinguished talents and knowledge, particularly in political and commercial subjects, as he has shown in many valuable tracts. He was well acquainted with the British Constitution, and a staunch and strenuous friend to its principles.—This gentleman was chiefly instrumental in founding the Globe Insurance Office. He received a considerable pecuniary requital for his services, and was appointed Chairman, with the house in Pall Mall annexed to that office.

At his house in St. Paul's Church Yard, Mr. J. Johnson, an eminent bookseller. He was an ornament to his profession, and would have been an ornament to any profession. He was a man of a generous, candid, and liberal mind: he delighted in doing good; the worthy and the necessitous had reason to bless the warmth of his heart, and will long continue to regret his loss. He was on all occasions ready to apply his time and his thoughts for the benefit of others; and for his integrity and the clearness of his views, was the perpetual resort of all his connections in seasons of difficulty and embarrassment. His understanding was of the best and soundest nature; and though he was the very

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reverse of every thing assuming and ostentatious, yet those who knew him best, and were most able to estimate his talents, will readily bear testimony, that they never heard him say a weak or a foolish thing, or indeed any thing that would have discredited the lips of the wisest of his contemporaries. Accordingly his table was frequented through successive years by a succession of persons of the greatest talents, learning, and genius; and the writer of these lines can cheerfully bear witness that all were delighted when he took his share in the conversation, and only regretted that the gentleness and modesty of his nature led him to do it so rarely. He was always found an advocate on the side of human nature and human virtues, recommending that line of conduct which springs from disinterestedness and a liberal feeling, and maintaining the practicability of such conduct.

OPERA HOUSE.—The entertainment prepared at the Opera will be rendered particularly interesting by the magnificence and splendour of the decorations. The public enter at the grand door to the body of the house, which will exhibit a most brilliant appearance. A platform is thrown over the Pit, and the Stage is converted into a superb saloon, representing the interior of an Opera Pavilion in the Chinese taste. The awning of this beautiful saloon is painted in the best style with rich brocade draperies; it is supported by 14 columns. A pleasant verdant country is seen, with a temple in perspective, through the columns.

The interior of the pagoda, or pavilion, is ornamented by many beautiful figures, very finely executed. A rich cornice of crimson and gold extends under the drapery at top, and the capitals of the columns are surmounted by fourteen large dragons, each suspending from the head clusters of variegated lamps. The dragons are painted in green and gold, and produce a grand effect. The capitals to the columns are formed by griffins' heads; Chinese bells, and festoons of lamps, of rich and elegant appearance. The shaft of each column is adorned with wreaths of laurel, in the form of civic crowns. A handsome Chinese gallery projects externally from the base of each column, extending round the pavilion. The front of this projection is curiously formed by lattice work intermixed with lamps. Four large Chinese figures in proper costume, are placed on pedestals at right angles, and, in addition to three superb chandeliers which descend from the centre of the pavilion, several large Chinese lanterns are suspended. These lanterns are transparent, and ornamented by devices according with the fashion of China. A combination of such splendid objects must produce a most luminous blaze, and the festive votaries will doubtless fancy themselves in the regions of fairyism, or wandering among the scenes of eastern magnificence. The body of the house will be illuminated by a profusion of lights, and the boxes adorned with rich draperies, variegated lamps, and festoons of laurel: the royal arms placed in a conspicuous situation, also surrounded by laurel and brilliant ornaments. In short, every part of this splendid Theatre is rendered worthy the reception of its loyal visitants. The concert and coffee-rooms are laid out with much taste for supper; after which the court of Terpsichore will be removed to these apartments. Most of the band belonging to the orchestra will be ranged near the stage boxes on the king's side.

The exterior of the house has not been neglected; a fine transparency is displayed, representing Fame holding a medallion of the king, with other appropriate allegorical figures, and many lamps will decorate the front of the building.

FRANCE.

Opening of the Legislative Body, and Speech of the Emperor and King.—From the Moniteur of the 4th of December.

The Emperor being seated, the Members of the Legislative Body newly elect took their oaths; after which the Emperor made the following speech:

"*Gentlemen Deputies of Departments to the Legislative Body.*—Since

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your last session, I have reduced Arragon and Castile to submission, and driven from Madrid the fallacious government formed by England. I was marching upon Cadiz and Lisbon, when I was under the necessity of treading back my steps, and of planting my eagles on the ramparts of Vienna. Three months have seen the rise and termination of this fourth Punic war. Accustomed to the devotedness and courage of my armies, I must, nevertheless, under these circumstances, acknowledge the particular proofs of affection which my soldiers of Germany have given me—The genius of France conducted the English army—It has terminated its projects in the pestilential marshes of Walcheren. In that important period I remained 400 leagues distant, certain of the new glory which my people would acquire, and of the grand character they would display. My hopes have not been deceived. I owe particular thanks to the citizens of the departments of the Pas de Calais, and the north. Frenchmen! every one that shall oppose you shall be conquered and reduced to submission. Your grandeur shall be increased by the hatred of your enemies. You have before you long years of glory and prosperity. You have the force and energy of the Hercules of the Ancients. I have united Tuscany to the Empire. The Tuscans were worthy of it by the mildness of their character, by the attachment their ancestors have always shewn us, and by the services they have rendered to European civilization.

"History pointed out to me the conduct I ought to pursue towards Rome: the popes become sovereigns of part of Italy, have constantly shewn themselves enemies of every preponderating power in the peninsula, they have employed their spiritual power to injure it. It was then demonstrated to me that the spiritual influence exercised in my states by a foreign sovereign, was contrary to the independence of France, to the dignity and safety of my throne. However, as I acknowledge the necessity of the spiritual influence of the descendants of the first pastors, I could not conciliate these grand interests, but by annulling the donative of the French emperors my predecessors, and by uniting the Roman states to France!

"By the treaty of Vienna, all the kings and sovereigns, my allies, who have given me so many proofs of the constancy of their friendship, have acquired, and shall acquire, a fresh increase of territory.—The Illyrian Provinces stretch the frontiers of my great empire to the Saave. Contiguous to the empire of Constantinople, I shall find myself in a situation to watch over the first interests of my commerce in the Mediterranean, the Adriatic, and the Levant. I will protect the Porte, if the Porte withdraw herself from the fatal influence of England. I shall know how to punish her if she offer herself to be governed by cunning and perfidious counsels. I have wished to give the Swiss nation a new proof of my esteem, by annexing to my titles that of their Mediator, and thus putting an end to all uneasiness endeavoured to be spread among that brave people.—Holland, placed between England and France, is equally bruised by them. Yet she is the debouche of the principal arteries of my empire. Changes will become necessary; the safety of my frontiers, and the well understood interests of the two countries, imperiously require them. Sweden has lost, by her alliance with England, after a disastrous war, the finest and most important of her provinces. Happy would it have been for that nation, if the wise prince that governs her now had ascended the throne some years sooner. This example proves anew to kings that the alliance of England is the surest preface of ruin. My ally and friend, the Emperor of Russia, has united to his vast empire, Finland, Moldavia, Wallachia, and a district of Gallicia. I am not jealous of any thing that can produce good to that empire. My sentiments for its illustrious sovereign are in unison with my policy.

"When I shall shew myself beyond the Pyrenees, the frightened leopard will fly to the ocean to avoid shame, defeat, and death. The triumph of my arms will be the triumph of the genius of good over that of evil, of moderation, order, and morality, over civil war, anarchy, and the bad passions. My friendship and

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protection will, I hope, restore tranquillity and happiness to the people of Spain.

"Gentlemen Deputies of Departments to the Legislative Body, I have directed my minister of the interior to lay before you the history of the legislation, of the administration, and of the finances of the year just expired; you will see that all the ideas I had conceived for the amelioration of my people have been followed with the greatest activity; that in Paris, as in most other distant parts of my empire, the war has not produced any delay in the public works. The members of my council of state will submit to you different projects of law, and especially the law upon the finances; you will see in it their prosperous condition. I demand of my people no new sacrifice, though circumstances have obliged me to double my military means."

OFFICIAL DETAILS *of the* OPERATIONS *of the* BRITISH FORCES *in* HOLLAND.

[Concluded from p. 254.]

Admiralty Office, Dec. 19, 1809.

Dispatches, of which the following are copies and extracts, have been received by John Wilson Croker, Esq. Secretary to the Admiralty, from Rear-admiral Sir Richard J. Strachan, Bart. and K. B.

H. M. S. Blake, in Flushing Roads, Dec. 13, 1809.

SIR,—I availed myself of Vice-Admiral Campbell's order of the Jason to convey me to Flushing; and as soon as it moderated on the 9th, in the afternoon, I hoisted my flag on board that ship, and, accompanied by the Idas cutter, proceeded to this anchorage, where I arrived on the evening of the 10th.

I found Rear-Admiral Otway with the squadron here; he had embarked the troops, and put every thing in a state of preparation for retiring from Walcheren, whenever the wind became favourable. The arsenal and works about the bason at Flushing having been destroyed on that day.

The inclosed letter from the Rear-Admiral will inform you of the particulars of his proceedings: his arrangement for the retreat appeared to me to be so excellent, that I have given my full approbation to the whole.

It has blown an exceedingly heavy gale of wind from the westward since my arrival in these Roads, which has prevented my going as I intended to the division under Commodore Owen in the Slough Passage, and the same cause has prevented much communication here.

I have not received any reports from the Roompot, but I send an extract of a letter from Commodore Owen, addressed to Rear-Admiral Otway, which will inform you of the proceedings of that officer with the force under his orders.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) R. J. STRACHAN.

Cæsar, Flushing Road, Dec. 11, 1809.

SIR,—I have the honour to communicate to you such circumstances as have occurred previous to your arrival, and subsequent to my last official communication.

The transports necessary for the embarkation of the army having arrived the 25th ult. on the following day the measures that I had previously concerted with Lieut-General Don, for the destruction of the basin, arsenal, and sea defences of Flushing, agreeable to instructions from the Earl of Liverpool, dated the 13th, and received on the 17th, were begun.

On this service six hundred seamen and artificers from the fleet were employed, under the orders of Capt. Moore, of his Majesty's ship Marlborough, assisted by Capts. Tomlinson and Henderson, of the fire-ship service. The navy having completed the portion of work allotted to them, and Lieut.-Colonel Pilkington, commanding the Royal Engineers, having reported to Lieut-General Don that his mines for the destruction of the gates and piers at the entrance of the basin were ready, the whole of the army, with the exception of the rear-guards, was embarked on the afternoon of the 9th inst.

The mines were exploded yesterday at low water, and appear to have fully answered their object: the whole of the east side of the basin had been

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previously completely destroyed, but as the port of Flushing, west of the basin, lies considerably below the high-water mark, any material injury of the west bank would have caused the immediate inundation of the whole town; therefore our work on that side has been confined to the demolition of the careening wharf and pits.

It was at first intended to defer the burning of the storehouse and other buildings in the arsenal until our final departure, but from the probability that with a strong east wind the flames might communicate to the town, the whole was set fire to yesterday, and is totally destroyed.

Thus Flushing is rendered useless to the enemy as a naval arsenal; and the basin, which afforded very secure retreat for several ships of the line during the winter, is for the present effectually destroyed, and can only be restored by great labour, and at an immense expense.

I cannot conclude without expressing my great obligations to Captain Moore, for the able assistance he has rendered me in the performance of a very complicated service; and he speaks in terms highly satisfactory of the conduct of Capt. Tomlinson and Henderson, and the other officers who served under his orders on shore.

I have the honour to be, &c.

W. A. OTWAY, Rear-Admiral.

Rear-Adm. Sir R. Strachan, K.B. Commander-in-Chief, &c.

Clyde, in the Veer Gat, Dec. 8, 1809.

SIR,—Last night the enemy worked very hard at the battery on Woolversdyke, notwithstanding the continued fire kept on it.

At day-light, this morning, it was found he had opened four embrasures in it. Captain Carteret, therefore, pushed two subdivisions of the gun-boats forward against it, which completely succeeded in demolishing two of the embrasures, and in injuring the others very materially.

About noon, three mortars were brought down, and, with a field-piece, opened against our vessels (the brigs more especially); but, after about an hour's firing, in which their shells were thrown with some precision, but without effect, they were completely silenced, and all our vessels kept their ground.

About this time the guard-boats entered the Cross-Channel which unites the two passes of Woolversdyke, to endeavour to tow off a flat-boat, which was lost last night from the Pallas's stern, being swampt and overset; they got her in tow, but she was fast aground, and could not be moved. The enemy's troops were in number behind the Dyke, and a considerable fire of musketry was exchanged with them, I believe without effect on either side; some few shots struck our boats.

The enemy's advanced gun boats appeared to lie close together, and I ordered two of the Clyde's boats to advance into the passage, and throw some rockets that way, in order that the occasion might be taken to reconnoitre them more closely.

I find the enemy's batteries are not so far in advance as I had supposed, and that their gun-boats are not nearer than Cortjen. They are, however, erecting a battery on a point of the Dyke, which commands the Channel, about half way between that place and the outer battery.

I have the honour to be, &c.

E. W. C. R. OWEN, Commodore.

Rear-Admiral Otway, &c.

Extract of a Letter from Commodore Owen to Rear-Admiral Otway, dated Clyde, in the Veer Gat, Dec. 9, 1809.

If the enemy molest our retreat, we feel a confidence in our strength, and the spirit of my people will not let him tread upon our heels. It is an excellent spirit, and I will endeavour to regulate it so far as to avoid committing them improperly.

E. W. C. R. OWEN.

Favourite Cutter, off Ter Vier, Dec. 11, 1809.

SIR,—I am happy to find, by a report this day from Captain Carteret, that the exertions of our gun-boats have completely succeeded in preventing the progress of the enemy on the Woolversdyke. I informed Rear-Admiral Otway that the duty being heavy on the division of gun-boats in advance; I had ordered that of Acting Captain Rich to relieve it. This was done, and to day every embrasure

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sure the enemy had opened is said to be completely levelled by their fire.

(Signed) E. W. C. R. Owen.

Rear-Adm. Sir R. Strachan, Bart.
&c. &c. &c.

Extract of a Letter from Commodore Owen, dated Favourite, off Ter Vier, Dec. 11, 1809.

The enemy was very busy with the battery on Woolversdyke, which, if completed, would have rendered the post I had taken on that side a very uneasy one; I therefore thought, under the present circumstances, every thing should be tried to keep it back, and the gun-boats have done it well.

If the enemy in our retreat treads too close on us, we feel confident in our strength, and can form as good a front as our channel will allow. Feeling the necessity for my being myself in the rear, I have hoisted my pendant in the Favourite cutter, leaving the care of the Clyde to my first lieutenant. This, I trust, you will approve of.

(Signed) E. W. C. R. Owen.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

ESSEX.

DIED.] At Copford, near Colchester, the Rev. John Kelly, LL. D. rector of that parish, and one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Essex. Dr. Kelly was a native of the Isle of Man, upon which he reflected no ordinary degree of honour, by his abilities, his acquirements, and his truly exemplary conduct as a divine and a scholar. He prosecuted his classical studies under that able master, and highly respectable character, the late Rev. Philip Moore, of Douglas; whose indefatigable coadjutor he afterwards became, in the important work of revising, correcting, transcribing, and preparing for the press, the (manuscript) translation of the holy scriptures into the Manks language; the impression of which (comprising all the books of the Old and New Testaments, with two of the Apocryphal books) he also superintended at Whitehaven, in the capacity of corrector; to which, on the recommendation of the last-mentioned gentleman, he was appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; the patrons of that impression, as of every subsequent religious work connected with it. Dr. Kelly also superintended the printing of an edition of the Book of Common Prayer, and Bishop Wilson's Treatise on the Sacrament, all in the Manks language; and, in the course of his "labours in" this "vineyard," he had transcribed all the Books of the Old Testament three several times, before he had attained his twenty-second year! On the completion of this charitable work, begun by Bishop Wilson, (who, like Bede, by his piety and virtue, acquired the appellation of Venerable;) and promoted by the active zeal of his successor, Bishop Hildesley, Mr. Kelly was ordained, upon a title from the episcopal congregation at Air, where he resided (respected by all who knew him,) until the Duke of Gordon engaged him to be tutor to his son, the Marquis of Huntley, whose studies he superintended at Eton and Cambridge; and afterwards he accompanied that young nobleman on the tour of the continent. Soon after his return, Mr. Kelly graduated at Cambridge; and again visited the continent, with two others of his pupils. In the course of a few months, after his return, he was presented with the rectory of Ardleigh, in Essex; and afterwards to that of Copford, in the same county; the former of which he resigned some years since. From the time that he entered into the ministry, it might truly be said, that "He made the garment of holiness honourable." Dr. Kelly (we believe) died in the 58th year of his age. "A good life hath but a few days; but a good name endureth for ever." He has left a monument of his erudition in that branch of the Celtic, in his Manks Grammar, which was expected to be followed by a much larger work, a Manks Vocabulary; some months ago announced as being nearly ready for the press. A large edition (the 4th) of the Book of Common Prayer, printed under the patronage, and by the munificence of the Society, (at the earnest solicitation of Bishop Crigan), from the corrected copy of Dr. Kelly, was finished

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at Whitehaven, and sent to the Isle of Man, only about six weeks ago. Of twenty-seven clergymen, concerned in the translation of the Manks Scriptures, since the year 1760, three only are now living. These are the translators of the book of Judges and Ruth; Ecclesiastes; and the Minor Prophets, from Joel to the end.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Died.] At his house, in Marlborough Buildings, Bath, John Monck, Esq. in his 75th year, upwards of forty years a resident in this city. Many will recollect with regret the urbanity of his manners, his cultivated taste, and his various and extensive attainments in literary subjects. The hospitals and other charitable institutions in this city have lost in him a warm patron and constant benefactor. He was the head of the third and youngest branch of his family; and descended of the ancient house of the Moncks of Pothridge in Devonshire. The founder of his family in England was Guillaume Moyne, one of the Norman adventurers under William the Conqueror. Guillaume Moyne obtained for his fee the manor of Pothridge: this manor continued in the name and family of the Moncks till the year 1688.—The deceased was a lineal descendant of Anthony Monck, the grandfather of General Monck.

WALES.

Longevity.—Sarah Williams, in her 108th year, is now living in a small, but neat and comfortable cottage, at the foot of that celebrated eminence, called Brent Torr, situated about half way between Tavistock and Lidford. The writer of this article visited her in the month of August 1809, and found, after a little conversation, that her faculties were but little impaired; her hearing was perfect, and, with the assistance of glasses, she could read tolerably well: her person was by no means emaciated. She has been unable to walk for the last five years, yet appears not deficient in strength; otherwise she has enjoyed very good health during the whole course of her life, and has never lived out of the parish of Brent Torr, or of the one adjoining. Within these few years she has cut five teeth, three of which remain, together with ten or twelve old ones. Her diet consists, principally, of broths and other nourishing things. She has had twelve children, the eldest of whom, now living, is in his 82d year, and is a strong, hale-looking old man. She is attended by a daughter, who is upwards of 60 years of age, and from whose active and healthy appearance there is every probability she will attain the great age of her mother. When she feels languid or faint, she smells to wormwood, which speedily refreshes her. In the younger part of her life, she was employed as a domestic in a farm-house, and was always accustomed to very early rising, to which she attributes, in some measure, the attainment of her extraordinary age. She is now in indigent circumstances, and is supported at the expense of the parish. Many persons are attracted, by curiosity, to her residence, and from their liberality she is enabled to procure many little comforts, of which, from the small allowance from the parish, she would otherwise be deprived.

IRELAND.

Died.] On the 30th of November, at Ballymoyer Lodge, near Newry, Martha, the wife of Marcus Synnot, Esq. in the 26th year of her age. She had born bodily sufferings for many years, with exemplary patience and resignation. A lingering and hopeless disease led her, gradually, to the tomb. Her mind was fortified by religion under the severe affliction of being torn from an infant family of five children. The murmur of discontent was never heard from her lips. Yet, if it was an error sometimes to drop a tear as she anticipated the awful separation, that error was hers. There doubtless have been, and are now, and will be hereafter, hearts as pure, minds as ingenuous, manners as interesting, and virtue as active, as she possessed: but seldom can we meet with that rare combination which was found in her Her character was compounded of all that is amiable in human nature. Yet, *as* she was human she could not be faultless. The interesting simplicity of her character preserved a fine and general harmony with all her actions. In moments of respite from corporeal suffering, the natural gaiety of her age would display itself, and fascinated all who witnessed it: but she had a higher charm for those who could feel it, in

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the tender sympathy of her nature, in her pensive morality, in her elevated conceptions of virtue.

Martha! during those hours of happiest intercourse, which he, whose hand has faintly traced this tablet to your memory, once enjoyed with you, how little did he think that it would ever be his office to record your death! But it is so: and the only consolation that presents itself, is the pious hope of a re-union which no time can destroy nor any accident disturb. W. M.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

Nov. 22, to Dec. 20, 1809, inclusive.

[*Extracted from the London Gazette.*]——*The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.*

ALEXANDER I. Duke-street, Aldgate, broker, (Isaacs, Beves-Mark. Asbee, T. Old North-street, Red Lion-square, merchant, (Lee, Castle-street). Argent W. Romford, victualler, (Holmes and Co. Mark lane). Anderson W. Salford, stone-mason, (Foulkes and Co. Gray's-Inn). Abell E. Old Ford, builder, (Crosse, New-Inn). Anstead T. Wakefield, innkeeper, (Battye, Chancery-lane).

Bradley W. Huddersfield, victualler, (Battye, Chancery-lane). Barratt B. Lyncombe, butcher, (Sheppard and Co. Bedford-row). Bull W. Bristol, grocer, (James, Gray's-Inn-square). Burton J. New-Cross, dealer and chapman, (Wasbrough, Warnford-court). Burgess T. Hungerford, Berks, butcher, (King, Bedford-row). Bell J. Bell J. and Harrop W. Longtown, Cumberland, manufacturers, (Wordsworth and Co. Staple-Inn). Billings S. Liverpool, hosier, (Blakelock and Co. Temple). Baker J. Kingstanley, baker, (Chilton, Exchequer-office). Bennet J. Plymouth, haberdasher, (Willis and Co. Warnford-court). Bishop S. Cheltenham, haberdasher, (Berry, Bucklersbury). Barrow R. Long-Dean Mill, Wilts, paper-maker, (Highmoor, Bush-lane). Buffin E. Buckingham, linen-draper, (Bourdillon and Co. Little Friday-street).

Cundy M.W. Great Marlborough-street, surveyor, (Trickey, Howland-street). Clark S. Charlotte-street, Middlesex, tailor, (Popkin, Dean-street). Cannon R. Kingsland-road, builder, (Finnis, Hart-street). Coren P. Chancery-Chambers, money-scrivener, (Prior, Copthall-court). Clark J. St. Mary Stratford, Bow, butcher, (Harding, Primrose-street). Clancy W. St Mary Axe, merchant, (Wild, jun. Castle-street).

Dutton J. Knapper's-gate, Stoke-upon-Trent, chapman, (Barbor, Fetter-lane). Dodgson, J. Pocklington, cornfactor, (Evans, Hatton-garden). M'Dowall W. Tottenham-court-road, linen-draper, (Maddock and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Dibdin C. Strand, music-seller, (Wood, Richmond-buildings). Dean R. Bow, baker, (Wilson, Devonshire-street). Dinsdale J. Sculcoates, grocer, (Edmunds and Son, Exchequer-office of Pleas). Davis G. Broad-street, chapman, (Reilly, Stafford-row).

Eggington J. Paul-street, gold-smith, (Phipps, Gutter-lane).

Folo W. Cherry-garden-street, timber-merchant, (Hatton, Dean-street). Frodsham J. Kingsgate-street, watchmaker, (Davies, Warwick-street).

Godfrey S. Liverpool, straw-hat-manufacturer, (Windle, John-street). Grove P. Cardiff, Glamorgan, straw-hat-manufacturer, (Mawley, Dorset-street).

Hett W. Leeds, woolstapler, (Lambert and Sons, Hatton-garden). Hawkins R. Bridgewater, innkeeper, (Blandford, Mitre-court-buildings). Hodgkinson W. East Retford, ironmonger, (Hannam, East Retford). Hirst J. Bristol, grocer, (Price and Co. Lincoln's-Inn).

Inskipp J. jun. Battle, carpenter, (Gregson and Co. Angel-court). Ivey J. Crediton, Devon, linen-draper, (Williams, Red Lion-square).

Jennings J. Denmark court, (Manning, Clement's-Inn). Jeffrey J. East-India Chambers, merchant, (Grubb, Great Queen-street). Jenkins J. Cow-court, Rotherhithe, timber-merchant, (Carter, Deptford).

Kirkpatrick W. Bread-street-hill, merchant, (Matthews and Co. Castle-street). Kirkpatrick W. and Cort R. Bread street, warehousemen, (Hurd, Temple). King T. Gosport, grocer, (Bleasdale and Co. New-Inn).

Lurcock T. Settingbourne, woollen-draper, (Atkinson, Castle-street). Lye R. Goswell-street-road, builder, (Charsley, Mark-lane).

Mills S. Stamford, upholsterer, (Chilton, Exchequer-office).

Nicholson F. East Retford, mercer, (Exley and Co Furnival's-Inn). Newbum J. Bishopsgate-street Without, linen-draper, (Parton, Walbrook).

Phillips R. Hay, Brecon, shopkeeper, (James, Gray's-Inn-square). Paull S. Laleham, baker, (Taylor, Field-court, Gray's-Inn). Peel C. King-street, warehouseman, (Spurr, Holborn-court). Priest

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M. and J. Thorney-street, coach-makers, (Patten, Cross-street). Parry H. Liverpool, merchant, (Bennett, Dean's-court).

Richardson J. Westminster-bridge-road, livery stable keeper, (Benton, Union-street). Roberts G. Heights, Almondbury, cotton-manufacturer, (Battye, Chancery-lane). Redpath, A. Philip-lane, builder, (Palmer and Co. Copthall-court). Richards M. Vauxhall, Warwick, dealer and chapman, (Webb and Co Birmingham) Russell T. Dursley, Gloucester, innkeeper, (Price and Co Lincoln's-Inn). Rhodes W. Saddleworth, dealer and chapman, (Battye, Chancery-lane). Randall W. Stockbridge, wine and brandy merchant, (Wainwright, Peck's-buildings, Temple).

Symons J. Cheapside, milliner, (Wild, jun. Castle-street). Scott E. Chandos-street, shoemaker, (Wood, Richmond-buildings). Swindall J. Pendleton, Eccles, (Ellis, Chancery-lane). Sheppard A. Leeds, milliner, (Wilson, Greville-street). Spickernell, Seven Oakes, innkeeper, (Flexney, Chancery-lane). Shelton J. Great Tew, Oxford, timber-merchant, (Hackett, Chancery-lane). Sadler R South Shields, merchant, (Bell and Co. Bow-lane). Satterthwaite I. Tamworth, wine-merchant, (Dawes, Angel-court). Southey J. W. Bath, paper-hanger, (Vizard and Co. Lincoln's Inn). Stanford E. Castle-street, livery stable-keeper, (Knight, High-street). Suddone J. Wood-street, hosier, (Field, Wood-street). Strutt J. Little Queen-street, stationer, (Denton and Co. Gray's-Inn-square). Shelley G. M. St. Mary, Whitechapel, hosier, (Loxley, Cheapside). Sherwood, J. W. Newgate-street, cheesemonger, (Willet and Co. Finsbury-square). Smith J. Leeds, grocer, (Sykes and Co. New-Inn). Spencer J. Manchester, victualier, (Cardwell, Manchester). Smith J. North Warnborough, sackmaker, (Hector, Petersfield). Singer S. Westbury, clothier, (Davies, Lothbury).

Tuson J. Mile-end, New Town, builder, (Burt and Co. John-street). Thornton W. Devonshire-street, late of Cadiz, merchant, (J. and W. Richardson, New-Inn).

Weaver W. Rood lane, merchant, (Kirkham, Shorter's-court). Woolgar R. West Cowes, smith, (Tarrant, Chancery-lane). Wooten G. Northchurch, Herts. straw hat-dealer, (Mayhew, Symond's-Inn). Wilson H. and Lightfoot J. Nottingham, hosiers, (Bolton and Co. Nottingham). Whiteman R. Brighthelmston, victualler, (Ellis Hatton-garden). Ware E. Cheapside, milliner, (Welch, Nicholas-lane). Williams A. Cheltenham, jeweller, (Harrison, Craven-street).

Young J. Cheltenham, dealer and chapman, (Berry, Bucklersbury).

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, WATER-WORKS, BREWERY SHARES, &c. &c.

Dec. 21, 1809.

London Dock Stock, 139*l.* per cent.
West-India ditto, 185*l.* ditto.
Commercial ditto, 80*l.* ditto. prem.
East Country ditto, 85*l.* per share
Grand Junction Canal Shares, 225*l.* ditto
Grand Surrey ditto, 82*l.* ditto.
Grand Union ditto. 10*l.* per share prem.
Thames and Medway ditto, 26*l.* ditto
Croydon Canal ditto, 50*l.* per share
Kennet and Avon ditto, 46*l.* ditto
Wilts and Berks Canal, 54*l.* ditto.
Huddersfield ditto, 39*l.* ditto
Globe Fire and Life Assurance Shares, 126*l.* ditto.
Albion ditto, 58*l.* ditto
Rock Life Assurance, 5*s.* per share prem.
Strand Bridge, 15*s.* to 20*s.* ditto.
South London Water Works, 145*l.* pr. share
East London ditto, 227*l.* ditto.
West Middlesex ditto, 142*l.* ditto
Portsmouth and Farlington ditto, 50*l.* per share prem.—Kent do. 45*l.* do.
Folkstone Harbour, 8*l.* ditto
Auction Mart, 105*l.* ditto

L. WOLFE and Co. *Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.*

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE general mildness of the weather cannot be said to have given any serious check to the young wheats, which still continue to wear a promising appearance. Fortunately the consumption of winter fodder has not been so expensive for the cattle as it otherwise might have been, the mildness of the weather having enabled the farmer to keep them out in the pastures longer than usual. This with the variety of green food, generally used for live stock in winter, with the large supply of potatoes, &c. have happily secured the farmer from any apprehensions of the scarcity of fodder for cattle. The warmth of the season likewise contributes to the facility of fattening sheep and other cattle, but spring tilth is not in the best state of forwardness.

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The price of grain generally continues high. Lean stock of all descriptions, as well as fat, but the latter particularly on account of the season, is remarkably high. Hay has also continued its price, notwithstanding the open weather.

Price of meat in Smithfield Market:—Beef, 5s. 8d. to 5s. 4d.;—Mutton, 5s. 6d. to 6s. 4d.;—Veal, 5s. 10d. to 6s. 8d.;—Pork, 6s. 4d. to 7s.

Middlesex, Dec. 25.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended Dec. 16, 1809.

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat s.	Wheat d.	Rye s.	Rye d.	Barley s.	Barley d.	Oats s.	Oats d.
Middsx.	103	11	56	0	46	1	33	7
Surrey	111	4	53	4	50	4	38	8
Hertford	99	4	57	0	50	0	35	2
Bedford	104	9	67	9	50	2	35	2
Huntin.	105	6	——		50	10	31	10
Northa.	102	0	66	0	52	9	31	8
Rutland	98	0	——		52	9	34	0
Leicest.	95	8	63	1	53	5	34	1
Notting.	102	0	60	0	54	0	38	10
Derby	96	3	——		53	9	35	6
Stafford	108	0	——		58	8	38	5
Salop	102	11	69	6	59	8	35	6
Herefor.	102	7	54	4	53	3	34	9
Wor'st.	113	5	55	0	61	4	43	5
Warwic	115	5	——		63	2	42	8
Wilts	103	4	——		48	10	37	4
Berks	109	9	——		45	0	34	7
Oxford	111	7	——		46	10	36	0
Bucks	103	6	——		46	0	34	1
Brecon	107	2	70	4	55	11	28	8
Montgo.	111	2	——		60	0	29	10
Radnor.	105	10	——		54	1	31	2

MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat s.	Wheat d.	Rye s.	Rye d.	Barley s.	Barley d.	Oats s.	Oats d.
Essex	105	4	59	0	51	4	34	10
Kent	100	9	62	0	49	0	35	0
Sussex	102	0	——		51	0	33	6
Suffolk	96	9	51	4	47	0	31	4
Cambridge	101	4	57	2	43	11	27	5
Norfolk	90	9	53	3	40	9	28	8
Lincoln	94	9	59	10	45	9	26	5
York	89	4	57	4	43	5	26	11
Durham	90	0	——		49	7	28	11
Northumberland	85	6	68	6	43	1	27	5
Cumberland	101	8	63	4	50	9	30	9
Westmorland	102	0	58	1	48	0	29	3
Lancaster	100	5	——		56	4	32	0
Chester	94	11	——		64	2	31	4
Flint	131	2	——		67	2	——	
Denbigh	113	5	——		58	9	28	0
Anglesea	——		——		43	0	23	4
Carnarvon	96	0	——		46	8	26	4
Merioneth	105	1	——		53	8	26	10
Cardigan	92	9	——		44	0	17	5
Pembroke	77	3	——		42	9	17	0
Carmarthen	103	6	——		52	6	19	0
Glamorgan	100	4	——		52	0	25	4
Gloucester	111	7	——		54	1	22	8
Somerset	114	0	——		56	5	27	10
Monmouth	112	9	——		54	6	——	
Devon	102	4	——		47	6	26	6
Cornwall	97	4	——		43	2	26	9
Dorset	109	7	——		51	0	36	0
Hants	106	5	——		50	5	34	0

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 102s. 9d.; Rye 59s. 7d.; Barley 51s. 3d.; Oats 31s. 0d.; Beans 58s. 8d.; Pease 60s. 10d.; Oatmeal 54s. 1d.

BILL of MORTALITY, from NOV. 15, to DEC. 19, 1809.

CHRISTENED.		BURIED.			
Males 647	1364	Males, 865	1618	Between	2 and 5 - 165
Females 717		Females 753			5 and 10 - 65
Whereof have died under two years old	477				10 and 20 - 57
					20 and 30 112
					30 and 40 - 135
					40 and 50 - 174
					50 and 60 - 145
					60 and 70 - 135
					70 and 80 - 115
					80 and 90 - 35
					90 and 100 - 3

Peck Loaf, 5s.5d. 5s.6d. 5s.5d. 5s.5d.

Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb.

Total Christenings and Burials from Dec. 13, 1808, to Dec. 12, 1809.

Christened { Males 9981, Females 9631 } In all 19612 | Buried { Males 3636, Females 8044 } In all 16680

Whereof have died,

Under 2 years of age	4937	20 and 30 -	1145	60 and 70 -	1235
Between 2 and 5 -	1916	30 and 40 -	1472	70 and 80 -	1063
5 and 10 -	754	40 and 50 -	1748	80 and 90 -	369
10 and 20 -	566	50 and 60 -	1419	90 and 100	54
				100 -	2

Decreased in the Burials this year 3274.

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PRICE OF STOCKS, from NOVEMBER 27, to DECEMBER 26, 1808, both inclusive.

Days 1809	Bank Stock.	3p. Cent. Reduc.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	4 p. Ct. Cons.	Navy 5 p. Cent.	Long Anns.	Imperial 3 p. Cent	Imperial Anns.	Irish 5p.C	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Anns.	Indiа Sto.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	Lottery Tickets	City Freeh Ticks.	Omnium.	Cons. for Acct.
Nov.																		
27		69⅝	69⅞ ⅛	84	101⅛	18⅝						195½	29s. pm	16s. pm	22	15⅜ 15		69⅞
28	274½	69	69⅝ ⅞	84	101½	18 9-16ths						196	27s. pm	15s pm	22	15⅜ 15		70⅛ ⅛
29	279½	69⅛	70 ⅛	84⅛	102	18⅝							27s. pm	15s. pm	22	15⅜ 15		70⅛ ⅛
30	holiday																	
Dec.																		
1	279	69⅛	69⅞ 70	84⅛	102⅛	18⅝							27s. pm	15s. pm	22	15⅜ 15		70⅛
2		69⅛	69⅞ 70	84⅛	102	18⅝							27s pm	16s pm	22	15⅜ 15		70⅛
4		69⅛	69⅞ 70	84⅛	102	18⅝							24s. pm	14s. pm	22	15⅜ 15		70⅛
5	278½	69⅛	69⅞ 70	84⅛	102	18⅝						Shut	25s. pm	15s. pm	22	15⅜ 15	2½ pm	70⅛ ⅛
6		69⅛	Shut	84⅛	Shut	18⅝	68						25s. pm	15s. pm	22	15⅜ 15	2½ pm.	70⅛ ⅛
7		69⅛		84⅛		18 9-16ths							25s. pm	14s. pm	22	15⅜ 15		70⅛
8		69⅛		84⅛		18⅝							25s. pm	14s. pm	22	15⅜ 15	2½ pm.	70⅛
9		69⅛		84⅛		18⅝							24s. pm	14s. pm	22	15⅜ 15		70⅛
11		69⅛		84⅛		18⅝							24s. pm	12s. pm	22	15⅜ 15	2½ pm.	70⅛ ⅛
12	278	69⅛		84⅛		18 9-16ths			98½					13s. pm	22	15⅜ 15	2½ pm.	70⅛ ⅛
13	278	69⅛		84		18 9-16ths					Old 69		22s. pm	12s. pm	22	15⅜ 15	2½ pm.	70⅛ ⅛
14		69⅛		84⅛		18 9-16ths							22s. pm	12s. pm	22	15⅜ 15	2½ pm.	70⅛ ⅛
15	277½	69⅛		84⅛		18⅝							22s. pm	12s. pm	22	15⅜ 15	2½ pm	70⅛ 71
15		69⅛		84⅛		18⅝	68⅛						22s. pm	12s. pm	22	15⅜ 15		70⅛
18		69⅛		84⅛		18 9-16ths							22s. pm	11s. pm	22	15⅜ 15		70⅛ ⅛
19		69⅛		84⅛		18 9-16ths							21s. pm	10s. pm	22	15⅜ 15		70⅛ ⅛
20		69⅛		84⅛		18⅝							20s. pm	10s. pm	22	15⅜ 15		71 ⅛
21	holiday																	
22		69⅛		84⅛		18⅝							20s. pm	9s. pm	22	15⅜ 15	2½ pm.	70⅛
23		69⅛		84⅛		18 9-16ths		7¼					20s. pm	9s. pm	22	15⅜ 15		70⅛
25	holiday																	
26	holiday																	

N.B. In the 3 per Cent Consols the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks the *highest* only.

FORTUNE and Co. STOCK-BROKERS and GENERAL AGENTS, No. 13, Cornhill.

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